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THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY

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NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOLUME V.

JANUARY TO JUNE.

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THE
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TEN YEARS' PROGRESS.

BY JOHN COSTLEY.
Secretary of Statistics, Halifax.

THE Census Reports of the United Kingdom, the United States and the Dominion of Canada, taken in conjunction with the blue books annually published, show in a striking manner the vast strides that have been made in population, wealth and material resources by the English-speaking portion of the globe, and more especially by the three great divisions of it to which in this paper we intend chiefly to confine our attention. Within the last decade—or, more strictly speaking, from 1861 to 1871—Great Britain, notwithstanding the vast drain upon it from emigration, (amounting, according to the Registrar-General of England, to 2,220,005) has added to its population 2,556,058 souls, or in round numbers an increase of nine per cent. Within the same period the United States has increased from 31.000,000 to 38,000,000; more than half of that increase being beyond all doubt due to immigration.

In 1861, the population of what is now the Dominion of Canada, exclusive of Prince Edward Island, was 3,090,561, which in 1871 was found to have increased to 3,485,761. The growth has not been so great as was generally expected, being equal to only 12.21 per cent., or about 1.22 per cent. per annum. This result proves that from Canada, as well as from Great Britain, a considerable stream of emigration has for some years been steadily flowing in the direction of the United States. The strength as well as the volume of the current has, however, been evidently checked, and there is at present a fair prospect that the Dominion will henceforth be able, not only to keep the bulk of its people within its own limits, but to attract a considerable share of the emigration from the Mother Country.

The first volume of the first Census Report of the Dominion of Canada informs us that the four provinces of which it consisted in 1871 embrace an area of 215,892,020 acres. This vast domain, six times the area of England, has since that time been extended both east and west; embracing

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Prince Edward Island, the North-West Territory and British Columbia—an empire larger than Europe, with a soil of great fertility, and a climate, upon the whole, perhaps the most healthy and invigorating in the world.

This immense stretch of country may in one sense be said to be only beginning to be occupied. There is room in it to sustain two hundred millions of human beings, but as yet there are only some three millions and a-half, occupying as it were mere patches of the country. 622,719 families, living in 572,713 houses, formed the sum total of the human population of the Dominion in 1871. Of this population, 1,620,851 belonged to Ontario ; 1,191,516 to Quebec ; 285,594 to New Brunswick ; and 387,800 to Nova Scotia, making an aggregate of 3,485,761, of whom 1,764,311 were males, and 1,721,450 were females. It will be seen that the male thus exceeds the female population by about 40,000. In old and thickly settled countries the reverse is always the case. In Great Britain, for example, there were in 1871 nearly three-quarters of a million more females than males. On an average there are more male than female children born—in the ratio of 107 of the former to each 100 of the latter ; but, on the other hand, the male mortality, especially during the first five years of life, is greatly in excess of the female ; so much so that, by the time the fifteenth year is reached, the sexes are numerically upon an equality, and as life advances the female gains. In the United States, the males are also in excess of the females, owing to immigration ; for it is found that in nearly all the New England and many of the Middle States, the female population preponderates ; while in such States as California, Kansas and Texas, there is a large excess of males over females.

The volume giving the ages of the people has not yet been published ; but, according to the Registrar-General of England, who took as the basis of his calculation the registration returns for 34 years, checked by those of the different censuses, 13.7 per cent. of the population of a country consists of children under 5 years of age ; 22.4 per cent. of young people between 5 and 15 ; 45 per cent. are between 15 and 45 ; and the remainder, about 18 per cent. of the whole, are above 45 years of age.

Assuming this estimate to be correct—and it cannot be far wrong—there were in the Dominion, in 1871, 487,549 children under 5 years ; 745,952 between 5 and 15, the school period. Between 15 and 45, representing the prime of life, the vigour of manhood and womanhood, there were 790,296 males, and nearly the same number of females. The Dominion of Canada, therefore, possesses an available militia of three-quarters of a million of men to protect her rights and liberties should they at any time be assailed.

In Canada, as in all English-speaking parts of the world, there are many religious denominations, and their relative progress is always regarded with great interest. 42.8 per cent. of the people, according to the census of 1871, are Roman Catholics ; 57.2 per cent. Protestant. In 1861, the number of Roman Catholics in the four provinces was 1,372,384. In 1871 they had increased to 1,492,029, or 8.7 per cent. 1,019,850 of this latter number belong to the Province of Quebec ; 274,162 to Ontario ; 102,001 to Nova Scotia ; and 96,016 to New Brunswick. In Quebec, the growth of the population during the last decade was equal to 7.18 per cent. ; the Catholic increase being 8.2, while that of Protestants was only 2.2 per cent. In this Province the Protestant population has lost ground very sensibly ; for while the aggregate population has increased 7.18, they have made a gain of only 2.2 per cent.

In the great Province of Ontario the ratio of increase is largely in favour of the Protestant portion of the people, whose increase is equal to 18.3, while that of the Catholics is 6.2 per cent. Here the Roman Catholics have lost ground, seeing that the aggregate increase of the Province was 16.09 per cent. It would thus appear that the Catholics, at least denominationally, are advancing more rapidly than the Protestants in Quebec, and the Protestants are gaining ground in an equal ratio in Ontario. In Nova Scotia the percentage of increase has been—Catholics, 18.2; Protestants, 16.8, the aggregate increase of the population being 17.21 per cent. The rate of progress has thus been pretty equal in this Province, the advantage being slightly in favour of the Roman Catholic body.

The leading Protestant denominations in the Dominion are the Church of England, the Presbyterian Church, the Methodist Church and the Baptist Church. The minor religious bodies are the Lutherans, numbering in all 37,935—32,399 belonging to Ontario, and 4,958 to Nova Scotia; the Congregationalists, 21,829, of whom 12,858 are in Ontario, 5,240 in Quebec, 2,538 in Nova Scotia, and 1,193 in New Brunswick. There are also 15,153 belonging to the "Christian Conference," located chiefly in Ontario; 6,179 Adventists, the majority of whom are in Quebec; 1,701 Christian Brethren, 2,229 Plymouth Brethren, and 604 Moravians, nearly all in the Province of Ontario. Of Greeks, there are 18; Jews, 1,115; Mahomedans, 13; Irvingites, 1,112; Quakers, 7,345; Swedenborgians, 854; Unitarians, 2,275; Universalists, 4,896; 409 persons professing to be Deists, 20 to be Atheists, (19 of whom belong to Ontario,) and 5,146 who profess to be of no religion whatever. There were also 17,055 whose religion was not given or not known.

It will be seen from the above figures that though there is a good deal of diversity of opinion in secondary matters among the Protestant population, splitting them into a great variety of sects, the fraction denying the essentials of the Christian religion is so small as to be barely recognisable. Among three millions and a half of people, 1,886 Pagans (uncivilized Indians), 534 Mormons, 409 Deists, 20 Atheists, and 5,146 who do not know what they are, form but a small percentage indeed of the aggregate population.

It is also worthy of notice that, though there may be some hundreds of minute sects belonging to the Protestant body, 93 per cent. of the whole—that is, 93 out of each 100 Protestants—belong to one or other of the four leading denominations, viz., Protestant Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists and Baptists.

Of the Episcopalians, or Church of England, the total number in the Dominion in 1871 was 494,049. In 1861 the number was 465,407—so that the gain in ten years has been equal to 6.2 per cent., which is not keeping pace with the growth of the general population. In 1861 the Church of England embraced 15 per cent. of the whole population; in 1871 it had receded to 14.2 per cent.—a small loss, but still a loss.

The Methodists of all classes number 567,091, or 15.7 of the population, against 14.0 per cent. in 1861.

The subdivisions of this religious body are the Wesleyans, 378,543; the Episcopal Methodists, 93,958; the Primitive Methodists, 24,121; and the New Connexion, 32,436. The three last mentioned, as well as a small sect called the British Episcopal Methodists, may be said to exist only in Ontario. The progress of the Methodist body, during the past ten years under consideration, has been greater than that of any of the other Christian denominations. We find the percentage of increase from 1861 to 1871 to be as follows:

Methodists	27	per cent.
Baptists	19	"
Presbyterians	15.2	"
Roman Catholics	8.7	"
Church of England	6.2	"

The strength of the Presbyterians, taken as a whole, is nearly as great as that of the

Methodists; and, like them, they are divided into three main subdivisions, viz., the Canadian Presbyterian Church, the Presbyterian Church in connection with the Church of Scotland, and the Reformed Presbyterians. The Census Report gives to the first mentioned 341,561 adherents; to the second, 107,259; and to the third, 19,112; and 75,787 who are returned simply as "Presbyterians." No correct idea can be obtained from these figures of the actual relative strength and progress of these divisions taken separately—for we find that the Church of Scotland in Old Canada numbered 132,651 in 1861, and only 76,190 in 1871. The divisions have been hopelessly mixed up, and though correct, probably, in the aggregate, are utterly unreliable and worthless when taken apart.

The Baptists of the Dominion number altogether 225,745, against 189,080 in 1861. Their principal strength, taking population into account, lies in the Lower Provinces, where they number 143,890; while in Ontario they amount to 73,176; and in Quebec to 8,679.

There are two main branches of Baptists—the Regular Baptists, numbering 165,238, and the Free Will and Christian Baptists, 60,507. In Ontario there is a body calling themselves Tunkers, with 11,438 adherents.

From the above facts and figures a tolerably correct idea may be obtained of the condition of religious life in Canada—of the relative strength of the different denominations, and the progress that each is making throughout the Dominion.

It is a singular fact that the Nonconformist bodies in Great Britain have always objected, in the strongest manner, to an enumeration of the religious denominations being included in the census, and the consequence is that no authoritative or reliable return has ever been obtained of the actual number of the different religious bodies.

In the United States there is no such feeling, and we find, accordingly, that the statistics of Church organization are given very fully in the census of 1870, and afford much valuable and interesting information.

In 1870, the thirty-eight millions of people making up the neighbouring Republic were supplied with 63,082 churches, containing 21,665,062 sittings, and possessed of church property to the value of $354,483,581.

The Methodists are by far the most powerful religious organization in the United States, possessing 21,337 sacred edifices, capable of accommodating six and a half millions of people. The Baptists have 13,962 edifices; the Presbyterians 7,071; the Roman Catholics 3,806; the Episcopalians 2,601; the Lutherans 2,776.

The revenues of the various religious denominations in the United States have increased within the last twenty years very rapidly. In 1850 the value of church property in the Republic was returned as equal to $87,328,801; in 1860 it was $171,397,932; while in 1870 it was $354,483,581. That is, it has doubled itself each successive decade—a remarkable proof at once of the activity and energy of the various organizations, and the wealth and liberality of the people. In this respect our neighbours show us an example worthy of close imitation.

The Canada census for 1871 includes a novel feature, in its collection of facts concerning the character of the population, by introducing a column to indicate the origin or nationality of each individual—not his birth-place, though that also is given, but his descent—whether he claims to be of English, French, Scotch, Irish, or German origin. The object is to indicate, as far as may be, the relative strength of the different nationalities which go to make us up as a people; the amount of Anglo-Saxon, Celtic or Teutonic blood, &c., there is in us;—and if the fact can be reached even approximately, it will be at once interesting and valuable. The back-bone of a nation depends for its strength and endurance largely upon the races of which it is made up; and the result of the inquiry shows that the aggregate nationality of Canada consists mainly of a mixture of those European nationalities that have contributed chiefly to the progress of science and civilization, to the advancement of literature, art and enterprise among the nations of the Old World.

In the Dominion of Canada, according to the census of 1871, there are 23,035 Indians, while the total for 1861 was only 15,240, being an increase of 51 per cent. in ten years.

It is not to be supposed that this great apparent increase is real, but simply that this last enumeration was made more carefully and thoroughly than any preceding one. On the continent of America generally, and especially in the United States, the aborigines are gradually melting away. In British America they have, as a rule, been treated with comparative kindness and consideration, and with the most satisfactory results. The Indians on British soil are peaceful and well affected; and though little or no real progress has been made in reclaiming them from their savage mode of life, much has been effected in alleviating the hardships which civilization has brought upon them, and in securing their confidence and good-will.

The late census gave 12,978 Indians to Ontario; 6,988 to Quebec; 1,403 to New Brunswick; and 1,666 to Nova Scotia. In 1861 the numbers were: Ontario, 7,841; Quebec, 4,876; New Brunswick, 1,407; Nova Scotia, 1,116.

This affords a striking and pleasing contrast to the Census Report of the United States as regards the Indian. In 1860 there were in the neighbouring Republic, according to the official enumeration, 44,021 civilized Indians. In 1870 that number was found to have dwindled to 25,731. But, besides the civilized, there are said to be in the United States 357,981 Indians still sustaining tribal relations, only 89,957 of whom, however, are in the States; the remainder, 268,024, roaming through the territories, 70,000 of whom are said to be in Alaska, or what was Russian America. The children of the forest are being used up even more rapidly and relentlessly than their civilized brethren, and the day is probably not very far distant when the last aboriginal native will have disappeared, as has already been the case in Van Diemen's Land.

In 1861 there were 18,921 persons of African descent in the Dominion; in 1871 that number had increased to 21,496. The number of Indians and Africans, however, is too small to be of much account as forming a component part of the general population.

1,082,940 of the population of the Dominion, equal to 31.1 per cent. of the whole, are of French origin; 846,414, or 24.2 per cent., are said to be of Irish origin; 706,369 of English origin, being 20.2 per cent., or one-fifth of the whole; 549,946 of Scotch origin, equal to 15.8 per cent. of the aggregate population; and 232,613 of German and Dutch origin, which is equal to 6.6 per cent. of the whole.

Eighty-three out of each 100 of the population are native born; 14 per cent. were born in the United Kingdom; and 2 per cent. of the people, or 2 in each 100, in the United States.

In a comparatively newly settled country like our own, the great bulk of the population is necessarily rural.

As manufactures, commerce and shipping increase, the people are gathered into centres, forming towns and cities, whose growth and prosperity depend upon the progress the country makes in energy and enterprise. In Canada there are as yet only five cities with a population exceeding 20,000 people, and only twenty cities and towns that come up to 5,000. 430,043 persons are collected in these twenty towns or cities, or 12.3 per cent. of the whole population. If we cross the line, we will find fourteen cities each with a population of 100,000 or upwards, and fifty towns or cities possessing not less than 25,000 people in each of them—or 15 per cent. of the whole population. In England the city population is in an immensely greater ratio, for there we find 5,279,166 people crowded into seven cities, or one-fourth of the whole population of the country; while in the seven largest cities and towns of Scotland 33 per cent., or one-third of the people in the kingdom, are collected. As commerce and manufactures extend, similar results will occur here, though many generations will probably pass away before we can boast of a dozen cities with each a population of 100,000 or upwards.

But our future progress, both as regards population and material wealth, will, in all probability, far outstrip that of the past.

Already the trade of the Dominion, in proportion to its population, is larger than that of either Great Britain or the United States. This seems a bold statement, but official statistics fully sustain and prove it.

In 1872, 6,571,339 tons of shipping entered the ports of the Dominion, or nearly two tons to each of the population.

In Great Britain, including both the coasting and foreign trade, the amount of tonnage that entered the different ports in 1871 was 34,772,201 tons, and as her population is a little over 31,000,000, the ratio was not much over one ton to each individual in the country. The proportion of tonnage to population in the United States does not differ greatly from that of the United Kingdom. The amount entered connected with her foreign trade is only 11,493,256 tons, but the coasting trade is enormous—29,329,573 tons entered, making a total of 40,822,829 tons for 38,500,000 people.

In Imports and Exports we are still far behind the vast totals shown by Great Britain and the United States, but the ratio of progress we are making is greater than theirs. In 1872 the value of the Imports of the Dominion was $107,709,116, and of the Exports, $82,639,663. Let us compare this with the commercial industry of only seven years ago—the year 1865. In that year the Imports of Ontario and Quebec —Old Canada—were $44,620,469; their Exports $42,481,151, or the round trade was equal in value to $87,100,620, against $152,000,704 in 1872. That is, within the short period of seven years the foreign trade of the country has nearly doubled, while her customs revenue has kept pace with her commercial progress.

The aggregate trade of Great Britain during the same period has also made an immense stride, greater far than during any equal period in her history.

In 1865 the Imports and Exports amounted to £490,093,285 sterling; in 1872 they were £634,308,665, showing an increase of 50 per cent. in seven years.

The Imports of the United States in 1872 were $640,337,540; its Exports $571,000,000, or a round trade of upwards of thirteen hundred millions of dollars. In the same year of 1872 the Imports of the Dominion were $107,709,116, and the Exports $82,639,663, making a round trade of $190,348,779. That is, the commerce of the United States was last year seven times greater than that of the Dominion of Canada, while its population is more than eleven times greater. These are facts well calculated to inspire confidence in our people.

The population of Canada during the past ten years has increased only 12 per cent., but the material wealth of its people, its trade, commerce, shipping and manufactures, have more than doubled.

It is much to be regretted that no general system of registration, which would enable us to ascertain the Vital Statistics of the Dominion, has yet been established. The number of births, deaths, and marriages that take place can therefore only be estimated in the Province of Nova Scotia, and latterly in Ontario a registration system has been introduced. The former has been in existence since 1864, and the facts to be gathered from the published reports on the subject are of considerable value in aiding us to reach approximately the birth and death rate of the Dominion, and the ratio of marriages to population.

From the Nova Scotia tables it is shown that the birth rate of the Province is equal to 1 in 30 of the population; the mortality to 1 in 60; and that one person in each 64 living is married annually. If this ratio be applied to the whole Dominion, the annual number of births will be about 116,192; of deaths, 58,096; and of marriages, 27,233. On an average 318 children are born each day in the Dominion, and 159 people of all ages die, so that the daily increase of the population from natural causes is equal to 159, or 58,096 per annum.

From all the facts that can be ascertained, the ratio of mortality is much lower in British America than in the Mother Country. One most important fact which registration has established beyond a doubt is, that bronchitis, the most fatal disease in Great Britain after phthisis, makes little or no headway either in Nova Scotia or Massachusetts, as a long series of annual reports show; and there can be scarcely a doubt that the fact holds good as respects the whole of Canada. In England nearly 10 per cent. of the mortality is due to bronchitis. In Nova Scotia and Massachusetts it is a fraction over 1 per cent. The infant mortality, except in our cities, is also much lower than in Great Britain.

In England, 40 per cent. of the deaths that take place are of children under 5 years. In Nova Scotia, and probably in Canada, only 29 per cent., or 29 in each 100, die within that period.

These facts are mentioned to illustrate the great value and importance of a good system of registration.

The Census of the United States for 1870.—The Superintendent of the Census Bureau, in his Report dated Nov. 1st, 1872, says:—"I have the honour to advise the Department of the Interior of the completion of the work of the ninth census."

The three bulky volumes which comprise the very able and exhaustive Report of this great work are now before us, and contain a mass of information of the highest possible interest, not only to the people of the United States, but to the whole civilized world.

The Reports present the results arrived at in tabular form, showing in detail the statistics connected with every state, county, city, town, and rural district; and they also give an elaborate analysis of the whole, presenting the facts of greatest importance in a clear and comprehensive light, easily intelligible, and full of interest and information even to the ordinary reader.

In 1870 there were 38,558,371 people in the United States, of whom 19,493,563 were males, and 19,064,806 females.

The white population in 1870 was equal to 33,589,377. At the beginning of the present century the number was 4,306,446. Within 70 years, therefore, the increase of this portion of the people of the neighbouring Republic has been ninefold, or 900 per cent., an immense growth in a comparatively short period. But much of it is due to immigration, as we find that from the United Kingdom, since 1815, 4,671,515 emigrants sailed for new homes in the United States of America.

Apart from this great fact, the natural or native increase has been slow—in some States nearly stationary, and in one or two actually retrograde.

What is known as the coloured population, and which includes all having any African blood in their veins, has not made the same progress; yet its growth has been remarkable, for we find that in 1800 there were 1,002,037, which in 1870 had increased to 4,880,009, or nearly 500 per cent.

But besides the Caucasian and African races, a large but peaceful inroad of Mongolians has recently taken place, for we find that in 1870 there were 56,124 Chinese in the United States, settled chiefly in California.

In 1870 the total number of Indians within the limits of the territory of the United States was estimated at 383,712.

Of these, 25,731 have adopted the manners and customs of civilized life, are at least nominal Christians, and have abandoned the nomad characteristics of their tribal brethren.

Their numbers are, however, gradually but steadily melting away. By the census of 1860 the civilized Indians were returned as amounting to 44,021. In 1870 they reached only 25,731.

In three of the States — Maine, New Hampshire and South Carolina—there has been a falling off of the white population as compared with that of 1860; in Virginia there has been a slight decrease of the coloured race; in Missouri it has been stationary; but in all the other States its growth has been very considerable. In Louisiana, Mississippi and South Carolina, the coloured exceeds the white population. In Alabama and Georgia the two races are about equal in numbers. In all the other States the white largely predominates. The Chinese as yet are confined chiefly to the far West. There are 49,310 of them in California; 3,152 in Nevada; 3,330 in Oregon; and 4,274 in the District of Columbia.

Of the Indians—nomadic and civilized —there are said to be 70,000 in Alaska; 59,367 in the Indian country; 29,025 in California; 32,083 in Arizona; 27,520 in Dakota; in the whole of that part of the United States consisting of territories, 272,527. In Kansas they are still said to number 9,814; in Michigan, 8,000; and in Minnesota, 7,000. In Nevada, Nebraska, Oregon and Wisconsin, they aggregate about 50,000. In these vast territories they may perhaps, in a yearly decreasing ratio, find a refuge for half a century longer; but the date when the last Indian will have disappeared from the face of this Northern Continent seems to be not very distant.

Of the 38,000,000 of people in the United States in 1870, five and a half millions were foreign born, and nearly 10,000,000 had a foreign father and mother.

Within the last decade the Republic has added some 7,000,000 to its population, which is equal to about 22 per cent. in ten years, or a fraction over 2 per cent. annually.

But within that period nearly 2,000,000 of people have emigrated from Great Britain to the Republic, and a scarcely smaller number of Germans.

According to the census of 1870, there were then in the United States 2,626,241 persons born in the United Kingdom; 1,690,533 born in Germany; 493,464 born in British America; and about 600,000 in different European States. Take away this vast influx of people, and the children that have been born to them within the ten years preceding 1870, and it is questionable whether the really native population has made any considerable increase in numbers. Great Britain during the last ten years has added to its population two and a half millions, while it has sent forth from its shores nearly as many more to seek a home in foreign lands.

There are fourteen cities in the United States, each having a population of 100,000 and upwards, aggregating 4,129,989 people. Of these 756,659 are natives of Great Britain, and 43,484 were born in British America.

The United States has long been celebrated for its Common School system. We think it was Waldo Emerson who said, speaking of his countrymen: "We are the most common schooled and the least cultivated people in Christendom."

Between the ages of 5 and 18, there are 12,055,443 persons in the Republic, and of these 6,596,422, or a little over the half, are said to have attended school.

Notwithstanding this boasted system of public schools, the amount of illiteracy in the States is very remarkable. In 1870 there were 4,528,084 persons above 10 years of age who could not read, and 5,658,144 who could not write. Of the latter, 4,880,271 were natives, and only 777,873 foreign born. Of persons 20 years old and upwards, there were 1,218,311 who could not read and write, and 871,418 of these were native born, 91,000 of them being coloured.

The attention paid to the education of the people will be understood from the following facts, as ascertained by the census of 1870. The number of teachers employed during that year was 141,629, of whom 93,329 were males and 127,713 were females, who instructed about 7,000,000 of pupils, at an expense of $95,402,726. Each teacher had thus an average of 50 pupils, and each pupil's instruction for the year cost on an average about $14. The above, it is to be noted, includes private as well as public schools.

About 700,000 pupils attend private schools, supported at an annual expenditure of $13,696,146.

5,871 newspapers of all kinds were published in the United States in 1870, the number of copies issued annually being 1,508,548,250, or an average of 40 copies to each individual, old and young, or 200 to each household.

Of the 5,871 papers, 4,333 were political, and 407 religious; and it is worthy of notice that, taken by periods of issue, the circulation of the religious papers is 4,764,358, while that of the political is 8,781,220. That is, the religious, though only one-seventh of the political press as regards numbers, possesses a circulation equal to one-half of the latter.

The statistics of the religious denominations in the United States are believed to be very exact. In 1870 there were 63,089 churches, able to accommodate 21,665,062 people, and possessing property to the amount of $354,483,581.

Of these churches, 21,337 were Methodist; 13,962 Baptist; 7,071 Presbyterian; 3,806 Roman Catholic; 2,776 Lutheran; 2,715 Congregational; and 2,601 Protestant Episcopal.

In proportion to their numbers, the church property of the Roman Catholics exceeds that of any of the other religious denominations, being equal to $60,985,566; that of the Methodists is $69,854,121; the Presbyterians, $53,264,256; Protestant Episcopal, 36,514,549; and the Congregational, $25,069,698.

Of the 38,000,000 of people living in the United States in 1870, only 116,102 are represented as paupers, or receiving public support. This is a very small number indeed; not equal to the pauper population of the City of London alone. Of the 116,102, 76,737 were native, and 22,798 foreign born.

The public cost of pauperism was $10,930,429.

During the same year 36,562 persons were convicted of crime; but as no statistics of the special crimes are given, this bald fact is not of much value. It is somewhat difficult to understand on what principle the pauper and criminal statistics, as given in the census, are compiled; for we find that in New York alone, in 1860, the number of paupers was given as 164,782. It is not likely the number has decreased since that time.

The table giving the occupations of the people of the United States is an important and interesting one. There were, in 1870, 12,505,923 persons engaged in all classes of occupations. Of these 5,922,471, or about one half, were engaged in agriculture; 2,684,793 in professional and personal services; 1,191,238 in trade and transportation; and 2,707,421 in manufactures and mechanical and mining industries.

The census of 1870 returned 20,320 blind; 16,205 deaf and dumb; and 37,432 insane people in the United States; as also 24,527 idiotic.

The social statistics of a country are of immense value and importance, more especially that division representing the property—the *bona fide* wealth and resources of the State. The investigation into this class of facts is both difficult and delicate; and to arrive at any reliable result, it must be made by officials well acquainted with the duty and the best manner of performing it.

To take the assessment books of the districts would be easy, but the information gained from them would evidently be very defective; because in many places there is a large proportion of property that is not assessed, and much that is assessed is estimated far below its real value.

This has been taken into account in obtaining a true return of the real and personal estate in the neighbouring Republic. In 1870 the whole property—of every kind except national property—was estimated at $30,068,518,507. It is almost impossible to imagine what this vast sum actually represents; but one can understand from it, at once, the immense resources of the country and the tremendous strides it has made in wealth, as compared with its progress in population, when it is found that the value of the real and personal estate of the United States advanced from $7,135,780,228 to $16,159,616,068 between 1850 and 1860; while it has again all but doubled itself within the last decade. According to this estimate, each individual, on an average, throughout the United States, is worth about $800; each family, $4,000. The single State of New York owns more than a fifth of the whole wealth of the Republic, and twenty thousand millions of the whole thirty thousand millions of dollars are concentrated within seven of the thirty-seven States—viz., New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, Massachusetts, Missouri and Indiana.

The total taxation upon this wealth—that is, state, county, and town, but not national taxation—amounted in 1870 to $280,591,521, while the total indebtedness of the different States, exclusive of the national debt, was $868,676,758; and as the liabilities of the Federal Government are about $2,600,000,000, it follows that the aggregate debt of the nation is about three thousand five hundred millions of dollars, or $90 per head of the population.

In 1870 there were 189 millions of acres of improved, and two hundred and eighteen millions of acres of unimproved, farming lands in the United States; the average size of the farms being 153 acres. The total value of these farms is estimated at nine thousand millions of dollars; and the farm implements and machinery at $337,000,000. The increase in the value of this department of real estate since 1850 has been nearly 300 per cent.

In 1870 there were in the United States 28 million sheep, yielding 100 million pounds of wool, 8 million horses, and 28 million neat cattle. The total value of farm productions was estimated at $2,447,538,658. The grain production was about 300 million bushels of wheat, 17 million bushels of rye, 761 million bushels of Indian corn, 282 million bushels of oats, and 40 million bushels of barley and buckwheat.

The above is an estimate of the productions, or rather the principal productions, of the farm.

Besides these, there were 3,011,996 bales of cotton raised, each bale weighing 400 lbs., and each pound being worth about 10 cents. Then there was sugar, 87,043 hhds.; tobacco, 262,735,341 lbs.; rice, 73,635,021 lbs.; hay, 27,316,048 tons; potatoes, 170 millions of bushels; besides dairy products, in the form of milk, butter and cheese, worth about $200,000,000.

The above is only a meagre, but correct, summary of the products of the land, as far as it goes.

The manufacturing, mining and fishing industries of the United States are of great extent, second only to those of Great Britain. Two millions of people are employed in 252,148 establishments, aided by 40,191 steam engines, with an aggregate of 1,215,000 horse power, and 51,018 water wheels, possessing a power equal to 1,130,431 horses. The capital invested is upwards of two thousand millions of dollars, while $775,000,000 are paid in wages, and $2,500,000,000 for raw material. To enter into any detail of the specific industries represented by the above aggregate would far exceed the space at our command.

154,328 persons are engaged in mining, and the product of that industry is valued at $152,508,894.

That part of the Census Report of Canada embracing its agricultural, lumbering, mining, shipping and manufacturing industries has not yet been published. No comparative analysis can therefore be made as yet of the industrial progress of the two countries; but when that Report is made public, it is probable we will have a better and fuller knowledge of the material resources of the Dominion, and their development during the previous ten years, than we have ever before obtained.

The census of the United Kingdom was taken on the 3rd of April, 1871, when its population was found to be 31,914,985, of which 15,622,725 were males, and 16,292,260 were females. In 1801 there were 15,902,322 persons in Great Britain and Ireland, so that the population has all but doubled within 70 years. In England it has more than doubled during that time, having increased from nine to more than twenty-three millions. The same holds good as regards Scotland, its population in 1801 having been 1,625,000, which in 1871 had increased to 3,430,923. With Ireland the result has been very different. In 1801 it numbered 5,216,320. In 1845 the population of that portion of the empire had reached its maximum, 8,295,061—a number greater than it was capable of supporting. Then came the famine, and from that time till the present the population has been steadily decreasing, to such an extent that in 26 years it has lost nearly three millions of people, exclusive of the number to be added by natural increase. From 1811 to 1821 Ireland added 14 per cent. to its population. In 1871 its population had diminished by 344,000 in ten years—a loss brought about by the constant stream of emigration. Had Ireland increased in the same ratio as Great Britain, the population of the United Kingdom in 1871 would have been thirty-seven millions, instead of less than thirty-two.

But the misfortune of the United Kingdom is want of home space. She has taken 500 years to do what the United States has accomplished in 80 years—increase her population tenfold. By registration, which is the real groundwork of all reliable statistics, we find that the natural increase—that is, the excess of births over deaths—in Great Britain, is in round numbers 400,000 per annum. Against this increase, however, is to be placed the significant fact of an annual emigration of 250,000, which year by year is growing and must continue to grow in its proportions. Her colonies are large and rich enough to receive and support this surplus population for many a generation to come; and were they to receive it, the Empire would be knit together and strengthened by the strong bond of a community of feeling and interest. That policy so far has received little practical encouragement from the Home Government, but is latterly commanding the energetic attention of several of the colonies themselves, and with some measure of success.

Since 1815, according to the Report of the Emigration Commissioners, seven millions and a half of people have left the shores of Great Britain to settle in other countries, of whom 1,424,000 sailed for British American Colonies. What proportion of that large number remained, there are no statistics to enable us to determine, or even to guess at. It is a remarkable fact, however, that up to the year 1837 more emigrants came from the United Kingdom to British America than to the United States. From 1815 to the year just mentioned the aggregate was, to North American Colonies, 482,545 ; to the United States, 368,027.

The civil disturbance in Canada in 1837-38 seems to have affected the direction of the emigration current very seriously. From 1830 to 1837, the average annual immigration to Canada was 38,000 ; in 1838 it fell to 4,577 ; and from that time till the present the United States has been the favourite field of the British emigrant.

The decennial census of England does not include so wide a circle of statistical information as that of the United States. It aims only at a correct enumeration of the people, taking in certain subsidiary facts of a cognate character. But we gather from other sources interesting and valuable information, showing at once the vastness of the area, the population, power and progress of the British Empire. The area of the United Kingdom is only about 120,000 square miles, and its population thirty-one millions ; but the area of the Empire is something vastly different. India has one and a half millions of square miles ; Australia, two and a half millions ; British America, more than three millions ; possessions in Africa and other parts of the globe, about 400,000 square miles—altogether nearly eight millions of square miles—with a population of 250 millions ; an aggregate annual revenue of £150,000,000 sterling, and a trade whose yearly value is upwards of nine hundred millions sterling.

The registered shipping of the United Kingdom consists of 37,587 vessels, having a tonnage of 7,149,134 tons, and a crew of 327,449 men.

In 1831, the imports and exports of the United Kingdom were £84,496,743 ; in 1841, they were £118,839,394 ; in 1851, £166,619,919 ; in 1861, £289,143,818 ; and in 1871, £634,000,000.

In 40 years the trade of Great Britain has multiplied itself sevenfold ; its shipping has increased from two and a half million tons in 1831, to upwards of seven millions in 1871. Her manufactures have increased in an equal or greater ratio ; though during these 40 years the population of the country increased only 50 per cent. It was 24 millions in 1841, and 31 millions in 1871.

This certainly exhibits extraordinary progress ; but that of Canada within the last twenty years is greater still, for we find that its import and export trade of the year 1852 amounted to $44,492,620, while that of Ontario and Quebec in 1872 was $152,000,714, or a growth equal to about 400 per cent. in 20 years.

The value of the vast industries of the United Kingdom it would be impossible even to estimate ; but a faint idea of their extent may be gathered from the amount of her yearly exports. The land of England is valued at more than three thousand millions, and its annual revenue is nearly 120 millions of pounds sterling.

Within twenty years its material wealth and the volume of its home and foreign trade have nearly doubled ; and, notwithstanding this mighty progress, there is no indication that it has reached its culminating point, or that it will not go on expanding in the same ratio for many decades to come.

Its American Colonies possess a revenue of twenty-five millions of dollars, and a foreign trade of nearly 200 millions. The revenue of the Australian Colonies is $46,000,000 ; their foreign trade, that is, their imports and exports, 300 millions.

British India has an annual income of 250 millions of dollars, and exports and imports to the value of 500 millions. Besides these, there are her African and West Indian possessions, and smaller territories scattered over various parts of the world, yielding an aggregate revenue of about $15,000,000, and a trade valued at $140,000,000. In addition to this, England imports from China and

Japan merchandize the yearly value of which is $60,000,000, and sends in return $36,000,000 of her manufactures.

The wealth, the power, and the resources of every description of this great empire are thus such as the world never saw. The drawback is, that all this mighty aggregate, irresistible as a whole, is broken up, consisting of detached, and to some extent independent, parts. To integrate this empire would be to strengthen not only its centre, but all its surrounding members. A policy with that object in view may one day be the policy of England; and the construction and completion of a railway through British territory, across this continent, would be a noble and practical initiation of such a policy. We have shown the extent of the export and import trade of the Dominion; of India, and Australia, and New Zealand; of China and Japan; and who can for a moment question that a large percentage of that trade would, under wise administration, find its way over this great highway, integrating the empire in its interests, and making us, to a greater extent than we have ever been, one people?

The bond would indeed be a strong one, for by that road our commercial interests and those of the mother country, with its eastern and western dependencies, might be expanded indefinitely; and, should foreign aggression at any future period threaten us, the military resources of the Empire could, within a comparatively short time, be concentrated at any required point.

Canada could be defended from the east and the west at once. England could draw upon the strength of her Indian armies, or hurry her regiments across the continent, over her own soil, to the most distant east, should necessity require it; while Canada and Australasia present an area of fertile territory practically unlimited in extent, to be taken up and cultivated by her surplus population, who would then, instead of being lost to the empire, be an addition to its strength.

We have left ourselves but little space to refer to the industrial and other statistics of the United Kingdom. She has forty-six millions of acres of land under cultivation, whose annual yield will be about £230,000,000. In Great Britain there were, in 1871, 1,808,040 horses, 9,346,216 cattle, 32,786,783 sheep, and 4,136,616 pigs. The land, however, does not yield enough for the support of its people; for we find that in 1871 Great Britain imported from other countries annually, for food, animals to the value of £8,358,542, and agricultural produce of all kinds valued at $58, 000,000.

For her home traffic Great Britain possesses 16,000 miles of railway, representing a capital of £530,000,000, and a revenue of £44,000,000; 330,160,801 passengers travelled in 1871 by railway, being more than ten times the population of the United Kingdom. The statistics given above show the vast wealth, the energy and enterprise of the people of England. There is, however, a dark side also to the picture. In England the poor-rate amounts to £11,503,449, and the number of paupers to 901,832. In Ireland the poor-rate is £840,134; the paupers are 282,492. In Scotland the number of registered poor in 1871 was 77,759, relieved at an annual expense of £629,965. Thirteen millions sterling are required for the support of the poor of the United Kingdom, who form one twenty-fifth of the population. A large percentage of this vast army must be able-bodied men and women. Would not some portion of the great sum required for their support be wisely expended in securing homes for them where without much difficulty they could support themselves, and increase in time the resources of the country they make their home, by their own industry?

Pauperism and crime cost England alone more than £15,000,000 sterling every year. This immense sum far exceeds that expended for the religious instruction of the people.

In the Established Church of England there are 12,628 benefices, served by about 18,000 clergymen, at an annual expense, it is estimated, of five millions sterling. The amount of public money granted for education in 1871 was £903,000. Whatever may be the future of the educational question in England, its present position is anything but satisfactory. One in five of the population ought to be at school, but in 1871 the number of children on the registers of schools receiving Government aid was only 2,270,801—or about 1 in 12 of the population. This, however, does not include private schools, or schools which do not come up to the mark to entitle them to draw public money. But even taking the most favourable view of the subject, primary education in England is far behind that of the Dominion or of the United States; and what is most deplorable of all, its progress has been retarded, not from inability or unwillingness to provide the means, but by sectarian jealousy.

The pauperism of England and the condition of education, are a blot on its escutcheon, but one that admits of remedy; while her internal resources—her industrial and social progress—are such as have no parallel in ancient or modern times. She may be fitly called the mother of nations—to which she has given her language, her institutions and laws, as well as her ideas of civil and religious liberty. Nearly one hundred millions of people now speak the language of Shakespeare and Milton, which, before the lapse of another century, will probably become the medium of spoken and written intercourse of the commercial world. The progress made by English-speaking people during the past decade affords an indication and guarantee of what, in all probability, it will be at the close of the present century.

NEW YEAR BELLS.

BY EDWARD J. WHITE.

I.

RING out, ring out, ye old Church Bells,
Whose solemn voice, so loud and clear,
Throughout the midnight silence tells
To all the death of the Old Year.
And, as your music sadly swells
Upon my listless, wearied ear,
I wish—it may be but in vain—
That all the trouble, sorrow, pain,
The bitter anguish, care and woe
Of the dead year could float away
Upon the night winds, soft and low,
And be forgot by me for aye!

II.

Ring out, ring out, ye merry Bells,
Whose gladsome voice, so loud and clear,
Throughout the midnight silence tells
To all the birth of the New Year.
And, as your welcome music swells
Upon my gladly listening ear,
I wish—oh that it may be true !—
That all the happy hopes we knew,
The longings after something pure,
Which in the old year had their part,
May in the new year still endure,
And keep us brave and strong of heart.

III.

Ring out, ring out, oh New Year Bells,
With gladsome voices, loud and clear ;
Throughout the midnight silence swells
Your greeting to the new-born year.
And upward in my heart there wells
A hopefulness which knows no fear—
A happiness not there before,
A trustfulness which never more
Shall know despair ; for, 'midst your choir,
Oh New Year Bells, there seems a voice
Which doth my answering heart inspire,
And bids the world and me rejoice !

YORKVILLE.

THE DEAD ALIVE.*

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of the "Woman in White," "Poor Miss Finch," "Man and Wife," &c.

CHAPTER I.

THE SICK MAN.

"HEART all right," said the doctor. "Lungs all right. No organic disease that I can discover. Philip Lefrank, don't alarm yourself! You are not going to die yet. The disease you are suffering from is—Overwork. The remedy in your case is—Rest." So the doctor spoke, in my chambers in the Temple (London), having been sent for to see me about half an hour after I had alarmed my clerk by fainting at my desk. I have no wish to intrude myself needlessly on the reader's attention; but it may be necessary to add, in the way of explanation, that I am a "junior" barrister in good practice. I come from the Channel Island of Jersey. The French spelling of my name (Lefranc) was Anglicised generations since—in the days when the letter "k" was still used in England at the end of words which now terminate in "c." We hold our heads high, nevertheless, as a Jersey family. It is to this day a trial to my father to hear his son described as a member of the English Bar.

"Rest!" I repeated, when my medical adviser had done. "My good friend, are you aware that it is Term time? The courts are sitting. Look at the briefs waiting for me on that table. Rest means ruin, in my case.

"And work," added the doctor, quietly, "means death."

I started. He was not trying to frighten me; he was plainly in earnest.

"It is merely a question of time," he went on. "You have a fine constitution; you are a young man. But you cannot deliberately overwork your brain and derange your nervous system much longer. Go away at once. If you are a good sailor, take a sea voyage. The ocean air is the best of all air to build you up again. No; I don't want to write a prescription. I decline to physic you. I have no more to say."

With these words my medical friend left the room. I was obstinate—I went into court the same day.

The senior counsel in the case in which I was engaged applied to me for some information which it was my duty to give him. To my horror and amazement I was perfectly unable to collect my ideas; facts and dates all mingled together confusedly in my mind. I was led out of court thoroughly terrified about myself. The next day my briefs went back to the attorneys, and I followed my doctor's advice by taking my passage for America in the first steamer that sailed for New York.

I had chosen the voyage to America in preference to any other trip by sea, with a special object in view. A relative of my mother's had emigrated to the United States many years since, and had thriven there as a farmer. He had given me a general invitation to visit him if I ever crossed the Atlantic. The long period of inaction (under the name of rest) to which the doctor's decision had condemned me could hardly be more pleasantly occupied, as I thought, than by paying a visit to my relation, and seeing what I could of America in that way. After a brief sojourn at New York, I started, by railway, for the residence of my host—Mr. Isaac Meadowcroft, of Morwick Farm.

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* A new and original Story, published by arrangement with the author.

There are some of the grandest natural prospects on the face of creation in America. There is also to be found in certain States of the Union (by way of wholesome contrast) scenery as flat, as monotonous and as uninteresting to a traveller as any that the earth can show. The part of the country in which Mr. Meadowcroft's farm was situated fell within this latter category. I looked round me when I stepped out of the railway carriage on the platform at Morwick station, and I said to myself: "If to be cured means, in my case, to be dull, I have accurately picked out the very place for the purpose."

I look back at these words by the light of later events, and I pronounce them—as you will soon pronounce them—to be the words of an essentially rash man, whose hasty judgment never stopped to consider what surprises Time and Chance might have in store for him.

Mr. Meadowcroft's eldest son, Ambrose, was waiting at the station to drive me to the farm.

There was no forewarning in the appearance of Ambrose Meadowcroft of the strange and terrible events that were to follow my arrival at Morwick. A healthy, handsome young fellow, one of thousands of healthy, handsome young fellows, said: "How d'ye do, Mr. Lefrank? Glad to see you, sir. Jump into the buggy. The man will look after your portmanteau." With equally conventional politeness I answered: "Thank you. How are you all at home?" So we started on the way to the farm.

Our conversation, on the drive, began with the subjects of agriculture and breeding. I displayed my total ignorance of crops and cattle before we had travelled ten yards on our journey. Ambrose Meadowcroft cast about for another topic, and failed to find it. Upon this, I cast about on my side, and asked, at a venture, if I had chosen a convenient time for my visit. The young farmer's stolid brown face instantly brightened. I had evidently hit, haphazard, on an interesting subject.

"You couldn't have chosen a better time," he said. "Our house has never been so cheerful as it is now."

"Have you any visitors staying with you?"

"It's not exactly a visitor. It's a new member of the family, who has come to live with us."

"A new member of the family! May I ask who it is?"

Ambrose Meadowcroft considered before he replied—touched his horse with the whip—looked at me with a certain sheepish hesitation—and suddenly burst out with the truth, in the plainest possible words:

"It's just the nicest girl, sir, you ever saw in your life."

"Aye, aye! A friend of your sister's, I suppose?"

"A friend? Bless your heart! It's our little American cousin—Naomi Colebrook."

I vaguely remembered that a younger sister of Mr. Meadowcroft's had married an American merchant, in the remote past, and had died many years since, leaving an only child. I was now further informed that the father also was dead. In his last moments he had committed his helpless daughter to the compassionate care of his wife's relations at Morwick.

"He was always a speculating man," Ambrose went on. "Tried one thing after another—and failed in all. Died, sir, leaving barely enough to bury him. My father was a little doubtful (before she came here) how his American niece would turn out. We are English, you know—and, though we do live in the United States, we stick fast to our English ways and habits. We don't much like American women in general, I can tell you. But when Naomi made her appearance, she conquered us all. Such a girl! Took her place as one of the family directly. Learnt to make herself useful in the dairy in a week's time. I tell you this—she hasn't been with us quite two months yet, and we wonder already how we ever got on without her ! "

Once started on the subject of Naomi Colebrook, Ambrose held to that one topic, and talked on it without intermission. It required no great gift of penetration to discover the impression which the American cousin had produced in this case. The young fellow's enthusiasm communicated itself (in a certain tepid degree) to me. I really felt a mild flutter of anticipation at the prospect of seeing Naomi, when we drew up, towards the close of evening, at the gates of Morwick Farm.

CHAPTER II.

THE NEW FACES.

IMMEDIATELY on my arrival I was presented to Mr. Meadowcroft, the father.

The old man had become a confirmed invalid, confined by chronic rheumatism to his chair. He received me kindly—and a little wearily as well. His only unmarried daughter (he had long since been left a widower) was in the room, in attendance on her father. She was a melancholy, middle-aged woman, without visible attractions of any sort—one of those persons who appear to accept the obligation of living under protest, as a burden which they would never have consented to bear if they had only been consulted first. We three had a dreary little interview in a parlour of bare walls, and then I was permitted to go up stairs and unpack my portmanteau in my own room.

" Supper will be at nine o'clock, sir," said Miss Meadowcroft.

She pronounced those words as if " supper " was a form of domestic offence, habitually committed by the men, and endured by the women. I followed the groom up to my room, not over well pleased with my first experience of the farm.

No Naomi, and no romance—thus far !

My room was clean—oppressively clean. I quite longed to see a little dust somewhere. My library was limited to the Bible and the Prayer-book. My view from the window showed me a dead flat in a partial state of cultivation, fading sadly from view in the waning light. Above the head of my spruce white bed hung a scroll, bearing a damnatory quotation from Scripture in emblazoned letters of red and black. The dismal presence of Miss Meadowcroft had passed over my bed-room, and had blighted it. Supper-time was still an event in the future. I lit the candles, and took from my portmanteau what I firmly believe to have been the first French novel ever produced at Morwick Farm. It was one of the masterly and charming stories of Dumas the elder. In five minutes I was in a new world, and my melancholy room was full of the liveliest French company. The sound of an imperative and uncompromising bell recalled me, in due time, to the regions of reality. I looked at my watch. Nine o'clock.

Ambrose met me at the bottom of the stairs, and showed me the way to the supper-room.

Mr. Meadowcroft's invalid chair had been wheeled to the head of the table. On his right-hand side sat his sad and silent daughter. She signed to me, with a ghostly solemnity, to take the vacant place on the left of her father. Silas Meadowcroft came in at the same moment, and was presented to me by his brother. There was a strong family likeness between them—Ambrose being the taller and the handsomer man of the two. But there was no marked character in either face. I set them down as men with undeveloped qualities ; waiting (the good and evil qualities alike) for time and circumstances to bring them to their full growth.

The door opened again, while I was still studying the two brothers—without, I honestly confess, being very favourably impressed by either of them. A new member of the family circle, who instantly attracted my attention, entered the room.

He was short, spare, and wiry—singularly pale for a person whose life was passed in the country. The face was, in other respects besides this, a striking face to see. As to the lower part, it was covered with a thick black beard and moustache, at a time when shaving was the rule and beards the rare exception in America. As to the upper part of the face, it was irradiated by a pair of wild, glittering brown eyes, the expression of which suggested to me that there was something not quite right with the man's mental balance. A perfectly sane person in all his sayings and doings, so far as I could see, there was still something in those wild brown eyes which suggested to me that—under exceptionally trying circumstances—he might surprise his oldest friends by acting in some exceptionally violent or foolish way. "A little cracked"—that, in the popular phrase, was my impression of the stranger who now made his appearance in the supper-room.

Mr. Meadowcroft the elder (having not spoken one word thus far) himself introduced the new comer to me, with a side glance at his sons which had something like defiance in it—a glance which (as I was sorry to notice) was returned with equal defiance on their side by the two young men.

"Philip Lefrank, this is my overlooker, Mr. Jago," said the old man, formally presenting us. "John Jago, this is my young relative by marriage, Mr. Lefrank. He is not well—he has come over the ocean for rest and change of scene. Mr. Jago is an American, Philip. I hope you have no prejudice against Americans. Make acquaintance with Mr. Jago. Sit together." He cast another dark look at his sons, and the sons again returned it. They pointedly drew back from John Jago as he approached the empty chair next to me, and moved round to the opposite side of the table. It was plain that the man with the beard stood high in the father's favour, and that he was cordially disliked for that or for some other reason by the sons.

The door opened once more. A young lady quietly joined the party at the supper-table.

Was the young lady Naomi Colebrook? I looked at Ambrose, and saw the answer in his face. Naomi Colebrook at last!

A pretty girl, and (so far as I could judge by appearances) a good girl, too. Describing her generally, I may say that she had a small head, well carried, and well set on her shoulders; bright grey eyes, that looked at you honestly, and meant what they looked; a trim, slight, little figure—too slight for our English notions of beauty; a strong American accent, and (a rare thing in America) a pleasantly-toned voice, which made the accent agreeable to English ears. Our first impressions of people are, in nine cases out of ten, the right impressions. I liked Naomi Colebrook at first sight—liked her pleasant smile, liked her hearty shake of the hand when we were presented to each other. "If I get on well with nobody else in this house," I thought to myself, "I shall certainly get on well with *you.*"

For once in a way I proved a true prophet. In the atmosphere of smouldering enmities at Morwick Farm, the pretty American girl and I remained firm and true friends from first to last.

Ambrose made room for Naomi to sit between his brother and himself. She changed colour for a moment, and looked at him with a pretty reluctant tenderness as she took her chair. I strongly suspected the young farmer of squeezing her hand privately—under cover of the table-cloth.

The supper was not a merry one. The only cheerful conversation was the conversation across the table between Naomi and me.

For some incomprehensible reason, John Jago seemed to be ill at ease in the presence of his young countrywoman. He looked up at Naomi, doubtingly, from his plate—

and looked down again, slowly, with a frown. When I addressed him he answered constrainedly. Even when he spoke to Mr. Meadowcroft he was still on his guard—on his guard against the two young men, as I fancied by the direction which his eyes took on these occasions. When we began our meal, I had noticed for the first time that Silas Meadowcroft's left hand was strapped up with surgical plaster; and I now further observed that John Jago's wandering brown eyes, furtively looking at everybody round the table in turn, looked with a curious, cynical scrutiny at the young man's injured hand.

By way of making my first evening at the farm all the more embarrassing to me as a stranger, I discovered, before long, that the father and sons were talking indirectly *at* each other, through Mr. Jago and through me. When old Mr. Meadowcroft spoke disparagingly to his overlooker of some past mistake made in the cultivation of the arable land of the farm, old Mr. Meadowcroft's eyes pointed the application of his hostile criticism straight in the direction of his two sons. When the two sons seized a stray remark of mine about animals in general, and applied it satirically to the mismanagement of sheep and oxen in particular, they looked at John Jago while they talked to me. On occasions of this sort—and they happened frequently—Naomi struck in resolutely at the right moment, and turned the talk to some harmless topic. Every time she took a prominent part in this way in keeping the peace, melancholy Miss Meadowcroft looked slowly round at her in stern and silent disparagement of her interference. A more dreary and more disunited family party I never sat at the table with! Envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness are never so essentially detestable, to my mind, as when they are animated by a sense of propriety and work under the surface. But for my interest in Naomi, and my other interest in the little love-looks which I now and then surprised, passing between her and Ambrose, I should never have sat through that supper. I should certainly have taken refuge in my French novel and my own room!

At last the unendurably long meal, served with ostentatious profusion, was at an end. Miss Meadowcroft rose, with her ghostly solemnity, and granted me my dismissal in these words:

"We are early people at the farm, Mr. Lefrank. I wish you good night."

She laid her bony hands on the back of Mr. Meadowcroft's invalid chair; cut him short in his farewell salutation to me; and wheeled him out to his bed, as if she was wheeling him out to his grave!

"Do you go to your room immediately, sir? If not, may I offer you a cigar—provided the young gentlemen will permit it?"

So, picking his words with painful deliberation, and pointing his reference to "the young gentlemen" with one sardonic side look at them, Mr. John Jago performed the duties of hospitality on his side. I excused myself from accepting the cigar. With studied politeness, the man of the glittering brown eyes wished me a good night's rest, and left the room.

Ambrose and Silas both approached me hospitably, with their open cigar cases in their hands.

"You were quite right to say 'No,'" Ambrose began. "Never smoke with John Jago. His cigars will poison you."

"And never believe a word John Jago says to you," added Silas. "He is the greatest liar in America—let the other be whom he may."

Naomi shook her forefinger reproachfully at them, as if the two sturdy young farmers had been two children. "What will Mr. Lefrank think," she said, "if you talk in that way of a person whom your father respects and trusts? Go and smoke. I am ashamed of both of you."

Silas slunk away without a word of protest.

Ambrose stood his ground, evidently bent on making his peace with Naomi before he left her.

Seeing that I was in the way, I walked aside towards a glass door at the lower end of the room. The door opened on the trim little farm garden, bathed at that moment in lovely moonlight. I stepped out to enjoy the scene, and found my way to a seat under an elm tree. The grand repose of Nature had never looked so unutterably solemn and beautiful as it now appeared, after what I had seen and heard inside the house. I understood—or thought I understood—the sad despair of humanity which led men into monasteries in the old time. The misanthropical side of my nature (where is the sick man who is not conscious of that side of him?) was fast getting the upper hand of me, when I felt a light touch laid on my shoulder, and found myself reconciled to my species once more by Naomi Colebrook.

CHAPTER III.

THE MOONLIGHT MEETING.

"I WANT to speak to you," Naomi began. "You don't think ill of me for following you out here? We are not accustomed to stand much on ceremony in America."

"You are quite right in America. Pray sit down."

She seated herself by my side, looking at me frankly and fearlessly by the light of the moon.

"You are related to the family here," she resumed, "and I am related too. I guess I I may say to *you* what I couldn't say to a stranger. I am right glad you have come here, Mr. Lefrank, and for a reason, sir, which you don't suspect."

"Thank you for the compliment you pay me, Miss Colebrook, whatever the reason may be."

She took no notice of my reply—but steadily pursued her own train of thought.

"I guess you may do some good, sir, in this wretched house," the girl went on, with her eyes still earnestly fixed on my face. "There is no love, no trust, no peace at Morwick Farm. They want somebody here—except Ambrose; don't think ill of Ambrose; he is only thoughtless—I say the rest of them want somebody here to make them ashamed of their hard hearts and their horrid, false, envious ways. You are a gentleman; you know more than they know—they can't help themselves, they must look up to *you*. Try, Mr. Lefrank, when you have the opportunity—pray try, sir, to make peace among them. You heard what went on at supper-time, and you were disgusted with it. Oh yes, you were! I saw you frown to yourself, and I know what *that* means in you Englishmen."

There was no choice but to speak one's mind plainly to Naomi. I acknowledged the impression which had been produced on me at supper-time just as plainly as I have acknowledged it in these pages. Naomi nodded her head in undisguised approval of my candour.

"That will do; that's speaking out," she said. "But—oh, my!—you put it a deal too mildly, sir, when you say the men don't seem to be on friendly terms together here. They hate each other. That's the word, Mr. Lefrank—hate! Bitter, bitter, bitter hate." She clenched her little fists; she shook them vehemently, by way of adding emphasis to her last words, and then she suddenly remembered Ambrose. "Except Ambrose," she added, opening her hand again and laying it very earnestly on my arm. "Don't go and misjudge Ambrose, sir. There is no harm in poor Ambrose."

The girl's innocent frankness was really irresistible.

"Should I be altogether wrong," I asked, "if I guessed that you were a little partial to Ambrose?"

An English woman would have felt, or would at least have assumed, some little hesitation at replying to my question. Naomi did not hesitate for an instant.

"You are quite right, sir," she said, with the most perfect composure. "If things go well, I mean to marry Ambrose."

"If things go well!" I repeated. "What does that mean? Money?"

She shook her head.

"It means a fear that I have in my own mind," she answered. "A fear, Mr. Lefrank, of matters taking a bad turn among the men here—the wicked, hard-hearted, unfeeling men. I don't mean Ambrose, sir. I mean his brother Silas and John Jago. Did you notice Silas's hand? John Jago did that, sir, with a knife."

"By accident?" I asked.

"On purpose," she answered; "in return for a blow.'

This plain revelation of the state of things at Morwick Farm rather staggered me. Blows and knives under the rich and respectable roof-tree of old Mr. Meadowcroft! Blows and knives, not among the labourers, but among the masters! My first impression was like *your* first impression, no doubt—I could hardly believe it.

"Are you sure of what you say?" I inquired.

"I have it from Ambrose; Ambrose would never deceive me; Ambrose knows all about it."

My curiosity was powerfully excited. To what sort of household had I rashly voyaged across the ocean in search of rest and quiet?

"May I know all about it, too?" I said.

"Well, I will try and tell you what Ambrose told me. But you must promise me one thing first, sir. Promise you won't go away and leave us when you know the whole truth. Shake hands on it, Mr. Lefrank. Come, shake hands on it!"

There was no resisting her fearless frankness. I shook hands on it. Naomi entered on her narrative the moment I had given her my pledge, without wasting a word by way of preface.

"When you are shown over the farm here," she began, "you will see that it is really two farms in one. On this side of it, as we look from under this tree, they raise crops; on the other side—on much the larger half of the land, mind—they raise cattle. When Mr. Meadowcroft got too old and too sick to look after his farm himself, the boys (I mean Ambrose and Silas) divided the work between them. Ambrose looked after the crops, and Silas after the cattle. Things didn't go well, somehow, under their management. I can't tell you why. I am only sure Ambrose was not in fault. The old man got more and more dissatisfied, especially about his beasts. His pride is in his beasts. Without saying a word to the boys, he looked about privately—*I* think he was wrong in that, sir; don't you?—he looked about privately for help, and in an evil hour he heard of John Jago. Do you like John Jago, Mr. Lefrank?"

"So far—no. I don't like him!"

"Just my sentiments, sir. But I don't know—it's likely we may be wrong. There's nothing against John Jago except that he is so odd in his ways. They do say he wears all that nasty hair on his face (I hate hair on a man's face) on account of a vow he made when he lost his wife. Don't you think, Mr. Lefrank, a man must be a little mad who shows his grief at losing his wife by vowing that he will never shave himself again? Well that's what they do say John Jago vowed. Perhaps it's a lie. People are such liars here. Anyway, it's truth (the boys themselves confess *that*), when John came to the farm, he came with a first-rate character. The old father here isn't easy to please, and he pleased the old father. Yes, that's so. Mr. Meadowcroft don't like my countrymen in general. He's like his sons, English, bitter English to the marrow of his bones. Somehow, in spite of that, John Jago got round him—may be because John does certainly know his business. Oh, yes! Cattle and crops, John knows his business. Since he's been overlooker, things have prospered as they didn't prosper in the time of the boys. Ambrose owned as much to me himself. Still, sir, it's hard to be set aside for a stranger, isn't it? John gives the orders now. The boys do their work; but they have no voice in it, when John and the old man put their heads together over the business of the farm. I have been long in telling you of it, sir; but now you know how the envy and the hatred grew among the men—before my time. Since I have been here, things seem to get worse and worse. There's hardly a day goes by that hard words don't pass between the boys and John, or the boys and their father. The old man has an aggravating way, Mr. Lefrank—a nasty way, as we do call it—of taking John Jago's part. Do speak to him about it when you get a chance. The main blame of the quarrel between Silas and John the other day lies at his door, as I think. I don't want to excuse Silas either. It was brutal of him—though he *is* Ambrose's brother—to strike John, who is the smaller and weaker man of the two. But it was worse than brutal in John, sir, to out with his knife and try to stab Silas. Oh, he did it! It Silas had not caught the knife in his hand (his hand's awfully cut, I can tell you; I dressed it myself), it might have ended, for anything I know, in murder——"

She stopped as the word passed her lips, looked back over her shoulder, and started violently.

I looked where my companion was looking. The dark figure of a man was standing watching us, in the shadow of the elm tree. I rose directly to approach him. Naomi recovered her self-possession, and checked me before I could interfere.

"Who are you?" she asked, turning sharply towards the stranger. "What do you want there?"

The man stepped out from the shadow into the moonlight, and stood revealed to us as John Jago.

"I hope I am not intruding?" he said, looking hard at me.

"What do you want?" Naomi repeated.

"I don't wish to disturb you, or to disturb this gentleman," he proceeded. "When you are quite at leisure, Miss Naomi, you would be doing me a favour if you would permit me to say a few words to you in private."

He spoke with the most scrupulous politeness; trying, and trying vainly, to conceal some strong agitation which was in possession of him. His wild brown eyes—wilder than ever in the moonlight—rested entreatingly, with a strange underlying expression of despair, on Naomi's face. His hands, clasped tightly in front of him, trembled incessantly. Little as I liked the man, he did really impress me as a pitiable object at that moment.

"Do you mean that you want to speak to me to-night?" Naomi asked, in undisguised surprise.

"Yes, miss, if you please—at your leisure and at Mr. Lefrank's."

Naomi hesitated.

"Won't it keep till to-morrow?" she said.

"I shall be away on farm business to-morrow, miss, for the whole day. Please to give me a few minutes this evening." He advanced a step towards her; his voice faltered, and dropped timidly to a whisper. "I really have something to say to you, Miss Naomi. It would be a kindness on your part—a very, very great kindness—if you will let me say it before I rest to-night."

I rose again to resign my place to him. Once more Naomi checked me.

"No," she said. "Don't stir." She addressed John Jago very reluctantly: "If you are so much in earnest about it, Mr. John, I suppose it must be. I can't guess what *you* can possibly have to say to me which cannot be said before a third person. However, it wouldn't be civil, I suppose, to say 'No,' in my place. You know it's my business to wind up the hall clock at ten every night. If you choose to come and help me, the chances are that we shall have the hall to ourselves. Will that do?"

"Not in the hall, miss, if you will excuse me."

"Not in the hall!"

"And not in the house either, if I may make so bold."

"What do you mean?" She turned impatiently and appealed to me. "Do *you* understand him?"

John Jago signed to me imploringly to let him answer for himself.

"Bear with me, Miss Naomi," he said; "I think I can make you understand me. There are eyes on the watch, and ears on the watch, in the house. And there are some footsteps—I won't say whose— so soft that no person can hear them."

The last allusion evidently made itself understood. Naomi stopped him before he could say more.

"Well, where is it to be?" she asked, resignedly. "Will the garden do, Mr. John?"

"Thank you kindly, miss, the garden will do." He pointed to a gravel walk beyond us, bathed in the full flood of the moonlight. "There," he said, "where we can see all round us, and be sure that nobody is listening. At ten o'clock." He paused, and addressed himself to me. "I beg to apologize, sir, for intruding myself on your conversation. Please to excuse me."

His eyes rested with a last anxious, pleading look on Naomi's face. He bowed to us, and melted away again into the shadow of the tree. The distant sound of a door closing softly came to us through the stillness of the night. John Jago had re-entered the house.

Now that he was out of hearing, Naomi spoke to me very earnestly:

"Don't suppose, sir, I have any secrets with *him!*" she said. "I know no more than you do what he wants with me. I have half a mind not to keep the appointment when ten o'clock comes. What would you do in my place?"

"Having made the appointment," I answered, "it seems to be due to yourself to keep it. If you feel the slightest alarm, I will wait in another part of the garden, so that I can hear if you call me."

She received my proposal with a saucy toss of the head, and a smile of pity for my ignorance.

"You are a stranger, Mr. Lefrank, or you would never talk to me in that way. In America we don't do the men the honour of letting them alarm us. In America the women take care of themselves. He has got my promise to meet him, as you say, and I must keep my promise. Only think," she added, speaking more to herself than to me, "of John Jago finding out Miss Meadowcroft's nasty, sly, underhand ways in the house! Most men would never have noticed her."

I was completely taken by surprise. Sad and severe Miss Meadowcroft a listener and a spy! What next at Morwick Farm?

"Was that hint at the watchful eyes and ears, and the soft footsteps, really an allusion to Mr. Meadowcroft's daughter?" I asked.

"Of course it was. Ah! she has imposed on you, as she imposes on everybody else. The false wretch! She is secretly at the bottom of half the bad feeling among the men. I am certain of it—she keeps Mr. Meadowcroft's mind bitter towards the boys. Old as she is, Mr. Lefrank, and ugly as she is, she wouldn't object (if she could only make him ask her) to be John Jago's second wife. No, sir; and she wouldn't break her heart if the boys were not left a stick or a stone on the farm when the father dies. I have watched her, and I know it. Ah! I could tell you such things! But there's no time now; it's close on ten o'clock; we must say good night. I am right glad I have spoken to you, sir. I say again at parting what I have said already: Use your influence, pray use your influence to soften them, and to make them ashamed of themselves, in this wicked house. We will have more talk about what you can do, to-morrow when you are shown over the farm. Say good-bye now. Hark! there is ten striking. And look—here is John Jago stealing out again in the shadow of the tree. Good night, friend Lefrank, and pleasant dreams."

With one hand she took mine and pressed it cordially; with the other she pushed me away, without ceremony, in the direction of the house. A charming girl—an irresistible girl! I was nearly as bad as the boys: I declare *I* almost hated John Jago, too, as we crossed each other in the shadow of the tree.

Arrived at the glass door, I stopped and looked back at the gravel-walk.

They had met. I saw the two shadowy figures slowly pacing backwards and forwards in the moonlight, the woman a little in advance of the man. What was he saying to her? Why was he so anxious that not a word of it should be heard? Our presentiments are sometimes, in certain rare cases, the faithful prophecy of the future. A vague distrust of that moonlight meeting stealthily took a hold on my mind. "Will mischief come of it?" I asked myself as I closed the door and entered the house.

Mischief *did* come of it. You shall hear how.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BEECHEN STICK.

PERSONS of sensitive nervous temperament, sleeping for the first time in a strange house and in a bed that is new to them, must make up their minds to pass a wakeful night. My first night at Morwick Farm was no exception to this rule. The little sleep I had was broken, and disturbed by dreams. Towards six o'clock in the morning my bed became unendurable to me. The sun was shining in brightly at the window; I determined to try the reviving influence of a stroll in the fresh morning air.

Just as I got out of bed, I heard footsteps and voices under my window.

The footsteps stopped, and the voices became recognizable. I had passed the night with my window open; I was able, without exciting notice from below, to look out.

The persons beneath me were Silas Meadowcroft, John Jago, and three strangers whose dress and appearance indicated plainly enough that they were labourers on the farm. Silas was swinging a stout beechen stick in his hand, and was speaking to Jago, coarsely and insolently enough, of his moonlight meeting with Naomi on the previous night.

"Next time you go courting a young lady in secret," said Silas, "make sure that the moon goes down first, or wait for a cloudy sky. You were seen in the garden, Master Jago; and you may as well tell us the truth for once in a way. Did you find her open to persuasion, sir? Did she say 'Yes?'"

John Jago kept his temper.

"If you must have your joke, Mr. Silas," he said, quietly and firmly, "be pleased to joke on some other subject. You are quite wrong, sir, in what you suppose to have passed between the young lady and me."

Silas turned about, and addressed himself ironically to the three labourers.

"You hear him, boys? He can't tell the truth, try him as you may. He wasn't making love to Naomi in the garden last night—oh, dear, no! He has had one wife already; and he knows better than to take the yoke on his shoulders for the second time!"

Greatly to my surprise, John Jago met this clumsy jesting with a formal and serious reply:

"You are quite right, sir," he said. "I have no intention of marrying for the second time. What I was saying to Miss Naomi doesn't matter to you. It was not at all what you choose to suppose—it was something of quite another kind, with which you have no concern. Be pleased to understand, once for all, Mr. Silas, that not so much as the thought of making love to the young lady has ever entered my head. I respect her; I admire her good qualities; but if she was the only woman left in the world, and if I was a much younger man than I am, I should never think of asking her to be my wife." He burst out suddenly into a harsh, uneasy laugh. "No, no! Not my style, Mr. Silas—not my style!"

Something in those words, or in his manner of speaking them, appeared to exasperate Silas. He dropped his clumsy irony, and addressed himself directly to John Jago in a tone of savage contempt.

"Not your style!" he repeated. "Upon my soul, that's a cool way of putting it for a man in your place. What do mean by calling her 'not your style?' You impudent beggar, Naomi Colebrook is meat for your master!"

John Jago's temper began to give way at last. He approached defiantly a step or two nearer to Silas Meadowcroft.

"Who is my master?" he asked.

"Ambrose will show you, if you go to him," answered the other. "Naomi is *his* sweetheart, not mine. Keep out of his way, if you want to keep a whole skin on your bones."

John Jago cast one of his sardonic side-looks at the farmer's wounded left hand. "Don't forget your own skin, Mr. Silas, when you threaten mine! I have set my mark on you once, sir. Let me by on my business, or I may mark you for a second time."

Silas lifted his beechen stick. The labourers, roused to some rude sense of the serious turn which the quarrel was taking, got between the two men, and parted them. I had been hurriedly dressing myself while the altercation was proceeding, and I now ran down stairs to try what my influence could do towards keeping the peace at Morwick Farm.

The war of angry words was still going on when I joined the men outside.

"Be off with you on your business, you cowardly hound!" I heard Silas say. "Be off with you to the town, and take care you don't meet Ambrose on the way."

"Take *you* care you don't feel my knife again before I go!" cried the other man.

Silas made a desperate effort to break away from the labourers, who were holding him.

"Last time you only felt my fist," he shouted; "next time you shall feel *this!*"

He lifted the stick as he spoke. I stepped up, and snatched it out of his hand.

"Mr. Silas," I said, "I am an invalid, and I am going out for a walk. Your stick will be useful to me. I beg leave to borrow it."

The labourers burst out laughing. Silas fixed his eyes on me with a stare of angry surprise. John Jago, immediately recovering his self-possession, took off his hat, and made a deferential bow.

"I had no idea, Mr. Lefrank, that we were disturbing you," he said. "I am very much ashamed of myself, sir. I beg to apologize."

"I accept your apology, Mr. Jago," I answered, "on the understanding that you, as the older man, will set the example of forbearance, if your temper is tried on any future occasion as it has been tried to-day. And I have further to request," I added, addressing myself to Silas, "that you will do me a favour, as your father's guest. The next time your good spirits lead you into making jokes at Mr. Jago's expense, don't carry them quite so far. I am sure you meant no harm, Mr. Silas. Will you gratify me by saying so yourself? I want to see you and Mr. Jago shake hands."

John Jago instantly held out his hand, with an assumption of good feeling which was a little over-acted, to my thinking. Silas Meadowcroft made no advance of the same friendly sort on his side.

"Let him go about his business," said Silas. "I won't waste any more words on him, Mr. Lefrank, to please *you*. But (saving your presence) I'm d—d if I take his hand."

Further persuasion was plainly useless,

addressed to such a man as this. Silas gave me no further opportunity of remonstrating with him, even if I had been inclined to do so. He turned about in sulky silence, and retracing his steps along the path, disappeared round the corner of the house. The labourers withdrew next, in different directions, to begin the day's work. John Jago and I were alone.

I left it to the man of the wild brown eyes to speak first.

"In half an hour's time, sir," he said, "I shall be going on business to Narrabee, our market town here. Can I take any letters to the post for you? or is there anything else that I can do in the town?"

I thanked him, and declined both proposals. He made me another deferential bow, and withdrew into the house. I mechanically followed the path in the direction which Silas had taken before me.

Turning the corner of the house, and walking on for a little way, I found myself at the entrance to the stables, and face to face with Silas Meadowcroft once more. He had his elbows on the gate of the yard, swinging it slowly backwards and forwards, and turning and twisting a straw between his teeth. When he saw me approaching him he advanced a step from the gate, and made an effort to excuse himself, with a very ill grace.

"No offence, Mister. Ask me what you will besides, and I'll do it for you. But don't ask me to shake hands with John Jago. I hate him too badly for that. If I touched him with one hand, sir, I tell you this—I should throttle him with the other!"

"That's your feeling towards the man, Mr. Silas, is it?"

"That's my feeling, Mr. Lefrank; and I'm not ashamed of it either."

"Is there any such place as a church in your neighbourhood, Mr. Silas?"

"Of course there is."

"And do you ever go to it?"

"Of course I do."

"At long intervals, Mr. Silas?"

"Every Sunday, sir, without fail."

Some third person behind me burst out laughing—some third person had been listening to our talk. I turned round, and discovered Ambrose Meadowcroft.

"I understand the drift of your catechism, sir, though my brother doesn't," he said. "Don't be hard on Silas, sir. He isn't the only Christian who leaves his Christianity in the pew when he goes out of church. You will never make us friends with John Jago, try as you may! Why, what have you got there, Mr. Lefrank? May I die if it isn't my stick! I have been looking for it everywhere!"

The thick beechen stick had been feeling uncomfortably heavy in my invalid hand for some time past. There was no sort of need for my keeping it any longer. John Jago was going away to Narrabee, and Silas Meadowcroft's savage temper was subdued to a sulky repose. I handed the stick back to Ambrose. He laughed as he took it from me.

"You can't think how strange it feels, Mr. Lefrank, to be out without one's stick," he said. "A man gets used to his stick, sir, doesn't he? Are you ready for your breakfast"?

"Not just yet. I thought of taking a little walk first."

"All right, sir; I wish I could go with you. But I have got my work to do this morning—and Silas has his work too. If you go back by the way you came, you will find yourself in the garden. If you want to go farther, the wicket gate at the end will lead you into the lane."

Through sheer thoughtlessness, I did a very foolish thing. I turned back as I was told, and left the brothers together at the gate of the stable-yard.

CHAPTER V.

THE NEWS FROM NARRABEE.

ARRIVED at the garden, a thought struck me. The cheerful speech and easy manner of Ambrose plainly indicated that he was ignorant thus far of the quarrel which had taken place under my window. Silas might confess to having taken his brother's stick, and might mention whose head he had threatened with it. It was not only useless, but undesirable, that Ambrose should know of the quarrel. I retraced my steps to the stable-yard. Nobody was at the gate. I called alternately to Silas and to Ambrose. Nobody answered. The brothers had gone away to their work.

Returning to the garden, I heard a pleasant voice wishing me "Good morning." I looked round. Naomi Colebrook was standing at one of the lower windows of the farm. She had her working apron on, and she was industriously brightening the knives for the breakfast table on an old-fashioned board. A sleek black cat balanced himself on her shoulder, watching the flashing motion of the knife as she passed it rapidly to and fro on the leather-covered surface of the board.

"Come here," she said; "I want to speak to you."

I noticed as I approached that her pretty face was clouded and anxious. She pushed the cat irritably off her shoulder; she welcomed me with only the faint reflection of her customary bright smile.

"I have seen John Jago," she said. "He has been hinting at something which he says happened under your bed-room window this morning. When I begged him to explain himself, he only answered, 'Ask Mr. Lefrank; I must be off to Narrabee.' What does it mean? Tell me right away, sir. I am out of temper, and I can't wait!"

Except that I made the best instead of the worst of it, I told her what had happened under my window, as plainly as I have told it here. She put down the knife that she was cleaning, and folded her hands before her, thinking.

"I wish I had never given John Jago that meeting," she said. "When a man asks anything of a woman, the woman, I find, mostly repents it if she says 'Yes.'"

She made that quaint reflection with a very troubled brow. The moonlight meeting had left some unwelcome remembrances in her mind. I saw that as plainly as I saw Naomi herself.

What had John Jago said to her? I put the question with all needful delicacy, making my apologies beforehand.

"I should like to tell *you*," she began, with a strong emphasis on the last word.

There she stopped. She turned pale—then suddenly flushed again to the deepest red. She took up the knife once more, and went on cleaning it as industriously as ever.

"I mustn't tell you," she resumed, with her head down over the knife. "I have promised not to tell anybody. That's the truth. Forget all about it, sir, as soon as you can. Hush! here's the spy who saw us last night on the walk, and who told Silas."

Dreary Miss Meadowcroft opened the kitchen door. She carried an ostentatiously large prayer-book; and she looked at Naomi as only a jealous woman of middle age *can* look at a younger and prettier woman than herself.

"Prayers, Miss Colebrook," she said, in her sourest manner. She paused, and noticed me standing under the window. "Prayers, Mr. Lefrank," she added, with a look of devout piety, directed exclusively to my address.

"We will follow you directly, Miss Meadowcroft," said Naomi.

"I have no desire to intrude on your secrets, Miss Colebrook."

With that acrid answer, our priestess took herself and her prayer-book out of the kitchen. I joined Naomi, entering the room by the garden door. She met me eagerly.

"I am not quite easy about something," she said. "Did you tell me that you left Ambrose and Silas together?"

"Yes."

"Suppose Silas tells Ambrose of what happened this morning?"

The same idea (as I have already mentioned) had occurred to my mind. I did my best to reassure Naomi.

"Mr. Jago is out of the way," I replied. "You and I can easily put things right in his absence."

She took my arm.

"Come in to prayers," she said. "Ambrose will be there, and I shall find an opportunity of speaking to him."

Neither Ambrose nor Silas were in the breakfast-room when we entered it. After waiting vainly for ten minutes, Mr. Meadowcroft told his daughter to read the prayers. Miss Meadowcroft read, thereupon—in the tone of an injured woman taking the Throne of Mercy by storm, and insisting on her rights. Breakfast followed; and still the brothers were absent. Miss Meadowcroft looked at her father, and said, "From bad to worse, sir. What did I tell you?" Naomi instantly applied the antidote: "The boys are no doubt detained over their work, uncle." She turned to me: "You want to see the farm, Mr. Lefrank. Come and help me to find the boys."

For more than an hour we visited one part of the farm after another, without discovering the missing men. We found them at last near the outskirts of a small wood, sitting talking together on the trunk of a felled tree.

Silas rose as we approached, and walked away (without a word of greeting or apology) into the wood. As he got on his feet I noticed that his brother whispered something in his ear, and I heard him answer, "All right."

"Ambrose, does that mean you have something to keep a secret from us?" asked Naomi, approaching her lover with a smile. "Is Silas ordered to hold his tongue?"

Ambrose kicked sulkily at the loose stones lying about him. I noticed, with a certain surprise, that his favourite stick was not in his hand, and was not lying near him.

"Business," he said, in answer to Naomi—not very graciously. "Business between Silas and me. That's what it means, if you must know."

Naomi went on, woman-like, with her questions, heedless of the reception which they might meet with from an irritated man.

"Why were you both away at prayers and breakfast-time?" she asked next.

"We had too much to do," Ambrose gruffly replied, "and we were too far from the house."

"Very odd," said Naomi. "This has never happened before since I have been at the farm."

"Well, live and learn. It has happened now."

The tone in which he spoke would have warned any man to let him alone. But warnings which speak by implication only are thrown away on women. The woman, having still something in her mind to say, said it.

"Have you seen anything of John Jago this morning?"

The smouldering ill-temper of Ambrose burst suddenly—why, it was impossible to guess—into a flame.

"How many more questions am I to answer?" he broke out, violently. "Are you the parson, putting me through my catechism? I have seen nothing of John Jago, and I have got my work to go on with. Will that do for you?"

He turned, with an oath, and followed his brother into the wood. Naomi's bright eyes looked up at me, flashing with indignation.

"What does he mean, Mr. Lefrank, by speaking to me in that way? Rude brute! How dare he do it?" She paused; her voice, look, and manner suddenly changed. "This has never happened before, sir. Has anything gone wrong? I declare I shouldn't know Ambrose again, he is so changed. Say, how does it strike you?"

I still made the best of a bad case.

"Something has upset his temper," I said. "The merest trifle, Miss Colebrook, upsets a man's temper sometimes. I speak as a man, and I know it. Give him time, and he will make his excuses, and all will be well again."

My presentation of the case entirely failed to reassure my pretty companion. We went back to the house. Dinner-time came, and the brothers appeared. Their father spoke to them of their absence from morning prayers—with needless severity, as I thought. They resented the reproof with needless indignation on their side, and left the room. A sour smile of satisfaction showed itself on Miss Meadowcroft's thin lips. She looked at her father—then raised her eyes sadly to the ceiling, and said, "We can only pray for them, sir."

Naomi disappeared after dinner. When I saw her again, she had some news for me.

"I have been with Ambrose," she said, "and he has begged my pardon. We have made it up, Mr. Lefrank. Still—still—"

"Still—*what*, Miss Naomi?"

"He is not like himself, sir. He denies it; but I can't help thinking he is hiding something from me."

The day wore on; the evening came. I returned to my French novel. But not even Dumas himself could keep my attention to the story. What else I was thinking of I cannot say. Why I was out of spirits I am unable to explain. I wished myself back in England; I took a blind unreasoning hatred to Morwick Farm.

Nine o'clock struck, and we all assembled again at supper, with the exception of John Jago. He was expected back to supper; and we waited for him a quarter of an hour, by Mr. Meadowcroft's own directions. John Jago never appeared.

The night wore on, and still the absent man failed to return. Miss Meadowcroft volunteered to sit up for him. Naomi eyed her, a little maliciously I must own, as the two women parted for the night. I withdrew to my room, and again I was unable to sleep. When sunrise came, I went out as before, to breathe the morning air.

On the staircase I met Miss Meadowcroft ascending to her own room. Not a curl of her stiff grey hair was disarranged; nothing about the impenetrable woman betrayed that she had been watching through the night.

"Has Mr. Jago not returned?" I asked.

Miss Meadowcroft slowly shook her head, and frowned at me.

"We are in the hands of Providence, Mr. Lefrank. Mr. Jago must have been detained for the night at Narrabee."

The daily routine of the meals resumed its unalterable course. Breakfast-time came, and dinner-time came, and no John Jago darkened the doors of Morwick Farm. Mr. Meadowcroft and his daughter consulted together, and determined to send in search of the missing man. One of the more intelligent of the labourers was dispatched to Narrabee to make inquiries.

The man returned late in the evening, bringing startling news to the farm. He had visited all the inns, and all the places of business resort in Narrabee; he had made endless inquiries in every direction, with this result—no one had set eyes on John Jago. Everybody declared that John Jago had not entered the town!

We all looked at each other, excepting the two brothers, who were seated together in a dark corner of the room. The conclusion appeared to be inevitable—John Jago was a lost man.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LIME KILN.

MR. MEADOWCROFT was the first to speak.

"Somebody must find John," he said.

"Without losing a moment," added his daughter.

Ambrose suddenly stepped out of the dark corner of the room.

"*I* will inquire," he said.

Silas followed him.

"I will go with you," he added.

Mr. Meadowcroft interposed his authority.

"One of you will be enough—for the present, at least. Go you, Ambrose. Your brother may be wanted later. If any accident has happened (which God forbid!), we may have to inquire in more than one direction. Silas, you will stay at the farm."

The brothers withdrew together—Ambrose to prepare for his journey; Silas to saddle one of the horses for him. Naomi slipped out after them. Left in company with Mr. Meadowcroft and his daughter—both devoured by anxiety about the missing man, and both trying to conceal it under an assumption of devout resignation to circumstances—I need hardly add that I too retired as soon as it was politely possible for me to leave the room. Ascending the stairs on my way to my own quarters, I discovered Naomi half hidden in the recess formed by an old-fashioned window-seat on the first landing. My bright little friend was in sore trouble; her apron was over her face, and she was crying bitterly. Ambrose had not taken his leave as tenderly as usual. She was more firmly persuaded than ever that "Ambrose was hiding something from her."

We all waited anxiously for the next day. The next day made the mystery deeper than ever.

The horse which had taken Ambrose to Narrabee was ridden back to the farm by a groom from the hotel. He delivered a written message from Ambrose, which startled us. Further inquiries had positively proved that the missing man had never been near Narrabee. The only attainable tidings of his whereabouts were tidings derived from vague report. It was said that a man like John Jago had been seen the previous day, in a railway car, travelling on the line to New York. Acting on this imperfect information, Ambrose had decided on verifying the truth of the report by extending his inquiries to New York.

This extraordinary proceeding forced the suspicion on me that something had really gone wrong. I kept my doubts to myself, but I was prepared from that moment to see the disappearance of John Jago followed by very grave results.

The same day the results declared themselves.

Time enough had now elapsed for report to spread through the district the news of what had happened at the farm. Already aware of the bad feeling existing between the men, the neighbours had been now informed (no doubt by the labourers present) of the deplorable scene that had taken place under my bed-room window. Public opinion declares itself in America without the slightest reserve or the slightest care for consequences. Public opinion declared, on this occasion, that the lost man was the victim of foul play, and held one or both of the brothers Meadowcroft responsible for his disappearance. Later in the day the reasonableness of this serious view of the case was confirmed in the popular mind by a startling discovery. It was announced that a Methodist preacher lately settled at Morwick, and greatly respected throughout the district, had dreamed of John Jago in the character of a murdered man, whose bones were hidden at Morwick Farm! Before night, the cry was general for a verification of the preacher's dream. Not only in the immediate district, but in the town of Narrabee itself, the public voice insisted on the necessity of a search for the mortal remains of John Jago at Morwick Farm.

In the terrible turn which matters had now taken, Mr. Meadowcroft the elder displayed a spirit and energy for which I was not prepared.

"My sons have their faults," he said, "serious faults; and nobody knows it better than I do. My sons have behaved badly and ungratefully towards John Jago; I don't deny that, either. But Ambrose and Silas are not murderers. Make your search! I ask for it—nay, I insist on it, after what has been said, in justice to my family and my name!"

The neighbours took him at his word. The Morwick section of the American nation organized itself on the spot. The sovereign people met in committee, made speeches, elected competent persons to represent the public interests, and began the search the next day. The whole proceeding, ridiculously informal from a legal point of view, was carried on by these extraordinary people with as stern and strict a sense of duty as if it had been sanctioned by the highest tribunal in the land.

Naomi met the calamity that had fallen on the household as resolutely as her uncle himself. The girl's courage rose with the call which was made on it. Her one anxiety was for Ambrose.

"He ought to be here," she said to me. "The wretches in this neighbourhood are wicked enough to say that his absence is a confession of his guilt."

She was right. In the present temper of the popular mind, the absence of Ambrose was a suspicious circumstance in itself.

"We might telegraph to New York," I suggested, "if you only knew where a message would be likely to find him."

"I know the hotel which the Meadowcrofts use at New York," she replied. "I was sent there, after my father's death, to wait till Miss Meadowcroft could take me to Morwick."

We decided on telegraphing to the hotel. I was writing the message, and Naomi was looking over my shoulder, when we were startled by a strange voice speaking close behind us.

"Oh! that's his address, is it?" said the voice. "We wanted his address rather badly."

The speaker was a stranger to me. Naomi recognized him as one of the neighbours.

"What do you want his address for?" she asked sharply.

"I guess we've found the mortal remains of John Jago, Miss," the man replied. "We have got Silas already, and we want Ambrose, too, on suspicion of murder."

"It's a lie!" cried Naomi, furiously; "a wicked lie!"

The man turned to me.

"Take her into the next room, Mister," he said, "and let her see for herself."

We went together into the next room.

In one corner, sitting by her father, and holding his hand, we saw stern and stony Miss Meadowcroft, weeping silently. Opposite to them, crouched on the window-seat—his eyes wandering, his hands hanging helpless—we next discovered Silas Meadowcroft, plainly self-betrayed as a panic-stricken man. A few of the persons who had been engaged in the search were seated near, watching him. The mass of the strangers present stood congregated round a table in the middle of the room. They drew aside as I approached with Naomi, and allowed us to have a clear view of certain objects placed on the table.

The centre object of the collection was a little heap of charred bones. Round this were ranged a knife, two metal buttons, and a stick partially burnt. The knife was recognized by the labourers as the weapon John Jago habitually carried about with him—the weapon with which he had wounded Silas Meadowcroft's hand. The buttons Naomi herself declared to have a particular pattern on them, which had formerly attracted her attention to John Jago's coat. As for the stick, burnt as it was, I had no difficulty in identifying the quaintly carved knob at the top. It was the heavy beechen stick which I had snatched out of Silas's hand, and which I had restored to Ambrose on his claiming it as his own. In reply to my inquiries I was informed that the bones, the knife, the buttons, and the stick had all been found together in a lime-kiln then in use on the farm.

"Is it serious?" Naomi whispered to me as we drew back from the table.

It would have been sheer cruelty to deceive her now.

"Yes," I whispered back, "it is serious."

The Search Committee conducted its proceedings with the strictest regularity. The proper applications were made forthwith to a justice of the peace, and the justice issued his warrant. That night Silas was committed to prison, and an officer was dispatched to arrest Ambrose in New York.

For my part I did the little I could to make myself useful. With the silent sanction of Mr. Meadowcroft and his daughter, I went to Narrabee and secured the best legal assistance for the defence which the town could place at my disposal. This done, there was no choice but to wait for news of Ambrose, and for the examination before the magistrate which was to follow. I shall pass over the misery in the house during the interval of expectation: no useful purpose could be served by describing it now. Let me only say that Naomi's conduct strengthened me in the conviction that she possessed a noble nature. I was unconscious of the state of my own feelings at the time; but I am now disposed to think that this was the epoch at which I began to envy Ambrose the wife he had won.

The telegraph brought us our first news of Ambrose. He had been arrested at the hotel, and he was on his way to Morwick. The next day he arrived, and followed his brother to prison. The two were confined in separate cells, and were forbidden all communication with each other.

Two days later the preliminary examination took place. Ambrose and Silas Meadowcroft were charged before the magistrate with the wilful murder of John Jago. I was cited to appear as one of the witnesses; and, at Naomi's own request, I took the poor girl into court and sat by her during the proceedings. My host also was present in his invalid chair, with his daughter by his side.

Such was the result of my voyage across the ocean in search of rest and quiet! And thus did Time and Chance fulfil my first hasty forebodings of the dull life I was to lead at Morwick Farm!

(To be continued.)

SCATTERED SEEDS.

From Lyra Innocentiam.

WE scatter seeds with careless hand
And dream we ne'er shall see them more;
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears
In weeds that mar the land
Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say,
Into still air they seem to fleet;
We count them ever past—
But they shall last;
In the dread judgment they
And we shall meet!

WILD DUCK.

BY W. GEO. BEERS, MONTREAL.

IN the art of growing old with grace and charity there is perhaps no affectation more difficult to avoid than that of pretending to despise the pleasures of our youth. In hobble-de-hoyhood we chuckle over the change in life which tames our taste for boyish games; but when affected contempt comes home to roost, and we really feel that the delicious susceptibility to play has fled affrighted from our souls, we wonder, with an artless perplexity that is perfectly sublime, why our lips have forgotten their cunning in puckering round a whistle at work, or why we have lost appreciation for that Virginian negro philosophy which helps every hard task with a song. It is queer; because people generally enjoy the retrospect of their early days, even though they were not all honey and sunshine. They like to talk with and about their younger selves in memory; to allay any remorse at what they *are* by sweet remembrance of what they *were;* and to draw comfort around the cabin they now inhabit from reflections upon the grandeur and stateliness of the castles they once built—in the air. A homily could be preached on this theme that would melt hearts with its pathos, and make the very angels weep. To think that we lose every vestige of ambition to be distinguished for skill in marbles, and that with perfect *sangfroid* we would gladly transmute into the greasiest greenback in circulation, a pocketful of alabaster "alleys," the choicest that ever cohered to thumb and forefinger, or shot across the dreams of innocent sleep! For top and kite, and all the glorious catalogue of boyish games, we cease to care a straw, and thus, by a gradation of increasing disdain, the bounding heart of boyhood may even descend into the limbo of the cynic, where the *intellectual* life is weighed and adjudged by the dry depths of its cant or obscurity; where honest jokes and laughter are excommunicated, and redemption is even denied to kittens that play with their tails. No doubt some degree of naturalness pervades this disinclination for "childish things." Our enthusiasm mellows as our hair turns grey, and furrows are too often the grave of feeling; and the best and most natural emotion may become as morbid as the regret of the Oxford grammarian on his death-bed, that he had not concentrated all the energies of his life on the dative case. To avoid degenerating into dissipation, the intense impulse in youth for frolic must be diverted or restrained; but it is not necessary that nature should be annihilated and love of play completely curbed. It is mainly in fear of Mrs. Grundy that men are called frivolous or fools, who may be caught living youth over again on marrow bones at ring-taw, or who are seen coatless and hatless, with the glow of earnestness stamped in their face, attempting to demonstrate to the young aspirant the manly art of self-defence, or the accomplishment of walking on his hands. I wonder Mr. Darwin has failed to observe this latter freak of boyhood; it seems to me that it would as materially assist his attempt to prove the monkey descent of man as some of the deductions he has put forth. And again, I am surprised that, while believing that our early progenitors were provided with tails conveniently long to tempt their teeth to play at tag in a circular chase, and having the proper muscles to flap at flies, or swagger round town with it under the arm after having had it dressed by one's barber, he is obliged to admit his inability to explain the loss of this ornament by certain apes and man. Now, if it is reasonable to believe the theory which attributes the diminution and final suppression of an organ of the body to its disuse from generation to generation, and if this holds good in the reduced proportions of the legs of the Payaguas Indians, who for successive ages "have passed nearly their whole lives in canoes, with their lower extremities motionless," then may we not relieve Mr. Darwin's bewilderment about the loss of the human tail by the suggestion that it disappeared, vertebra by vertebra, when it became unfashionable to use it in play? If this be fact, and not far-fetched at that, is it not then a serious matter for those who cease to participate in diversion to beware that the continued disuse of their legs and arms may not stunt their anatomy, and lay the germs of a future generation of Lilliputians, or a denaturalized race who may be reduced to the condition of having to hop through life on one leg, like a human note of exclamation?

There is a convex condition of the human frame that may develop about the third or fourth decade, that must deter the flesh, however ardent the spirit, from indulgence in most of the agile games of youth; but even under such a bulk of adipose tissue—which is part of the penalty nature inflicts for abstinence—is any Banting not ungrateful to sneer at the practice and perpetuation of amusements which he has lost the capacity to enjoy, and for which he had impassioned love when he was lean?

The world, we know, would be painfully monotonous if it wasn't made up of all sorts of people, just as the heavens would lose half their glory if the stars were laid out in straight lines; but of all anomalies of human nature, few are more puzzling than the people who become utterly insensible to recreations that made their young days blithesome and glad. Without a sorrow to sadden their lives, their minds on this subject, as possibly on every other, seem to contract as they leave the flush of youth behind; their conceptions of pleasure become narrowed to the degenerate capacity of their own desire; they learn to see germs of immorality in every jest, and the sure road to ruin in every game. Humour, which is the marrow of life, becomes distasteful, and what they pass off as their religion is intruded offensively, as if it were a gewgaw to create envy. It is wrapped up in a cloak of doleful gloom, as a corpse is clothed in its shroud, and its possessor never attains the degree of wisdom of Charles IV., who, after his abdication, having failed in the experiment of trying to make a lot of watches run together, was then and there struck with the folly of his life in having tried to make all men think alike on matters of religion. They wear too saintly a face to be ever mistaken for saints,—as if life were not serious enough without hypocrisy. They pique themselves upon being not as other men are, and hug to their bosoms the magnanimous conceit that, if sin had not come in, their example had lived to no purpose; and that if the world does not turn from the error of its ways, and see matters in their light, the world will suffer for it, and they must go to heaven alone. To such people the green grass and the blue sky have no power to move the soul; a cheerful face is a beauty to be rebuked; the glow of intellect, that more than anything beautifies the eye, a brightness to be masked; and the ingenuous warmth of a happy heart an emotion to be chilled.

There are physical recreations of a later period that supplant the top and marble age as manhood succeeds youth, where short wind and stout stomach can enter with zest, and that fasten to our affections the older we grow, as the ivy clings to the wall, or the oak clutches the soil that nourishes its seed. I suppose, as long as the world goes round, people will be found prone to condemn what they are unable to enjoy, and that even the love of gun and rod, which fascinates so many men of mature years—and many very good men, too—will be included in their "Index Expurgatorius." But all the hair-splitting moralists under the sun may argue and croak till the crack of doom, with as little result as the efforts of the pet eagle who spent his days on the back of a tortoise in vain efforts to eat him. To one who has learned to love the gun and rod in youth—with a love which is tempered and strengthened by some more serious aim in life—it is a pleasure that lasts to the end ; and it may be accepted as an indication of the attempt at least to grow old with grace, if amid our work and worry we manage to preserve for it an undiminished affection.

Among the memorable events of my life I can scarcely recall any rival to the days spent, on foot and in canoe, hunting wild duck. It was the master passion of the boyhood of many I know, that became an after passion to master. It was the acme of enjoyment in the days when life was light-hearted and *debonnaire*, and one went whistling through birthdays with that enviable serenity so few of us manage to retain. Wild duck ! With the last fall of leaves and the first fall of snow, their quack was music to the ear ; and, steeped to the lips in classics, one wondered if there were no duck on the coast of Campania, that Tiberius tired of the pleasures around him and sighed in vain for more ; or if there were none in Assyria, that Sardanapalus sought to have new amusements invented ; or if there were no real ones where Loelius and Scipio made them on water with flat stones. For if there had been, could their hunting have had a rival ?

But can one be true to youth and say there is no rival of that age to which his mind recurs with as much pleasure as hunting wild duck ? What of the passion called "tender" by one who well knew it, or "foolish" by Whitefield, who married without it and caught a Tartar—as he deserved ? Had it no lodgment in youthful heart—to creep between the lines of one's lessons, and droop into one's dreams ; to provoke a blush ; to excite to jealousy ; to lead to anguish ; to disturb pulsation ; to make one shy ; to rouse to dark thoughts of assassinating a real or imaginary rival ; to dally with hope and fear in equal balance till heart despaired, life grew forlorn, and, *mirabile dictu !* one morning you wakened, not into the lunacy you looked for, or with the broken heart you did your best to produce, but with the vealy love lapsed, your mind lucid, and you nothing the worse for wear ? I pity you from the bottom of my heart if you've no such nook in your memory, or if you've become so soured that memory waxes dim and only serves some selfish call. To deny the soft impeachment would be to admit that one of life's golden links had been lost, though you may have never plighted troth, or done much more than felt bad and sad ; to insinuate a rival would be to deserve contempt. To disguise it would be ungrateful ; yet to disclose it ungallant : therefore, know all men by these presents, that they shall not clash in unfriendly strife ; that I hereby consign this master-mistress passion to a sacred place by itself, neither daring to discourse, nor designing to destroy, but kept as one of your own secrets into which no one should pry ; only for your own peeping—as you keep that precious ringlet of HER hair in your locket, —and you know you do !

The first wild duck one kills, like first love, or one's first proof-sheet, is a sensation that is never duplicated. The history of its mysterious and ecstatic thrill through the veins, its wild rush through the soul, never knows a repetition. The duck may be in the sere and yellow, stricken in years, scraggy on the crown, weak in the wings, tough to your teeth as parchment—aye, indeed, with one foot in the grave and the other shot off, and have long ago ceased to scud between earth and sky for the mere fun of it;—just as the first love may have been nearly old enough to have been your mother, and with no more love in her eyes than an oyster; or as the first proof-sheet may have been an immature production to which you are now thankful you didn't append your name: but in the hey-day of life a vivid imagination throws a halo around our achievements, and though other duck, like other love, may turn out more "tender and true," yet there lingers about the memory of the first experience an inexpressible charm which no gross soul can know.

I don't think I shall ever forget the first wild duck I shot. It was impressed upon me in a manner too striking. During the school holidays a few of us undertook to dispose of our superfluous energy by a pedestrian pilgrimage around the Island of Montreal, and as a dose for the game we might encounter, we managed, by a co-operative coax with a big brother, to muster a single-barrel gun and a liberal supply of ammunition. There was a strong suspicion of rust down the barrel, and a disabled look about the hammer; but the owner declared it was good enough for boys, with that sublime faith manifested by watermen who hire boats to inexperienced lads, that Providence takes special care of people who cannot take care of themselves. A well-worn inscription on the butt was ominously deciphered as "Memento mori!" I've seen more defective guns since,—but they had burst.

We started from the Place d'Armes, and when we reached "the Cross" at Hochelega, held a council of war about loading the gun, as a scared squirrel had just darted under a fence and roused our thirst for blood. Opinions conflicted as to whether the powder or shot should be put in first, as one dogmatic adventurer, whose experience in squibs and fire-crackers entitled him to respect, declared with the positiveness of error that the shot should have the preference. Better reasoning, however, prevailed, and to make assurance doubly sure, down went a double charge of powder. "It's not near full yet," sneered young Dogmatism. I hoped not; but to make assurance trebly sure, up came the flask again and down went more powder. I remember one of the group, whose characteristic caution provoked us throughout the trip, suggested mounting the gun in an embrasure in the fence, laying a train of powder to the nipple, and testing its safety at discreet distance; but there was a display of fear in the proposal that we, as Saxon heirs, could never countenance, and so we strangled it at birth. It is a memorable fact, that may go some way to sustain the belief that Providence *does* take special care of people who cannot take care of themselves, that, as if prompted by instinct, the gun refused to go off on several occasions, in spite of repeated cleanings of the nipple, coaxing with grains of powder and fresh caps. We were unable to "distil the soul of goodness" in this apparently evil and obdurate circumstance; so the charge was withdrawn, the barrel cleaned, and to make assurance quadruply sure, the powder was poured down with even more liberality than before.

The third day we reached the upper end of St. Ann's, near the old French fort. At that time the village was even a quieter spot than now, where never a speculator had looked with greed upon the soil; its greatest stir made by the visits and voices of the boisterous *voyageurs;* its rapids sacred to the memory of the poet Moore, and the soft refrain of his "Canadian Boat Song." Moreover, its surroundings made it a perfect paradise for wild duck.

We were marching along, when some one's sharp eyes espied a solitary black duck feeding close to the shore, about thirty yards away. Suddenly it rose with a frightened flutter. With considerable difficulty I had managed to cock my gun. I raised it to my shoulder; with a strong fear that it *would* go, and an inward prayer that it wouldn't, took accurate aim by pointing in the direction of the bird, and, shutting my eyes—with the Latin inscription brought at that moment vividly before me, as if the letters had elongated from the butt to the barrel—I thought of my past sins and pulled the trigger.

Once I was privileged to participate in a railroad accident, when a locomotive telescoped our car; but it was an insignificant impression to the condensed crash and astonishing concussion that followed the snapping of the cap. As if weary of well-doing, the old gun went off with a vengeance, blowing the stock off the barrel with a retrogade movement that met my shoulder-blade on the way, with a deliberate intention to dislocate; sent the hammer into the air; singed the hair from around my eyes closer and more speedily than I've ever been professionally shaved on my chin; gave the trusting hand that was supporting the barrel a shake of extreme familiarity—a left-handed compliment—that was reflected up my arm and down the spinal column until it bred my deepest and most heartfelt contempt. Like Richard when about to fight for his kingdom, I was depressed, and

> "Had not that alacrity of spirit
> And cheer of mind that I was wont to have."

After having carried that gun around the island for three days; after sparing no pains to keep it dry, to oil its rusty barrel and wash its musty stock, I felt it had been an ungrateful companion, undeserving of the personality with which we had almost invested it, and, to use a modern metaphor, that it "had gone back on me." It evoked on my part an "Et tu Brute!" sort of feeling. As I looked at it in silent woe, lock, stock and barrel lying in bits, I felt sore enough at its conduct to have given it a retributive kick into the river, but the kicking capacity of my legs had been materially weakened by the last kick of the gun.

Gun gone to glory, vision of some one's big brother with possible heavy fist, and inevitable "good, round, mouth-filling oath," hand, head, and indeed all of my anatomy aching, there was a consolation that poured metaphorical oil on my wounds and alleviated the pangs of pain,—*I had shot the duck.*

You won't find wild duck at St. Ann's to-day, unless some stray ones of over-curious trait, who refuse to be advised by their experienced friends. You'll be lucky if you hit upon a spot within thirty miles of Montreal where you do not find pot-hunters by the dozen—that *genus homo* of the New World, who should have lived in Arcadia, where they would certainly have utilized their propensity to good purpose by driving away the birds which haunted Lake Stymphalis, without the brazen clappers of Vulcan or the arrows of Hercules. For short holidays, one of the most popular, and therefore one of the surest to be spoiled, is in the vicinity of Carillon Bay. You may enjoy a varied autumn vacation by taking the steamer Prince of Wales at Lachine, landing at Carillon, staging about twenty minutes to the beautifully situated village of St. Andrew's, and there beg, buy or borrow a dug-out canoe, small enough to be concealed in cover, and paddle down the charming North River, with its picturesque rocks and pretty shadows, until you cast anchor at the portage of the Presqu' Isle. Here you will find remnants of old camp fires, plenty of free fuel, haystacks in the vicinity to make your bed, and elderberries ripe in September, luscious in October, waiting in thick and tempting clusters to be eaten on the spot, or taken home and made into wine. Pitch your tent at this point, and portage your canoe through the narrow strip of loose soil and water to some convenient slip in what is called "The Bay." You fasten a stout stick through a rope or chain to the nose of the boat, and two getting abreast of it where the portage is heavy, or at each end with outstretched arms where the water is deep, have quite an enjoyable tug, while the novelty of being up to your knees in mud and water, without getting wet if you wear beef moccasins, or a delicious indifference to wet feet if you don't, gives you a sensation of "roughing it," that not even the pain you'll get across your shoulders could make you impugn. The Bay, which is two miles across, is a picturesque and, were it not getting too well known, a glorious place for duck. From it you see St. Placide, about seven miles away, its church spire gleaming in the sunshine; and nearer, Presqu' Isle Point, Burwash Point, Point de Roche, Coon's Point, Jones' Island, and Green Island—between which and the end of the Presqu' Isle you can see any vessels that pass up and down the Ottawa river. Mount Rigaud—mysterious hill, with the "Lake of Stones"—rises to the west, while the few farms and houses of the Bay settlement lie on the uplands to the north. Over the islands the smoke of steamers miles away may be seen, and the plash of the paddle-wheels heard like the distant rat-tat of kettle-drums. The most unique echo I know in Canada follows your shot in this Bay, and is one of the "lions"—a roaring lion it is—of the place. It travels in tremulous waves of sound across the water, lurks for a moment in the bush of the Presqu' Isle, then shoots out abruptly on the other side and flies over the Ottawa to strike Mount Rigaud, where it reverberates from hill and dale, now to the right, now to the left, in a mysterious prolonged monotone, as if at hide-and-seek in the "Lake of Stones," and returns with a scared suddenness, only to fly back in broken flutterings of sound, from crag to crag, from haunt to haunt, and again to be repeated, as if like frightened deer, chased and cooped up on every side, with no spot for escape, till, after several such re-echoes it calms to a lullaby, and dies away on the distant hills. A marsh fringes the Presqu' Isle, and on its borders are many good feeding spots for the duck. The grass of the marsh is mowed with scythes and heaped in large stacks, which you can mount to spy for duck that may be feeding among the lily stalks—though, if your experience is limited, or your vision none of the best, you'll often be puzzled to know whether the moving objects are lily stalks or duck.

For many years, a few Canadians of French descent, the inheritors of the old voyageur-sportsman spirit of the ancient *regime*, who dread legitimate labour with all their hearts, but love harder work that smacks of adventure, camp in the vicinity of the Bay, trapping musk-rat, catching fish, or shooting duck and snipe. The veritable chief of the clan bears the martial name of Victor, and is a character in his way. I first saw him with his breeches rolled above his knees, loading his gun in the marsh. Nature evidently had made him in haste, for there is an unfinished look about his face, and enough indentations around his head to give a phrenologist the blues. His nose is mostly nostril, and fiery enough to make the nose of Bardolph look pale, while his eyes are black as a sloe and piercing as a falcon's. Though he can neither read nor poetize, he has a taste in common with Byron—he hates pork and loves gin. When he swears—which is the best pronounced English he speaks—spiders feign death, and his dog turns his tail under his legs and moans. He is said, like sheep, to undress only once a year. When he changes his clothes, the very pores of his skin open themselves in mute astonishment. If you can hire him by the day as your "Man Friday," it will add very much to your sport, for he is a walking map of the haunts of duck, and has a perfect genius for waking them up. He will steal with his canoe through the marsh wherever they can go, quietly as a snake in the grass, until he is within gun-shot of his game. To crown all, he is the presiding genius of *Bouillon;* and I canonize him for this if nothing more. Have you ever tasted *Bouillon* made in camp? It is not "fricasseed nightmare," *mon ami.* It is more savoury than tongue of lark or peacocks' brains, or other rarest dish epicures of ancient Rome ever compounded. Yes, even throws the wild boar of Apicius or the roast pig of Charles Lamb into the shades of unpalatableness. You take water, fish, musk-rat, or squirrel (in lieu of beef), potatoes, onions, butter, pepper and salt, and boil all together in a pot, in the open air, over a glowing wood fire. Pour off the soup, and you have the nectar of the gods; the balance is a dish I would not be ashamed to set before a hungry king. I would not give one sip of *Bouillon* made by Victor for a bottle of the wine in which Cleopatra dissolved her precious pearl.

But where are the wild duck?—for this seems all digression. Ah! there they come, with the flutter of wing which starts something of the same sort in your heart. Long necks stretched out, following their leader in Indian file, or wedged together like the Macedonian phalanx, or spreading out when they come nearer, in echelon or like skirmishers, as if knowing the risk of receiving your shot in close column. You lie low, concealed by the long stalks of the marsh grass,—the point of your canoe hidden by the house of a musk-rat. What a quiet few moments as they come within range! You can almost hear your own heart beat. Gun at full cock, nerves steady as a rock, ducks coming straight to their fate; look out! forty yards off, up goes gun to shoulder in a twinkling, eye following the game, a gentle pressure of the trigger—deftly, as if all your care and coolness had been concentrated for that instant in your right fore-finger—down drop the legs of duck, denoting mortal wound, off goes your dog at a plunge, back in boisterous haste and trembling, with a frothy mouthful of shining green speculum and limp head, which he drops at your feet with an almost human sense of importance, and an expressive wag of his tail that quivers delicious delight from every hair. If a "fellow feeling" doesn't make you wondrous kind to that dog; if you don't realize the touch of nature that Darwin declares makes you kin; if, after his companionship, you are not sparing in your chastisement, generous with your pats, and loath to treat him like a dog, you must be a brute, beneath the stature of a trained retriever, and unworthy to have the meanest and most mongrel cur whine at your grave. Education has ennobled your dog. His senses have gained a keenness you may envy, while more eloquence and gratitude is gestured from his tail than can be uttered by many a human tongue and eye. I will not question the propriety of Solomon's instructions in training a child, but I protest against its applicability to a dog. A dog that has been bullied into obedience possesses the same sort of training as a boy who has been whipped into morality. They both become white-livered: the dog carries his tail between his legs, and so would the boy if he had one. You may have seen a hot-tempered drover beat an obstinate cow in unsuccessful attempts to make it move, but another one simply twisted its tail, and at once stimulated its muscles of locomotion; so that if you have to chastise a dumb brute at all, you may as well do it mercifully, and on the Italian system of penmanship—the heavy strokes upward and the light ones down. Especially so with a dog you wish to be your companion in hunting duck or partridge!

If you've done much duck-hunting you'll have discovered that within rifle range of civilization the instinct of duck is surpassingly keener than fellows outside the pale. In spite of the "blue unclouded weather," soft calm on the water, and stillness in the air, you can't catch them asleep any more than you catch can a weasel. If you get within range of them at their feeding-ground you must slip slyly and softly. They sniff gunpowder in the air, and know it from the smell of burning bush. Victor vows they know an empty cartridge-case or a gun-wad a mile away. You can't make them believe your canoe is a musk-rat house, however you try. You can't put an empty calabash on your head as they do in China, and wade among them, so as to pull them under the water and secure them by a strap. You may fool a Chinese or a Hindoo duck in that way, but you can't humbug a Canadian. They will play in the water twenty yards away when you haven't a gun; but they know the difference between the barrels of one peeping from a marsh and the grass stalks or lilies, as well as you know the difference between a duck and a crow.

There is at least one virtue displayed by enthusiastic hunters of duck—it is that of patience. You may not get a shot for days, or even catch a glimpse of a bird, except your tame decoys, and be tempted to waste a cartridge for change on a stump or a branch; but it isn't all monotony, sitting quietly in camp or in your canoe, or paddling through the marsh, and, Micawber-like, waiting for something to turn up. There is a physical and intellectual enjoyment, if you have the capacity to take it in—a pleasant antithesis to the excitement of a shot. If you're in camp it is expended in a hundred ways. If you do nothing more than lie on your back with your arms under your head for a pillow, and look up through spreading branches of trees, gorgeous with autumnal tints, into "the witchery of the soft blue sky;" if you only let your mind lie fallow, and your hard-worked body feel the luxury of a genuine rest, it is not time misspent. Towards the close of day the duck exercise their wings and take their supper; and you may then get some good shots. If you're in your canoe waiting for their appearance, I commend you to the magnificent sunset for which the Bay is famed. Here, if anywhere, you can see a variegated display "which Nature, by dint of doing the same thing so often, has learned to do to perfection." Flocks of black birds whiz and whirr over your head in wild *abandon*, as if conscious they were not in danger; the melancholy "too too, too, too-t" of the owl is heard in the woods as if mourning for Minerva; kingfishers flutter in one narrow compass of mid-air over their prey, as if trembling with apprehensive joy, and shoot down suddenly like a meteor to nab the unsuspecting minnow below; the "schayich" of the ritualistic snipe is heard as it rises from the bog in graceful evolutions and gyrations a Pusey might envy; the incense of autumn is borne to your nostrils; a conversazione of swallows is going on throughout the bush near by, while a perfect tempest of twitter rages on a tree top. Is it love, jealousy or scandal; is it an Œcumenical Council to proclaim the infallibility of the kingfisher or the peacock, or are they only scolding their young ones to bed?—and to complete the felicitous delight of your five senses, you'll be sure to add to your knowledge of entomology the penetrating fact that, though the black flies have absconded, the marsh in autumn is "the last ditch" of the mosquito. Here it conjugates the verb "to bite," in all its moods and tenses, until the frost-king subdues its ardour, or the dragon-fly saves the frost the trouble. It doesn't interest you to know that its wings vibrate three thousand times a minute, and that with these and the rapid vibrations of the muscles of its chest it produces its soothing sound. Its sting is certainly very complex and attractive under the microscope; not so under your skin. You may be ever so gallant, and yet be unable to pardon the fact that only the female mosquitoes bite. You may be reduced to believe with Gay's fable of the man and flea, "that men were made for fleas (mosquitoes) to eat." The mosquito is far too insinuating in its manner. It depresses one's mind, but it elevates one's body. The king is called His Eminence. When you're sitting in your canoe on the *qui vive* for a shot, its familiar evening hymn is heard in a halo of buzzing around your head. Sting first, like a sapper with his heel on his spade in the trenches in face of the enemy, it digs into you with a perseverance worthy of a nobler aim. A summer's sucking has not satiated the thirst of the seniors, while the junior cannibals are eager to try their stings; but the weather has curbed their power if not their desire, and you may slap them into eternity with comparative ease. If there is no food for powder in the air, you can live in hope and wish there was; you can indulge in your physical and intellectual rumination; or you can meditate on your sins; or, what is more popular and pleasant, the sins of your friends and enemies; but it somewhat disturbs the equanimity of your thought and humiliates your dignity to find a corduroy road of mosquito bites on the back of your neck, and suddenly to realize that the last of the Mohicans is determined to play tag with the tip of your nose, or to say its vespers vigorously in the hollow warmth of your ear.

If you've never shot wild duck, at least you've eaten them. Charles Lamb may extol roast pig, but, as Victor says, "Pigs can't lay eggs: nor can they fly." I doubt if the genial essayist ever ate wild roast duck, done to a turn, with sage dressing, plump bellies, legs trussed; hung for a day or two before dressed; well basted while cooking; and sent to table hot, with apple sauce. Plutarch says that Cato kept his household in health, when the plague was rife, by dieting them on roast duck; but can anything be finer than the mellow sniff that steals up the nostrils from a tender roasted one, that you've shot yourself and eaten with a hungry maw?

The end of the hunting season is the ducks' Thanksgiving Day. What tales they must hiss and stories they must quack of double-barrel shots escaped; of nervous marksmen down whose very gun barrels they stared, and quacked out defiance. How they, veterans of the season, must brag, and the Gascons of two put on airs, and be envied as the heroes of many battles. How they must raise their wings and show their scars, and be looked up to as ducks of valour and experience!

As I was coming home last autumn from a few days' holiday up the Ottawa, an individual with a mummy complexion, and a hand that felt like dried bladder, and whose epidermis, I venture to believe, is proof against tickling, and might be utilized for parchment, poked at my string of duck, and said, "That's base cruelty! barbarian cruelty! protected by Act of Parliament!" He was a cynical moralist, who could never coax a dog to live with him more than a day, and whom to meet on a steamer was the next worst thing to an explosion. He had very positive opinions about things in general, and that elastic political conscience of the nineteenth century which can construe an oversight or a weakness of an opponent into a flagrant crime; but the most flagrant crime of a friend into the merest peccadillo, if not a commendable offence. When he came to town he thought it part of his moral duty to hunt up the frailties of humanity on the way, and scold them into repentance; and from his company or conversation you could no more entice a hopeful thought, even though he was a scholar, than you could tap sap from a telegraph pole, even though it was a maple. Once he did venture something in the shape of a laugh, but his amazed risible muscles received such a strain in the attempt, that they immediately straightened into an unborn smile, and never dared try it again.

To be charitably disposed to such a creature would be paying a premium for bad temper, and thus I essayed to extinguish him.

"How many, sir, are born for critics and gentlemen, and aren't needed? You put a hard bit in your horse's mouth, and never travel without a whip. You bring up an innocent calf in the way it should go, and knock it on the head with an axe when it becomes a cow. The uproar of a hog, on the eve of slaughter, awakens no sympathy in your heart. You ill-treat your dog until he takes French leave, and your very cat must shiver in the garden all night. You even bully your own children until they are afraid of your approach. You take pretty canaries from the freedom of the woods, keep them cooped up to chirp away their lives in a few feet of caged wire, under the delusion that they learn to enjoy it, because they sing—as if Bunyan relished imprisonment because in jail he wrote the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' Open the cage door at your window, and see where your bird prefers to be. Do you imagine a duck, if consulted, wouldn't rather die in the full flush and fervour of health in a competitive race to escape your shot—just as surely as would a soldier rather perish on the field of battle with his face to the foe, than give his last gasp in camp? Wouldn't you rather meet your end, pulse beating at its best—though that's no great shakes—heart and lungs unphysiced and full-strung? It's an article of the sportsman's creed that duck, like deer and foxes, enjoy being hunted. I believe they'll meet you half way. Did you ever know an Irishman who didn't from the bottom of his heart enjoy an honourable 'discussion wid sticks?' If immortal Celts are to be found who prefer to risk being shillelahed into eternity, what great stretch of imagination does it need to believe that a duck prefers to be shot? Won't that corollary hold water? Shall I kill my duck as the Inquisitors killed their victims—by a mock prayer for them as I fire? I fancy you don't give your fowl chloroform before you wring their necks; nor even say grace over the flies you slap into flatness in June, or the fish you play with at the end of your rod and line.

"Were I to keep wild duck, fatten them on oats and pea-meal for future sacrifice, as you calmly do with tame duck, and then let them fly to sky, only to be brought down with an Eley cartridge, or to escape with a broken leg—that is a sportsman's idea of cruelty. Even the very moral character of wild duck you deteriorate. You domesticate them, and the drake who when wild was faithful to one spouse, becomes polygamous, and a veritable Brigham Young!

"To fatten a tame duck as you do, and then cut its throat at Christmas, is the cruellest and 'unkindest cut of all.'"

SALUTARY.

BY ALICE HORTON.

I.

A STORM o'erswept the sky,
The rent trees moaned and cowered
That had so proudly towered—
The boughs drooped drearily.

II.

I cried, "O, cruel breeze,
That pitied not the pride
Of foliage spreading wide,
That did not spare my trees!"

III.

Yet was the gale for good—
A poisonous progeny
Of blighting insects die,
Dislodged in vale and wood.

IV.

It passed—a cleansing power;
O storm, did yonder tree
Know half it owes to thee,
It would have blessed thine hour!

V.

Through a heart shot a pain
Sharp as an eastern wind;
All a life's joys behind
Lay in its passage slain.

VI.

I cried, "O cruel pain,
Were there no joyless lives,
No aimless negatives
That thy shaft might have slain?"

VII.

Yet was that pain the breeze,
Cleansing and heaven-sent;—
The joys? Perhaps they meant
The blight upon the trees!

OTTAWA.

SAINT JANUARIUS, PATRON SAINT OF NAPLES.

(From Alexandre Dumas' Corricolo.)

[We learn, among other items of European intelligence, that the annual miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius was performed as usual—Garibaldi and the Italian Revolution notwithstanding—on the Saint's anniversary, and that the blood liquefied at an early hour.—Ed. C. M.]

THE LEGEND.

SAINT JANUARIUS is not a saint of modern creation; he is none of these hackneyed and vulgar patrons that accept the offers of all sorts of clients, or grant protection to the first comer, or busy themselves with every one's interests; his corpse among the corpses in the catacombs was not reconstructed with the bones of other martyrs more or less unknown; and, whilst the miracles of other saints stopped with their lives, his is perpetuated to this very day, to the great glory of the good City of Naples, and to the great confusion of all unbelievers. Saint Januarius' origin is traced back to the early years of the Church. As bishop, he preached the word of God, and converted to the true faith thousands of pagans; it is to his prayers that they attribute the cessation of the fearful persecutions the Roman Emperors exercised against the Christians; but he was not only a zealous Christian, he was also a good citizen, and was truly devoted to his country, protecting his native town from all dangers, and avenging it of all its enemies—*civi*, *patrono*, *vindici*, says an old Neapolitan tradition. If the whole world was threatened with a second deluge, Saint Januarius would not raise the tip of his finger to prevent it; but let the least drop of water injure the harvests of his good old town, and the saint will move heaven and earth to bring back fair weather. Naples depends altogether upon Saint Januarius for its existence. To be sure, there is no city in the world that has been oftener conquered and ruled over by foreigners; but, thanks to the active and vigilant intervention of its protector, the conquerors disappeared and Naples remained standing: he drove away, punished, beat, one after the other, the Normans, the Suabians, the Angevines, the Arragonese, the Spaniards, and the French, and there is no knowing what he may not yet do for his country. Whatever be the domination, legitimate or usurping, equitable or despotic, that weighs upon that beautiful country, there is a belief, deep set in the heart of all Neapolitans, a belief which renders them patient even to stoicism, and that is, that all their kings and governments will pass away, but that in the end the people and Saint Januarius will remain.

The history of Saint Januarius commences with the history of Naples, and will, according to all probability, only terminate with it; both run along with each other, and unite at every great, happy or unhappy event. From the beginning of the fourth century down to this day, the saint has been the beginning and end of all things, and no important change was ever accomplished except by his permission, order or intervention.

The history of Saint Januarius presents three distinct phases, and should be considered under three different aspects. In the first century, it appears in the simple and naïve light of a legend of Gregory of Tours; at the Middle Age it takes the poetic and picturesque phase of a chronicle of Froissart; and finally, at the present day, it presents the comical and sceptical aspect of a tale of Voltaire.

We will begin with the legend.

As may be expected, the family of Saint Januarius belongs to the highest nobility of antiquity; the people who, in 1647, gave to its republic the title of "Most High and Royal Republic," and who, in 1799, were ready to stone its patriots for wishing to abolish the title "*Excellenza*," would never have consented to choose a protector of plebeian origin. The lazzarone is above all things an aristocrat.

The family of Saint Januarius descends in a direct line from the Januarii of Rome, whose genealogy is lost in the night of ages. The early years of the saint are buried in the profoundest obscurity; he appears in public only towards the latter part of his life. He was called to the bishopric of Benevento towards the year of our Lord 304, under the pontificate of Saint Marceline. A strange destiny that of the Beneventine bishopric, which begins with Saint Januarius and ends with Monsieur de Talleyrand!

One of the most terrible persecutions which the Church has had to suffer was, as every one knows, that of the Emperors Diocletian and Maximian. The Christians were persecuted, in 302, with such implacable cruelty, that within a single month seventeen thousand martyrs fell under the sword of these two tyrants. However, two years later, after the promulgation of the edict which condemned to death all the faithful, men and women, children and old men, the infant Church breathed awhile. To the Emperors Diocletian and Maximian, who had abdicated, succeeded Constantius and Galerius; this change brought about a similar one among the proconsuls of Campania, and Timothy succeeded to Dragontius.

Among the Christians crowded together in the prisons of Cumæ, were Sosius, deacon of Misene, and Proculus, deacon of Pozzuoli. Whilst the persecution lasted, Saint Januarius had never failed, even at the risk of his life, to bring them consolation and assistance; and, leaving his diocese of Beneventum, to go wherever his presence was necessary, he had again and again braved the fatigue of a long journey and the anger of the Proconsul.

Each new political sun that rose would cast rays of hope through the prison bars of the poor Christians that had been incarcerated during the previous reign, and it was thus also that, at the accession to the throne of Constantius and Galerius, Sosius and Proculus expected to be set at liberty. Saint Januarius, who had shared their grief, hastened to share their joy. After having so long a time recited with his dear disciples the psalms of captivity, he was the first to strike up for them the chant of deliverance.

Free for a short time from persecution, the Christians were one day giving thanks to the Lord in a little church in the neighbourhood of Pozzuoli, and the holy bishop, assisted by his two deacons, Sosius and Proculus, was preparing to offer up to God the sacrifice of the mass, when a great noise outside the church stopped him. A loud voice, commanding silence, proceeded to read slowly the decree of Diocletian, reinforced by the new Proconsul Timothy; and the following terrible announcement, which we will give word for word, fell upon the ears of the prostrate Christians:

"Diocletian, three times great, ever just, immortal Emperor, to all the Prefects and Proconsuls of the Roman Empire, hail!

"A report has reached us, which has greatly displeased our royal ears, which is, that the heresy of those that call themselves Christians, a heresy of the greatest impiety *(valde impiam)*, is gaining new strength. These Christians honour as a God a man named Jesus, born of some Jewish woman, and insult thereby the great Apollo and Mercury, Hercules and even Jupiter. We, therefore, command that all Christians, men and women, in all cities and countries, shall be subjected to the most violent torments, unless they sacrifice to our gods, and abjure their error; and those that should feel inclined to favour these same Christians, and neglect to execute our divine decrees, shall be visited by the same punishments."

When the last word of this terrible law was uttered, Saint Januarius prayed silently to God that He might graciously endow all the believers with the necessary fortitude to brave the coming tortures and subsequent death; then, feeling that the hour for his own martyrdom had come, he left the church, accompanied by his two deacons and the crowd of Christians in attendance, all loudly praising the Lord, and passing through the double rows of soldiers and executioners, who stood speechless and full of amazement before their courage and steadfastness. They arrived thus at Nola, where the new Proconsul, Timothy, awaited them. He was seated, says the Chronicle, on a high tribunal in the midst of the public square. Saint Januarius, without being the least confused at the sight of his judge, advanced within the circle with a sure and firm step, between his two deacons, Sosius and Proculus. The rest of the Christians stood around them, awaiting in silence the trial of their master. Timothy was aware of the high lineage of the saint, and, in consideration for the *civis romanus*, deigned to question him, whereas he might have condemned him to death without hearing, as he did with so many others. Now, this Timothy is described by all writers as one of the most cruel and impious tyrants that had yet made their appearance. A certain chronicler even adds, that he was so bloodthirsty that God, to punish him, caused sometimes a bloody veil to come over his eyes, blinding him for a certain time, and causing him the most atrocious pains.

"What is thy name?" asked he of the saint as he stood before him.

"Januarius."

"How old art thou?"

"Thirty-three years old."

"What is thy country?"

"Naples."

"Thy religion?"

"Christ's."

"And are those accompanying thee Christians also?"

"I trust to God they may have the fortitude to say so when thou askest them."

"Thou knowest the orders of our divine Emperor?"

"I know but the orders of God."

"Thou art noble?"

"I am but the least of the servants of Christ."

"And thou wilt not renounce that God?"

"I renounce your idols, which are naught but fragile wood and useless clay."

"Thou knowest what tortures await thee?"

"I am ready to suffer them."

"And thou thinkest that thou canst brave my power?"

"I am but a feeble instrument, easily broken, but my God can protect me from thy fury, and reduce thee to ashes at the very moment when thou blasphemest His holy name."

"We shall see if thy God can save thee from the fiery furnace."

"He has saved from the same Ananias, Azarias and Mizael of old."

"And from the wild beasts in the circus?"

"He protected Daniel in the lion's den."

"Or from the sword of the executioner?"

"If I am to die, let God's will be done."

"So be it. May thy accursed blood flow, then—the blood thou dishonourest in betraying the religion of thy ancestors by a slavish worship."

"Oh, thou wretched fool!" exclaimed then the saint, with accents of deep compassion and grief, "before thou canst enjoy the spectacle thou cravest, thou shalt be blinded and suffer excruciating pains, and thy sight shall only be restored to thee at my prayer, that thou mayest behold with what courage the martyrs of Christ can die."

"If this be a challenge, I accept it," replied the Proconsul, "and we will see if thy faith be stronger than the pain I am able to inflict." And turning towards his lictors, he commanded that the saint be thrown into the fiery furnace.

Saint Januarius was therefore thrown into the furnace. But it was not long before celestial songs were heard within the walled-up enclosure, and when the people flocked together and demanded vociferously that the furnace be opened, and the Proconsul, for fear of a rebellion, gave his men the order to break down the wall, the saint was seen walking on the burning brands, and singing praises to God. But this miracle did not satisfy the cruel man; to assure himself that the holy martyr was truly human and a being of flesh and blood, he ordered his lictors to tie him to a column, and whip him till the blood should flow. This done, and having satisfied himself that it was truly human blood, he commanded next that he should be put to the rack. Long and painful was the torture, and the saint was brought from it with disjointed limbs and flesh all torn to pieces; but, despite all his sufferings, he never ceased to praise the Lord. The Proconsul, seeing that nothing thus far had availed, concluded to try the wild beasts; and as the circus at Pozzuoli was larger than the one at Nola, he decided the spectacle should be given there. An infernal idea then crossed his mind, namely, to add shame to the suffering of the martyr, and to require that Saint Januarius and his two deacons should be yoked to his chariot and draw him to the place of their execution. The saint was consequently yoked to the consular chariot between Sosius and Proculus, and Timothy, taking his seat on it, commanded his lictors to whip the three Christians without mercy whenever they should stop or slacken their pace.

But God did not even permit the whip to be lifted against his saints, for no sooner had the Proconsul given the signal for departure than Saint Januarius and his two companions darted off with such speed that soldiers and lictors and bystanders had but time to fly out of their way not to be run over. Many then declared they saw wings grow on the shoulders of the holy men, and that it was thus they were enabled to perform their task with such rapidity. At all events their speed was such that the Proconsul's escort was left far behind, and that he himself had to hold on fast to his chariot not to be thrown out. So swiftly did it fly, that all objects disappeared, his eyes grew dim, his breath failed him, and in an agony of fear he allowed himself to fall down on his knees in the chariot. But the three saints could not see him, carried away as they were themselves by a supernatural power. At last, gathering all his remaining strength, the tyrant uttered such a piercing cry that Saint Januarius heard him, despite the noise of the wheels, and, stopping short, asked him in a voice quite composed and fresh, and betraying no lassitude whatever:

"What is it, master?"

Timothy was so exhausted that he could hardly find breath enough to answer. At last, after a violent effort, he expressed his wish to stop.

"Let us stop," said the saint. But no sooner did the tyrant feel the firm earth under his feet again, than his wrath and hatred revived afresh, and he raised his whip against the saint, and threateningly asked him what had possessed him to go so fast?

"Didst thou not tell me I should go as fast as I could?"

"Yes, but who should have thought thou wouldst go at such a rate, and leave all my men behind me?"

"I did not know myself at what rate I was going; the angels, no doubt, lent me their wings."

"Then thou still persistest in thy heresy, and believest thy God assisted thee?"

"All help comes from Him."

"Thou knowest what kind of death awaits thee at the end of the road."

"It was not I that asked to stop."

"True, and we shall set off again; but thou shalt not draw me in that manner."

"Thou canst choose thy own pace;" and they set off, Saint Januarius observing in every particular the least wishes of the tyrant. They reached soon the public square at Pozzuoli, but as they had travelled far in advance of the orders that had been given, no preparations had been made for the spectacle, and Timothy, exhausted with fatigue, ordered the cruel entertainment to be put off for a few days, that he might rest from his extraordinary journey. The three saints were meanwhile led to prison, to prepare for their approaching doom.

The amphitheatre of Pozzuoli was one of the finest in the province, and the most ferocious tigers and lions imported from Africa were generally reserved for it. When, on the given day, Timothy was seated on the throne erected for him, and his lictors had gathered around him, the sign for the letting loose of the wild animals was given. The bloodthirsty beasts bounded into the arena, and thirty thousand spectators clapped their hands with joy. The savage creatures, startled by the cries of the multitude, roared in reply, but soon, devoured by a long three days' fast, and sniffing the human flesh they had been fed on, they made furiously towards their victims. Speechless with astonishment, however, remained the multitude and its cruel governor when they saw the wild lions, tigers and hyenas gradually crouch down at the three martyrs' feet, meek and obedient, and beheld the saint, calm and smiling, raising his right hand to bless them all. At the same instant came over the Proconsul's eyes the well-known bloody cloud; everything vanished from his sight; his eyelids closed, and he was plunged into darkness. But the darkness itself was nothing compared to the terrible sufferings he endured: it seemed to the wretched man as if each pulsation of the artery was a red-hot iron piercing his eyeballs. Finally, no longer able to disguise his pain and smother his groans, he implored the saint to intercede in his behalf and restore him to sight.

Saint Januarius rose, advanced towards him, and in the midst of the general silence addressed to God this short prayer: "Oh, Lord Jesus Christ, forgive this man all the harm he has done me, and open his eyes that he may, by this last miracle operated in his favour, behold the frightful abyss into which he must inevitably fall if he do not repent; and touch thou also, Oh Lord, the hearts of all good men here present, and may Thy grace descend upon them, and free them from the errors of paganism." Then raising his voice, and touching with his forefinger the Proconsul's eyelids, he added:

"Timothy, Prefect of Campania, open thine eyes, and be delivered from thy sufferings, in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost."

"Amen," responded the two deacons. And Timothy opened his eyes, and his relief was so prompt and so entire that he forgot having experienced any pain at all. But five thousand spectators rose at the sight of the miracle, and asked with one voice to be baptized. The hardened Proconsul meanwhile returned into his palace, and as all his efforts had failed, he determined to have the saints perish by the sword.

It was in the autumn of the year 305 that Saint Januarius, accompanied by his two deacons, Proculus and Sosius, was taken to the forum of Vulcano, near a half-extinguished crater, to be beheaded. At his side walked the executioner, holding in his hands a large double-edged sword, and two Roman legions, heavily armed, preceded and closed the procession, to prevent the people of Pozzuoli from making any demonstration in favour of the martyrs, or attempting to offer resistance.

As they were moving along, an old blind man forced his way to the saint and begged of him a token of remembrance.

"I have nothing left in this world," replied the holy man, "but the cloth that will serve to bind my eyes at the last moment. I will leave it to thee after my death."

"But how shall I obtain it?" asked the blind man; "the soldiers will never let me approach you."

"I will bring it thee myself."

As they reached the forum the three saints kneeled down, and Saint Januarius addressed to God, in a firm and sonorous voice, a short prayer, to implore His mercy on the surviving Christians. They rose, and the executioner began his bloody work. He first beheaded the two deacons, who died bravely, singing praises to the Lord; but when he approached Saint Januarius a convulsive trembling seized him, and the sword fell from his hands without his having the strength to stoop to pick it up. The holy martyr himself tied the cloth over his eyes, and when he was ready called him to perform his office; but the hangman was powerless.

"I shall never be able to lift this sword," said he, "if thou dost not enable me to do so."

"Brother," said Saint Januarius, "do thy work," and feeling his strength return to him by the last injunction of the saint, he raised his sword with both arms, and smote him with such force that not only the head, but also a finger of his hand were taken off at one blow. After the execution, when the soldiers and the executioner repaired to the house of Timothy to make their report, they met the old man who had begged a token of remembrance of the martyr, and to their great astonishment found he had recovered his sight. Amidst ominous warnings and dire reproaches for their impiety, he told them how the saint had already appeared to him, had handed him the cloth he had promised him, and how, applying it to his eyes, he had recovered his eyesight. But more startling still was to them the fearful retribution that had visited the cruel Proconsul. As they approached his house they found it deserted by every one, and from the inner chambers proceeded such pestilential stenches that they could not go further. Timothy's body, reduced to a carcass, was weltering in its putrefaction, and presented nothing but a formless mass of infection.

Now, as the night was come, the old beggar returned to the forum to gather the sacred remains of the holy bishop. As he was slowly and cautiously walking about, watching lest any one should spy him, he saw, advancing from another side, an old woman who seemed to come on a similar errand.

"Good evening, brother," she said, accosting him.

"The like to thee, good sister; but what brings thee here at this late hour?"

"I come to gather Saint Januarius' blood."

"And I to bury his body."

"I was lame, and he made me whole."

"I was blind, and he caused me again to see."

"He left me the two vials that served to celebrate his last mass."

"And to me the cloth that tied his eyes at the moment of his death."

"Surely he was a holy man." And the two proceeded to perform the last duty to their master; and whilst the one placed in a box the head and body of the martyr, the other gathered in the vial every drop of the saint's precious blood.

It is this very blood that now for fifteen centuries is put into a state of liquefaction whenever it is brought in contact with the martyr's head, and it is in this prodigious and inexplicable liquefaction that the miracle of Saint Januarius consists.

SAINT JANUARIUS AND HIS COURT.

The relics of Saint Januarius were, during the Middle Age, alternately transported from Pozzuoli to Naples, from Naples to Benevento, and from Benevento back to Naples. It was only at the beginning of the sixteenth century that they obtained a fixed residence, and were permanently established at the archbishopric and in the chapel of the Treasury. This chapel was built by the nobles and citizens of Naples in accordance with a vow made simultaneously by these two bodies, on the occasion of the pestilence that devastated, at that time, the faithful city of Naples, and which ceased at the intercession of the saint.

Contrary to the generality of vow-makers, who forget the saint that helped them out of trouble as soon as the danger is passed, the Neapolitans set about fulfilling their vow so ardently that Doña Catharina de Sandoval, the wife of the Viceroy of Naples, offered a contribution of thirty thousand ducats to assist them; but they refused the offer, declaring that no stranger should participate in the honour of providing a worthy lodging to their holy protector.

Now, as neither money nor zeal was wanting, the chapel was soon built; it is true that, in order to keep each other in mutual goodwill, both the nobles and the citizens entered into a bond before a public notary, by which they agreed to pay 13,000 ducats to defray the expenses of the edifice. It seems, however, that already, in these early days of architecture, there was cause to mistrust the estimates of architects, for the door alone of the chapel cost 135,000 francs, three times the sum allowed for the whole chapel. When the chapel was completed, it was decided that the first painters of the world should be called to adorn it with frescoes representing the principal actions of the saint's life. Unfortunately this decision was not approved of by the Neapolitan painters, who decided in their turn that no other but native talent should be called to the work of ornamentation, and swore that no intruder should be tolerated.

Whether this decision remained unknown, or its earnestness doubted, the Dominican, Guido, and the Chevalier d'Arpino came to engage upon the work; but d'Arpino was put to flight before he could even take a brush in hand. Guido twice escaped being murdered, and was also obliged to leave Naples; while the Dominican, hardened to persecutions, braved all insults and threats, and succeeded in painting the Woman curing a number of Sick People with the oil that burns in the lamp before the statue of Saint Januarius, the Resurrection, and the Cupola. But he had scarcely commenced the latter when he fainted one day on his scaffolding, and was brought home dead: he had been poisoned. The party of native painters, who had thus resisted all foreign talent, remained master of the field, and the picture of Saint Januarius Stepping out of the Furnace, the Woman Possessed by the Devil, and Delivered by the Saint, and the Cupola, were successfully painted by l'Espagnolet, Corenzio, Lafranco and Stanzoni. It was then to this chapel, where art had also its martyrs, that the relics of the saint were duly entrusted.

These relics are kept in a niche placed behind the high altar, and protected by a marble division which prevents the head of the saint from looking on his blood, a circumstance which might cause the miracle to be performed before the appointed time; since it is by the contact of the head and the vials that the congealed blood becomes liquefied.

It is, besides, closed by two doors of massive silver, and engraved with the arms of the King of Spain, Charles II. These doors are in their turn locked by two keys, of which one is in the keeping of the archbishop, and the other in that of a company selected from among the nobility, and called the Treasury's deputies. It will be seen that

Saint Januarius enjoys about as much liberty as used to be granted to the doges who could never step beyond the town's walls, or leave their palaces without the permission of the Senate. If this obligatory seclusion has its inconveniences, it has also its advantages. Saint Januarius is thus protected against constant applications, and being called out at any time of the night or day like a common village physician; his guardians appreciate fully in this respect the superiority of their position over the guardians of other saints.

Now, Saint Januarius, being a chief saint, has his little courts of inferior saints, who recognize his supremacy somewhat as the Roman clients recognized that of their masters; they are the secondary patrons of the city of Naples.. This little army of holy courtiers is recruited in the following manner.

Every brotherhood, every religious order, every individual even who wishes to exalt a favourite saint to the patronship of Naples, under the presidency of Saint Januarius, has only to get cast a statue of massive silver, ranging between the prices of 6, and 8,000 ducats, and to offer it to the Chapel of the Treasury. The statue, once admitted, is kept in the above-named chapel, and enjoys all the prerogatives of its station, namely, that of forming Saint Januarius' court. No statue is ever allowed to be taken out unless a sum of money double its value is duly deposited into the hands of a notary, and thus all risks of its loss be covered. In this way the Neapolitans make sure of their saints that they do not get astray, and if astray that they are not lost, since with the money deposited two statues instead of one of the same kind may be cast. This measure of precaution was taken after an incident in which the Chapter of Saint Januarius was made the dupe of its too great confidence. The statue of San Gaetano had been allowed to go out without its value having been deposited, and never came back again. After many researches it was discovered that a hackman had made away with it, which circumstance greatly impaired the fair name of the corporation of hackdrivers, who, up to that day, had lived unrivalled in their supremacy of integrity and fidelity.

As may be conjectured, the doors are ever open to receive the statues of the saints that wish to join the holy court; the only condition attached to the favour is, that the statue be of pure silver, and of the required weight.

THE MIRACLE.

About a week before the solemn day on which the miracle is to take place, the city begins already to show the animation that precedes any great event. The lazzaroni cry louder and move about more briskly; the hackmen grow insolent and name their own terms, instead of having them named to them; and the hotels fill up with strangers brought from Rome, Civita Vecchia and Palermo by stages and steamboats.

There is also a large increase of chimes. The bells seem wild with excitement, and ring at all sorts of odd hours.

A day or two before the appointed time, the neighbouring populations begin to flow into the town; the fishermen of Sorrento, Resina, Castellamare and Capri in their holiday costumes; the women of Ischia, Nettuno, Procida and Averso in all their finery. Now and then an old woman may be seen threading her way through the gay crowd. All the old women of the place style themselves the nurses and relatives of Saint Januarius. Their grey hair flying in the wind makes them look like sibyls of Cumæ. They cry louder than anybody else, press boldly through the crowds by dint of elbowing, and seem to command everywhere the regard and respect due to their holy relationship. They claim to be descended from the one whom the old man, whose sight was restored by the application of the cloth that tied Saint Januarius' eyes previous to his execution, met in the Pozzuoli circus collecting the saint's blood.

On the eve of the miracle-day, the streets already are filled with the crowd that repairs to the archbishopric in order to be assigned a place in the procession. This procession goes from the Chapel of the Treasury, the Saint's usual residence, to Saint Clara's Cathedral, the metropolis of the Kings of Naples, where the saint is to perform his miracle. It is composed not only of the people in the city, but also of the surrounding populations, divided into classes and brotherhoods. The nobility come first; next the corporations. Unfortunately, thanks to the perfectly independent character of the Neapolitan people, no one keeps his rank. Strangers, looking on, are at a loss to know whether the motley crowd before them is meant to be the procession or not. Workmen of all trades, dressed more or less in their best—some in black, some in red, green, yellow, with buckled shoes and powdered hair—march in groups of fifteen or twenty, stop now and then to talk with their acquaintances, halt before every drinking-house, calling for slices of *cocomero* and glasses of *sambuco.* Here and there the bright uniform of a Neapolitan officer is seen, walking along carelessly, holding an inverted wax taper, and escorted by lazzaroni cutting all sorts of capers around him to catch in paper cornucopias the wax dropping from his taper. Next, and preceded by the cross and banner, mixing sometimes with the crowd, come monks of all orders and colours—capuchins, carthusians, dominicans, carmelites, shod and barefoot; some fat, round, short, with high-coloured faces, and thick heads set squarely on broad shoulders; all walking at random, talking, singing, offering tobacco to the men, quizzing the women, admonishing the girls; and others lean, pale from fasting, enfeebled by austerities, raising to heaven their saffron brows, their livid cheeks and sunken eyes—in short, the right and wrong side of monastic life. Sometimes, when the halts are too long, or the disorder too great, the master of ceremonies sends out his assistants, armed with long ebony staffs, who, like the shepherd's dog, collect again the straying ones, and bring them into line and file.

Thus this mass of people marches leisurely on till, towards one o'clock in the morning, its head reaches the cathedral, deposits its candles and flowers before the altar where the bust of Saint Januarius has been placed, and, issuing through the side doors, disperses again, leaving those behind to proceed in the same way. Towards evening, however, the procession gets into better shape, and presents a more regular appearance. The musicians have joined it, and the royal guards execute their finest airs of Rossini, Mercadante and Donizetti. The seminarists also appear in their surplices, marching two by two, and are followed by the statues of the saints that form Saint Januarius' court. One of the most curious features, however, of the whole festivity, is the strange reception these secondary saints receive at the hands of the people. As they are not chosen from among the aristocracy, and belong rather to the upstarts in the financial world, they are considered somewhat shoddy, and much is said against them among the gossips, and all sorts of stories told. Saint Januarius himself stands first and foremost in the people's estimation, but not so his court. As the seventy-five statues representing the secondary patrons of the city of Naples make their appearance in the procession, there is no manner of pungent quibbles and coarse jokes that are not thrown at them: the least peccadillo of the public or private life of these unfortunate elect is remembered in the censure of the spectators. To Saint Paul they throw up his idolatry, to Saint Peter his treason, to Saint Augustine his pranks, to Saint Therese her ecstatic trances, to Saint Francis Borgia his principles, to Saint Anthony his usurpation, to Saint Gaetan his carelessness, and that in the least considerate terms, and with such vociferous cries and insulting gestures, that one must needs acknowledge their claims to paradise, as, among their other virtues, surely patience and humility have been the most exercised. Each of these statues is carried on the shoulders of six youths, and preceded by six priests, and every one gets his share of the aforenamed courtesies. As they arrive one after the other in the cathedral, they make their humble obeisance to Saint Januarius, placed at the right of the altar, and withdraw again. After the saints comes the archbishop, carried in a sumptuous litter, and holding in his hands the two vials containing the miraculous blood. The archbishop puts the vials into the tabernacle, and all is over till the next day; the bells meanwhile keeping the city awake, and chiming furiously the whole night long.

The next morning, as early as seven o'clock, the whole population of Naples flows towards the cathedral; the edifice is thronged inside and outside. On the high altar stand on one side Saint Januarius' bust, and on the other the vial containing the blood. A canon stands as keeper before the altar; on the right and left of the latter are two tribunes: one for the musicians, who keep in readiness their instruments, to celebrate the miracle as soon as it is performed; and the other for the old women calling themselves the relatives of the saint, and undertaking to hasten the miracle if it should delay too long. At the foot of the altar stretches a long railing, where the believers come in turn to kneel down, kiss the vial shown to them by the canon in office, verify the coagulation of the blood, and retire to allow the rest to do the same thing.

The miracle very often, through some unaccountable reason or other, is delayed, and the multitude in attendance is sometimes kept a whole day in expectation. An instance is recorded when it was kept waiting from three o'clock in the morning till eight o'clock at night. The multitude had waited quite patiently till noon, and then a few murmurs were heard, and a number of voices declared that the miracle would not take place. But the Neapolitans are accustomed to delays, and are generally very willing to abide their patron's will and leisure. On this occasion, however, their submission was sorely tested. Four o'clock struck, and they were still waiting. The murmurs then became roarings; the so-styled relatives of the saint began to threaten him, and heap all manner of abuse upon him; the people stamped, hallooed, showed their fists, were ready to come to any violence. The canon on guard stepped before the railing and remarked that there were probably heretics in the assembly, and that in that case the miracle could not be performed till they were out. A horrible clamour followed upon this announcement, and a general howl, "Out with the heretics! Down with the heretics! Death to the heretics!" shook the whole edifice. It happened that a number of Englishmen were in the upper galleries. The excitement was such that the soldiers on service were obliged to surround the foreigners and lead them out of the cathedral with drawn swords, to protect them against the fury of the mob. The expulsion of the heretics did not seem, however, to improve matters; and although some sort of silence was restored, it was but the calm that precedes the storm—for when, after another hour's waiting, the miracle was still unaccomplished, the exasperation of the crowd reached its full height, and it was something hideous to see these old women, with their dishevelled grey hairs, abandon themselves, like so many hags, to the most revolting bursts of anger, tearing off their caps, threatening the saint with their fists, and showering upon him all the insulting epithets their vocabulary could furnish. The miracle at last took place, and when the priest presented himself with the vial raised, and crying "Glory to Saint Januarius, the miracle is wrought!" a revulsion of feeling took place in this exasperated multitude equally degrading. Some would throw themselves down; to the vociferations, clamours and roars, succeeded groans, complaints, tears and sobs. They wave their handkerchiefs; they ask the saint's pardon; they embrace each other—a moment before they were crazy with anger, now they are crazy with joy.

But, whether unusually delayed or not, the miracle performance is always attended with some such manifestations of extremes of passion. As soon as the liquefaction of the blood has been announced and verified, the music begins, the choir strikes up the Te Deum, and the cannon from the fort of Saint Elmo announces to the town that the miracle is accomplished.

How it is accomplished is still a mystery. The priest touches the vial only to take it from the altar to give it to the people to kiss, and the latter do not let it out of sight a moment.

Scepticism and science have both tried in vain, the one to deny it, the other to explain it. The liquefaction of the coagulated blood takes place in the sight of the whole assembled Church, and is witnessed by hundreds. Neither the philosophy of the eighteenth century, nor modern chemistry, Voltaire nor Lavoisier, can do anything with it. If it is a secret kept by the canons of the Treasury, and preserved from generation to generation since the fourth century, all we have to say is, that such fidelity is more miraculous even than the miracle itself. However, whether fact, illusion or fraud, the event is the occasion of great festivity and merry-making, and the good city of Naples loses nothing by it. In the evening the whole town is illuminated, and the people dance in the street.

BACHELORS' BUTTONS!

THERE was a crusty old bachelor,
  A crotchety man was he;
And he'd have gone to the furthest zone
  If no woman there he'd see:
A woman employed as a servile drudge
  Might have some utility,
But the very thought of a wedded wife
  Filled his soul with misery.
So he nursed a crotchet in his head
  That a sewing-machine could supply
Every purpose of woman a bachelor knew,
  Were it only fashion'd so spry

That 'twould stitch you on a button, all tight,
  In the twinkling of an eye—
For 'tis plain that a buttonless bachelor
  Is tempted to buckle to:
Persuaded thereby that without a wife,
  Life cannot be scrambled through;
Whereas could each buttonless bachelor
  With such a machine be provided,
Why, wise men would tarry wifeless,

And spinsters no more be wedded;
And as to the chance for girls or boys,—
Let the next generation decide it.

So this crotchety bachelor bought him a shirt
And a sewing-machine,—a Wheeler,—
And a button a piece contriv'd somehow
To stitch to wristband and collar.
Out to dinner—a mighty fine dinner too,—
He was shortly invited to go;
So he dressed himself in his very best togs,
Spic and span from top to toe;
And he singled out his new-button'd shirt
And his best starched tie also;
And he chuckled how, o'er host, daughters and wife,
Triumphantly he should crow.

But dressing takes time; the cab's at the door,
And the hand of the clock on the minute;
When, alas! one button—and then the other—
Gives way, as the deuce were in it;
The conspirator, caught in his own device,
Shrieks aloud for pins to pin it;
And implores his landlady's needle and thread,
And thimble, and scissors, this minute;
And vows, with many a penitent groan,
Thenceforth to remain contented
With the only sewing-machine worth a button—
The one Mother Eve invented!

D. W.

THE WHITE ROSE.

(*From the German.*)

ONE bright summer morning at an early hour—the sun had just risen and tipped with gold the far-off mountain brows, the glittering dew-drops were still sparkling on every blade of grass and bough, and the little birds were warbling their sweet melodies—an elderly lady might have been noticed walking on the road leading from the town of B— to the neighbouring cemetery. Her dress, though plain and suited to her age, was choice and of the finest material. On her left arm was suspended an elegant basket, filled with exquisite red roses. Oft the lady would stop and let her eyes wander over the fields and meadows to the distant mountains, but ever her glance would return to the roses in her basket. On these she gazed with an almost loving expression; if one flower had fallen somewhat lower in the basket, she would raise it gently and tenderly, seeming at times almost as though she wafted a kiss to the beautiful crimson blossoms.

On approaching the walls of the burial-ground she began to walk more rapidly, and her eyes fairly glowed with eagerness. It was easy to perceive that she had nearly reached her destination. Close by the entrance to the cemetery was a grave, overshadowed by a weeping willow, and bearing evident traces that it was carefully and lovingly tended. Here the lady remained standing with bowed head, as if engaged in silent devotion. After a while she arranged the roses on the grave with tender care, and this being done, seated herself and folded her hands on her lap.

An expression of such ineffable peacefulness and repose came over her features, that it might have been supposed life had fled; but on closer observation the ever-increasing appearance of anguish in the lines round her firmly closed mouth became more discernible; it seemed as if they were being traced deeper and deeper with an invisible pencil.

So wholly absorbed was the mourner in her sorrowful reflections, that a young girl, coming from a distant part of the cemetery, approached unobserved, and gazed at her compassionately. "How very unhappy the poor lady seems," thought the young girl; "I will speak to her; my words may perhaps rouse her from her despairing grief."

"Good morning," she continued aloud, stepping close to the grave; "you seem very sad; I too have been weeping while dressing a grave. May I," she added in a soft and pleading voice, "place this white rose among your flowers?" With the words the young girl took the rose and set it in the midst of the wreath of its red sister blossoms.

At the sound of the girl's voice the lady raised her head, but apparently did not comprehend the meaning of the words addressed to her. She passed her hand across her face, as if to rouse herself from her fit of melancholy abstraction, and suddenly perceiving the white rose, was transformed as if by magic into a strong and passionate woman. With a cry of horror she started from her seat, and seizing the flower flung it violently away.

She stood erect, passionate excitement blazing in her eyes; her lips opened and closed convulsively, but her strength was insufficient; she could not give vent to the words which struggled for utterance; the hands she had clasped in her agony fell apart, and she sank back on her previous seat utterly exhausted, and with tears streaming from her eyes.

The young girl was too much overcome, by astonishment as well as fear, to know whether to remain or leave the lady alone.

"I have unwittingly caused you pain," she said, gently; "will you forgive me?"

"What do you know of my agony, my guilt and my repentance?" said the lady, deeply moved. "I myself am the sole cause of my misfortune, and of its magnitude you can judge by the fact that I, an old woman, am utterly incapable of mastering my excitement and horror when, as now, I am suddenly overpowered by a memory."

After uttering these words, she relapsed into motionless dreaming; the young girl was at a loss to decide whether her presence did not add to the lady's distress, and whether it would not be better to leave her alone. It is hard to witness a secret grief: one would fain speak a word of sympathy and consolation, or lay a healing hand on the bleeding wound, yet fearful lest the lightest touch may aggravate the pain.

"Doubtless I frightened you by my vehemence and impetuosity," said the lady quietly, after some minutes' silence; "now I am myself again; my tears have calmed me. I was overpowered for the moment by the memories of the past—memories so vivid that they seemed like present experience. Tell me," she added in a soft musical voice, "whose grave have you been visiting, and I will relate to you my early history."

"I was but a child, scarcely five years of age," said the young girl, "when my parents died; they lie buried here; but whenever I experience either pleasure or pain I hasten hither, and, kneeling beside their grave, I pray to the God of the fatherless, the orphan's stay. To-day I am to be betrothed to the man who years ago won my heart, and I came here to plead for the blessing of my parents on that happy hour."

"It will be yours," answered the lady solemnly; "but you yourself must strive to deserve this blessing every hour and moment of your life, and hold fast to it in small matters as well as great. Never trifle with your happiness as I did with mine in my wicked presumption, and so shattered it for ever."

The young girl gazed at the speaker inquiringly, and with deep sympathy; the latter drew her down to a seat by her side, and taking her hands began:

"Fifty years ago I was a young and merry girl; no happier creature could have been found on this broad earth; the whole world seemed to have been created for my especial delight and enjoyment. My parents, wealthy people, fulfilled my every wish, and my brothers—sisters I had none—loved me devotedly, and were very proud of me. I was the confidant of all their pranks,—their mediator with our parents when they had been guilty of thoughtless tricks—and I was delighted to be of use to them, as it made me a person of importance in my own eyes. I invariably acted so as to satisfy my own feelings. I gave largely to the poor, but rather to enjoy witnessing their pleasure than from any desire to relieve distress and misery. In order to give I did not require to exercise either self-denial or economy; my desires were gratified ere I could express them. I loved my Maker with a child-like disposition. He was to me the Creator of all the beauties surrounding me and in me. When I had attained my eighteenth year I went to my first ball, and it was at this time that I experienced my first grief—that the ball nights were so terribly short. It seemed to me I could dance on for ever; I was never weary. I had an inexhaustible power of enjoying myself and being happy. At first all partners were equally pleasing to me. I could dance, chat and joke with all alike. But a change soon came. I became acquainted with a gentleman who distinguished me, and seemed to prefer me to all others, and who won my heart. From this time all my thoughts and feelings belonged to him alone. He was a brave and skilful officer, loved and esteemed by all who knew him. He was in every respect very different from me: he was as grave and melancholy as I was inclined to be merry and joyous. But this very opposite disposition seemed to attract me. I felt flattered at being the only one capable, by a friendly look, of making his melancholy, dreamy eyes light up with pleasure. Soon it became a joy to me to be near him, and joy unspeakable to feel I was beloved. 'You must be calm and less excitable, my child,' admonished my mother, who seemed aware of the feelings at work within me; 'we women may never allow any man to perceive how much he is to us until he has sought our love.' I endeavoured to follow my mother's kind and well-meant advice, but my efforts proved fruitless. Only while keeping my eyes cast down could I conceal my feelings, and then if Leo Günther—such was the name of my beloved—inquired in his thrilling voice, 'Are you sad, Miss Lucie?' I was forced to look up, and knew only too well that in every glance so given I laid bare all the feelings of my heart and soul. Oft I expected and wearied for the happy moment in which Leo would declare his love, and yet, whenever he seemed to contemplate it, reserve and nervousness made me seek to escape the declaration. Thus passed the winter and the beautiful spring-time. During the first days of early summer we were to have a garden party—it was fifty years ago yesterday!—I had decked myself with a view to please Leo. I wanted to appear unusually lovely in his eyes, and dressed carefully. Glancing in the mirror, I could not help thinking that he would surely be pleased with the result of my labours; but hour upon hour passed by, and still he came not. I was unhappy, wretched, yet dared not show my disappointment; I must appear lively and gay as ever. At last, when I had well-nigh given up all hope of seeing him that day, he arrived. A friend coming from a distance expressly to see him, had detained him; but I, accustomed only to think and feel for myself, was not satisfied with his excuse. I felt hurt that he had preferred his friend before me, and determined to show him that I could be happy without him. Almost ignoring his presence, I chatted merrily, and laughed with the other gentlemen who sat at our table; never before had I been so brilliant or so witty. But on perceiving the evident pain and sadness which my behaviour caused Leo, I was soon reconciled, and was about to address a few kind words to him when I noticed the passionate love glowing in his eyes while they rested on me—a new revelation from him. 'Oh,' thought I, 'now only do I know how dearly he loves me. What power and depth of affection his must be when some trifling neglect on my part can excite him to such an extent!' I felt dizzy, and had to place both hands on my heart to still its tumultuous throbbing; it seemed to me its beating must be audible. Hitherto the love pervading my whole being had been happy and peaceful; the passionate, thrilling feeling described in novels I had never yet experienced. For the first time in my uneventful life did I taste of the poisoned cup and become intoxicated. I waxed more and more excited, wishing to prove how great was my power and influence. I loved Leo more dearly than ever before. The happiness of being loved so devotedly and passionately by this grave and melancholy man overpowered me; my pulse beat tumultuously. But I wished to drain my cup of happiness to the dregs; and the more gloomy the expression of his eyes, the more firmly he compressed his lips as if in pain, the more I realised his overpowering love. And thus it happened that I spoke in even kinder tones to the gentlemen surrounding me—all of whom were perfectly indifferent to me—while I became colder and more frigid in my demeanour towards the man who possessed all my love, until, when we parted, I merely accorded him a short and distant bow. I could scarcely await the moment when I should be able to retire into my own room, there in memory to live over again the last few hours. When my excitement had somewhat subsided I could not repress a feeling of pain and uneasiness, a pang of remorse, on remembering the wrong I had done Leo, but determined to atone for it in the future with redoubled love. As I was about going to bed, one of the servants came to my room and told me that she had seen Lieutenant Günther a few minutes before, as she was drawing water at the well. He had come towards her and made her promise to give me that same evening a note and two roses, both of which she now handed me. I was surprised and confused, but took his missive and the flowers. To this hour I can still in my mind see the white and red roses before me, and breathe their sweet fragrance. With a trembling hand I opened Leo's note. 'Oh, Lucie,' he wrote, 'for some days past I have experienced a strange fear, which in vain I seek to overcome or explain—a feeling which may prove a presentiment of what your behaviour towards me to-day seemed to indicate. Have I hoped too soon and mistaken for love what was perhaps but a passing fancy, or still worse, a cruel trifling with my love? No, I will banish that last thought—it is unworthy of you; but I can no longer endure the doubts which haunt and torment me. I beseech you to grant me to-morrow morning a token by which I may know my love is returned. At daybreak I will ride past your house. If I behold the red rose in your window I will know that I may come to ask you from your parents; if, on the contrary, I see the white rose . . . . my future will be blighted!' I sat until a late hour reading and re-reading these lines. Who does not know—who in this world has not, at some time, experienced the rapturous feeling produced in a youthful heart by the first words of love? In my excited state of mind the sensation overpowered me. I revelled in the knowledge of being infinitely dear to the man whom I prized and loved beyond all others. Why was he not there that I could throw myself into his arms, and confess to him my love, and my contrition for to-day's unseemly behaviour—that I might promise for the future to be sensible and sedate, and to act in every way becoming one who was soon to bear the sacred name of wife? 'Sensible! sedate!' I repeated in my mind. But where was now the feeling which had thrilled me so delightfully to-day? Once again I wished to revel in it—once again I wished to behold the passionate love blazing in my darling's eyes—then I would for ever cast aside all childishness, and live only for him and our mutual happiness. My future lay bright before me, without shadow, care or doubt. And Leo was to share it! He could therefore easily be allowed to hover yet a little while in suspense, in fear and trembling. A rose—not my own lips—was to tell him of my love? Was I not to see the love-light in his eyes, called forth by my confession? How often had I conjured up this scene before me, and now was it to be so very different from all my dreams? No, that must not be—he must come to me and plead his cause. I must hear from his own lips how ardently he desired my love. Then all my life would I remember the blissful hour, and thenceforth not merely be happy myself, but also impart happiness. Thoughts such as these crowded through my mind, and I tell them to you thus minutely, not to excuse myself, but to show how various and manifold are the evasions or palliations at the disposal of those who wish to indulge their desires. I placed *the white rose* in the window. It was long ere sleep visited my eyelids that night, but I slept until a late hour the following morning. I remember once starting up in my sleep, for it seemed to me that a horse shied under my window and then galloped hastily on. Hours afterwards, when I was up and dressed, and recollected all that had taken place the previous day, I came to the conclusion that it was Leo I had heard riding by. To-day I was not quite so confident, and often asked myself whether I had acted rightly in placing the white rose in the window. Entirely oblivious of the feelings which had yesterday driven me to this act of cruelty, and following the dictates of my heart, ere going to bid my parents good morning I took away the white rose. and replaced it with the red one. Returning as speedily as possible to my own room, I seated myself behind the window curtain, to watch and wait for Leo. The forenoon passed—he came not, and the signal rose began already to droop and wither. Now I would fain have sought my mother, and, confessing all, have asked her counsel and assistance, but I feared her displeasure, and was grievously ashamed of my deed. Every minute I became more and more painfully aware of my heartless conduct. How could I have acted in such a manner? Never again, I solemnly vowed to myself, would I tamper with any one's feelings. The joys and sorrows of my fellow-beings should henceforth be sacred to me. Ah! in solemn hours of pain and anguish, vows are easily made by the anxious heart. But I could never undo, never atone for, the mischief I had been guilty of. For me there was henceforth naught but repentance and remorse. It was towards evening—my excitement and agony had reached its highest point—that I observed various groups of people standing about in the street, and eagerly communicating some piece of news to one another. I saw by the different expressions of their faces that it must be news of a melancholy nature, and my curiosity being aroused, I sent down the little daughter of one of our neighbours, who happened to be in my room, to inquire what was the matter. I was rejoiced at the prospect of getting rid of my own thoughts if only for a few minutes. The child returned breathless and awe-struck. At the door she announced, in terrified accents: 'Lieutenant Günther shot himself in the little wood near Reiden. The folks say he must have done the deed at an early hour this morning, for the body is already quite cold.' The sensation I experienced at this intelligence cannot be called *pain;* it was as if all my feelings were torn and rent, and through all it seemed as though a voice were calling incessantly: '*You* have done this—it is *your* sinful deed!' In a few hours a violent attack of brain fever had robbed me of consciousness. In this state I lay for months, unconscious of everything passing around me. When at length health began to return slowly to my body, it did not bring with it health of mind; a dull, dead pain seemed to have taken root in my heart; the world was henceforth empty and barren for ever. Everything that produces joy, confidence, hope and love, was for ever dead within me. To-day it is fifty years since Leo died. So long have I borne my sorrow and guilt. The first period after that sad occurrence I spent in despairing reproaches, not in the slightest degree mitigated by the assurances of my friends that my frivolity was not alone the cause that had driven Leo to his death; that his innate dejection and melancholy temperament, his almost gloomy views of life, urged him in a moment of despair to put an end to a life which, despite one disappointment and grief, was full and rich in blessings. With advancing years my anguish has grown less acute, and I have become more calm. I have learned patience, humility and resignation. The love I bore my parents helped me, doubtless more than aught besides, to strive for that calm and repose which can alone bring peace to a heart that has trifled with love and life. Happiness I did not desire; I was content when seeing others happy, especially when it was in my power to render them happy. Often—often I visited Leo's grave, and never without placing thereon red roses. You can now imagine what a painful impression the sight of your white rose made upon me on this anniversary, when I was in memory living over again those hours of anguish. May God in His infinite goodness and mercy grant me speedy rest and eternal peace after my long and weary struggle! and may no future wandering from the right path, no future frivolity, be punished so bitterly as was mine! Farewell, dear child," she said, holding out her hand to the young girl, "and forgive my passionate outbreak."

Casting one fond and lingering look at the beloved grave, the old lady slowly left the cemetery.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE members of the new Ministry have secured their elections without a formal announcement of policy. The electorate appealed to showed itself capable of a great act of political faith in taking Ministers on trust, and giving them their own time to frame and make known their policy. Practically that time must be limited to the meeting of Parliament, which is itself not rigidly fixed. In the absence of any general policy, we may look to the election speeches of Ministers for stray indications, more or less direct, of what the policy of the new men may possibly, if not certainly, be, on one or other of the questions that lie in their path. Mr. Dorion, in his nomination speech, fully justified the position that has frequently been taken in these pages, when he admitted that " in the main, the general policy of the new Government is the same as that of the old." When he stated it as the undoubted "duty of every new Administration to announce its programme for future conduct," he was not very far from unconsciously censuring himself and his colleagues. If pressed on the point, he would probably have replied, in some such language as Mr. Cartwright used at his nomination, that at the proper time, and in the proper place, the Government would be prepared to announce a policy by which it will stand or fall. The reference is, of course, to the meeting of Parliament. Let us understand, then, that the ground is distinctly taken that a new Ministry is not bound to announce a policy, or to have a policy, till it finds itself face to face with Parliament; that its members may go through elections without telling the electors more of their intentions than that they will honestly administer the affairs of the country. Whatever may be the merit of this declaration, it is certainly new. Some of the strongest denunciations ever levelled against public men in this country have had for their theme want of definiteness in the grounds on which they appealed to their constituents for re-election. Honesty is an essential quality in public men, but it cannot be made a substitute for a definite policy, and no public man would admit that he was honest only because it was bad policy to be the reverse. Every man and woman is bound to square his and her conduct with the requirements of honesty, on pain of being sent to prison. As an election cry, " honest government " may, at the present moment, not be without its influence, owing to the resolution of the Opposition to defend what is indefensible; but there is no special merit in a virtue which every member of the community is under legal obligation to practise. Hardly could lower ground be taken than that public men may be honest merely as a matter of policy, and for the sake of contrast.

Mr. Dorion took the conservative ground of appealing to past achievements; but he gave hope of a liberal policy when he appealed to measures carried by Liberals in the past, as an indication of what may be expected in the future. The abolition of the Seignorial Tenure, and the Secularization of the Clergy Reserves, to which he points, are two great measures of Reform legislation; but when he points to them as achievements of a party still in existence, he raises a question of party genealogy which must be decided against him. The Reform party which had existed up to that time, broke in two on the formation of the Coalition of 1854; by that Coalition the whole Reform programme, even to an elective Legislative Council, was adopted. The seceders, in whom we find the genesis of the present Reform party in the leading Province of the Dominion, opposed the final abolition of the Seignorial Tenure as something scarcely, if at all, distinguishable from public robbery. The Liberals in Lower Canada, to whom the success of the measure was due, were those who came after Mr. Lafontaine, that statesman never having given it the smallest countenance. The secularization of the Clergy Reserves was finally carried with the consent of all parties; but the merit of securing this result was due to the efforts of Reformers, dating back, in their commencement, to a previous generation. But what is important is, not the error in party genealogy: it is to the purpose for which Mr. Dorion points the reference that we have mainly to look. His object is to encourage us to expect legislation in the spirit of these measures. This is well; but the questions which he proceeds to enumerate as questions of future legislation are nearly all of a different class, most of them being material and economic. The Feudal Tenure abolition was a great social and economic question—Clergy Reserves secularization a great politico-religious and social question. What does Mr. Dorion point to now? Pacific railway construction—on which he is so far definite as to say we are bound to do all in our power to accomplish it—canal enlargement; reciprocity in trade; the New Brunswick School Law; and an amnesty for Riel. The two questions that are not material and economic are very delicate questions from Mr. Dorion's stand-point. The legality of the School Law is to be determined by the Privy Council. But in case its legality is upheld, as it is almost certain to be, what is to happen? Mr. Dorion predicts its repeal by the Legislature of New Brunswick, and he cites the result of three elections as all pointing in that direction. There is no other way than this of attaining that result except the gratuitous and unjustifiable interference of Parliament, or an alteration of the Constitution in a direction opposed by a majority of the Province interested; and either of them would be liable to very grave objection. Pending the decision of the Privy Council, the priests, according to the *Nouveau Monde*, refuse to pay the school tax, and it adds—incorrectly we think—that more than one of them has been imprisoned in consequence. Whatever objection may be made to the law, the principle it applies is in operation in many States of the American Union. The reasonable course would be to refrain from extreme measures till the decision of the Privy Council is pronounced.

If we turn to the utterances of the Premier on his re-election, we find that he refers back to his advocacy of electoral freedom and independence of Parliament. The former may mean the ballot—both need explanation. Mr. Mackenzie meets the charge that the party which acknowledges him as leader, had, in Ontario, a large common fund at the general election, by placing the amount of that fund below four thousand dollars; but he admits the probability of members of both parties having, during the excitement, spent money improperly, while he denies all personal knowledge of such cases. In the general practice of electoral corruption, apart from the Allan expenditure, there is nothing to show that one party is better or worse than the other; but the late Government is responsible for having refused to allow the necessary steps to be taken to put an end to the practice. Candidates have too often been selected in view of their ability and willingness to spend large sums in the purchase of seats, rather than for their intimate knowledge of the questions of the day. Men politically obscure, who had never made a serious study of any question of legislation, have over and over again been brought to the front for no other reason than that they had made money, no matter how, part of which they were willing to spend in this way. Than this practice nothing tends more to the degradation of politics. What law can do to put a stop to improper expenditure must be done; and when all that is possible in that direction has been done, something will still depend on the general moral tone of electors and candidates. The evil may be minimized—we have yet to see whether it can be wholly eradicated. The difficulty is, that there is generally no real desire among candidates and their friends for purity of election if they think corrupt practices will answer their purpose better. If we may judge by the election held in West Toronto, the new law, if not amended, would prove a very feeble deterrent upon the class of election-managers whose motto is to win at all hazards. Something more is required to repress acts which the law even now emphatically denounces, and which everybody deplores, or affects to deplore, but in which large numbers are only too ready to engage.

The Premier makes the general promise that every member of Parliament shall be made thoroughly independent of the Executive, and he expresses the opinion that the provision, whatever shape it takes, should extend to the Senate. How this is to be done he does not explain, and may, possibly, not have determined. Except to prevent members of Parliament being members of companies which may be subsidized by the Government, there does not seem to be much room for action in this direction. We can imagine few things more dangerous than allowing companies composed largely of members of Parliament to enter into lucrative contracts with the Government. If it be dangerous to allow an individual member to enter into such contract for the smallest amount, it is increasingly dangerous to allow a large number of members to do so for large amounts. It has been said that members cannot be prevented from taking a clandestine interest in such contracts; but is nothing gained when acts in themselves dangerous or improper, which were once publicly performed, are driven into hiding places? The fear of avowal or detection is half the way to suppression. In excluding salaried officers from the Legislature we have gone to the fullest extent; and the only question is, whether the receipt of a casual payment, as a member of a commission for example, should carry with it ineligibility for election. If the independence of the House of Commons needs to be guarded by further enactments, there must be the same, or a greater, necessity in the case of the Senate, the members of which owe their appointment to the Crown. Their origin is Executive favour, and if their continuance were marked by Executive dependence, their existence as a branch of the Legislature would not be worth many years' purchase. In any case, the anomaly of a Senate which represents nothing is extremely unlikely to become a permanent part of the Constitution.

The policy of the Government on the Pacific Railway, so far as announced by the Premier, is, we cannot doubt, the best for the country; and he will achieve much if he succeed in making it acceptable in the face of threatened sectional opposition. The policy is, in the first instance, to connect Lake Superior with Fort Garry, and then work up to the Rocky Mountains; the western section from the Pacific being proceeded with at the same time. As the Lake Superior and Winnipeg section would be only a summer road, it would be necessary to utilize the American connections at the period of the year when the lake navigation is closed. Of the alternate construction of the section north of Lakes Huron and Superior nothing was said; but as the other sections were spoken of as those to be first undertaken, the fair implication is that that section would come last. A postponement of that part of the original scheme is in every way desirable; it would be much the most costly and the least useful. It is desirable to know more of the country through which this part of the line would pass before commencing its construction; and the estimates of the cost of the work would have to be based on reliable data. In the meantime, it is tolerably certain that these six hundred miles would cost three or four times as much per mile as any other part of the line east of the Rocky Mountains. As the Government must now undertake the construction of the road without the aid or intervention of a company, it will have to find money in lieu of the land grant that would otherwise have been made. Instead of thirty millions in cash we may have to find a hundred millions or more. This change may be more economical in the end, but it will impose on the Treasury a greater burthen of interest for several years, and on the Government the necessity of approaching with caution the construction of the most costly and least indispensable section. From the Province of Quebec objections to the postponement of any part of the original line, east of Lake Superior, are already presenting themselves. They come partly in the shape of hostile political criticisms, but they go further than this; there is a real conviction that the interests of that Province require the construction of the line to Lake Nipissing, there to meet a projected eastern connection terminating at Quebec. So general is this feeling in Quebec, that Mr. Mackenzie will be fortunate if he should not have to combat it in the Cabinet, and the man who shall show himself capable of subduing or conquering it will perform something little short of a political miracle. Whether Mr. Mackenzie or any one else can do so is extremely doubtful.

There are national reasons why the road which is to form the chief connecting link between the two oceans should ultimately be wholly on our own territory. These are too obvious to require to be pointed out in detail; they are identical with those which were held to justify the heavy outlay on the Intercolonial Railway. But these reasons are contingent, and there are no signs that they are likely soon to become actively operative.

The profit that would have fallen to any company by which the building of the railway might have been effected, the Premier assumes, will represent the saving that will be made by the Government undertaking the work. The general proposition looks reasonable, but it must be taken with some possible exceptions. Can the Government realize as much as a company would from the sale of the lands? Much depends on its ability to do this; on the questions whether it can set in motion equally effective machinery for directing settlers there; whether it can get the same price that a company would get; and whether, if it gives credit, it will be paid as well. If we contrast the Canada Company with the Government of Canada, as landed proprietors, and ask which has realized the largest amount from its estate, we should be obliged to decide in favour of the company. The Government proprietorship is almost uniformly connected with favouritism at some stage or other. A purchaser from the company knows that he must pay the stipulated price: a debtor to the Government for instalments of purchase money will often try to get political influence brought to bear as a means of getting released from his obligation, on one pretext or another; the mere fact, if fact it be, that he has made a bad bargain being often held to be sufficient ground of conceding his demand. This is an experience through which this country has several times passed, under successive Administrations of varying political hues. There is always the temptation to purchase support in this way: support can seldom be had so easily and so cheaply, since the country pays, and the particular Administration which confers the benefit hopes to reap the political reward. Governments in America have proved themselves indifferent administrators of the public domain. The neighbouring Republic, for the first fifty years of its existence, did not get more than the expenses out of the land department, and twenty years ago Canada had managed to get rid of some millions of acres at a positive cost, over the receipts, of some millions of dollars. But we have lately turned over a new leaf, and learned how to make Crown lands a good source of revenue, while we are able to offer free grants to settlers. This result is brought about mainly by the—we fear somewhat reckless—sale of timber. If we are to make money out of the sale of prairie lands, we must do it in another way. The chances are against the Government making as much out of the lands as a company would make. It can hardly expect the same facilities for settling them as a company with a numerous proprietary distributed over the area from which immigrants are to be drawn.

If we confine ourselves to the chances of profit, we think they are in favour of a company; and though this is the chief point we are now called upon to deal with, it is only one branch, though an important branch, of a very wide subject. Under present circumstances we must still continue to think that there is practically no alternative but for Government to take the construction of the road into its own hands.

Apart from this decisive statement on the railroad question, on which one Administration has been wrecked, there is nothing in the hustings speeches of Ministers but hints and obscure allusions, sometimes confined to the naming of subjects of legislation, such as the expiring Bankrupt law, without indicating in any way the nature or direction which such legislation may take. Here antecedent advocacy may help us a little in the enquiry, but only a little. The truth, honestly enough confessed, is that the policy of the Ministry has yet to be discussed and settled.

A notable incident in the elections is the crushing defeat sustained by the Opposition in Lennox—a defeat made peculiarly conspicuous by the part personally taken in the contest by two members of the late Ministry, Sir John A. Macdonald and Mr. Campbell. On the day Sir John was re-elected leader, the telegrams from Ottawa announced the resolve of the Opposition to raise the war-cry, "Death to deserters!" Sentence of political execution was soon pronounced on Mr. Cartwright; but the event showed that it is much easier to pronounce a sentence than to carry it into effect. Mr. Cartwright had come into public life under Conservative colours, and was for some time a steadfast follower of Sir John. For several years past he had acted with the Opposition. The change was, as usual in such cases, attributed by the party he left to everything but proper motives. Whatever his motives may really have been, no fair-minded person can deny that any follower of Sir John would have had full justification for refusing to sustain him last session. But there are partizans who so far prefer an individual to the country as to speak of the desertion of any one of his old followers as a political crime deserving little short of pillory or penitentiary. These persons were unable to find or invent terms strong enough to express their abhorrence of Mr. Cartwright's conduct in deserting his old leader; and though the desertion dated back some years, they resolved that the punishment of exclusion from Parliament should be the penalty. Sir John made the political act almost a personal matter, and resolved to take a chief share in the execution of the sentence. He threw the whole weight of his influence into the contest; he appeared at the hustings and on stump, went through the canvass, staking everything in the shape of political stock on the result. Never was there a wilder miscalculation, if he expected to succeed, or on grounds of policy a greater blunder committed. The net result was to increase Mr. Cartwright's majority, and to bring it up to over eight hundred.

But this policy found its match in Toronto West, where the Opposition candidate distinctly put Sir John and the party he leads before the country. If anything could redeem a policy so hopelessly vicious, it would be the blunt honesty of the avowal.

Much was attempted to be made out of the objection that Mr. Cartwright had joined a Coalition. Pointed references were made to old objections to Coalitions, which used to be urged with as much force as if they had embodied a leading principle of action. All Governments must ultimately be judged partly by what they do and the way and time they choose to do it; partly by what they fail or refuse to do, with the grounds of their failure or refusal. Anti-coalition, as a party cry, can produce any considerable effect only in the absence of absorbing public questions. At best it is an appeal to prejudice. It is weak against any party that defends coalitions as an useful instrument of administration in a particular conjuncture; though it will naturally tell with more force against a party which has conspicuously acted in opposition to it, after having treated it as an article of political faith which it would be heresy to question.

The "working man" periodically becomes an object of nervous solicitude with certain politicians, and it has been observed that the completion of the cycle of contagious affection is always coincident with the occurrence of an election. In Toronto West and a few other constituencies, there can be no doubt the election is entirely in the hands of the working men. The traps set to catch working men's votes were very clumsily baited. Most of the ward politicians who figured in the contest greatly underrated the intelligence of this class. One candidate claimed the working man's vote because he had, so he said, been a working man himself; the other claimed that all are working men who lead industrious lives; but no one clearly saw that he only can be a working man's candidate, in any true sense, who is in accord with the working man in political opinion and aim. If working men think the ballot would protect them from the possible tyranny of employers, they would be very likely to select as their advocate one who put that question in the foreground; and they are not foolish or self-conceited enough to suppose that the best representative they could get would not often be one outside their own class. The working man is a distinct entity; and it is useless to try to cover the distinction between a receiver and a payer of wages by calling them both working men, from the circumstance of their being equally industrious. Frequently the employer of labour works harder than the employed; and if, as often happens, they both started at the same point in the race of life, the man who distances his competitor gives proof of the possession of some superior qualities, physical, moral, or intellectual. It is not unnatural that working men, where they are a clear majority of a constituency, should desire to have in Parliament an advocate of their cause. The better he understands the principles that regulate the relations of labour to capital, the better an advocate will he be: the less he understands these principles, the more will he be likely to applaud their errors instead of trying to correct them. The working men will have no true representatives so long as they allow themselves to be made the sport of politicians who angle for votes with such bait as they believe will be most readily swallowed.

The election in West Toronto brought out, in a very marked manner, the necessity that exists for the protection of the ballot in cities. Intimidation is practised here even more ruthlessly than in England. Employers of labour are, it is believed, sometimes not above intercepting bribes given to purchase their workmen's votes, and making coercion do the work of money. The independence of mechanics of their employers is a myth. It is nothing uncommon to find all the workmen in a particular establishment voting one way; especially if the proprietors are in the enjoyment of or have hopes of receiving contracts from influential quarters. The existence of such facts can only lead to one conclusion. The ballot may not be necessary for rural constituencies; but without it no semblance of independence can be preserved by a large class of town and city electors.

The germ of a national organization came to the surface, during the recent election in the capital of Ontario, with the watchword "Canada First," which is simply a declaration of patriotism. Party has too long been put before the country, and it is time that a healthy reaction took place. Who has not seen measures opposed, not for what they contained or omitted, but because of their paternity? Who has not seen measures supported on the same grounds? Who has not seen abstention from opposing, or a false show of opposing, measures which deserved nothing but condemnation, on account of their origin? Who has not seen measures introduced to serve some other purpose than the public interest? Who has not seen measures, in themselves good or indifferent, opposed with violence? Who has not seen vicious measures supported by all the power of a united phalanx, as if the salvation of the country depended on their success? Who has not seen reputations remorselessly assassinated for reasons in no way connected with the advancement of the public good? Who has not seen public men applauded for acts which deserved nothing but condemnation? When there are so many cases in which the nation is put last and party first, it is a healthy sign to see an organization write on its banner, "Canada First." Party at once took the alarm and fired off a well-stocked vocabulary of left-handed compliments. Nativism, Independence, Annexation, were among the mildest of the motives ascribed. Sharp-sighted persons saw with great distinctness of mental vision the erection of a bridge over which intending deserters could pass the gulf that divides the two old parties; others saw with equal clearness and certainty a new joint being added to the tail of the Grits; suspicious Grits, on their side, denounced the movement as a diabolic contrivance of Sir John Macdonald for their ruin and his own recovery. But the press generally, which does not amuse itself with attempting to frighten political children, frankly welcomed the movement as a sincere attempt to improve the conditions of our political life. This is, we believe, the true interpretation. But to prevent misconception, and still more misconstruction, the necessity is apparent of some more definite explanation of the purposes in view, and the principles by which the centre pivot of patriotism is to be surrounded.

The "Empire First," if intended as a reply to "Canada First," is a false antithesis. "Canada First" does not mean antagonism to the Empire. It is antagonism to faction; to every kind of self-seeking; to every attempt to place party or sectional interests before the State. Let us not complain that a new organization starts with high aims, or try to persuade ourselves that high aims will not be realized in the future, because they have not been reached in the past. The best efforts may fall short of the ideal; but if the standard be not high, the achievement will certainly be low. The acceptance of the Washington Treaty was not in discordance with the claims of "Canada First." We agreed to allow a foreign nation to participate in a valuable fishery; but assured peace, on negotiable terms and on the basis of equivalents, was our greatest interest, and we gained that. Does any one doubt that much mischief might have been done by criticizing that Treaty in a partisan spirit? Mr. Blake, of all the critics of the Treaty, took high ground when he drew from it an argument that, in the making of treaties affecting Canada, Canadians ought to have a voice; but he was not seconded by any of those who had called so loudly and so long for the rejection of the Treaty. It was obvious from the first that the Treaty would have to be accepted ; and if, as is now admitted on all sides, its acceptance was the true policy for Canada, it is as difficult to defend futile denunciation and a purely party treatment of the question as it would be to defend any other form of stultification. If "Canada First" had been steadily kept in view throughout that discussion, the criticism of a Treaty which was open to grave objections would have taken into account our relations to the Empire, and the necessity of the mutual concessions they imposed. Starting with the postulate that our present connection with England is an advantage to Canada, it follows that to advocate the continuance of the connection is to place the interest of "Canada First;" to do what is not for her interest would not be to give her the first place in our thoughts and purposes.

An appointment to the Senate can seldom be a matter of much public concern ; that of Mr. George Brown belongs to the exceptions. A staunch and unswerving advocate of a nominated Legislative Council or Senate, it is fitting that he should end a public career of unusual activity in the imperturbable repose of a Chamber of which the atmosphere is so congenial to the average public man of advanced years. When M. Morin, clinging to the memories of his youth, insisted on making the Legislative Council a direct exponent of electoral opinion, Mr. Brown stood alone in preferring Crown nomination to popular election ; and he afterwards bore his full share in eliminating the popular element from the second Chamber, and creating a Senate as near as public opinion would permit to the ideal of the aristocratic and privileged Council of which Pitt and Burke in vain made themselves the champions in 1791. Suggestions in favour of a more popular constitution of the Senate escaped the present Premier not long ago ; but they probably originated rather in the irritation caused by what seemed the objectionable nature of some casual appointment than in any fixed resolve to try to bring about a change. The Senate, and before it the Legislative Council, has brought into harmony with its pre-existing tone every member who has crossed its threshold ; and the utterances of any one who should attempt to go much out of the beaten track would jar upon ears unaccustomed to them. Mr. Brown would make himself felt in any sphere of action ; but everything indicates that the Senate, under its present constitution, can never be made a real power in the land.

The Riel perplexity crops up again in two different places, almost at the same time. In one quarter an amnesty is suggested, in another outlawry is threatened. It has been alleged that the Manitoba delegation to Ottawa, at the time of the insurrection, received the promise of an amnesty ; and the new Government, M. Dorion told the Napierville electors, take the ground that "if this were proved, it would go a long way in favour of Riel and his associates." There are two reasons which tell strongly against the probability of any positive promise having been made : first, there was at Ottawa no one in a position to promise an amnesty ; and second, if such promise had been made by any one of competent authority, years would not have been allowed to pass without its being redeemed. What the Governor-General of the day and the Ministry of the day may have promised could have been no more than to recommend the Crown to grant an amnesty. Beyond this neither the one nor the other had any power. On the morrow after the murder of Scott, when public feeling was strongly excited at the outrage, the proclamation of a general amnesty would have had the reverse of a healing effect, and to venture upon it would have been an act than which it would be difficult to conceive anything more rash. What the state of public feeling and public opinion would not have allowed to be executed, it would have been delusion to promise. Without an utter sacrifice of dignity an amnesty could not be proclaimed in favour of individuals against whom judicial proceedings had been commenced. An amnesty does not, at the present time, offer a way out of the difficulty. Outlawry, threatened by the local authorities of Manitoba, would have been the proper mode of proceeding when Riel fled before the advance of Sir Garnet Wolseley. But the whole aspect of the case has since been changed. Riel has been elected a member of the House of Commons; and he would be certain to find in that assembly sympathizers who could no more be persuaded that "in case of treason no person hath privilege," than the House of Commons would accept the dictum when Charles I. applied it to the case of the five members, and who would not care to trouble themselves about the exactness of the parallel. Neglect to deal promptly with the case at first has given time for complications to gather round it, and to block the way to any escape that does not involve a sacrifice of dignity.

An unexampled crisis in the administration of justice has taken place in the Province of Quebec. The machinery of the Court of Appeal came to a dead halt, by the unanimous refusal of the Montreal Bar to take any case before that Court, as then constituted. The subsequent resignation of Chief Justice Duval, whose flagging energies were among the causes of the large arrearages of business, opens the way to a new appointment. In other respects, the qualifications of the late Chief were scarcely questioned. The one infirmity of Mr. Justice Badgley is deafness; while against Mr. Justice Monk charges of favouritism towards particular members of the bar are insinuated with more or less directness. Against the other judges nothing is said. It is impossible not to conclude that the Court of Appeal had declined in efficiency to a degree which rendered some action necessary. The extreme course taken by the bar should have been a last resort. The chief error of the judges appears to have been a determination not to quit their posts when their energies or faculties were no longer equal to the full demands made upon them. Perhaps their persistence was stimulated by the fact that resignation would largely decrease their incomes.

Indications of a Romeward tendency in the Church of England in Canada have recently been signalized in the diocese of Toronto. The Church Association has issued an Appeal to the members of the Church in that diocese, through its president, ex-Chief Justice Draper, and its secretaries, Mr. B. Homer Dixon and Mr. J. Gillespie. From this document we learn that the confessional has become an occasional institution, and that ministers "are more and more asserting the character and assuming the functions of confessing and sacrificing priests." Some of them have adopted the *soutane* of Roman Catholic priests; one appeared at the late Synod with a large cross hanging from his breast "by what resembled, if it was not, a rosary." These things, it is added, called forth no rebuke; and though they can hardly have been hid from the eyes or kept from the ears of the bishop, the authors of the Appeal ask that that functionary "be promptly made aware of any novelties either in doctrine or ceremony." Of these the list is far from being exhausted. Processions and processional hymns have become common. "The offertory is converted into an offering." There are ministers who turn their backs on the congregation and bow to the communion table on which the elements are placed; the bread is received on the crossed palm or placed on the recipient's tongue, and the wine poured into his mouth, while he is permitted to touch neither the bread nor the cup; "sacramentarian doctrines of a thinly-disguised" —are they always even disguised?—"transubstantiation" are preached; medieval ceremonies and vestments are revived;

communion tables are decorated "with varying coloured coverings, with flowers, candles and crosses;" "alms basins are deposited with formal reverence and genuflexions on the communion table;" novel fashions in shaping the surplice are introduced. These changes are brought about by slow and almost imperceptible degrees, till they come to be looked on as part of the regular service.

The authors of the Appeal conceal nothing, but have evidently judged it best to state at once the full extent of the retrograde movement, with a view of arousing the laity into something like united action. It is plain from their statement that some of the clergy are on the highway to Rome, and are probably halting on the way only in the hope of carrying their congregations with them. The time must come, in some cases, when priest and congregation must separate. The authors of the Appeal believe that the number of members of the Church of England who will be driven, by antagonism to this movement, over to other denominations, will be greater than that of those who land finally at Rome. This may prove to be the case; but it is well known that the churches in which the practices complained of have been carried to the greatest extent are precisely those that attract the largest congregations. Is there no step in the movement at which episcopal action can be effectually exerted? Where the congregations have fallen into active accord and sympathy with the ministers, it is already too late for such action. Where this is not the case, it would not be unfair to require the ministers to make election of one or other of the churches between which they are oscillating. But before attempting to arrest the movement, it would be necessary to discover its hidden causes. Is it possible that it receives its chief impulsion from anything connected with the education of ministers?

The Spanish-American *imbroglio* has been diplomatically arranged on conditions that are open to little exception. They embrace the surrender of the Virginius, with the survivors of her passengers and crew; the saluting of the American flag; the punishment of such Spanish subjects as may be proved to have been guilty of illegal acts in connection with the butcheries of Santiago de Cuba; and an indemnity to the survivors of the slain. If the acts which may be proved to have been illegal were done under the orders of superiors, it would be hard to punish those who had to choose between carrying those acts into effect or being shot themselves. It was proper to require proof that the Virginius came honestly by her flag and her papers; and this is the condition which underlies all the other stipulations. If the American Government, in constituting itself the judge of the fact, seemed to be carrying out its agreement with a high hand, the decision of Attorney General Williams that, at the date of her capture, the Virginius was improperly carrying the American flag, her registry having been secured through perjury, is honourable to him, though not judicially conclusive. The slave party in Cuba threatened to rebel in the name of loyalty, and to oppose the carrying out of the convention between Spain and the United States by force; but when the time came, the feeling of opposition was found to have evaporated in the expression. Between the date of the convention and the delivery, the Spanish frigate Arapiles, which had been undergoing repairs at the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, found herself imprisoned when she was ready for sea, by the sinking of a barge with two hundred tons of coal on board, in front of the gates where she had to pass. The sinister comments to which the casualty gave rise embraced the worst forms of national turpitude; but they were soon to be paid in kind, insinuations being thrown out that the Spaniards belonging to the Arapiles had designed to blow up an American vessel of war on board which a collection of powder was found to have been surreptitiously conveyed !

Except the compensation Canada may be awarded for her fisheries, all pecuniary settlements under the Treaty of Washington have been determined. The British Government advanced claims alleged to have been sustained by its subjects during the civil war between April 13, 1861, and April 9, 1865, for the large aggregate sum of ninety-three millions of dollars, and obtained an award for less than two millions. The Commission disallowed all claims advanced on behalf of the United States. The decision of the Commission, assuming it to be just, shows with how little scruple claims against foreign Governments are made up. Claims arising after the date of the limitation mentioned in the Treaty, though they had to be ruled out by the Commission, are not to be refused investigation. President Grant recommends the creation, by Congress, of a special Court to examine such claims, whether made by British subjects or by citizens or subjects of other powers. This shows that, after all, the Treaty of Washington was not wide enough to embrace all matters in dispute between the two countries.

President Grant, in his Annual Message to Congress, calls attention to a question of internal improvement which has for us an international interest. To those States whence the cost of taking six bushels of Indian corn to Liverpool eats up five-sixths of the entire value, the question of facilities for transporting produce occupies the highest economical place. Attempts have, from time to time, been made to interest Congress in the enlargement of the Erie Canal, and make the improvement of the water connection between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi a national work. The President, without adopting this view of the functions and policy of Congress, proposes, as a compromise, that on condition of the States interested adapting the existing canals to the passage of large vessels, the National Government will keep in navigable condition the overslough on the Hudson River, the St. Clair Flats and the Illinois and the Mississippi rivers. How far it is physically possible, on account of water supply, to make the Erie Canal capable of passing large vessels, the President does not stop to enquire. It is, nevertheless, a very serious question. The proposal that Congress shall keep the St. Clair Flats in navigable condition is only to say that what has been done in the past, without conditions of any kind, ought to be done in the future on condition of certain States incurring an enormous expenditure for internal improvements, some of which they may well urge ought to be undertaken at the national cost. How far Congress is authorized to undertake river and harbour improvements has been one of the constitutional problems on which, in times past, political parties divided. President Grant concedes the question of the right of Congress to improve rivers, but he probably sees some constitutional obstacle to its going further, and sanctioning a large national expenditure on the improvement of canals ; it is certain that his suggestion would throw the weight of the burden on a few States. The inducement offered is not likely to cause them to embrace it ; and we may expect that Nature will, in this case, continue to assert its triumph over the restrictions of law and the contrivances of art, and that each year will continue to witness a progressive increase in the proportion of the products of the West which find their way to the ocean through the great river St. Lawrence.

While favouring a resumption of specie payment, the President lauds the inconvertible currency as the best in the world, for no other reason than that, in a monetary crisis, people have been found to hoard it ; that is, they preferred to keep rather than part with the only currency they could get, in the ultimate redemption of which they had not lost faith. This proves nothing in favour of the value of the currency in common use.

When the President asks Congress to prohibit the National Banks from paying interest on deposits, he fails to distinguish between the different kinds of deposits they receive. There are seasons of the year when the country banks, being unable to employ their whole capital, make deposits in banks at the great commercial centres. When these deposits consist of reserves, it is not unreasonable that they should be required to hold them in their own vaults. If required to redeem their notes in specie, whenever called upon, they would be obliged to keep a supply of specie at all times; and this would diminish the deposits now sent to the great centres, where they are liable to be used for gambling and speculation of all kinds. Any artificial restraint put upon the banks for any other purpose would be an interference with the rights of capital which it would be very difficult to justify. But if it could be shown that there were good reasons for prohibiting one bank from accepting deposits from another and paying interest for them, there could be no reason why a bank should not receive deposits from individuals on these terms. Between the two classes of depositors the President makes no distinction. The excesses of stock-jobbing are to be curbed only by striking at what is immoral and fraudulent in them, such as the circulation of false reports, or the formation of conspiracies with the view of affecting prices. Specie payments, by bringing up the paper currency to the gold standard, would extinguish the pestilent race of speculators in gold and greenbacks.

The Tammany Ring has been further shattered by the conviction of two of Tweed's accomplices, one of whom was not proved to have personally profited by the frauds in which he shared, and both of whom have been sentenced to prison. The belief is that there remains much to be told of Tweed's dealings with Albany legislators, and attempts are being made to induce him to lift the veil behind which are concealed his confederate brokers in legislation. Sweeney, once at the head of a Fenian organization at New York, is pointed out as a chief among them. If it ever became plain to Tweed that he could purchase his liberty by denouncing his associates, the diary which he is reported to have faithfully kept may be expected to see the light. The robberies of the Ring have been laid bare; how the legislation was obtained which rendered those robberies possible has yet to be exposed. Till that secret be revealed, the source of the evil will scarcely have been touched.

Mr. Arch, in giving an account of his mission to Canada before a Leamington audience, showed that the desire to benefit the class of which he was a representative is with him the guiding motive. If the condition of the labourer can be improved at home, he would not advise emigration. He wants landlords to act upon the suggestion made by Sir John Pakington at the commencement of the labourers' movement, and rent to labourers patches of land at the rate paid by farmers. So far, none of them have done so; and it is not unreasonable to ask that the author of the suggestion should set the example of an arrangement which he recommends for common adoption. This, Mr. Arch thinks, would settle the question involved in the labourers' movement, and be a great step towards the extinction of pauperism. Three or four acres is the quantity which he thinks each labourer should have. The objection that poor tenants have not the means of extracting the largest produce from the land is met by an appeal to experience—not a very wide experience it must be admitted—which, so far as one case can prove anything, proves the contrary. But a tenant wholly without capital must work even three acres at a great disadvantage. The alternative of this expedient for improving the condition of the labourer at home is emigration to Canada; and, in recommending it, Mr. Arch shows his sincerity by declaring his readiness to emigrate himself, if the labourers will release him from the obligation he is under to advocate their cause at home. From the age of nine to forty-seven years he was himself a labourer; and his statement that he had not had a leg of mutton on his table since he was married, throws a flood of light on the condition of the English labourer. As an example of the difference in the money rate of wages in the two countries, he said he had done for sixteen or seventeen shillings a week in England, work for which a Canadian lumberer was willing to pay forty-five shillings. The purchasing power of money in one of the articles of subsistence, pork, was found to be between four and five times as great in Canada as in England. Whether or not Mr. Arch can succeed in cancelling the absolute divorce of the English labourer from the land, he feels it his duty to show what his condition will be on his arrival in Canada. He would here start with a free grant of one hundred acres of land, five or six of them cleared, and a comfortable log house for his family, with the chance of five shillings a day for his labour when he needs or prefers occasional work on the colonization roads. But, though Mr. Arch is not reported to have stated the fact, the cost of the improvements would have to be repaid by the settler. Mr. Arch did not try to follow the fortunes of the emigrant through the vista of the future. Any one who would visit the homes of our older and wealthier farmers, and learn from their own lips the story of the progress of their career, from a beginning more difficult than that of Mr. Arch's emigrant, because wholly unassisted, would be able to form a good idea of the position to which an English labourer may raise himself in Canada.

Mr. Disraeli having been born out of time, and not having been privileged to vote supplies to carry on a political war against the French revolution, is constrained to confine himself to making war on the principles to which that revolution gave ascendency; and he gives proof of his zeal in the cause of reaction by improving the occasion of addressing the students of the University of Glasgow, in the capacity of Lord Rector, to try to make converts. He will have about the same chance of success, in the desire to create regret in the minds of English and Scotch youth for the loss of the feudal aristocracy of France, which he so feelingly deplores, as he would have if he were to devote the remainder of his life to an attempt to restore the object of his adoration. What he is really concerned about is the Conservative reaction in England, and the blunder of his Bath letter, by which he gave a temporary check to a movement which he was above all things anxious to facilitate. That letter he undertook to explain in a second speech, before a different audience, at Glasgow; and fell into the error of turning the explanation into a defence. In general terms he defends the whole letter as "severely accurate," and claims to have written the history of the Gladstone Ministry in a single sentence as completely as Swift wrote the history of the latter years of Queen Anne, and professes to believe that his laconic performance is destined to be as enduring as that of the one unfriendly friend of Stella. But while he is in the very act of saying this, he is quietly altering the record, and substituting the loose political word "spoliation" for the very definite criminal word "plunder." All he meant by plunder was spoliation of the Irish Church. Such is the explanation; but the organs of the Conservative party are unable to admit that it furnishes a justification for the original charge. The loss of twenty-two seats by the Ministry shows how steady the Conservative reaction had been; and it may be that even the blunder of the Bath letter, not improved by explanation, could only give it a temporary check. If Mr. Disraeli intends to fight the battle of the Irish Church over again, he will find it difficult to induce the Conservative party to waste its strength in the bootless contest. It is remarkable that he should now single out the Treaty of Washington for condemnation, after having allowed it to go by default at the only time when opposition could have been effective. The anachronism may be placed beside the aimless revival of the settled Irish Church question.

The appointment of Dr. Lyon Playfair to succeed Mr. Monsell as Postmaster-General, and Mr. Vernon Harcourt as Solicitor-General, are thought to have strengthened the Government on the advanced Liberal side. The succession of Mr. Harcourt to the Solicitor-Generalship, on purely political grounds, was anticipated; that of Dr. Playfair, though quite unforeseen, has not been unfavourably received. Mr. Harcourt is seldom seen at Westminster or Lincoln's Inn Fields, and is not selected for his prominence at the bar, but for his usefulness as a debater.

Whoever desires to look into one of the future questions which may engage the attention of English statesmen, will examine Mr. Bright's explanation of the term "free land." "It means," he states in a letter to a friend, "the abolition of the law of primogeniture, and the limitation of the system of entails and settlements, so that life interests may, for the most part, be got rid of, and real ownership substituted for them. It means also that it shall be as easy to buy land as to buy and sell a ship, or at least as easy as it is in Australia, or in most of the States of the American Union. It means that no encouragement shall be given to great estates and great farms, and that the natural forces of accumulation and dispersion shall have free play." If "the forces of dispersion" had been in operation, few of the large estates would have remained unbroken in the hands of a single family. There might have been less game, but there would have been more men. An estate tail, so far from being inalienable, is nearly as liable to alienation, voluntary or involuntary, as a tenancy in fee simple. But it can only be alienated under one form of conveyance, and is incapable of being devised. In the words of Professor Rodgers, "it is a barbarous and absurd form of ownership, and is indefensible." The "strict settlement" is not a self-acting mechanism; it is a form of conveyance which attains practical perpetuity through a succession of settlements on the marriage of the eldest son. Before the process of buying land in England is made as simple as it is in Australia, Canada, or the United States, much will have to be done. The complications of title and the expense of conveyancing are frightful. A case is mentioned on good authority, in which copies of title-deeds to a single estate, on its sale in lots, cost over ten thousand dollars. The *Times* advises labourers to stick to the Post Office Savings Bank, and not think of investing their savings in land, which it describes as a fancy article. But what if they could, by the greater interest they would feel in it, turn it to a better account than large holders generally do? A change in the land laws of the nature indicated by Mr. Bright would tend, by its indirect action, to diminish the number of deer-parks and rabbit warrens; but it would extend the area for corn, cattle and human beings.

The Ashantee expedition was brought to a stand-still for six days by the illness of Sir Garnet Wolseley; and on his recovery it was difficult to recommence movements on account of the large numbers of the force which the pestilent climate of the Gold Coast had prostrated. During his illness he was on board the Simoom—no nearer Coomassie, against which the expedition is directed, than at the commencement. The several accounts from the Gold Coast agree in stating that peace need not be expected till Coomassie is taken. The Ashantees seem to have a decided conviction of their superiority to the English, and some of the tributary tribes share that opinion.

Their experience of half a century goes far to justify that belief. Whether trade could not be equally well carried on without forming alliances with savage tribes, which necessarily involve participation in their wars, is a question which the necessity of sending out this expedition, if necessity it was, may help to settle. Mr. Gladstone has expressed the opinion that, in future, greater caution in entering into alliances of that nature, of which the consequences are seldom foreseen, ought to be exercised. When, in the beginning of this century, the Ashantees conquered the Cape Coast, the English acknowledged their supremacy: but when, after a generation had nearly passed away, the Coast tribes rebelled, England intervened in their favour, and actively assisted them against the Ashantees. But for this aid they would probably not have obtained their independence. The protectorate having been undertaken, rightly or wrongly, it was soon found too burthensome to uphold with vigour. The Ashantees probably never ceased to cherish the hope of reconquest; and the king found an easy occasion of quarrel, by demanding from the Governor of Cape Coast Castle two fugitives, one of them an escaped slave. England refused to act upon the recommendation of the Governor to send out an expedition; and that functionary was left to do the best he could with the resources at his command. Fever rendered his few troops powerless, and the war ceased without any formal peace being made. The cessation of war was only a prolonged and irregular armistice. While England had changed allies, the Dutch retained their alliance with the Ashantees. The English and Dutch forts being confusedly intermingled, it was agreed between the two Powers, in 1867, that all the forts east of Sweet River should henceforth be English, and all west of it Dutch. By this transfer to the Dutch one tribe found themselves the unwilling allies of their hereditary foes, the Ashantees, and force was used by their new protectors to bring them into submission. Tribes, under the protection of the English and the Dutch respectively, were soon at war; while these nations were at peace. The Ashantees were (1868) called upon to assist their allies, the Elmira people, whose town was blockaded. In this state of matters, the English accepted a transfer of the Dutch possessions, the Dutch feeling themselves bound by their engagement not to take part directly against the Ashantees. It is a nice question for casuists to determine what was the moral difference between abandoning their allies and giving up their forts to a power that was bound to take sides with the enemies of those allies. But the more important question is whether the miserable quarrels of these savage tribes are of sufficient importance to justify civilized nations in wasting valuable lives and treasure by taking part in them? Are the interests of civilization, of humanity or religion really advanced thereby? So difficult is it to even keep trace of alliances with small tribes, when the contracting of them becomes a policy, that many Englishmen were, two or three weeks ago, appalled to learn that England is bound by no less than thirty-seven such engagements in Arabia alone.

For the present, Marshal McMahon and the Duc de Broglie have succeeded in laying France prostrate at their feet. But if they promise themselves seven years of uncontrolled sway, they are counting on a larger measure of success than they are likely to enjoy. Their triumph is only over the present Assembly; and the elections which have recently taken place, and in which Republican candidates were uniformly successful, show clearly that France does not ratify the proceedings at Versailles intended to strangle the Republic. McMahon and the Duc de Broglie may rule conjointly so long as the present Assembly exists; but when the whole body of the electors get the opportnity to make their voice heard, de Broglie's career will be over, and McMahon must then govern in accordance with the wishes of France, as expressed through a new Assembly, resign, or resort to force. One of the first fruits of the Conservative revolution, the child of a legislative conspiracy, is to arm the central authority with the power of appointing mayors and deputy-mayors, in the hope that the legitimate expression of opinion in the departments may in this way, be stifled. This will inevitably be followed by a series of repressive measures, all looking to the accomplishment of the same end.

No contrast could be greater than that between the fortunes of Marshal McMahon and of Marshal Bazaine: the one is condemned to death, while the other is placed at the head of the State, clothed with imperial power, and backed by the whole force of the army. The capitulation of Metz, in the open field, without fighting, was plainly contrary to law. Further than this, it is difficult to judge of the justice of the sentence, from the fragmentary character of the latter portions of the evidence as it has reached us. Bazaine's theory is, that in keeping around Metz a German army of two hundred thousand men he was doing the best in his power for France, and that if he had attempted to escape, one-third of his army would have been cut off, one-third would have escaped, and one-third driven back into Metz, where it must have been captured. It is evident that he did not like to acknowledge the authority of the Republic, when it was his duty to know only France, by whomsoever the political power might be wielded. The commutation of the sentence, by which Bazaine will be sent to the island of Ste. Marguerite, can hardly be taken otherwise than as a confession of its severity.

The Castelar Government has survived the opposition evoked by the surrender of the Virginius; and though all danger of a foreign war has passed, there still remain the Cuban insurrection, the remnant of the Carlists enfeebled by further losses, and Carthagena to be finally subdued. The bombardment has been remittent, and in the intervals the insurgents may have obtained the much needed supplies without which they could not have held out much longer. In the end, which cannot be far off, victory must rest with the Government.

The struggle between the civil governments and ecclesiastical pretensions is, in some cases, at its crisis. Pius IX, in his Encyclical of November 21st, pronounces null and void the laws passed in Geneva for the protection of the State against ecclesiastical encroachments, and warns ecclesiastics who conform thereto, that they incur the penalty of the major excommunication. In five of the other Cantons of Switzerland a similar state of things exists, in even a more pronounced form. In Prussia the Old Catholics, or National party, have incurred the ire of the Holy See, and Joseph Hubert Reinkens, who is described as an apostate calling himself a bishop, is excommunicated and anathematized. The Swiss Government replies by handing the Papal Nuncio his passport, and in Berlin the legislation against ecclesiastical encroachments is upheld, on a motion of censure, by a majority of nearly two hundred. The battle between ultramontism and the integrity of national government, now raging at so many points, may for a time have varying success, but it can finally end only in one way—the triumph of the civil authority.

SELECTIONS.

FURNITURE.

(From "French Home Life.")

MOST of us have written more than once in our school copy-books, "Habit is second nature;" but though we may have assiduously inscribed the phrase with all the perfection of caligraphy of which we then were capable—though we may have often remembered and quoted it since—it is probable that we have at no time realised either its profound truth or the universality of its application. The very essence of habit is to blind us to its own effects, to render us almost unconscious of its own action, to divert our thoughts from the subjects to which it most applies. The stronger the habits we have, the more thoroughly we live in and with them, the more are we generally obliged to make an effort to remember their existence. Certain of them appear, indeed, to escape our observation altogether; they have so absolutely become "second nature" that, with the ignorance of ourselves which so humiliatingly distinguishes humanity, we cease to be able to detect their presence unless we are aided to do so by witnesses more impartial than ourselves. And this habit of our habits, this custom of our customs, this incapacity of exactly appreciating our manners and our surroundings of every day and every hour, this necessity for making a mental effort before we can precisely judge of the extent and the effect of influences whose very perpetuity leads us to forget them, are in no way limited to our personal ways or acts; they apply with equal force to the material objects amongst which our life is passed. The walls of the room in which we sit, the pictures that hang on the walls, the tables and the arm-chairs we use all day, the clock upon the mantelpiece, the books and the odd things that lie about,—all these are so familiar to our eyes that we almost cease to see them. Our habit of them is so thorough that we feel their absence even more than their presence; for most of us are more struck by the sudden disappearance from its accustomed place of an object which we have long seen there, than we were, until that moment, by the constant sight of the object itself. And yet this sort of permanent indifference is accompanied by an undercurrent of singular force, the very existence of which is scarcely suspected by the majority of men and women, whatever be the land they live in. That undercurrent is silently produced in our minds by incessant contact with certain forms and certain colours; and, however ignorant we may be of its operation, it works steadily away below the surface of our observation, and creates in us, without our knowing anything about it, what we call our taste.

Taste, in its national aspects, can scarcely be said to be a natural faculty. Its manifestations have varied so utterly, its theories have been so contradictory, it has always been so unequally developed and distributed amongst the different races of mankind, it is so clearly a fruit of habit and education, that we are justified in regarding it as an acquired and not as an inherent power of our intelligence. Almost every one of the nations of antiquity created a type of taste for its own use, a type which apparently grew slowly through the stages of perfection which the improving capacities of its authors successively reached, and then faded away and was replaced by something else. Of all the products of ancient taste we have retained the power of admiring but very few. Assyrian bulls with plaited beards, Babylonian winged lions, Egyptian sphinxes, are examples of a taste which we have lost the possibility of appreciating; our education has set before us other realisations of the idea of beauty, and we are now unable to recognise either charm or truth in types which once were evidently regarded as the highest expression of the then existing laws of both. The people of Nineveh and of Thebes must have learnt to cherish certain forms solely because those forms were set before them for daily contemplation, and because they slowly acquired a habit of particular lines and colours which, by sheer force of contact, impressed themselves indelibly on their memory, acquired the strength of a conviction, and so directed their national taste in a uniform direction. They, like ourselves, were just as capable of admiration for any other shape as for the special shape they chose ; the slow march of habit, with its insidious influences, led them in a certain direction, and they finally reached their apogee of expression in the form of imaginary wild beasts, to which we in our time have grown unfit to accord any other merit than that of massive grandeur.

The same road which led our predecessors to mythological animals has led ourselves to very different convictions on the subject ; but habit is our master as it was theirs, and we are forced to recognise that, however changed be the result, it is reached in both cases by the self-same path, by the self-same action of contact and of vision. Taste in shapes and colours can be learnt through the eye alone ; the reasoning powers have nothing whatever to do with it. It cannot be acquired from books ; it is guided by no absolute or durable laws, for it is but the temporary expression of what we like because we are accustomed to it. Such a definition may seem sacrilegious to persons who regard taste as an abstract and eternal quality, essentially true and absolute in itself; but, without going into the question whether there really be, or can be, any such thing as unchanging truth in a feeling whose whole essence is to vary under the influences to which it may be successively subjected, it will probably be acknowledged, without discussion, that the application of taste to the limited class of work which forms the object of this chapter—furniture—is necessarily as shifty as are the waves of the sea. There are, indeed, some few seemingly constant laws which may appear not to change: curved lines, for instance, look more graceful than straight ones—the paler tints blend more harmoniously than vivid colours ; but these apparent principles may, after all, be but transitory like the rest; for who shall venture to assert that straight lines and contrasts of resplendent hues never have been or never will be adopted as the highest expression of taste ? Surely the wisest and most honest interpretation of the word is to admit that it only expresses a preference which exists to-day, which was not yesterday, and may no longer be to-morrow. Art, abstract art, is perhaps controlled by eternal laws, but the same cannot be said of fugitive evanescent taste.

But, if we accept this definition, and if, furthermore, we acknowledge that the essentially transitory liking known as "taste" results solely from a temporary habit of certain types and shapes and shades, we reach another question, and are forced to ask ourselves how it is that the very objects which thus form our taste are themselves perpetually changing, so producing a corresponding modification in our taste as well ? The answer evidently is, that two widely different fancies, taste and fashion, have unhappily grown to be almost synonymous ; and that, for many centuries, taste has been a mere slave of fashion, and has been dragged in its trail wherever fashion chose to lead it. Abstractly, nothing can be more false or more deplorable than this confusion of two ideas which have no necessary connection with each other ; but practically, especially in modern times, fashion has always imposed its will with such relentless vigour that taste has been reduced to play a part of almost passive obedience, scarcely daring to put in a timid protest now and then against the outrages to which fashion has so frequently subjected it. The mass of us, especially women, tacitly attach the merit of attractiveness to everything that is, for the moment, fashionable, forgetting that the new object, whatever it be, has in no way been created to satisfy what we suppose to be the real laws of taste (if indeed there be any such at all), but solely to stimulate trade by pushing aside previous models and introducing new ones. As society is now constituted, we rarely seek to form any tastes whatever for ourselves; we generally take them ready-made from the upholsterer, the dressmaker, the tailor, and the *modiste*, who naturally keep on modifyng them as rapidly as possible, because it is their interest to do so, without feeling the slightest responsibity for the effect which they are producing on contemporaneous habits, and, consequently, on contemporaneous taste. These changes originate especially in France, which has thus gradually acquired the recognized position of leader of current taste, and which, therefore, offers remarkable facilities for an examination of the results produced in our daily life by the influence of that sentiment; or, to speak with more critical exactness, by the influence of the surrounding objects amongst which our life is spent.

Since Louis Quatorze, France has shown us five distinctly-marked periods of fashion. We may count Louis XV. and Louis XVI. as one, for the difference between the products of the two reigns is scarcely striking enough to justify their being separately classed. The Directory introduced a totally new type, which, though it did not exercise any permanent influence on ideas, at all events indicated the point of rupture between the taste of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Then came the Empire, the Restoration, and the Second Empire, each bringing its special models and its special school. Of these five epochs, two only, however, have presented a vivid character of their own: the First Empire was all Roman, the Second Empire was all Utilitarian; the first reflected the sympathies for Cæsar which filled the master's head—the second exhibited the love of material comfort which filled the people's heart. The men of Austerlitz sat at home in straight, square-backed, wooden chairs, ornamented with bronze dragons or copper eagles, which were abominably uncomfortable, and, according to our actual theories, outrageously ugly, too. The present generation, on the contrary, has been supplied with such incredibly agreeable *fauteuils*, so well wadded, so exactly calculated to receive the hollow of the back, that it is difficult to imagine how future manufacturers are to surpass their merit. We have here an advantage which the history of the fluctuations of taste but rarely affords us; we are able to recognise with precision the cause of the tendencies which sprang up during the two Empires, just as we know that the famous Isabelle yellow came into fashion, at the commencement of the seventeenth century, in imitation of the colour of the innermost garment of Isabelle of Austria, daughter of Philip II., who vowed that she would not change her linen until Ostend was taken, and had to wait three years for that event. The pursuit of ease and of satisfaction of the body being the main agent which has brought about the type of furnishing which at this moment prevails in France, we naturally find an intimate correlation between the habits of our generation and the upholstery which it employs. The demand has created the supply, and the supply reacts upon and strengthens the demand. The case is not one in which manufacturers alone have judged what they would offer for consumption; consumers themselves, contrary to their ordinary habits, have indicated what they wanted, in general terms at least, and the action of the *tapissier* and the *ébêniste* has been limited to the development and variation of details. The public has shown in this an initiative of which there are few examples, and, in principle, it deserves encouragement and praise for acting for itself, instead of blindly adopting what its habitual purveyors offered it; but the effort has been made with accompanying conditions which deprive it of half its merit. If the French public had simply said, let us have chairs and tables and other necessaries, conceived and executed in the fittest form for the use and service which they have to render, there would have been no fault to find; for the highest quality of a material object, whatever it be, is to be absolutely fit for its destination, and the realisation of the word "comfort," in its largest sense, is evidently the destination of modern furniture. But the French of the Second Empire were not content with fitness; they wanted something else beside: that something else was glitter; and it is because they have called for that, as well as for comfort, that their movement has gone wrong.

The worship of material satisfactions is not limited in France to the men of Belleville and their Communistic fellow-citizens in other towns than Paris. It exists as really amongst the middle and upper classes as amongst discontented workmen. Everywhere, with rare exceptions, the object is to extract enjoyment from exterior sources. The *prolétaire* dreams of it in the shape of warm clothes, good dinners, and blue wine, possessed without the pain of labouring to earn them: the people above him call for it not only in thorough comfort, but also in the form of gilded walls, and painted ceilings, and satin curtains, and countless looking-glasses, and all the other brilliancies in which the taste of the last twenty years has revelled. The objection to this disposition is not that it is false in itself—for if it be right to regard all manifestations of taste as mere passing preferences, each of those manifestations is true so long as it lasts—but that it has raised matter to the same height as form, and has renewed in the nineteenth century the old Byzantine folly of measuring the merit of an object by its intrinsic splendour. It was an enormous progress to have called for comfort and for exact suitableness for special uses in all the utensils we employ; but it was an equally enormous error to have simultaneously required gold and glory, which represent absolutely nothing but money, in no way contribute to render home attributes more adaptable to their real purposes, rarely produce any satisfaction to the eye beyond the doubtful attractions of bright light and vivid colour, and incontestably swell the vanity of the owner. There are, however, people who honestly like to live in over-shining rooms; and though we may think them wrong, both in morals and in art, we have no right to condemn them for their taste. One person may have irresistible proclivities towards the glow of polished gold and the glare of scarlet—another towards cold grey tin and white deal planks; and yet each may be intensely truthful in his preference. Practical philosophy teaches us that "le beau est ce qui plait;" and though Jouffroy, in imitation of Plato, pretends that beauty lies solely in expression and in truth, in the manifestation of the invisible by the visible, of the higher sentiments of the soul by corporeal form—he has not succeeded in inducing the men and women of France to admit any other theory of beauty than that of pure personal liking. The abstract science for which Baumgarten invented the title of Æsthetics will never become popular, in our time at least. People will go on listening to their eyes and to their hearts, and will always be right when they say, "I like because I like." *Credo quia credo.* But though it is therefore fair to recognise that, so far as taste is concerned, the defenders of gorgeous decoration may be as absolutely convinced that they are right as others are that they are wrong, their position is open to attack on other and more important grounds.

Here we must revert to the influence of habit which was alluded to just now, for it is precisely the general employment of over-splendour which has generated, in a certain class of French society, artificial necessities of the most damaging character. Constant contact with exaggerated brightness leads weak minds—the mass of minds are weak—to a final incapacity of supporting the calm and relatively colourless aspect of ordinary homes. To such minds the absence of gilding ends by becoming synonymous with the presence of gloom; excessive use of light and colour produces on them a moral effect analogous to the momentary blindness which we experience after staring at the sun; they lose the faculty of appreciating shades, and unconsciously crave for *tout ce qui brille.* And yet, true as this is in principle, exact as it is in its general application, there is in France a resolute minority which protests against the abuse of white, red, and gold, and their concomitants, which has come in with such a rush since 1852. This minority includes the thinkers, and the artists, and the poets, or, at all events, the people who describe themselves by these three designations; and it angrily complains of the harm done to the younger members of the generation by the lamentable art-teaching to which they are subjected. The majority replies that the first duty of indoor life is to attract, no matter how; that the struggle between outdoor temptations and home joys has grown into one of the great social difficulties of our time; that women are waking up more and more to an appreciation of the fact that they are fighting with the outer world for the control of men; that society, as it is now composed, can only be held together by the bribe of perpetual excitement; and that the rooms which receive society, the chairs in which women sit, the dinner-tables at which men eat, ought all to contribute, in the highest measure of which they are capable, to the one essential object of attraction. In this sense, walls and furniture are regarded as a frame which improves a picture. The argument is specious: in another form, indeed, it represents a most important truth, as we shall hereafter see; but, put in this shape, it is altogether beside the question. In reality—and no practised observer of French life, or, at all events, of Paris life, will say the contrary—the result ordinarily sought for in the organisation of a drawing-room is, not to win others to it, but to achieve a brilliancy which satisfies the vanity of its occupant. That is where the harm is done; that is where the unceasing glorification of show tells its own tale, and works out its consequence; it all is vanity. What other meaning can it have? Who can urge that constant and excessive brightness brings no fatigue, that the eye is always satisfied to gaze on luminous colour and coruscating lustre? Who of us would choose, of his own free will, to sit night after night, amidst a hundred candles, reflected from mirrors at every angle, surrounded by universal crimson standing out on dazzling white? That is not what our natures need; our real requirements are of a very different kind. Exceptionally, and for the same reason which sometimes leads us to look at fireworks, we may find pleasure in gilt and blaze; but we weary of them fast, and cannot force ourselves to accept them as ordinary home companions. And yet, in most French houses of the better sort, they glare at us with pitiless perseverance, not for our joy, but for the master's.

It is indeed refreshing to turn aside from this too sparkling current into certain rooms where something else than vanity has been at work; where every colour employed suggests the thought of harmony and repose which guided its author's choice; where every material is in its place; where grace, fitness, and, above all, personal expression, are the results desired. The forms may be almost the same as we see elsewhere, for shape has now attained in Paris a perfection so nearly absolute that the most exorbitant critics can scarcely suggest improvement in it. But form, admirable as it may be, does not suffice alone: it needs selected colour to set it off; and, if it were not absurd to say so in talking about furniture, it might almost be added that it needs expression to give it life. Form, colour and expression, the three elements of beauty, are not solely the attributes of men and women; animals, and even inanimate things, may also possess them. But though many of us may be disposed to avow that there is expression, as well as form and colour, in a violet or a rose, it would be somewhat extravagant to suggest that furniture may possess it too. And yet, when we look round certain houses, does it not almost seem as if the objects in them have natures of their own? Their unity of tone is so thorough, they present such evidences of subtle fancy, that they appear to have acquired character and meaning. Of course they manifest the ruling passion of our time; but, with it there is something else and something more, something that reveals individual thought and gives almost vitality. In this dining-room there is an atmosphere which we do not often breathe elsewhere. All is dark-brown cloth and ebony; but the weakened daylight which struggles in through the heavy curtains finds resting-places and mark-points on the angles of the old *faïence* which stands upon the dresser, on the steel hinges of the sideboards, and flickers vaguely on the yellow and dull blue of the hanging lamp. Brown walls set in black beading frame in the room, and lend their aid to its austere but grand effect. The drawing-rooms are painted in a tint which the catalogues of colour do not define—something between a fading China rose and half-ripe Indian corn. Narrow bands of faint pearl-grey surround each panel, and here and there a thin line of gold relieves the gentleness of tone. Chairs of varied shapes, all made for comfort and suited to the position which each sitter may wish to take, stand about in pleasant irregularity. They are clothed in different stuffs of all the finer sorts, so that the varying sheen of damask, silks, and satins may prevent the uniformity of one material; they are embroidered with fantastic flowers of every hue, but calculated so that each shall mingle with and neutralise the other, the object being to subordinate each part to the whole effect. As the French say, "nothing screams;" all fits well together. And plants with variegated leaves, and books whose very bindings have been calculated for the place they have to occupy, and the thousand trifles which lie about,—the work-basket from which skeins of wool are cunningly allowed to overflow, because their colours will serve a purpose—the laced handkerchief left trailing there in the angle of a sofa, in order to light up by its whiteness a too dark corner,—all these things show thought, all are contrived with skill and art, with the one object of creating a thoroughly charming room, where the *banalité* of to-day has never entered, but where the mistress asserts herself in her own handiwork. Now go to the bedroom, and from the doorway absorb it with your eyes, for never have you seen a picture more complete. The walls, the hangings, and the seats, are all in pale-blue satin (she is fair), edged sparingly with velvet of the same shade, and embroidered daintily with pale moss-rose buds, swathed in still paler yellow leaves. But this description, though exact, gives no idea of the effect produced by that wondrous tissue, of the incredible effect of delicacy and thorough feminine elegance which it sheds around. The room is filled with vague floating grace; its every detail is combined to aid and sustain the almost fairy aspect it presents. The bed is shrouded in thickly-wadded satin curtains, inside which hang others made of muslin so vaporously filmy that its folds seem almost mist; the coverlet, which hides the lace-trimmed sheets and pillows, is in blue satin lined with eider down, and covered with the same veil of floating white, hanging down in a deep flounce over the woodwork of the bed. The toilet-table is the same—a nestling maze of transparency and lace, with blue beneath, and knots and streamers of mingled satin and velvet round. On the chimney-piece stand a clock and candlesticks of Sèvres china. The piano is in pale *bois de rose* (not rosewood, which is a very different substance), inlaid with plates of painted Sèvres to match. At night light comes from above, where hangs a lamp, of Sèvres again. In our day, with our actual ideas and actual wants, such rooms as these are typical; they represent the highest form of realisation of modern taste without its faults, or rather, with as little of them as is consistent with the expenditure of so much money and so much thought. In these rare cases, vanity seeks for another satisfaction than that of glare, but vanity is at the bottom all the same; the only difference is that it is accompanied by a true sense of art.

Bright or graceful furnishing being a monopoly of the rich—that is to say, of a few thousand families in France—it follows that all these considerations are true of those families alone, and that they have scarcely any application to the mass of the population. The habit of poverty and simplicity renders it relatively easy to dispense with elegance; for though there are certain natures which instinctively pine after it though they have never possessed it, the rule incontestably is that in this, as in many other things, "l'appétit vient en mangeant;" contact with pretty objects teaches us to like them. Here again habit produces its effect. But this same habit which, in the one case, raises the level of needs, and with it the faculty of appreciating everything which satisfies those needs, produces, in the other case, an exactly opposite effect, for it aids to maintain undiminished the roughness of life and manner which is generally coupled with roughness of home fittings. It is needless to consider here which of the two is the cause of the other: that question is outside our present subject; but it is certain that whereas delicate surroundings conduce to delicate ways and movements, coarse furniture contributes to coarse habits. Here it is that we detect the secret influence of furniture on home life. A man smokes his pipe in a hovel and spits upon the earthen floor: but an intuitive hesitation would prevent him from doing either in a carpeted drawing-room. Travellers sometimes lie down upon the dining-table in a roadside wine-shop; but the same people would act otherwise in a Paris *appartement.* Amongst all the peasantry of Europe tidy cottages are signs of improving manners and of growing refinement of thought; and, whether it be as a cause or as a consequence, furniture marches upwards with education. This fact, however, is general, not national; it exists everywhere, and is no more special to France than it is to England or to any other country. It is not amongst the French poorer classes that we find any peculiar results or any local influences produced by the habit of particular objects; the rich alone supply a field of observation on the subject, and show us marked tendencies and manners accompanying a marked class of furniture. It is, however, just to add, that the sudden collateral development during the last twenty years of much vanity and much gilding—taking gilding as the type of the entire movement—has certainly been aided by the rapid progress which has simultaneously occurred in the upholsterer's art and means of action. Universal exhibitions and what is now called industrial art came in with the Second Empire, just at the moment when quickly acquired fortunes called for material enjoyments: demand and supply arose together. This part of the subject merits consideration.

Before 1851 French furniture had attained the reputation of being superior, both in design and execution, to that of all other countries. An impartial witness, M. Œchelhauser, representative of the Zollverein, said, in his report on the first London Exhibition, that "the opinion of all connoisseurs recognises unanimously and formally that the French are victors in this competition." Purity of tone, harmony of composition and ornament, choice of materials, of colour, and of the special qualities of each article of furniture, suitability of style to the destination in view, incomparable ability in workmanship as regards both carpentry and sculpture, a happy disposition of decoration which avoids excess, original inspiration—all these qualities united make the section of French furniture one of the most striking in the Exhibition." It must be owned that such a position as is here described supplied a vigorous point of departure for the creations of the Second Empire. At the Paris Show of 1855 the success of France was still more evident; it was attested by singular purity and simplicity of forms, by the growing abandonment of purposeless ornamentation, by the increased use of animals, birds, flowers, and other nature-subjects, as sculptured details, in place of Cariatides and so-called classic designs; and, above all, by the strict appropriation of each object to the use for which it was designed. Delicacy and grace, easy and convenient usage, a constantly increasing choice of woods and stuffs, were the striking features of the second Exposition. Mahogany and rosewood (*palissandre*) ceased to be the main elements employed. Ebony, and its admirable imitation, blackened pearwood; the brilliant products of Algeria, such as thuya (which mainly supplied the cabinetmakers of Imperial Rome), *lentisque*, cedar and olive; grey maple, amaranth, the lemon-tree, and the so-called violet,—supplied an infinite variety of resources, of which the most intelligent advantage was taken. The thuya especially, of which the importation does not date back more than twenty years, is as magnificent a substance as can well be imagined. "The richness of its golden brown, the *moiré* of its veins, the capricious elegance of its spots, the fineness and firmness of its grain, its sparkling polish, and the inalterability of its fibre, combine to put it first amongst the elements of *marqueterie*." Simultaneously the manufacture of stuffs and tapestries took an enormous stride. The famous tissues made at Neuilly in imitation of Beauvais and Aubusson, the *moquettes*, the *cretonnes*, assumed a variousness of design which made them look like new inventions; while the list of habitual fabrics was increased by the adoption for men's bedrooms, billiard-rooms, and other simple usages, of coarse grey canvas, with straight or zigzag ornaments in coloured woollen braid. Almost at the same moment appeared the galvanoplastic applications, which rendered it so easy to employ metals for certain indoor purposes; and with them came those perfect imitations of old French and Italian earthenware which have raised French products even higher than those of Minton.

With such an abundance of materials, and with an equally abundant call for new furniture suited to the new tastes which had sprung up, it is not strange that the Second Empire should have marked a strongly-accentuated phase in the history of home decoration. A society was formed for the encouragement of art applied to industry: utility and practical suitableness were the fundamental conditions of its action; but it sought to graft the highest attainable art development on the especially utilitarian tendencies of the moment. Its annual exhibitions, though relatively small, brought together admirable collections of high-class work in all the branches of furniture; and though it cannot be said to have influenced the character of either consumption or production as a whole, it indisputably aided to raise the higher products of the upholsterer's and cabinetmaker's art to a higher level still. These exhibitions were visited by large numbers of persons, whose object generally was not only to amuse themselves and to pass a pleasant hour sauntering amidst pretty things, but also to improve their own notions of the elements of ornament, of the means by which they can be best set forth, and of the rules which, however transitorily, now regulate their employment. Unfortunately, the prices of the greater part of the objects shown were far beyond the limit of ordinary purses, so that most of the admiring lookers-on had to content themselves with contemplation instead of possession; the lesson to the eye was therefore momentary and not durable. But on real art-lovers, of whom there are a good many amongst the educated classes in France, the impression made was real: it had the eminently practical result of awakening in them the desire to imitate, at lower cost, what had most struck and tempted them in the show. This does not mean that they went away with the unworthy idea of ordering third-rate copies of high-class work, but that, having well studied a type attained by expensive means, they called upon their own imaginations to invent an analogous result with simpler and consequently cheaper materials. The theory that the general effect of a room exclusively depends on the richness of the woods and stuffs of which its furniture is composed, is certainly very widespread in France; it reigns there as a natural consequence of the odious white, red, and gold mania which is still in force: but there is a growing minority which, as has been already said, thinks and acts for itself, and which, while it in no way discards expensive substances, asserts that many of the best effects of tone and character which furnishing is capable of producing, are obtainable exclusively by its simpler and cheaper agents. Here, however, there is some confusion in the French view. It does not appear to establish a sufficient distinction between the results brought out by these two means of action: it seems to lean towards the idea that their effects can be rendered virtually identical, not, of course, in fact, but in the quantity and nature of the enjoyment which the view of each of them produces in the beholders.

The whole influence of furniture on home life, its *rôle* as a medium of education, and especially its action in the formation of taste by daily contact, are in reality involved in this one question of comparative effects. If it could be urged that satin and chintz, sculptured buffets and plain deal cupboards, embroidered *fauteuils* and straw chairs, delicately-painted panels and whitewashed walls, all create in us the same emotions, all satisfy our eyes to the same degree, then evidently it would be folly to pretend that there is any teaching in the subject, or that any signs of national character can be detected in it. But as it may be fairly taken for granted that no educated person will assert himself insensible to such contrasts; as, on the contrary, every one will probably acknowledge, though in different degrees, that he is accessible to distinct and various impressions provoked by the aspect of the room in which he is, — that acknowledgment is enough to prove the reality of the argument that we are all of us, more or less, morally and materially influenced by the objects which constantly surround us. And if this be true as a general rule, it is especially so of such emotional, sensational people as the French, and, more particularly still, of that part of them of whom we have just been speaking, who go about seeking for new ideas to realise. It is on this class—a limited one, it is true—that the art exhibitions of the last twenty years have exercised their full effect; it is amongst its members that we must seek for the highest manifestations of thought in modern furnishing, because it is they alone who have struggled against the meretricious splendours of the Second Empire, and have steadily maintained that Art, properly so called, leads us in a very different direction from that which modern taste has pursued.

There are three sorts of furnishing plentiful enough in Paris—sheer shininess, intense elegance, and commonplace. Each provokes in us a different appreciation, but not one of them is satisfactory either to an artist or to a student of the joys of home, amongst which a well-imagined, well-executed *ameublement* ought to occupy a front rank. The French feel instinctively the truth of this latter fact, but most of them distort the question, because they rest it on vanity instead of heart. Pure love of home, for its own sake, is the one ground on which a perfect realisation of home adornment can be based. No one can make a thorough home for anybody but himself. The slightest desire to awaken the admiration of others enfeebles individuality of conception, and introduces into what should be an exclusively personal work, that miserable pandering to other people's approbation which in England as well as in France, is called vanity. There are cases—though not many of them—where the entire self of the inhabitant is put in evidence in his habitation. It is indeed a privilege to find such homes, for they alone enable us to judge character correctly by its manifestation in the choice of furniture. Money is indispensable for these realisations of personality; but it is astonishing to see how the highest natures of effect can sometimes be attained with a relatively limited expenditure. The salient characteristics of such work as this are the subordination of ornament to utility, the relation between the character of the ornament and that of the material employed, and the entire subjection of detail to the whole effect. Sobriety is its striking feature; elegance ceases to be a result, and is used only as a means; brilliancy is utterly discarded excepting as a source of necessary light in certain spots. These conditions are, however, only general; it is in their application that thought comes out, that each separate nature stamps its mark. Some few men—and women even more—will tell you, over in Paris, that their furniture is the child of long reflection, of careful analysis, of patient comparisons; the one object being to produce a material demonstration of themselves. They will say to you, in the curious words of Wolowski, Professor of Political Economy and Deputy for Paris, that "the principle of their taste springs from the spirit and the soul instead of being the slave of instinct and the senses;" they will idealise the subject; will speak of it as one of the truest forms of practical art; and especially will insist, perhaps even to exaggeration, on the immense importance of the eye-teaching which furniture is now called upon to distribute.

In cases such as these we must naturally be prepared to find everything in its place, to recognise in each room a marked fitness for its duty. We shall no more discover cloth or velvet in a drawing-room than we shall see satin in a dining-room, or pale-tinted walls in a library. The exigencies of the epoch, translated into the loftiest language of which they are susceptible, call for unities which are only obtainable by the adoption of special materials for each use. In France, certain rooms alone authorise the employment of the more delicate substances; others need the graver tones of woollen tissues; others again claim printed cottons and plain painted tables, drawers and chairs. Side by side with these conditions stands the law which necessitates the use of apparent wood in dining-rooms, and which prohibits it almost entirely in drawing-rooms, where both ease and grace are only attainable by covering up all seats with wadded stuffs which hide their frames. No word-painting can convey a sense of the result produced when theories like these are realised in all their fulness, when every detail is absolutely perfect, but when no detail strikes the eye because all is merged in the common whole. Sight, and nothing else, can carry the picture to our brain. And in such cases, the finish of the accessories is worthy of all the rest: there are no "faults of spelling," however small. The earthenware is of a lightness unknown in England, where, whether an object be in metal-work, in crockery, or in wood, there is usually a massiveness, a waste of matter, which may give useless strength, but which certainly destroys all grace. The dishes, plates and knives are all considerably smaller than those employed on this side of the Channel; the tints chosen for the decoration of the table services are carefully adapted to the colours of the furniture of the dining-room; while their patterns and designs are kept down to the least accentuated outlines, so as to create no distraction for the eye. The ornamentation of the table is a triumph of good sense and knowledge; it ought, indeed, to be always so, for the science of adornment offers but few occasions of equal interest, as all artist-minded Frenchwomen are well aware. It shows character and breadth of composition, with ample space and no crowding or excess of detail; there is harmony between the hues of glass, and flowers, and dessert (the Russian service is the only one now used in France); the whole aspect is one of gaiety mixed with calm. As all the lighting comes from lamps and candles suspended overhead, the eye is not dazzled, it suffers no fatigue, and ranges over the entire table, because every ornament is kept low, so as not to mask the diners from each other. The calculation of effect at table is so profound a question, and is so keenly felt by certain women, that it comes into evidence sometimes in the subtlest forms. A lady told her servant that six people were coming that night to dinner—that as they all were friends it was not necessary to spend ten francs for flowers—and that, therefore, the green ferns in daily use would do for the centre-piece; "but," she added, "as we shall consequently have no brilliancy in the middle, take care to choose the *bonbons* and the cakes of vivid colours so as to compensate its absence, otherwise the table will look dull." There is a delicacy in this conception which is beyond ordinary thought. If from the dining-room we turn elsewhere, we notice that the frames of the pictures and the mirrors are lighter and more soberly modelled than those which we use here; that the marble chimney-tops are all covered with silk, or cloth, or velvet, according to the furniture in the room; that crisp white curtains hang inside the others in every window and over every bed; that in the lustres and the candelabra, and the branches, are candles which have been lighted for ten minutes, because a candle which has served gives an inhabited and useful look which a bran-new one in no way supplies; that all the lamps are full of oil and wait only to be lighted. Brightness, comfort, and practical utility are everywhere. But, alas! such perfect realisations of home skill are very rare. In a large acquaintance one may, with good luck, find half-a-dozen of them, and not all of equal merit.

And now let us consider what are the effects produced by the various types of indoor aspect on the persons submitted to their influence. Let us first take children, and see what they are taught by them: they afford the easiest ground to study, because they have no prejudices in the matter, because they are virgin of all convictions, because they are even more susceptible than grown-up people of extraneous action, and because their faculty of absorption of impressions by mental capillarity is extremely great. These two latter conditions are important in a work where contact is the only agent, and where results are unconsciously attained. A child accustomed from its babyhood to either of the extremes of furniture, to common idealess objects, or to the highest perfections of art-combination, will naturally acquire a degree of taste-education in proportion to the silent teaching to which it is thus submitted. It may possess innate dispositions which, in after-life, will modify the fruit of that first education; but it cannot be denied that, whilst still a child, it will, without knowing why, support the neighbourhood of ugliness more easily in one case than in the other. This is a first consequence, and a palpable one, of the contrast which we are supposing, and it probably acts in two directions, negatively as well as positively; for many of us have noticed cases in which a peasant's child has been almost as unable to reconcile its gaze to the elegancies of the chateau, as the chatelaine's girl to bring down hers to the rough details of the cottage. And it is useless to pretend that this is but a consequence of shyness and timidity, and that unconscious habit, or taste, its synonym, has no hand in it. That might possibly be true if the poorer of the two children alone drew back from the contact of new objects; but it is precisely the richer one—the one whose taste has acquired the greater force and the more solid conviction—whose sense shrinks most, whose eyes feel the most dissatisfaction. Surely there is evidence here of the reality of the schooling in which each has lived, and of the different lessons learnt from that schooling. Neither of the children could define the motive of its emotion, but both of them would distinctly feel it, and would manifest it without knowing why. The girl or boy who grows up amidst harmonies of form and colour, and intelligent applications of material, imbibes therefrom a spontaneous notion of what is meant by practical taste in its everyday uses; and it is not going too far to say that the art dispositions of such a child are fined down, and are rendered more delicate and more discriminating, by early association with good models; and that its power of appreciating the beauties of nature is, in consequence, strengthened and extended. To a good many people this may seem like dreaming; but if they will make an effort to remember how easily young minds receive the impress of surrounding sights, they may perhaps admit that there is truth in it.

When a child has once acquired the power of distinguishing clearly between what pleases it and what does not, it is in a condition to form for itself its own first theory of taste. It may modify it afterwards, but our early apprenticeship is never thrown away; and it has the advantage of habituating the mind to the idea that taste originally results from habit. In later years comparison comes into play, and then begin in each of us those strange successive changes of opinion which alone would suffice to prove how variable and shifting are our maturer views upon the subject, and how impossible it is to lay down from year to year any unvarying definition. But this very versatility has its use; it exercises the imagination, it stimulates the pursuit of novelty, it provokes intelligent competition between the manufacturers of furniture, it opens a healthy field of action for the employment of fortune, it renders luxury justifiable. And, more than all, it extends the field of action of daily art-teaching by the multiplication and the variety of the lessons which it places at our disposal. There may be —indeed there is—a large mass of men and women who go about from house to house with careless eyes and inattentive perceptions, who never profit by what they see, and who indeed are incapable of supposing that there is anything round them to profit by. But there is in France (and perhaps elsewhere) another class which seeks instruction and enjoyment in all the acts and sights of life—which thinks that nothing is too small to learn from or to look for—which remembers that charming flowers are often hidden in the shade, and that the science of life lies rather in the diligent extraction of satisfactions from ordinary sources than in the pursuit of exceptional excitements. These are the people to whom a perfectly organised room speaks audibly in a language of its own ; these are the people who will attempt, and often with success, to give a diagnosis of your character from a simple examination of your furniture ; and though the assertion that such a faculty can be acquired may not improbably provoke an incredulous smile amongst those whose organisation does not lean that way, the fact is absolutely true. Children to whom such theories have been explained by their mothers, and who have thus obtained an early intuition of their meaning, pick up by habit and practice a power of observation and of retention of details, of comparison and consequently of judgment, which is of the highest value as an agent of education. It is not unusual to hear a French girl of twelve or fifteen years old accurately describe a complicated object of which she has barely caught sight for a few seconds. For instance, she will depict, in the most elaborate particulars, the entire dress—boots, watch, and pocket-handkerchief included—of a lady who has simply passed her in the street—a complicated object enough in these times. She will tell you, in reply to your curious question as to how she did it, "Oh, I undressed her at a glance." She does not need to look twice ; her perceptive organs have grown so acute, her classification of impressions is so instantaneous, that she absorbs without an effort ; and the astonishing minuteness and correctness of her dissection are as striking as the rapidity with which it is performed.

This is a great power to possess. It reacts on the intelligence in many ways, especially in strengthening the analytical faculties. Of course it may be denied that it is a product of early contact with art-teaching, and of the precocious development of taste by the mere effect of surrounding objects ; but what is its cause if it be not that ? France is, as yet, the only country in which questions of this kind have provoked practical results as well as theoretical interest ; it is there alone that, as a rule, we find this ready quickness, this rapid observation. If they were a special property of the race, we should discover them everywhere more or less ; but we detect them solely amongst the educated, and only there in certain cases of which the history can generally be traced back to a point of departure based on home art in some kind of way. We need not, however, seek to build an argument on these exceptions, for the mass of the population supplies all the evidence we want, though of course in a less striking form. The character of the home in which they live leaves its impress on the majority of the people. It is true that there are many natures which are utterly insensible to influences of such a kind, just as there are ears which have no care for music, and eyes which are unable to distinguish red from yellow ; but the rule in France is, that each distinct class of furniture makes a mark on those who use it, and exercises a perceptible action on their manners and aspirations. People whose chairs and tables date from the Consulate, who possess one dim looking-glass, a cuckoo clock, and no carpet, cannot anyhow be identical in their views of life or their fashion of expressing them with families of 1872, whose *fauteuils* exude softness and friendship, who regard bright light as a necessity of life, and who hate imitations of bird-cries. The former will probably be sternly virtuous ; the latter will be by no means stern, and possibly not virtuous either, but they will be pleasant, and "of their epoch." Wooden furniture may be perhaps provocative of lofty principles, while padded sofas and their adjuncts may conduce to worldly views. But where would be the use of their faculty of resistance to temptation if our neighbours let themselves be beaten by the luxury of their arm-chairs? Are we necessarily constrained to own that their morals are enfeebled by over-comfort, and that the vigour of their character has diminished in proportion with the development of their elegance? That the French have gone down the hill is an accepted fact; that the lust for material satisfaction is one of the causes of their decline, does certainly look probable: but if it be so, we need only deduce therefrom that the arguments against pure brilliancy and pure elegance which have been put forward here are real, and that modern taste alone has done the harm. All this, however true it may be, proves nothing against art. It indicates, on the contrary, that safety lies in a return to higher principles of decoration, and in the abandonment of the coarser satisfactions of the eye. It is but a small side of a great question, and yet it has its weight; the regeneration of what was once a noble people might be aided by a reform in furniture, by a vigorous expurgation of sham splendours and of everlasting appeals to wretched vanities.

And yet, though, in the name of art and elevated feeling and national improvement, we condemn the furnishing of the Second Empire, the feebler elements of our nature do find pleasant features in it. As moralists, as artists, as philosophers, as political economists, we are bound to say it is too full of gaud and glitter; but as men and women with human weaknesses, we cannot help acknowledging that it does make life more cheery than it used to be when we were young, when we were forced to sit bolt upright on hard chairs with knobs on them that ran into our shoulders. After all, brightness and warmth and softness do help to unsadden weary hearts, do aid to make manners gentle, do stimulate gaiety in young children, do frame in love. There is many a house in France where the whole aspect of indoor life is lighted up by the fitting of the rooms, where the home tie grows stronger under the influence of satisfied and contented taste, where the husband comes in gaily from his work, eager to look once more at the charming picture in which his wife is the central object. Honestly let us own, that when a man feels of his own home that it offers him more attraction than any other place on earth, it is a sign that good causes are at work; and let us hesitate before we apply a sweeping condemnation to a system which, whatever be its faults, has merits too. What we may wisely hope for is, that present practices may cease with the cessation of the circumstances which produced them; that grave events may make taste graver though not less winning to ordinary natures; that art may drive out gewgaws; that the more delicate forms of furniture may gradually descend into common use, and carry their civilising influence everywhere. Thus far that influence applies to the upper classes only: increasing cheapness of production, coupled with increasing needs in the lower strata of society, may propagate it widely; and some day future students of the history of civilization may recognise the real importance of the part which furniture has played in the progress of the nineteenth century.

SCIENCE AND NATURE.*

ADMITTEDLY the great problem at present before every progressive and civilized nation is to mingle with the culture of an ordinary liberal education as much as possible of scientific knowledge. Not only is science the master agent in the great intellectual revolution which is now sweeping over Europe, but the material well-being of every nation is daily becoming more and more closely dependent upon the physical and natural sciences. Germany, ever in the van of intellectual progress, was the first to recognise the importance of imparting a general knowledge of science to the working masses of the people, and the still greater importance of providing for the future a large body of competent scientific workers, who would train up a sufficiency of mining engineers, civil engineers, scientific military officers, scientific agriculturists and foresters, surveyors, architects, mechanicians, manufacturers, and the like. Hence the magnificent technological colleges, schools of mines, physiological and chemical laboratories, and other institutions for the teaching of practical science, which are to be found to-day in connection with every German university. Hence, also, by a *nexus* too obvious to be overlooked, the wonderfully rapid advance of Germany in every branch of industrial progress, her rapidly growing wealth, her marvellous success in war, and, last but not least, the quickening in her people of an intellectual life which bids fair to place her amongst the foremost of the nations, and which is certain to sweep away by a bloodless revolution the abuses of her political and social system. The example set by Germany was followed by Belgium, France, Italy, Denmark, and Austria, till England, awaking from her apathy, saw herself in immediate and pressing danger of losing her industrial supremacy, and of sinking to a second-rate position in the markets of the world. Whether it be true or not that the pocket is the most sensitive portion of the human organization, it is certain that the fear of material loss effected in England what it might have taken an indefinite period to bring to pass by mere reasoning, or by any intangible intellectual arguments. England set herself seriously to work to promote the diffusion of scientific culture amongst the people. The Government set on foot a widespread organization for the teaching of science to artisans; practical schools of science were founded in many of the larger towns; and the universities, even those most opposed to the change by tradition and by prejudices of the growth of centuries, became alive to the necessity of largely increasing their staff of scientific teachers, and devoting to science a much larger proportion of their endowments than had formerly been the case. The results have been obvious; and though much remains to be done, there is every probability that science will now soon assume in England its proper position as an agent of liberal culture no less than of material progress. It may, at any rate, be safely asserted that the claims of science, even of theoretical science, are now so far recognised in England, that whilst the Government extends a moderately liberal aid to scientific investigation, all the higher educational institutions have already assigned a definite and honourable place to the teaching and cultivation of some or all of the more important branches of scientific knowledge.

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* Whilst we heartily agree with our contributor in the object he has in view, we do not hold ourselves responsible for the scheme he proposes—to which, we are aware, exception may be taken.—Ed. Can. Monthly.

It cannot be said, unfortunately, that a similar progress has been made in this direction by Canada during the same time. No country in the wide world would benefit more by the general diffusion of scientific knowledge than Canada. No country, perhaps, would benefit as much by the possession of a body of trained, practical, scientific workers. With a boundless acreage to be tilled; with almost illimitable forests to be used, and yet not abused; with a mineral wealth that is perhaps not surpassed by any country in the world; with her teeming fisheries, her nascent manufactures, and her great necessity for engineering works of all kinds, Canada is yet without a single institution in which a thorough and complete training in practical science can be obtained. What Canada has lost in the past by this want cannot be estimated. What she will lose in the future, if this want be not supplied, it were easy, but we hope unnecessary, to estimate.

At present we have an opportunity of remedying our former defects in this matter. With a wise liberality, the Government of Ontario has founded a School of Practical Science, which, taken in conjunction with the scientific department of our Provincial University, ought to be sufficient for all our wants. It is clear, however, that no satisfactory results will be obtained without more radical measures than, perhaps, have yet been contemplated. In theory, the ideal of perfection is to be found in such a conjunction as is seen in Yale, in the union between the University and the Sheffield School of Science. The latter is practically an independent institution, with its own museums, its own laboratories, and its own staff of teachers; but it is affiliated to the university, its students attend the university lectures on science, and such university students as wish attend in turn its practical classes. This is theoretically a perfect arrangement, and it works very well at Yale in actual practice. Here, however, we could not expect anything like such complete success from a similar union between the College of Technology and the University, unless the scientific department of the latter were to be placed upon a very different footing to what it is at present. Universal experience has shown that science has never flourished in any university except under one of two conditions. Either it is in connection with a strong Medical Faculty, as is the case in Edinburgh; or it constitutes a distinct and independent, self-governing and self-regulating faculty, as is the case in Paris. Here, owing to the fact that no Medical Faculty is attached to University College, the first of these conditions cannot possibly be carried out. There remains, therefore, the second condition as the only alternative, and we are clearly of opinion that the carrying out of this condition into practice would be by far the most beneficial arrangement under the circumstances, both as regards University College and the School of Practical Science. It appears to us that the best arrangement, the arrangement which would most largely develop and economise existing forces, and which, at the same time, would most promote the growth of the new institution, would be as follows :—As far as the College of Technology is concerned, there can be no question as to the propriety of abandoning the wholly unsuitable building now occupied by the institution ; and it is understood that it has been definitely decided by the Government to do this, and to erect suitable buildings elsewhere. Wherever the new college may be placed, it will require provision for chemical and metallurgical laboratories and the like, and for a large collection both of industrial products and raw material of all kinds, and of working models. The teaching of the college should be exclusively practical, and it is probable that all the needs of the country would be satisfied by the appointment of a lecturer on Chemistry, one on Mineralogy and Geology, one on Natural Philosophy and Mechanics, and one on Drawing. Popular lectures for artisans could be delivered in the evenings ; but the real and more essential work of the institution would consist of the practical teaching of these or any other subjects which it might be thought advisable to introduce to genuine students going through a regular course of training. Of course, also, a working head would have to be found for the institution, but we apprehend that there need be little difficulty on this score. By the affiliation of the College of Technology to the University, the students of the former would be enabled to attend the regular courses of lectures on Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology, and Zoology and Botany, now delivered by the scientific staff of University College ; and, reciprocally, the science-students of the University would be able to get at the College of Technology a thoroughly practical training in the above-mentioned branches of study. Chemistry, of course, is already taught practically at University College, though, equally of course, many of its industrial ramifications are necessarily neglected. On the other hand, Mineralogy and Geology, and Zoology and Botany, are not taught in any sufficiently practical manner ; not, as we believe, from any want of will on the part of the Professors of these subjects, but simply from the want of any facilities for so doing. By the arrangement we have indicated such facilities would be supplied, and the country be spared the expense of duplicating museums as well as teachers.

We are persuaded that the affiliation of the College of Technology to the University would be an arrangement of the greatest benefit to both institutions concerned ; but in order that this benefit should be obtained, it would be necessary that importan changes should be made in the existing arrangements for teaching science in University College. First and foremost among these changes, as hinted above, would be the establishment of a distinct "Faculty of Science" in University College, under a distinct and separate head. The advantages of such a course are so obvious, and its disadvantages so few, that it seems unnecessary to argue the point at length. It seems sufficient to point out that no one can properly understand and carry out the requirements of the scientific department of any university unless it be one who is himself a practical worker in science. Secondly, it would seem advisable to very much modify the existing curriculum of study. The real science-students should be relieved, to a much greater extent than is at present the case, of purely literary studies ; whilst the arts-students should not be compelled to take more than a single branch of science, and it should be at the option of each which science in particular he would take. There would thus be a great diminution of "cramming," pure and simple, and there would be some chance that a genuine knowledge of a more limited field might be obtained. To this it might be added that the establishment of degrees of science would, in all probability, have a most beneficial effect. This, at any rate, we venture to think, would be the opinion of every competent judge not blinded by prejudices derived from universities where such degrees have no existence. It is all very well to say that science should be studied for its own sake, but no one says so about classics, and it is not to be expected of human nature that young men will in general devote themselves to the study of subjects from which they do not obtain an obvious practical advantage, such as is afforded by the possession of a distinct degree. Certainly, the experience of the old world has shown that the growth of scientific study has been greatly promoted by the establishment of such academic distinctions in science. Lastly, it would be necessary to very considerably increase the museums and appliances for teaching science now existing in University College, these being, from a teacher's point of view, in many respects grievously deficient and imperfect.

It will doubtless be said by those who are but superficially acquainted with the subject, that the present condition of science at our national University is such as to render such radical changes as above proposed surely unnecessary. Those who are of this opinion would do well to weigh carefully the significance of the fact that, after twenty years' teaching of science by competent and willing Professors, our Provincial University is unable as yet to point to a single one of its graduates who has distinguished himself by original work in science subsequent to the close of his university career.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE English magazines of the month contain papers of unusual variety and interest.—*Macmillan* opens with a controversial article by Mr. Sedley Taylor on "Galileo and Papal Infallibility." It is, in form, a reply to the *Dublin Review*, but contains much interesting information respecting the Italian astronomer, recently brought to light from the archives of the Inquisition at Rome. It had been contended by the Ultramontane organ that the declaration of "the pontifical congregation" in favour of the immobility of the earth and the sentence pronounced upon Galileo were not *ex cathedrâ*, not having been approved by the Pope. Had it been otherwise, the *Review* admits "The papal command must be understood as finally decisive, and demanding from all who boast of the Catholic profession" complete obedience. Mr. Taylor shows beyond question that Pope Urban VIII. *did* approve the sentence and order its promulgation. He also defends Copernicus from the insinuation that he did not really hold the theory which bears his name, and Galileo from the charge that, if not sincere in his *quasi* recantation, he was "one of the most mendacious and cowardly poltroons that ever appeared in public life." In both cases the vindication appears complete. "The Religion of Goethe," though not devoid of merit, is unsatisfactory. Goethe's susceptibility to female influence, especially that of the Frau von Klettenberg, appears at times to have almost persuaded him to be a Christian, but his permanent faith, "decidedly non-Christian" as he himself said, seems to have been Spinozism supplemented by Nature-worship. Mr. Schwarz defines this creed, and claims it as essentially Christian, supporting his position by copious but contradictory quotations; to us it appears certainly unchristian, for the simple reason that it is unintelligible. A Lincolnshire Rector traces the influence of the scenery and character of his country upon the poetry of Tennyson. Lord De Mauley's paper on "Crime, Criminals and Punishment" contains many valuable subjects on a very perplexing subject. He advocates long sentences, systematic reformation, assistance to freed men, and an entire change in the ticket-of-leave system. The real merits of the article are marred by a spasmodic style: every sentence is a paragraph, leading one to suppose that the writer had gone through a twenty years' course of French novels. Mr. Trevelyan's "Charity Electioneering" is an able *exposé* of a system of canvassing for places in alms-houses, hospitals and other charities, with which we are happily without experience in this country. Its demoralizing and wasteful results are detailed with great power. An exceedingly entertaining series of papers on "Spanish Life and Character in 1873" is continued. The portion relating to female life is particularly well drawn. Mr. Black's admirable story "A Princess of Thule," is brought to a conclusion, and Mr. Barnard's "My Time and What I Have Done With It" continued.

The *Fortnightly Review* contains as large a number of powerful articles as usual. Mr. Leslie Stephen contributes a trenchant criticism on Taine's History of English Literature. The general spirit of the article may be understood by an extract:—"M. Taine's critical judgments are at times irritating; his philosophy may be questionable; and his leading principles are sometimes overlaid with such a mass of epigrammatic illustration that we have some difficulty in distinctly grasping their meanings. To protest against some of these faults is indeed the purpose of this paper. And yet, whatever his faults, it is impossible not to be grateful to him; he has done what no native author had done, or, it may be, was able to do. * * * Once taken up, it is always hard to lay him down." The great defect of the French author is that he dashes off a theory to account for certain literary characteristics, and contorts facts to suit it, without stopping to define the theory or establish his facts. "National character is determined by race, *milieu* (by which he means climate), and epoch," Taine asserts; but uses these words in such a loose and inaccurate manner that they are constantly misleading him. Burke and Sheridan are types of *English* oratory, loving "the coarse vulgarity of gaudy colours," &c. The climate, of course, is all fog and rain, and in consequence the English, unlike that regular and equable being—the classical Frenchman, are always rushing into extremes from a stilted pietism to a coarse sensuality which shocks his refined neighbour across the Channel. As for the "epoch," M. Taine illustrates the debasing effects of Restoration profligacy by tracing to it the works of Hobbes, who belongs to the first half of the 17th century. He is full of contempt for Locke, Berkeley, Hume, Addison and Johnson. Pope fares little better. Shakspeare is his own Hamlet, and like Thomas Carlyle, only fit for the lunatic asylum. The English have a peculiar quality they call "humour;" but there is no synonym for it in French, and M. Taine admits that he cannot comprehend, much less appreciate it. Consequently Hogarth is a coarse brute who draws nothing but hideous grotesques of "detestable Yahoos." Both novelists and poets are abnormal beings, for the most part. "We love art," he observes, "and you have a scant amount of it. * * * You are rendered heavy by your conscience (!) which drags you along step by step and low on the ground." M. Taine frowns on Spenser, and censures "Lycidas;" Wordsworth's "Excursion" is tiresome, but moral—his sonnets the author appears not to have read. Keats is barely noticed, and Tennyson politely snuffed out. On the other hand, after reading Thalaba, he styles Southey "that illustrious poet," and admires the sentimentality of Moore—his other favourites being Burns and Byron. Swift seems to be the only prose writer to whom he gives almost unqualified praise. Mr. Stephen's paper is well worthy of perusal. Mr. Herbert Spencer concludes his "Replies to Criticisms"—his opponents being Mr. Sidgwick, Rev. James Martineau, the *London* and the *British Quarterly Reviews*. The paper is written with the author's usual clearness, candour and good-temper.

Under the title of "The New Christology," Mr. Francis W. Newman states his objections to the *positive* portion of Mr. Greg's Creed of Christendom, and his Enigmas of Life. With the negative or destructive side of these works the reviewer appears in the main to agree; indeed he seems rather to exult in its power. Mr. Greg's "Creed of Christendom" was first published nearly twenty-five years ago; and yet, according to Mr. Newman, no attempt has been made to answer it. "Since," says the reviewer, "bishops, deans, learned canons, and academical divines do not reply *formally* to so thorough, clear, and learned a treatise, which has been so long before the public, we have the best proof attainable that his historical argument—occupying precisely the ground which English academicians have chosen as their own—is unanswerable; so that, if the appeal be made to history and to proof, the Christian Scriptures have no claim to be regarded as accurate and trustworthy, much less to be a basis on which supernatural events can be rested, or from which theological tenets, shocking to the reason, can justly be pressed upon us." This assumption would be worth something, if Mr. Greg's critical objections had been original; but, as Mr. Newman himself admits, they were not. The fact is they have been answered in detail in many works on Christian evidences—we do not say controverted, because we have no wish to be dogmatical. The word "formally," which Mr. Newman slips into the sentence, invalidates his conclusions; for he surely does not contend that objections can only be answered by formal treatises against individual opponents, such as were those of Origen against Celsus, Eusebius against Hierocles, Cyril against Julian, Waterland against Tyndal, Bentley against Collins, or Neander in reply to Strauss.

Having congratulated Mr. Greg upon his success in destructive criticism, Mr. Newman laments that he should have attempted to reconstruct, or as Mr. Greg puts it, to "disinter *that* religion of Jesus which precedes all creeds and schemes and formulas," and, he trusts, will survive them all. Here we think Mr. Newman occupies an inexpugnable position. How a theologian who not only rejects the Trinity and the Atonement, but refuses the Apostles' Creed, believes the synoptical Gospels to be full of fancies and interpolations, sets aside the fourth Gospel as a romance, and regards the Pauline Epistles as in no historical relation to Jesus, can hope to find the essence of Christianity, and anticipate its "rescue, re-discovery, purification and re-enthronement as a guide of life, a fountain of truth, an object of faith," passes comprehension. As Mr. Newman pointedly remarks on Mr. Greg's objections to the doctrine of eternal punishment contained in Matt. xxv., the only reason for the rejection of this and other discourses of Christ that can be assigned is "that the author *does not like to believe* that Jesus uttered them." A curious point in the controversy between these able writers is that whilst Mr. Greg wishes to relieve Jesus of the odium of unpalatable dogma, and shoulders the responsibility upon the Apostles, Mr. Newman reverses the process and defends the Apostles at the expense of the Saviour. The reviewer states, with evident truth, that his differences with Mr. Greg are not religious, but historical and logical. The author, for example, retains the doctrine of "a wise and beneficent Creator," but he hesitates to pronounce Him "personal," whilst the reviewer contends that, if He possesses these attributes, He must be a person. Mr. Greg believes in a "renewed life hereafter," not as certain, but as a "solemn hope;" Mr. Newman denying that men have any hope, because that implies desire, prefers to call the doctrine "a reverential augury and edifying speculation." The reviewer makes, we think, an unjust objection to Mr. Greg's idea that heaven is a place of repose and yet a sphere of activity. The passage in "The Enigmas of Life" is in reality an eloquent paraphrase on two passages of Scripture which seem at first sight paradoxical—"There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God," and the Apocalyptic declaration, "they rest *not* day or night." Mr. Greg's general position, we believe, is clearly untenable. He has demolished, so far as destructive criticism can do it, the fabric of Christianity, and yet he is endeavouring to build upon the old foundation a fancy edifice of his own with a scanty portion of the old material he has scattered around him. Mr. Symonds, whose literary papers are always welcome, contributes a biography and criticism of Boiardo and the *Orlando Innamorato*, with translated extracts. Mr. Jevons' paper on "The Use of Hypothesis," is an able defence of judicious theory in scientific investigation as opposed to purely empirical induction. On this point he is at one with Mr. Herbert Spencer, who distinctly denies that "no *à priori* reasoning can conduct us demonstratively to a single physical truth," citing Newton's Laws of Motion as a case in point. Sir Charles Dilke's paper on "Free Schools" shows considerable ability and no little familiarity with the subject. His main proposition is that education, to be effective, must be compulsory; and that before it can be made compulsory it must be free. He very justly objects to the "remission" system as relieving a class who are not always deserving, and pressing hardly upon the honest who are barely able to pay the fees. On the other hand, we think Sir Charles mistaken in contending that education is a primary duty of the State. The only proof offered is that as the State already pays three-fourths of the expense his view is virtually admitted. But this is merely to shirk the question. The obligation to educate a child naturally and properly devolves upon its parents. When the State undertakes the duty, it does so as a matter of expediency, because it is, in the end, more economical to have an intelligent people than an ignorant one. Failing, as it invariably does, to enforce their duty upon illiterate, careless or selfish parents, it is better that the State should take the matter in hand than that it should be entirely neglected. It is comparatively easy to make a man provide food for his children, but to compel him to have his children educated is not so easy a task. This objection apart, the paper is a very useful one. The *Fortnightly* concludes, as usual, with Mr. Frederick Harrison's incisive remarks on "Public Affairs." The clear and vigorous English of these papers is extremely refreshing. In the current number an honest view is given of the present difficulties of the Liberal Party. The writer does not think the Conservative reaction has yet set in, but he frankly confesses that it is imminent. There are three parties in England—not two—Conservatives, Whigs, and "The People." The Whigs are but cunning Tories, and only serve occasionally as leaders of the people; without the latter the Whigs are like Sir Garnet Wolseley without his army. Mr. Harrison is utterly opposed to the proposition that Mr. Gladstone should theatrically announce "startling novelties" for next session. Extension of the county franchise should be granted, but the people who talk about a reform in the Land Laws do not know the laws they want to reform or the reforms they want in the laws. The Church question is dismissed, likewise, as belonging to the next generation. On French affairs the writer takes comfort even in the triumph of "the Right." McMahon is only a stop-gap, and "despotisms of the grand kind are not founded without a flash of enthusiasm round either a principle or a man. They are not the prizes of a stop-gap. They are not, and least of all in France, to be held by nonentities."

Blackwood opens with another instalment of Lord Lytton's "Parisians." The story is now drawing to a close, but as our readers will have an opportunity of perusing it entire in the copyright edition now in the press of Hunter, Rose & Co. we make no remark upon it in this place. The most entertaining paper in the number is that on "Ceremonial" —the first of a series on International Vanities. The essay unfolds the history and present state of court etiquette and ceremonial diplomatic and maritime, interspersing his principles with anecdotes of a most amusing character. The reader will find, perhaps to his surprise, that what we regard as food for ridicule, was, and even now is, to some extent, serious matter enough in court circles. "Phidias and the Elgin marbles," by Mr. Story, is intended for classical and art-students. They will be astonished to learn that the great sculptor had no share in the design or execution of "the marble statues in the pediment of the Parthenon at Athens," the metopes or *bassi relievi*; and that it "is exceedingly doubtful whether Phidias ever made any statues in marble." "A Story of the Rock" is an erotico-military tale of Gibraltar. The Educational question is treated historically in a paper designed to show the constituencies that the Conservatives are the true friends of popular instruction. The last paper dated from Paris is a lament over the Comte de Chambord's obstinacy and the dire calamities all Europe will suffer in consequence.

The *Contemporary Review* comes so late to hand that we can only give a summary of its contents. The ablest paper is the first by Mr. Fitz-james Stephen, on "Parliamentary Government." To it as well as to the Rev. Mr. Knight's last words on the Prayer Question, we may perhaps return in a future number. Dr. Carpenter contributes an interesting essay on "The Physiology of Belief," and the Rev. Mr. Capes a "Criticism of Mill." The number closes with Mr. Gladstone's letter on Evolution, in reply to Mr. Herbert Spencer. It is ingenious but not satisfactory. The Premier had said, "upon the ground of what is termed evolution, God is relieved of the labour of creation; in the name of unchangeable laws, He is discharged from governing the world." Mr. Spencer cited Mr. Gladstone as "a conspicuous exponent of the anti-scientific view,"—we should suppose with perfect propriety. Not so, the Premier tells us. He does not know what "evolution" and "unchangeable laws" mean; and, if he did, he does not possess the knowledge requisite to judge of their truth. As for the inferences attributed to evolutionists, we have no doubt they would be repudiated by Darwin, Spencer and Wallace. Mr. Gladstone asks whether, if he had said that the abuse of liberty has produced crime, and that of law and order despotism, he could be held to be a foe to liberty, law or order? Certainly not, but the illustration is not apposite. As a statesman, Mr. Gladstone knows what liberty is and what law and order mean; and he may legitimately frame an argument about them. In the other case, however, he confesses his ignorance of the truth or even meaning of the premisses, and states, as conclusions from them, inferences scientific men would repudiate.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Romance of Old Court-Life in France. By Frances Elliot. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

Since the iconoclastic pen of Niebuhr commenced its assault on the exquisite legends of old Rome, he has had so many imitators that some people have come to regard "The Romance of History" as little more than an unmeaning phrase. This work, however, will help to remind them that those who lived and died in other days were men and women of like passions with ourselves—a fact which the egotism and philosophy of our day seem inclined to forget. Mrs. Elliot tells us that in all she has written she has "sought carefully to work into dialogue each word and sentence recorded of the individual, every available trait of peculiarity of character to be found in contemporary memoirs, every tradition that has come down to us." The field of her labour extends from the times of Francis I. to the death of Louis XIV. It is a period rich in historic romance, and she has used her materials so as to give us a most charming book. Francis I., the opening character of the work, seems to us to be dealt with rather gently in reference to the perjury whereby he secured his release at the hands of Charles V., but the picture presented of the love between him and his sister Marguerite is deeply touching. In general, indeed, the loves portrayed are by no means of a "sisterly" nature; but we need scarcely say that none need fear to meet anything calculated to shock even the most sensitive delicacy. Nor is the book altogether made up of love episodes. Almost all the leading characters in French history during the period reviewed are brought before us. Some of the deeds of Catherine de Medici, including the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, are painted in a manner which rouses the fiery indignation which they must always be calculated to excite, though the account of the death of that awful woman makes one feel inclined to murmur a prayer that her sins may not be laid to her charge. The portrait of Henry IV. and Gabrielle d'Estrées is probably the most delightful in the book. In a few words, Mrs. Elliot thus brings the head of the Bourbon dynasty before us:—"A man who called a spade a spade, swore like a trooper, and hated the parade of Courts; was constant in friendship, fickle in love, promised anything freely, especially marriage, to any beauty who caught his eye; a boon companion among men, a libertine with women, a story-teller, cynical in his careless epicureanism, and so profound a believer in 'the way of fate' that, reckless of the morrow, he extracted all things from the passing hour." The contrast between him and his son Louis XIII., is one calculated to provoke a smile; but the story of the love-scene between the latter and Louise de Lafayette must excite the respect even of cynics and women-haters for that saintly girl. Richelieu and Mazarin also figure on the pages of Mrs. Elliot, who maintains that Anne of Austria led the former to believe that she was in love with him, thereby inducing him to array himself in a mountebank's dress and dance a *bolero* in proof of his own affection. The picture of Mazarin in his gallery shortly before his death, is calculated to bring vividly before us the nakedness in which man enters the world and must leave it. After these the loves of Louis XIV. appear on the scene. The accounts of his amours with Louise de la Vallière and Madame de Montespan, and of his marriage with Madame de Maintenon, are deeply interesting, but can scarcely fail to lower the monarch in the eyes of every right-thinking reader. A book which thus traverses the history of the Court-Life of France during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, always painting the scenes beautifully, and generally exciting sympathy rightly, cannot fail to be interesting and profitable to all readers We can assure our lady-friends that they will enjoy it quite as much as the latest novel, and also find it a much more healthy species of literature.

FROM THE EARTH TO THE MOON, Direet in Ninety-seven Hours ; and a Trip Round it. By Jules Verne, Author of "A Journey to the Centre of the Earth."

American exaggeration would seem difficult to caricature, but this Frenchman has found it easy to turn the smile of complacent satisfaction at achievements supposed to outdo all the rest of the world into a broad grin. He effects the transformation so easily as to conceal the wit by which it is done. The story of a Gun Club, formed at Baltimore to invent and experiment with monster ordnance when the civil war was in progress, brings on the carpet Parrots, Dahlgrens, Rodmans, and, for comparison, many others. Everything is on a prodigious scale ; the number of the members of the Club reaching 30,565 in a month ; shells weighing 20,000 lbs. ; cannon two miles long and projectiles costing $173,050 are discussed. Barbicone, the President of the Club, who had made a large fortune as a timber merchant, and been appointed, to show the natural fitness of things, Director of Artillery, proposed to make the members of the Club the Columbuses of the Moon, and to add it as a State to the Union. The communication was to be made by sending a projectile to the Queen of Night ; and the casting of monster cannon followed as a means to this end. The book is profusely illustrated in a good style of art, the plates used in the translation being apparently the French originals. The work evinces much cleverness, and may probably set some readers to making serious enquiries into some of the scientific questions on which it touches.

LITERARY NOTES

Professor George Rawlinson has in press "The Seventh Great Oriental Monarchy," in continuation of his important work.

Messrs. Hachette, of Paris, announce a magnificent work on Spain, by M. Davilliers, illustrated by 300 engravings from M. Doré's recent designs.

"A Princess of Thule," Mr. William Black's new novel, which has been appearing in *Macmillan's Magazine*, is now issued in separate form.

A Series of Lectures, by the late Rev. F. D. Maurice, has just been issued, with a preface by Thomas Hughes, M.P., under the title of "The Friendship of Books."

"My Diary in the Last Great War," is the title of Dr. W. H. Russell's letters to the *Times* on the Franco-German war, now published by Messrs. Routledge and Sons.

A captivating prose story, by the author of "Mrs. Jerningham's Journal," entitled "A Very Young Couple," is re-issued by Messrs. Scribner, of New York.

A new volume from Mr. Spurgeon's pen, entitled "Types and Emblems," has just appeared. It consists of readings from his Sunday and Thursday Evening Sermons.

Mr. Samuel Smiles' important and new work on "The Huguenots of France after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes" has been reprinted by Messrs. Harper.

Messrs. Harper reprint Farjeon's charming Christmas story, "Golden Grain," from *Tinsley's Magazine*, and Jeffreson's new novel "Lottie Darling," of which a second edition has been instantly called for in England by the Libraries.

A Member of the Society of Biblical Archæology, Mr. W. Simpson, has preparing for press the narrative of a Journey all Round the World, through Egypt, China, Japan and California. It will bear the title of "Meeting the Sun."

Professor Clinton, Director of Candidates for Public Examinations, has just issued from Messrs. Chapman and Hall's press, "A Compendium of English History, with Copious Quotations on the leading Events and the Constitutional History."

Messrs. Sampson, Low and Son have just issued a sumptuous book, from the French of M. Jacquemart, descriptive of the Potteries of all times and of all nations. The work is entitled a "History of the Ceramic Art."

An interesting work, throwing additional light on the relations between Sir Walter Scott and his Publishers, appears in a memorial of "Archibald Constable and his Literary Correspondents," just published by Messrs. Edmonston and Douglas, of Edinburgh.

The first of a series of papers on "Evolution," antagonistic to the Darwinian materialism, appears in the January issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*. It is from the pen of Professor Louis Agassiz, whose recent death the scientific world is now deploring.

Messrs. Rivington have just issued, in their series of "Historical Handbooks," an excellent manual on the "History of the English Institutions." The work is classified under three main divisions, viz., Social and Local Development of the Constitution, Constituents of the Central authority, and Central Government, and will be found a compact and serviceable reference book.

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REFORM IN OCEAN PASSENGER TRAVEL.

IN these days of extensive Ocean travel, the shortening of time required for the voyage between Europe and America has become a question of the highest importance. Notwithstanding the delight with which some contemplate a voyage across the Atlantic, very few would object to have its length curtailed, either on business grounds or on those of personal comfort. Passenger traffic has so largely increased of late years, that we think the time has arrived for a step onward in this department of travel: in short, that it is due to the tens of thousands who annually pass between Europe and America on business or pleasure, that earnest efforts should be made to reduce the Ocean voyage to the smallest possible space of time consistent with safety.

To accomplish this end two propositions have been made, and as they are both quite practicable, they ought to be tested. First, the nearest practicable harbours in Great Britain and America should be selected as the points of departure and arrival of our Ocean vessels; second, new and powerful Steamships should be constructed, devoted to passenger traffic only, and possessing a greater rate of speed than those now devoted to both freight and passengers.

There can be no question of the fact that the shortest available route across the Atlantic must be found between some British and Canadian ports. This point admits of no discussion; but when we ask which Canadian port has the best claims to this distinction, a delicate question is raised, involving much difference of opinion and many conflicting interests. A committee of Parliament set itself to determine the matter last session, but its labours, although useful in eliciting information, were not sufficiently thorough to warrant a formal decision. It is to be hoped, however, that the question will not be allowed to drop, for it is one of the highest practical importance in view of the necessity of some reform in Ocean Steamship traffic in the direction we have pointed out.

A number of years ago the eminent civil engineer, Mr. Sandford Fleming, made a report strongly urging that the Ocean voyage could be reduced to a *minimum* by constructing a Railway across the island of Newfoundland, and reasons were given why it was believed this would become the most attractive route not only for Canadian but United States' passengers. The distance across the island is about 280 miles, and although the interior is admittedly difficult for the construction of a railway, abounding with deep vallies, lakes and morasses, still we are inclined to believe, from what we have heard and read, that such a work is not impracticable, as some have contended.

The gravest objection to this project is, that it would render a double trans-shipment of passengers and baggage necessary. It would, in effect, make two voyages necessary instead of one. Passengers would first have to sail from one of our nearest Canadian ports to the island, then several hours' delay would take place in St. George's Bay, in conveying the baggage, mails, &c., from the steamer to the railway, whilst a similar transfer would have to be repeated on the other side of the island before the Ocean vessel started on its voyage.

These circumstances would not only entail great annoyance on all concerned, but the writer has satisfied himself they would not be compensated for by any great saving in point of time. After deducting the delays necessary to unload in St. George's Bay, and reload at the City of St. John or any other port on the east coast, a vessel starting direct from one of our eastern ports would be very nearly (say within three or four hours) as far on her voyage to Great Britain as her Newfoundland competitor. This fact leads to the conclusion that, as a means of shortening the voyage to Europe, the proposed Newfoundland route would fail to repay the trouble and expense it would entail.

The available Canadian ports closest to Europe appear to be three : Shippegan, on the north coast of New Brunswick, looking out towards the Straits of Belle Isle ; Whitehaven, the eastern terminus of the proposed "Whitehaven, New Glasgow and North Shore (Nova Scotia) Railway ;" and Louisbourg, on the east coast of Cape Breton, a place famous in the early history of the continent.

The respective merits of Whitehaven and Louisbourg as the best winter port for the proposed shortest route to Europe, have evoked much discussion, and, we fear, some little jealousy. In the absence of authentic information, it is not possible to pronounce an intelligent judgment between them ; if this scheme is taken up and carried out, a thorough enquiry by competent men would have to be instituted in order to arrive at a just conclusion. It is not denied, we believe, that the harbour of Louisbourg is safe, commodious and beautiful, and well situated as a point of departure for Europe, whilst its friends claim for it the distinction of being the nearest available port. On the other hand, it is contended that whilst Louisbourg is about 200 miles from New Glasgow—the most easterly point of railway connection in North America—Whitehaven is only 70 miles, whilst the Ocean distance to Europe is no greater than from Louisbourg. Both harbours are open during the winter months, but it is asserted that the approaches to that of Louisbourg render it impracticable during at least part of the cold season. On the land side there is the Gut of Canso, which is said to be barricaded with ice in winter for four or five months, and to bridge or tunnel which would be impracticable ; whilst Oceanward its approaches are blocked with field-ice from the Gulf of St. Lawrence for six or eight weeks each winter and spring, during which time vessels cannot enter or leave the harbour.

In the year 1745 Louisbourg was the greatest stronghold of France on the borders of the then New England Colonies. It was strongly fortified, and a source of constant alarm to the British in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New York, and all along the frontier of their settled Colonial possessions. The capture of the place during the above year by an expedition from the Colonies, mainly inspired by Governor Shirley, gave rise to immense rejoicing; but it is a well established historical fact, and one bearing on the point under review, that this military expedition was delayed for some time in making the attack on Louisbourg by ice impeding the entrance to the harbour. This fact is alluded to in McMullen's History of Canada in the following words:

"A merchant, William Pepperwell, of Maine, was appointed to the chief command, and counselled by Shirley to see that the fleet arrived together at a precise hour, to land the troops in the dark, and take the town and fort by surprise. *The ice from Cape Breton was drifting in such quantities as rendered further progress dangerous*, and the fleet was detained many days at Canseau, where it was joined by Warren, who had in the meantime received orders from England to render all the aid in his power possible to Massachusetts."

This scrap of history rather supports one of the objections raised to Louisbourg harbour; but it is only fair to say that its friends stoutly maintain that the ice-flow is no worse there than on other parts of that coast, and the counter-objection is made to Whitehaven that it is only some 80 or 100 nautical miles from Halifax, our present winter port, and that the gain in point of time in changing to Whitehaven would not counterbalance the other advantages which that city possesses as a point of departure.

As we have already stated, we have not before us data sufficiently full and reliable to decide between these counter-statements, nor is it necessary for the purposes of this article. We shall assume, for the purpose of argument, that Louisbourg *is* the most favourable of these two harbours, and make the comparison we propose to institute between that place and Shippegan, which, in the summer season at least, we are inclined to think, enjoys the most favoured position for our purpose of either of the three.

The claims of these two places, on the score of *distance*, to be selected as the Canadian port of departure, vary considerably, Louisbourg having the advantage by sea and Shippegan by land. This will be seen at a glance by the following statement of distances as laid before Parliament by the Special Committee:—

DIFFERENCE BY SEA.

Shippegan to Liverpool, via Belle Isle..	2,318
Louisbourg to Liverpool, via Innisthahull	2,255
Miles in favour of Louisbourg ..	63

DIFFERENCE BY LAND.

Louisbourg to Quebec	810
Shippegan to Quebec	419
Miles in favour of Shippegan....	391

This comparison inclines the scale towards Shippegan, for it would hardly pay to go 391 miles by land to save 63 by sea. But, in selecting such a port, other things besides mere distance require to be considered. In order to make connection with either of these places, more or less miles of Railway would have to be constructed. Shippegan would require a branch from the main line of the Intercolonial of about 45 miles; Louisbourg, from 150 to 160 miles, to connect it with the Railway system of the Dominion. Shippegan harbour could only be used for about seven months in the year; and even if it were free from ice longer, the Straits of Belle Isle would be too dangerous for Ocean vessels during that period of the year; whilst it is claimed that Louisbourg harbour is clear of ice all the year round, and could be used at all seasons with safety. Close by Louisbourg are the immense Cape Breton coal mines, from which steamships can be supplied with coal cheaper probably than in any other part of the globe. Its rival is destitute of coal, and so, it will be seen, each place has its advantages, which, were a decision about to be made, would have to be accurately ascertained and carefully weighed.

In contrasting the two ports as regards *time*, the difference will not be found very material. For this purpose, let us suppose a passenger starting from London, *via* Valentia, for New York City, and let us further suppose that he performed the sea voyage at the rate of fourteen miles per hour, and travelled by rail at thirty miles; the number of hours he would require to travel by each route would be as follows:—

HOURS VIA LOUISBOURG.

From London to Valentia	16
Valentia to Louisbourg, 2,100 miles	143
Louisbourg to New York, 1,107 miles	37
Total number of hours	196

HOURS VIA SHIPPEGAN.

From London to Valentia	16
Valentia to Shippegan, 2,100 miles	150
Shippegan to New York, 906 miles	31
Total number of hours	197

To passengers to and from New York and other eastern cities, it would, therefore, matter little whether Louisbourg or Shippegan were the place of embarkation, as there is only one hour's difference in point of time. For Quebec, Montreal, and all places west, however, the latter port would be preferable, for calculation shows that it is fully six hours nearer Quebec, and all places west, than its Cape Breton rival.

In endeavouring to establish the shortest route to Europe, every hour which can be gained is, of course, an advantage. If ever the project is earnestly grappled with, the wiser course will probably be found to be, to use Shippegan as the summer, and the port of Louisbourg or Whitehaven—as investigation may settle their respective merits—as the winter place of departure and arrival.

There can be no doubt whatever that the selection of either of these ports as the starting-point in Canada, the formation of a line of powerful Ocean Steamships, fitted up specially and solely for passengers—sailing direct to the nearest port in England—and first-class Railway connections on each side, would materially decrease the length of the Ocean voyage, and the time required for the round trip.

The harbour of Milford Haven has been strongly urged as the starting-point in England. It is only distant five hours by rail from London, and is 120 miles nearer either Louisbourg or Shippegan than Liverpool. The distance from Milford Haven to the former place is barely 2,200 miles, and, to use the words of the Parliamentary report, "it is obvious that if an average speed of 14 miles per hour can be attained, the entire distance might be traversed without trans-shipment in 157 hours, or a little over six and a half days all told, the distance from the same point to Shippegan being about six hours longer. Should it be found possible to attain the higher rate of speed of 16 miles per hour, the distance could be traversed in about 138 hours, or 5¾ days, without trans-shipment."

Much prejudice has existed in the public mind against swift-running Ocean steamships since the failure of the American Collins line, nearly twenty years ago. But it is a point well worthy of consideration whether the loss of Ocean steamers does not largely arise from overloading them with freight. Mr. Plimsoll has abundantly proven in England how the greed of the owners of vessels frequently induces them to risk human life by overloading; and it is notorious, as close observers who have frequently crossed the Atlantic well know, that Atlantic shipowners are not conspicuous as being exceptions to the rule. We would be sorry to believe that engineering and nautical skill has yet reached its utmost limits, and that neither now nor at any future time will it be possible to produce vessels, fitted up solely for passenger traffic, capable of running 16, 18 or even 20 miles an hour, as safely as the present generally overloaded passenger and freight Steamers do 12 or 14 miles.

However this may be, the time has come, we submit, when earnest and energetic efforts should be put forth to shorten the voyage between Europe and America. Being the most directly interested, our Government should take the initiative, and invite that of the United States to unite with them in the undertaking; failing in that, the Dominion should take up the project single-handed. Thirty years ago, from ten to thirteen weeks were frequently spent in crossing the Atlantic. For some years past the voyage has been decreased to as many days. But this is no reason why the time should not be still further reduced; and we believe it would be found quite practicable, if the Governments of the United States and Canada took the matter earnestly in hand, to introduce such reforms in Ocean travel that a man might take his breakfast in America on Monday morning, and his supper in Liverpool or London on Saturday night.

The object aimed at, let us say in conclusion, is one of the very highest importance, and its realization would make two continents rejoice.

Galt, Christmas, 1873.

UNSPOKEN WORDS.

From "Songs from the Southern Seas."

THE kindly words that rise within the heart,
And thrill it with their sympathetic tone,
But die ere spoken, fail to play their part,
And claim a merit that is not their own.
The kindly word unspoken is a sin,—
A sin that wraps itself in purest guise,
And tells the heart that, doubting, looks within,
That not in speech, but thought, the virtue lies.

But 'tis not so: another heart may thirst
For that kind word, as Hagar in the wild—
Poor banished Hagar!—prayed a well might burst
From out the sand to save her parching child.
And loving eyes that cannot see the mind
Will watch the expected movement of the lip:
Ah! can ye let its cutting silence wind
Around that heart, and scathe it like a whip?

Unspoken words, like treasures in the mine,
Are valueless until we give them birth:
Like unfound gold their hidden beauties shine,
Which God has made to bless and gild the earth.

How sad 'twould be to see a master's hand
  Strike glorious notes upon a voiceless lute!
But oh! what pain when, at God's own command,
  A heart-string thrills with kindness but is mute!

Then hide it not, the music of the soul,
  Dear sympathy, expressed with kindly voice,
But let it like a shining river roll
  To deserts dry,—to hearts that would rejoice.
Oh! let the symphony of kindly words
  Sound for the poor, the friendless, and the weak;
And He will bless you,—He who struck these chords
  Will strike another when in turn you seek.

FOR KING AND COUNTRY.

A STORY OF 1812.

BY FIDELIS.

CHAPTER I.

AN AFTERNOON SIXTY YEARS AGO.

> "This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
> Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight.
> Stand, like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic."

A SOFT, balmy afternoon in the beginning of June, just in that sweet hopeful season when the springtime, with its blossoms of promise, is passing into the richer bloom of the early summer—there could scarcely have been a fairer day for exploring the "forest primeval." The forenoon had been slightly showery, wavering between tears and smiles; now the smiles had conquered, and the sun shone softly out between the tender-tinted gray and pearly clouds that dappled a sky of purest blue. The sunbeams, seeming the purer for the preceding rain, glistened on the wet glossy leaves of the "May," that starred the forest depths with its snowy blossoms, and upon the bright scarlet columbines that nodded among the ferns, which clustered in nook and cranny of the lichened rocks, here and there cropping out from the wooded ridge that rose by the wayside. Farther off, they flickered in a golden network in the winding vistas that occasionally opened to view some of the dim forest recesses, which might well tempt a dreamy, poetic wanderer, to penetrate depths so lonely, so untrodden,—where the jarring noises of the world are still,—where carking cares might be forgotten,—where still the Great Spirit might speak, as of old, to his Indian children in the soft rustlings of the leaves and the soughing of the breezes, which seem caught and embodied in the melancholy, musical cadences of the Indian tongue.

But reality is sometimes stranger than

romance, and the passengers of the lumbering waggon, by courtesy styled a "stage," which carried persons and goods from Hamilton to Niagara in the year of our Lord 1812, were more keenly conscious of the drawbacks of the mode of locomotion than of the "impulse of a vernal wood;" sundry sensations reminding them uncomfortably that they were composed of matter as well as spirit, and had other organs than eyes and ears. Not that the mosquitoes, the great scourge of the Canadian woods, were as yet in full force; only an occasional skirmisher or two of the advanced guard hinted what they would be ere long. But the road! Prettily as it wound up and down, through dell and ravine, past the wood-crowned heights that rose beside it, it was a weary way, nevertheless, to those who sat on the hard seats of the springless waggon, as it swayed and bumped at a tedious pace over ruts and stones and long stretches of corduroy bridges that crossed the wayside "creeks," or the black moist intervals of otherwise impassable bog which nourished such rich, waving ferns, and such a luxuriant vegetation, and were altogether so inviting and so deceitful.

The passengers of the stage driven by John Wardle on that particular day of June, 1812, were as dissimilar in the traits that make up the outward man as in the more important characteristics which constitute the inner one. The one who sat beside the driver, and who would at first sight have attracted most notice, was unmistakably a British officer in undress uniform. He might have been recognised as such even without the military accoutrements, the clanking spurs, the sword, the military cap with the figures "49," denoting the regiment to which he belonged. As unmistakably did his English birth appear in the fair though sunburnt complexion, the chesnut hair with its broken gleams of gold, the clearly cut, refined features, and the bright, keen grey-blue eye, which, if it seemed a trifle cold, could take in so much at a glance. There was perhaps a slight haughtiness of expression about the curved lips, bespeaking a certain amount of pride in the *sangre azul* of the Old English race, combined, at the present moment, with an expression of discontent deeper than the mere discomforts of the journey could have called forth, while he occasionally glanced wistfully back at the handsome bay steed which, walking slightly lame, docilely followed the stage of its own accord, but with a sort of mute protest in its intelligent face, that wore as marked an expression of disgust as an equine physiognomy can.

The seats next in rear of the driver were occupied by a sharp-visaged, shabbily-dressed man, whose intonation and style of expression indicated plainly enough that he hailed from the other side of the line; and by a saturnine, sallow-complexioned individual of slender build, who spoke with a broad Scotch accent, and whose general aspect, combined with the air of dissatisfaction and incipient radicalism that characterized his occasional remarks, would have proclaimed him either a tailor or a shoemaker, while the packages of leather beside him showed to which of the two sedentary crafts he belonged.

Next to these sat a farmer and his wife, clad in stout home-spun, the former with a cheerful, wrinkled, weather-beaten face, that looked as if he had seen many a day of tough, honest toil, and bright watchful eyes, that gleamed out from under their grey pent-houses of eyebrow with an expression that led one instinctively to trust him; and the other with a gentle, placid countenance, half hidden behind the snowy cap-frills and the grey Quaker bonnet that shaded it. They were accompanied by sundry large packages of groceries and other household necessaries, which they had been laying in at the "stores" in Hamilton, and the gentle voice of the old woman was occasionally employed in quieting the restlessness of a pair of fowls of an improved breed which she was carrying home to her own poultry yard.

On the last seat of all sat a quiet, commercial-looking man, a Newark "storekeeper," who had been at Hamilton on business; and beside him, shrinking shyly into the farthest corner of the seat, a squaw, her dark eyes gleaming, half-frightened, out of her blanket, or bent down in maternal tenderness over the swaddled papoose that lay in its primitive wooden cradle on her knee. Notwithstanding the occasional friendly overtures of the good woman in front of her, who was drawn towards her by feminine and maternal sympathies, she looked solitary and sad, like a bird of strange feather among an alien race.

Among so heterogeneous a party, so placed, there could be but little general conversation, and the talk limited itself chiefly to an interchange of inquiries and laconic replies between the keen-visaged American and his Scotch fellow-traveller, and to the desultory remarks that passed between the English officer and the driver, who still spoke with a strong south-country accent, and who, loquacious in any case, was evidently delighted with the chance of talking so familiarly to one of His Majesty's officers.

"And this is supposed to be an inn?" exclaimed the officer. The jaded horses were drawing up, of their own accord, before a rough log hut, flanked by a rude driving-shed, with a primitive pump, and a long log hollowed out for a horse-trough, in front. A stick, placed upright in a stump before the door, bore an inscription, which after some study could be resolved into the name of "Barney Finnigan," and the intimation below that "wiskey and tabacky" were to be had within. Two or three chubby, barefooted children were rolling about in a puppy-like fashion among the tall grass and weeds by the wayside, and a lazy-looking Irishman, in home-spun shirt and hands plunged into the pockets of his dilapidated breeches, stood leaning in the open doorway smoking a short pipe.

"Yes, yer honour," replied John; "and handy enough it comes for the poor beasts, though it beant much like our Red Lion at home, where my father used to have his pipe and his mug o' beer when I was a boy! Hallo, Barney!—taking it easy, as usual!"

"Shure, an' isn't it the best thing a craythur can do? An' it's glad I am to see yez. An hour beyant time, John Wardle! An' 'twas meself thought yez must have broken down. An' it's dry the poor bastes is lookin'—the craythurs!"

"Got a good heavy load in to-day, Barney, that's how it is," said John, as he began to take out the horses to water, and give them a short rest out of harness. Meantime the passengers got out too, to rest themselves by a change of posture. The stout farmer helped out his wife, and then kindly offered to assist the squaw to dismount. As he did so, a tall, good-looking Indian, in a deerskin shirt, with a rifle on his shoulder, who had been waiting, unobserved, in the shadow of the forest, gravely came forward, and after a few words had been exchanged with great apparent *sang-froid* and indifference, the two walked silently away—the Indian shouldering the woman's little bundle, and the squaw her papoose.

The officer, whose baggage denoted his proper designation to be "Francis Percival, Captain H. M. 49th Foot," was meantime leading his horse also to water, and his interested gaze followed the silent, grave couple as they retreated.

"Strange folk yon," said John, who stood close by, undoing straps and bearing-reins. "You'll never see them smile or look pleased about anything! Now, that fellow would be shot before he'd let a soul see he was pleased to get his wife and child back!"

"Do they live about here?" asked the Captain.

"Oh, he's one of the General's Indian

warriors—a chief, and one he trusts a good deal—and they've a camp not far off. She's been away among her people on Lake Erie; he's never seen the young 'un before, but he wouldn't seem to want to look at it before hus; not but what he's like some English folk I've seen," added John, with a half deprecatory glance at the officer, as if to see whether he had gone too far.

Captain Percival, however, only smiled slightly at the idea of extremes meeting in English and Indian impassiveness. The smile quickly passed away, and the discontented, almost sad expression returned, as he stroked his charger's glossy flanks.

"Hector, poor fellow!" he said, as he watched the thirsty animal drink, "this is something new for you! You're not used to roads like these;" and he gently took up the lame foot to examine it.

"A splendid animal," said John, still lingering near. "We don't often see the likes of him! Pretty near thorough-bred, ain't he now?" queried he, with an appreciative air, as he surveyed the clean, slender fetlocks, the graceful flanks and arching neck.

"Yes, he comes of a good stock; but he looks rather a different horse from what he did when he left England. He had a rough time of it at sea; that gave his foot a twist, and your rough Canadian roads have made it worse."

"Oh, it'll soon come all right again, yer honour," said John, as he went off for his talk and smoke with Barney, while Captain Percival, not inclined to accept the offer of "wiskey and tabacky," and preferring the sweet open air, laden with forest fragrance, to the close atmosphere of the "inn," sat down with folded arms on a mossy log, under a spreading maple whose fallen tasselled blossoms strewed the ground around him. His depressed air and contracted brow showed that his meditations were not specially agreeable, and if his inward soliloquy had found expression, it would have run somewhat in this wise:—

"So this is the way I've got to serve my King and country! Bumping over logs and through marshes, among savages and wildernesses; to be buried alive in these out-of-the-way backwoods, just when Europe's all alive, and there are such grand opportunities for winning honour and promotion! It is hard upon a man, after being disabled so long, and dreaming of real work and glory, to be out here in this sort of exile. If I had only been in the 45th now, with Harry Dacre and Jack Hunsden and the rest of them, I might at this moment be with Lord Wellington in Spain; and won't they have a grand time of it!"

Captain Percival was joining, for the first time, his regiment in Canada. The injuries occasioned by a fall from his horse in hunting had caused a long period of forced inactivity, and detained him behind his regiment on sick leave. But, now that he was again fit for active duty, it was only with great reluctance, and after several unsuccessful endeavours to exchange into a regiment more likely to see service in Europe, that he had yielded to circumstances, and come to what was considered little better than a howling wilderness—a country of Hyperboreans and bears.

Captain Percival continued to chew the cud of disquieting meditation till John Wardle returned to his horses' heads, and his fellow-passengers prepared to resume their seats. The "Yankee," however, who had been partaking of Barney Finnigan's hospitalities, including the "wiskey," removed from under his seat his small bundle, tied up in a blue bandanna, and saying he "calculated he'd be nearer his journey's end if he walked on from here," disappeared by the same cross-path which the Indian couple had followed. Captain Percival, as he sprang last into his seat beside the driver, found the others exchanging suspicious surmises respecting their late fellow-traveller.

"I don't like the cut of his figure-head much," remarked John, shaking his grizzled head; "we've had more than one such customer of late, and it's all I can do to keep from collarin' them, with their brag about 'beatin' the Britishers,' and their eternal questions."

"Ay! ay! that chap 'll no lose his way for want o' askin' it," interposed the saturnine Scotchman—Davie Watson by name—"an' his business is no all aboveboard, I'll be boun'! What do ye say, Maister Thurstane? ye'll hae seen lads like yon before?"

The keen eyes of the old farmer had taken steady measure of the stranger. His reply was quiet, half-careless:

"It's easy to see he's after no good, whatever his errand is. Pity there's no law to take up such fellows as vagrants."

"Do you think the fellow's a spy?" inquired Captain Percival, roused from his listlessness to some interest in the conversation, and addressing the farmer.

Jacob Thurstane took a pinch of snuff before he replied:—"Well, it's not my way to say things I can't prove; but I'd be sorry to give him any news I could help giving. They're sharp fellows, those Yankees, and they're sure to have their eyes open for anything they can find out just now."

"Do you think they really mean fight, then?"

"Mean it? Yes! and we'll see it before long, sir, sure as my name's Thurstane. Hasn't the storm been brewing these five years and more—ever since the *Leopard* raked down the *Chesapeake?* That was an ugly business, and the Yankees have never forgotten it; and what the folk at home are about, not to see the breakers ahead, I can't make out."

"Well, they're having rather a lively time of it in Europe, you know, with Boney and all the rest. It isn't easy for them to keep their eyes everywhere," said Captain Percival with a half sigh.

"Na," said the Scotch shoemaker, grimly, 'they'll never see it till the meeschief's done. Then they'll mak ootcry enough, and rin to 'steek the stable door when the steed's stown.' They'll open their eyes a wee, by and by, when they fin' they've lost this gran' province, just by no takin' tent in time!"

"Davie Watson," returned the yeoman, indignantly, "don't you ever say such a word again. Lose this province, indeed,—while there's many a brave yeoman in it will give his heart's blood sooner than see the Stars and Stripes waving over it! Yes, sir," he continued, turning to Percival, "it's not idle brag with me. I left as fine a farm and homestead as a man would want to see, behind me in the valley of the Connecticut, and came here, nigh thirty years ago now, to fell the trees with my own hands to build a log cabin to bring my wife into, sooner than part company with the Union Jack! That was about as hard a thing to do as I'm like to have to do again; but I'm ready, and my sons are ready, too, sir, to turn out to-morrow and shoulder a musket for the old flag still. And there's hundreds, aye, and thousands, 'll do the same throughout the province! But, all the same, they might back us up better at home."

Percival's somewhat cold blue eye had lighted up a little at the enthusiasm of the old farmer, and he replied soothingly:

"So they would, I'm sure, if they realized the danger. You know they have a good deal to bother them just now; but England might well be proud to know what brave, loyal subjects she has over here. I've not a doubt but they're able to keep the country for her with what help we regulars can give, even in the event of a sudden attack."

"Ay, may be; sma' thanks to her then, when our gude blood's been spilt to keep it," grumbled Davie.

"Wait till your blood's been shed, Davie," remarked the farmer, good-naturedly, but with significance.

"If England only knew her own interest," said the Newark shopkeeper, who had hitherto listened in silence to the conversation, "she'd give a little more thought to her property over here. It's always been the way since she had any on this side the Atlantic. Folks at home wouldn't even take the trouble to see how the land lay, and what should be done. The Boston tea-troubles were all of a piece with the rest, and a nice piece of work they made of that. And then, how they've bungled our boundary line for us! Any one, that looks at the lie of the land on the map even, could tell we should have had Maine, at least, on our side, to say nothing of Detroit and that country. But the Yankees were wide awake, and the folks at home were half asleep—that's about how it was."

"Tak' care, Maister Martin," said Davie, with grim satire; "gin ye gang on at this gait, ye'll be ta'en up for a rebel, and maybe confiscated and sold out while ye're in gaol, like puir Sandy McTavish."

"You're more likely to be taken up yourself, as far as that goes," was the retort.

"Deed, not I; a puir shoemaker wi' nae gear but my last and a wheen hides. Na, neither the sheriff nor his understrappers 'll covet anything in Davie Watson's shop," he replied scornfully.

"Then look how we're kept down for want of capital," the trader went on, seeming pleased to get his grievances ventilated on one who, for the time being, appeared to represent the delinquent British nation. "If we only had a little of the capital they sink in peppering the French, or even of what they spend among our neighbours over there, helping to enrich our enemies, we could get on, and clear our land, and make roads, and raise such crops as would astonish them. Aye, if they had but taken thought in time, they might have raised enough wheat out here to feed the famishing folk that broke in the windows of the bakers' shops when they found themselves starving; and might have saved themselves the law about brown bread, too."

The discussion was getting too warm for the officer, who did not relish the attacks from which he found it difficult to defend his country, in regard to matters, too, of which he found himself very ignorant. He was glad of an opportunity that presented itself for making a diversion, when the driver, handing him the reins, sprang from his seat in front of a hawthorn in full bloom, and broke off some large boughs, with which he proceeded to decorate the horses' heads.

"What's that for, John?" he inquired.

"For His Majesty's birthday," replied John. "This is the day, you know, and this is the way the horses used to coom into the Red Lion at Ashford; and the Major likes to see it still—that's Major Meredith, you know. We'll be at 'The Elms' in a jiffy."

"Ah," said Captain Percival, "I thought it was about time we should be getting near there. That's my halting place for to-night."

"Oh, then, your honour knows him," said John, with great interest.

"No, I have never met him," was the reply; "but he's one of my father's oldest friends. My baggage can go on to Newark, all but my valise and that small box, which is Miss Meredith's property. I suppose the Major's pretty sure to be at home?"

"That he is, sir, for this is trainin' day, you know, and the Major's a great hand for keeping the volunteers in drill. The fellows about here 'll stand fire with any in the country. And will your honour be going on with us next trip?" inquired John, unwilling to part company with his military passenger.

"Oh, I shall go on in a day or so; but I hope Hector's foot will be well enough to carry me the rest of the way, and then I shall be independent of wheels."

"All the better for your honour; and when you get to the Major's you won't be leaving it in a hurry. He's mighty glad to see gentlemen of the army, is the Major, as well he might be, being, as he was, such a good soldier himself. I served with him, sir, all through the American war, and was his body-servant till I left the army. And when he left it he bought my discharge and brought me here with him; and many a day I've worked with him at felling the big trees to build his first log-house. And I helped to lay the foundation of the new one, and a real foine house it is as any in these parts. So when I'd served my time out in hard work, and was beginning to want a little rest, he got me this job, as something lighter, though your honour does think it hard work goin' over the stumps. But he 'most always comes to have a word with me when I'm passin'. And Miss Lilias—there isn't the likes of her in these parts, so straight and so slim, just like her mother as died nigh twenty year ago now, and she do allays have a word for her old friend as has carried her round the fields many a day."

"Ah! that's the young lady I'm bringing out the box for, I suppose."

"Yes, there's only one, sir. She's been away at York on a visit, and the Major only brought her home a couple of days ago. She'll be with him at the trainin' to-day, for she allays goes about with him on her gray pony, wherever he goes. There, I hear the bugle now, and like enough we'll be at the Major's by the time he gets home."

It was not long before the stage emerged into a comparatively open country, along the foot of the wooded ridge that still rose above the road on their right; while to the left, beyond partially cleared fields, stretched the calm expanse of the lake, sleeping softly, blue as the Mediterranean, in the afternoon light. The curve of the coast could be partially discerned, and the line of the distant horizon melted softly into the dissolving gray and blue cloud tints. The free, wide expanse of water seemed to refresh the tired travellers almost like a glimpse of the sea. After passing two or three clearings, each with its rough log hut and barns, the fields grew noticeably more fertile, and free from the black stumps so obnoxious to an English eye; and John pointed out with pride "the Major's farm."

"And there's the house," he added, indicating the place where a pretty large and substantial stone house was dimly to be seen behind a luxuriant orchard, laden with its pinky bloom. "They call it the 'big house' hereabout, for it's a good bit bigger than any in these parts, but the Major calls it 'The Elms.'"

The name did not seem inappropriate, for at the gate leading from the road into the shrubbery in front of the house, two majestic elms, with round massive heads, whose long pendants drooped gracefully almost to the ground, towered like warders over the entrance. Behind them, weeping willows drooped beside maples and acacias, between which a straight walk led up to the open door, with its cool pillared porch festooned with Virginia Creeper, which spread its clinging arms high over wall and window. A plain square house it was, with windows comparatively small, as was the fashion of those days, but looking home-like and substantial—a place for family life to develop and run smoothly in, from childhood to old age. Behind it, towards the lake, were more bowery orchard trees in bloom, and on the farther side a luxuriant garden extended its thriving rows of vegetables, interspersed with the substantial old spring flowers, such as columbines, peonies, heart'sease, that are not apt to be ashamed, like the modern summer flowers, to flourish in the company of their neighbours more useful than ornamental. A little in the background were the substantial barns and stables, some of them being the original log buildings first put up for that purpose.

As the stage approached the gate, Percival could distinguish two equestrians advancing rapidly from the opposite direction, one of them being apparently a robust elderly gentleman, riding with an upright military air, and the other the slight, graceful figure of a young lady in a dark blue riding-habit.

"The Major and his daughter, I suppose?" said he. "The young lady trots well; better than most English girls."

"Aye, that she do! You see, she rides so much with her father that she has learned to ride at his pace, as well as he does himself, and that's saying a good deal! He sees us, and he'll stop till we come up, you'll see, sir."

As he spoke, "the Major" dismounted, opened the gate for his daughter to pass in, and while she cantered round by a side avenue to the stables, her father, leaning against the gate-post, waited for the stage to draw up at the gate, to make his usual inquiries concerning the latest news, unaware of the unexpected visitor that the lumbering conveyance was bringing him.

CHAPTER II.

A TETE-A-TETE.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her: for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see,
E'en in the motions of the storm,
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy."

UNDER the flickering shadow of the apple trees that extended from the side to the rear of the "big house," a black boy, with laughing eyes and gleaming white teeth, stood waiting to take Miss Lilias' pony. He had surreptitiously left his field work more than an hour before, to hang around in readiness for this important duty.

"Well, Sambo, how has Aunt Judy been getting on since I have been away?" inquired the young lady, as she sprang lightly to the ground.

"Oh, fust rate, Miss Lilias, only for the rheumatiz; and her tea and sugar's been done this while back. She's been takin' on to see you again."

"I intend to go to see her this very afternoon," Miss Lilias replied, as, gathering up her long riding skirt, she passed on to the wide open house-door, in front of which an old wolf-hound lay stretched, too sleepy to do more than wag his tail in response to his mistress' greeting as she passed him.

Just within the open doorway an elderly woman sat knitting, dressed in a sort of tartan home-spun, a blue checked apron, a snowy kerchief neatly folded over her shoulders, and a wide-frilled cap as snowy as the kerchief. The keen dark eyes surveyed the young lady through their spectacles, with a half deferential, half protective expression.

"You'll be tired, Miss Lilias dear, ridin' about all the afternoon. Just gang awa' noo, and rest yersel' till the tea's ready."

"Oh, I'm not a bit tired, Nannie," replied the clear, fresh young voice, "and I'm going before tea to see poor old Aunt Judy; I know she'll be looking for me every day now she knows I've come home, and I want to take her the things I brought her from York. I'll be back in good time for tea."

The girl's light figure speedily disappeared round the sharp angle of the steep staircase. Her plain, white-curtained chamber looked towards the back of the house, across the orchard and two or three fields, to the blue lake beyond. If it contained little of modern luxury, it had fresh air, snowy linen, sweet fragrance wafted in at open windows festooned by the waving tendrils of the Virginia Creeper,—as well as certain of the little tasteful arrangements with which a maiden usually likes to adorn her chamber. The little stiff old-fashioned toilet-table was brightened by some dainty relics of an older world and age;—a little hand-mirror set in ivory, a silver pounce box, a quaintly carved sandal-wood fan, contrasted strangely with the otherwise simple appointments. Above the little mirror, fancifully decorated with peacock's feathers, hung, suspended by a blue ribbon, a small oval miniature, delicately painted on ivory, and as the girl stood before the glass unfastening her riding habit with nimble fingers, the face in the mirror and that on the ivory might have seemed, at a careless glance, the same. There was the same candid, open brow, framed by the same arch of soft, dark chesnut hair; the same clearly-cut, refined features and delicate profile; the same finely-pencilled arched eyebrows, and graceful droop of eyelid, half veiling the same clear, trustful grey eyes, and the same soft curves of lip and chin. But the resemblance was with a difference, if the observer looked more closely. The appearance of excessive delicacy and fragility which characterised the portrait was not nearly to the same extent perceptible in the living face, on which the extreme fairness and faint bloom of the picture were replaced by tints more suggestive of health and freshness; the dark shade beneath the eyes of the pictured face, symptomatic of ill-health or sorrow, were absent from the girl's brighter countenance, and the latter wore her hair dressed in a much simpler fashion than that of the portrait, which, with its elaborate loops and puffings, belonged to an earlier period. The curves of the mouth, though as sweet, were stronger in the face of the girl, and without the wistful sadness which gave a touch of pathos to the picture, and the lines of the chin of the flesh and blood maiden had an air of strength and resolution about them quite wanting from the painted ivory. Moreover, the rounded figure of the girl—slenderly built though it was—had a firm elasticity about it that could never have belonged to the original of the portrait,—Lilias Meredith's fair young mother—who, transplanted to a rough and uncongenial atmosphere, had drooped and died some twenty years before—in the wild Canadian home which had never seemed a home to her. But Lilias, unconscious of privations the reverse of which she had never known, and inheriting a portion of her father's stronger nature, had grown up in her free, open country life, faithfully tended by the old confidential servant who had come with her mother from her Scottish home; and the petted and constant companion of her father, both at home and abroad, blossoming into a womanhood as vigorous in its apparent fragility as the graceful Canadian columbine that bloomed on her native rocks.

It was not long before Lilias, having exchanged her riding habit for a nankeen walking dress and broad-brimmed hat tied with a blue ribbon, had set out with her small store of luxuries for Aunt Judy, by a little meadow-path that led from the back of the house, and was a comparatively short cut to the old woman's cabin, close by the lake shore. She was not aware as yet of the impending visitor, with whom her father, still in the first eager flow of questions and replies, was leisurely sauntering along the road to the inn,—a slight improvement on the last one—there to have a final word with John Wardle, and treat him to a foaming mug of ale, as a reward for the welcome guest he had brought him. Sambo, meantime, whose quick eye had espied the arrival, was leading the horses up the avenue to the stables, with many a glance of admiration at the graceful proportions and proudly arching neck of the stranger's steed.

The meadow-path which Lilias had taken led her past the rear of the churchyard surrounding the little church of rough stone, which Major Meredith had had just put up for occasional sermons and weekly services held in it, but partly, it must be admitted, from a desire thus to consecrate, in the way that seemed to him most appropriate, the ground which contained the precious dust whose memory was still so dear to him. The same unavowed motive had led him to plant the acacias and the weeping willows, through whose branches the soft summer breeze sighed over the few soft green mounds that suggested the idea of a deep, quiet, unbroken repose. Lilias loved the place well;

it was one of her favourite haunts, with its atmosphere of peaceful seclusion, and its outlook across the green meadows to the blue, sleeping lake. She had not been there since her return, and she found herself, almost without knowing it, turning in at the little private gate and tracing the familiar path which led to the wide flat stone, already somewhat time-worn, which recorded the death of "Lilias Ramsay, the beloved wife of Henry Meredith, Major, &c., &c., who died May 30, 1794."

Lilias sat down upon the broad stone, tracing out the inscription, now becoming a little broken and indistinct, and wiping the dust off it with her handkerchief, as she had done so many and many a time throughout her orphaned childhood, while she vainly tried to fancy how her life would have been altered had the mother whose dust laid below been spared to her. At last she started from her reverie with a sigh, and glancing wistfully around her at the sweet, confused mingling of sunny verdure and flickering shadows, and distant blue of sky and lake, she prepared to depart, when a movement near her made her turn to see that she was not the only visitor to the churchyard. The other was a young man, very plainly dressed, but with an unmistakable air of refinement and cultivation about him which would at once have distinguished him from any of the Oakridge rustics, who had for some time been leaning against a tombstone at a little distance watching the maiden's reverie, which he seemed half impatient, half reluctant to disturb. He now came rapidly forward, a glad smile of recognition lighting up the expressive dark eyes that formed the most noticeable feature in a face rather thin and care-worn for its youth, and whose general expression was a grave and thoughtful, almost a sad one.

"Mr. Ernest! I didn't know you were at Oakridge!" said Lilias, acknowledging his greeting with a smile almost as bright as his own.

"Having two days' holiday," replied the young man, "I could'nt help coming home; and hearing that you had come home too, I was on my way to welcome you back, when I turned in here to pay my visit too;" and the smile gave place to the grave expression it had dispelled, as he slightly turned his head towards the small grave-stone beside which he had been standing.

"Yes! home would hardly seem home without this spot," replied Lilias, in a subdued tone.

"Strange! that there seems to be so much where there is so little; when one knows that they are not there at all; when there is no response, however one may want help or sympathy;" said the young man with a weary, despondent air, in striking contrast to the animation he had shown a few moments before.

"Yes! only we know there is always help and sympathy from where they are!" replied the girl, reverently, yet half shyly. "But you seem tired. Did you walk over?"

"Yes, of course; but that needn't have knocked me up. I'm a tolerably good walker, you know, and I broke the journey; did half last evening and half this morning. I started before the boys had got done hurrahing for their holiday. It made me envy them and look back with a sort of regret to the time when I should have hurrahed too for such a cause!"

"As if you were not really happier now, with so much more capacity for enjoying, and so many far higher things to enjoy!"

"Well, those two things may be granted, and yet the happiness not follow. But I suppose I am a little fagged. Teaching is a wearing thing after one has had a good while of it, and I feel worried, often, that I can't get on with my own studies as I should like. But I hope you have been happy, and have enjoyed your visit! You are looking well;" and the smile again chased away the gravity.

"Yes, I had a very pleasant visit on the whole, except for the York mud, which is frightful, and it isn't nearly as nice a place, take it all in all, as dear old Oakridge; though they laugh at us there as "backwoods." But every one was very kind, from General Brock downwards. Oh! *he* is splendid, I think; only of course he was away a good deal of the time. I suppose you often see him at Newark.

"Yes, his tall figure is pretty familiar there, riding about on his grey charger. A splendid rider he is too; and a fine soldierly-looking man. The Newark people respect and love him thoroughly."

"So does every one, I think," replied Lilias, warmly, "You should hear Marjorie McLeod talk about him; she almost worships him, I think! Your old Greek heroes are nothing to him, according to her."

"Well, very likely she's right there," said the young man, smiling. "I don't see why, in this advanced age of the world, and with Christianity to help, we shouldn't have better heroes than those old Pagan fellows, even Leonidas and Aristides included; and I think any one who can appreciate a living hero, without being told he is one, deserves credit."

"I'll tell Marjorie when I see her. She'll be glad to know that you admit his claim to be a hero, for she thinks you a good judge."

"Does she? I'm afraid she's mistaken," and the weary intonation returned. "Which way were you going, and may I go with you?" he asked, very deferentially.

"I shall be very glad if you will. I was going to see Aunt Judy, and bring her some little things from York. No, you needn't take them; I am not half so tired as you are, though I have been riding with papa most of the day," she remonstrated, as the young man took the basket from her, respectfully but determinedly.

"Yes, and how did the training go off? All the better for your presence, I am sure," said he, as they walked slowly onward.

"I don't know. I suspect *that* didn't make much difference. Some of the new ones were awkward enough, poor fellows; but some of them do splendidly, almost as good as regulars, my father says. He is quite proud of his volunteers, and I really believe he is longing to lead them into action."

"I earnestly trust there may not be need for it," was the grave reply. "What a terrible, unnatural evil such a war would be!"

"Do you think it is likely then?" asked Lilias, an uneasy fear vibrating through her clear voice. "I know my father does, but I have been hoping it is only his military zeal that makes him think so."

"I fear there is only too much likelihood. I know the American feeling is very strong, and there is just, yes just as bitter a feeling here against them. When political feelings gain the mastery, it is strange how they deaden every sympathy and generous feeling. Many that are naturally kind-hearted seem, when national antagonism comes into play, to become hardened into wild beasts. If we do have fighting, it will be fierce."

"Well, but your friends, the Americans, have no right whatever to molest us, who are not molesting them. If there is fighting it will be their fault, not ours," said Lilias, with some energy.

"Most unquestionably. Even national grievances—and I think they have some to complain of—could not excuse their bringing the horrors of war on a peaceful, unoffending province."

"Then you won't join them in the raid upon Oakridge," said the girl, with a little arch mischief in her inquiring glance, of which she repented when she saw the look of pain in the young man's face.

"I should think you need hardly ask that, Miss Lilias," he replied, with a painful, suppressed energy. "If they do invade, I could not hesitate about my duty, hard as it would be to find myself in arms against the country my dear father almost died fighting for. But I hope, against hope I sometimes fear, that I may not be driven into so painful a position."

"Then you would join the volunteers in case of war," said Lilias, a shade of satisfaction perceptible in her voice, subdued as it was by the evident pain with which the other spoke. "I half thought you might wish to remain neutral."

"Yes, I have thought the question over and over in many a sleepless night these past months, and I don't see that in such a case, and much as I dislike war in principle, neutrality would be either practicable or desirable. And in case of an invasion, I feel that it would be the duty of every man who can, to use every means of repelling it. So I have been training a little, as I could spare the time, with the Newark volunteers, and though some of them were jealous of me at first as a 'Yankee,' and a man who couldn't know anything about military matters, they are beginning to have a little respect for my soldiering qualities now."

"I don't wonder you're feeling fagged and worn out, then, with all that amount of work on your hands," said Lilias, rather trying to repress the evident satisfaction with which she had heard the last piece of intelligence. She could not help being, as she was, thoroughly a soldier's daughter, and respect for military prowess, above most other kinds, was, in spite of her own strong inward reasonings to the contrary, blended with her very life-blood. It awakened other thoughts too—thoughts of possibilities and contingencies that might arise out of what seemed so strangely unreal and impossible, and yet so thrillingly, nearly probable. Perhaps Ernest Heathcote also was thinking of possible contingencies. Silently and thoughtfully the two walked on through the piece of "maple bush" through which their path led, the slanting sunbeams that quivered through the leaves making an arabesque pattern on the brown ground below, and the soft tinkling of cow-bells in the neighbouring pastures sounding like a musical accompaniment to the pastoral stillness, till they came out upon the bit of clearing where stood Aunt Judy's tiny log cabin, close to the lake.

It was just where the shore curved round in a sandy bay, and the blue of the water changed into a peculiar pale green, as the waves, now slightly ruffled by a breeze, plashed lightly up on the silvery sand. The little bay was framed in on both sides by deep green woods, forming a back-ground to the cabin standing in the midst of its bit of rudely-fenced garden. Far out to the horizon line stretched the expanse of blue water, broken only by the white sails of a distant schooner. Familiar as the view was to both Lilias and her companion, they paused for a few moments to enjoy the sense of combined freedom and repose which it suggested before they passed round to the front of the cottage, where old Judy sat on her doorstep, busy mending for her grandson Sambo, and crooning a quaint hymn as she worked. The wrinkled brown face, crowned with the woolly white hair that peeped out from under a whiter cap, was bent down, intent on her work, but at the sound of approaching steps she raised it, and her bright old eyes beamed out the kindest of welcomes, as, with a reposeful dignity of manner, and soft, low-toned voice which many a would-be fine lady might have envied, she came forward to greet "Miss Lilias."

"And so de Lord hab brought ye safe home, honey. Well, He's good to His poor chil'en—dat's certain—for all we do forget Him so much! And ye're lookin' well too, an' as bright as a May posy. My old eyes has been longin' to see you dis many a long day! An' Mr. Ernest, I'm glad to see you too; but I can't say as you're lookin' so well."

"Mr. Ernest has been tiring himself out, Judy, between teaching and studying and drilling," said Lilias.

"Jes' so," the old woman replied, shaking her head; "dat's de way wid you young folks! Runnin' right through de strength de good Lord gave, and meant to last de tree score years and ten! You mind dat, Massa Ernest, or you'll never see my age. But 'bout dis drillin', Miss Lilias," she added, anxiously, "does yer really tink dem Yankees gwine to come over to dis yere country? Some folks been frightened Sambo so he come home a-cryin' t'other evenin'—tellin' him they'd be over, and he'd be took up and sold down South for a slave."

"That's all nonsense, Aunt Judy," replied Lilias, half smiling, "and it was very wicked and mischievous in whoever told poor Sambo so; but still my father thinks there may be fighting, and it's best to be ready, you know, in case. But if they do come over, you may be sure they'll be sent home again without either you or Sambo," she continued, reassuringly.

"Well, I aint much 'feard for myself, nor hadn't ought to be for Sambo neither, seein' I know who's taken care of dis yere poor creetur all her life long. An' it's He that 'll keep us all, honey, or de watchmen 'll watch in vain."

"Right enough," said Ernest Heathcote, gravely, "only the watchmen must do their part too. They won't deserve to be kept if they are lazy and careless, and go to sleep at their posts. And I mean, for one, to keep awake."

Judy's reflections were, however, put to flight for the time by the presentation of Miss Lilias' thoughtful gifts—the tea and sugar and other small luxuries so needful for the poor old woman's comfort, and yet so costly and so scarce in the remote wilds of Oakridge. It was not easy to get away from her gratitude, and her eager questions as to all Miss Lilias had been seeing and doing during her absence; but at last Lilias broke away, fearing lest she should be keeping her father waiting for the tea-dinner which formed his most substantial meal.

"What an all-absorbing topic this idea of a war is getting to be," remarked Lilias to her companion as they retraced their steps. "I am afraid we are going to have it, if it be true that 'coming events cast their shadows before,' as that poem you read to me, last time you were here, says. I mean the last time you were here before I went away; for I suppose you've been here several times since then.

"Only once," he replied gravely. "But your speaking of the poem reminds me of something I have here that I hope you will like—a poem by a new poet called Walter Scott."

And he drew from his coat pocket a thin blue paper-covered book, on the back of which, on a white label, was printed "Marmion," and placed it in Lilias' eager hands.

"How did you get hold of it?" she asked.

"It was in my friend Martin's little stock of books. I don't know how he happened to light upon it, but I'm sure he was glad to get rid of it, for I don't think he had much hope of selling it in Newark. The officers don't patronize literature much, as a rule. I was very glad to get hold of this, for I had seen a very sharp criticism of it in a stray number of the *Edinburgh Review* that came in my way, so I felt the more interested in it. But it seems to me the reviewer is in the wrong box for once, for I think it's a magnificent poem, if ever there was one! Do just listen to the splendid ring of the measure."

And taking the book, he read, with a clear, forcible intonation and genuine enthusiasm, the well-known opening lines:

> "Day set on Norham's castled steep;"

and Lilias, who always delighted in Ernest Heathcote's reading, drank in, with kindling eye and flushing cheek, the great magician's gorgeous picture, whose scenery and colouring were so different from anything her native land could show.

"It is beautiful," she exclaimed, with a little sigh, as he concluded. "I am sure it will be a great pleasure to read it. And may

I let Marjorie McLeod read it? I know she would enjoy it."

"I hope you will do me the pleasure of accepting it," he replied. "I meant it for you to keep, if you liked it."

"Oh, thank you," said Lilias; "it is very kind of you, but I almost feel as if it were robbing you—you love books so!"

"Not more than I do my friends, I hope," he replied, smiling; and then the grave look came instantly back, and he walked silently on, while Lilias, glancing at the poem here and there, tried to shake off a certain sense of embarrassment which the gift had brought, and which she, in her free, simple life, had not often felt.

"And how are they all at the farm?" she said at last. "What a shame for me not to have asked before."

"All well. Uncle Jacob and Aunt Patience have been at Hamilton, but were expected home this afternoon. Rachel and the boys are as usual."

"And Rachel is as pretty as ever, I suppose?"

"Prettier! I think I never saw her so fresh and blooming—just like a rosebud beginning to blow! Perhaps it would be better for her if she were not so pretty," he added, thoughtfully.

"Why?"

"Oh,—well, I don't know if it really is of as much consequence as I have been making it; but I thought I would tell you, and perhaps when you see her you might give her a caution. I wouldn't like to vex Aunt Patience about it; but there's a young officer from Newark who has been round here several times, and he's managed to see Rachel alone, and I'm afraid he's put a little nonsense into her head. How he knew my uncle and aunt were away, I don't know; but this forenoon, when I walked in, he was there—was hot and tired, he said, and came in, as he passed, to get a glass of milk. And Rachel, poor girl, was blushing so prettily, and looking so pleased at the fine speeches I found he had been making to her, that I could hardly find it in my heart to tell her not to listen to him or believe him; for, of course, he was only amusing himself with her."

"What is his name?" asked Lilias.

"Lieutenant Payne. He's a weak, frivolous, brainless sort of fellow, and in Newark his companions are not very creditable, and I know he's mixed up with a gambling set."

"Oh, I have seen him once or twice with some of the other officers," said Lilias, "but I know my father doesn't like him, and never asks him to his house. How did he get to know Rachel?"

"Indeed I am puzzled to know how, unless it is through a fellow that used to be here, and is in Newark now—Bill Davis; do you remember him?"

"Oh, yes! I shouldn't be likely to forget how he used to rob our trees of the best apples, and how angry he used to make my father."

"Well, he's living in Newark now—how, no one can tell, but I suspect it is in ways that won't bear looking into. At any rate he's a good deal mixed up with Payne's set of gambling, betting fellows, and I suspect he must have told Payne about Rachel, perhaps out of a spite he has at me. He once professed to admire Rachel himself, and because she wouldn't have anything to say to him, he thought I had set her against him, and seemed to believe it was on my own account; so I suppose he thought he would at once annoy me and propitiate Payne by showing him a pretty girl to flirt with."

"What a wicked young man he must be!" exclaimed Lilias, shocked at what was to her so new a development of character.

"Indeed, I am sorry to say he is not a singular instance. You don't know how happy you are, Miss Lilias, to be so shut out from the knowledge of the wickedness of the world as you are here. It makes one ashamed sometimes of one's very manhood," he said with almost a bitter earnestness, "when one sees the things that go on and are tolerated by people who ought to know better! But it isn't a pleasant subject for a lovely afternoon like this, is it?—the knowledge of good and evil! A precious boon, certainly, for a tempter to bring to Eden!"

"I always did wonder at that," said Lilias, thoughtfully.

"It was the very ignorance of the evil that made the temptation, I suppose. If we didn't know what evil meant, we don't know how far curiosity might carry us. But I am really concerned about poor Rachel," he added, in a softened tone; "and if you could caution her when you see her, I wish you would! She is so young and simple; and that fellow is good-looking and insinuating enough to make him dangerous. I shouldn't like to see her break her heart about him."

"I will try, if I can get an opportunity," replied Lilias, in a low tone. Somehow the request and the subject made her feel uncomfortable. It was natural enough for Ernest to be concerned about the happiness of his little cousin, brought up by his side; but yet his anxiety rather troubled her, and she did not find it easy to talk with him on such a subject. She would have smiled, even to herself, at the idea of anything more than friendship existing between herself and Ernest Heathcote, yet there was an underlying sensitiveness that made itself felt whenever its province was encroached upon, and the same sensitiveness perhaps was not without effect, by sympathy, on her companion. Both, at all events, finished the walk in a more abstracted mood than they had begun it, although they still talked on, Lilias describing some of her York experiences, and Ernest talking of the studies and books which had been occupying his mind—usually an interesting subject to his fair companion.

"You will come in to tea?" Lilias said, as they came under the shade of the wide-spreading elms. "My father will be glad to have a talk with you about Lord Wellington and the Spanish campaign. You know I'm not so good a geographer as you," she added smiling, "so I don't understand it half so well."

"Thank you," he replied, half hesitatingly, "I should like it very much; and perhaps after tea you would like a French reading? You know we left Athalie in trouble last time."

"As she deserved to be!—But who can that be with my father?" she exclaimed, as they came in sight of the front portico, where Major Meredith sat smoking his pipe, in company with a stranger, an English officer evidently, who, Ernest could see at a glance, was tall, handsome, and gifted with the additional indefinite grace of culture and high breeding.

Major Meredith came eagerly forward to meet his daughter, and after a courteous but rather patronising greeting to "Mr. Ernest," he said in a low tone—

"Lilias, my dear, we have got an unexpected visitor—Captain Percival, my old comrade Percival's son—just arrived from home! I have been waiting for you to come in and be introduced to him; and you must order tea at once, for we are very hungry."

Captain Percival had risen, and was looking with some evident surprise at Lilias, as he awaited her approach and the introduction. Ernest detained her for a moment to say very respectfully—

"If you will excuse me, Miss Lilias, I'll not stay this evening. I'll see you again before I go."

And, before she could object, he bowed and departed, disappearing quickly among the shadows of the avenue, while Major Meredith, inwardly applauding the propriety of the young man's action, led his daughter forward, with evident pride at being able to present to the stranger so fair and graceful a maiden as "My daughter, sir."

(To be continued.)

REPROACH.

BY ALICE HORTON.

I.

O COY, sweet eyes,
Like lake-reflections of Italian skies,
Does looking up with sudden, soft surprise,
Mean nothing?

II.

O lips ripe-red,
Do all the tender nothings uttered
Since ye to curl, and curve, and pout were bred,
Mean nothing?

III.

O little hand,
So soft to touch, so royal to command,
Do clinging fingers in fair lady-land
Mean nothing?

IV.

O dainty feet,
The ground ye trod was once for your sake sweet,
Yet tardiness to go and haste to meet
Meant nothing!

V.

O blushing cheek,
Your changing colour makes my purpose weak,
Although I know that all you seem to speak
Means nothing!

VI.

Thou traitor face!
'Twixt thee and me I put the wide world's space,
Because too late I learnt how all thy grace
Meant nothing!

OTTAWA.

THE LONDON AND CANADIAN PRESS.

BY NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

IT has often been pointed out that the press has to some extent taken the place occupied in other days by the church ; that the editor has superseded the preacher. No one can read the sermons of Chrysostom or Hugh Latimer, or follow the life and times of John Knox, without seeing that each of these divines was the journalist of his day. The pulpit occupied, in addition to its legitimate sphere, almost the whole ground covered by the newspaper to-day. No wrong was so great as to be above its assault ; nothing too minute for its notice. The "drum ecclesiastic" summoned armies before which the sternest tyrants quailed. All the business of life was the preacher's domain. In the shadow of the rostrum the poor found protection from their oppressors, and its influence was felt alike in the village ale-house and the cabinets of kings. Such is the mighty heritage to which the press has succeeded. When some powerful individual or corporation perpetrates a public wrong, when a wholesale scheme of robbery is afoot, when the air is electric with political excitement, and the heavens full of signs of coming change, men do not ask, "What will Chrysostom say?" but "What will the *Earth* or the *Cable* write about it in the morning?" No Ambrosius now makes a Theodosius do penance. But the editor calls kings and ministers to account, nips oppression in the bud, and enunciates policies which statesmen find imperative. The responsibility is great. To use power well has always been difficult, and it is morally certain that the press, unless watched from within and without, will abuse its functions.

The history and progress of the London press during the present century, while revealing what are the laws of newspaper development, show the wholesome influence which the people themselves can exercise, and ought to exercise, on those very organs which in turn form their opinions. Indeed it is incumbent on the people to influence the press by insisting that it shall appeal to the best that is in them. Any attempt to make capital out of their worst passions should be frowned down, as we should frown down a preacher who made his pulpit a perch for unclean discourse. The result of popular criticism in London has been to give the people a body of daily literature which, while making them acquainted with all that is transpiring around them, informs and instructs, teaching meanwhile, in no unworthy manner, the language of Addison and Macaulay.

The word "newspaper" is only equal to its work because, like most of our words, its meaning has expanded with the necessities of the case. When we speak of a newspaper now, we have something very different before our minds from the idea of a sheet containing mere news. The object called up by the word is a little daily magazine of literature—and sometimes of literature which takes a more permanent form. Mr. Cobden thought leading articles an unmixed evil. His idea of a newspaper was a publication confining itself to news, and this notion was carried out for a very brief period in the *Star*. But it was found that the people would not buy a sheet crowded with mere facts. They wanted not only the news, but also the opinions of those controlling the paper as to its significance. The *Star* at once yielded in this respect to popular feeling. Had it not done so its circulation would not have reached above a dozen. To the end, save for a brief space when the editorial chair was vacant, it kept up its reputation for ability.

Yet its career furnished not the least of the many proofs—for it was one of the best sub-edited papers in London—that it is not alone on the mechanical features of a paper that we must rely for success. The *Daily Telegraph*, the most successful *newspaper* in London from a commercial point of view, is the worst news sheet in the three kingdoms. It has made itself by the ability of its writers. The *Times* is always on the look-out for good men. The *Daily News* has gained on the *Telegraph* since Mr. Frank Hill took the editorial chair, because, for one reason, that brilliant publicist spared neither pains nor expense in securing the best talent. But the proposition that the editor of a paper is beyond all comparison the most important person connected with it, that he makes or mars the journalistic venture, that if he is weak so will be that which he controls, is so obvious that it is almost unbecoming to do more than state it.

The *Echo* became a success in a year and a half, and for the same reason as the *Telegraph*, whose triumph was also rapid—the lesson of both papers being that unity of management and independence of rigid party ties are essential to making a journal pay as a commercial speculation, and that where these exist, combined with the requisite capital and trained editorial ability, success is certain, the return on the outlay being as rapid as in any other undertaking of similar magnitude.

A paper is very much more than a collection of news items. It is a political "persona," which must preserve its individuality at the peril of complete failure. Nor is it enough to do this. It must have intellectual and moral force; in its voice there must be no uncertain sound—not to speak of contradictory notes—and though many minds contribute, the unity must remain intact. To secure this is the task of the editor—and it is a task that requires great and peculiar gifts, long and varied experience, and untiring energy. Yet the delusion is widespread that any man of fair abilities can edit a paper; and so he can in a sense, just as any man can play the fiddle, or any woman the piano.

The first and prime requisite in an editor is political intelligence. This is distinct from political information. It bears the same relation to politics as artistic perception does to Art, which is very different, I need not say, from acquaintance with the history of painting, its technicalities and cant. Political intelligence is that faculty which enables a man to see events and policies in just relative importance to the times in which he lives, to feel with accuracy the popular pulse, to know what is practicable and what not, to nicely appraise the effect that will be produced by any given step, and even by the tone in which it is discussed; it is antithetic alike of the small intelligence of sharp men who judge every question with off-hand dogmatism, from the standpoint of a narrow experience and defective sympathy, and of the wild haste with which strong minds, wanting in penetrating insight, mistake transitory phenomena for manifestations of enduring force. Even genius, as was seen in the case of Dickens and the *Daily News*, will not make up for the want of this strong, sobering gift; and where men of great reputation in literature and as political thinkers have taken the editorship of a paper, it has been proved, by lamentable failure, how impossible it is to dispense with this rare faculty. Discomfiture and loss have followed so unerringly and speedily the appointment of specialists to edit newspapers, that it has passed into a commonplace that to choose a man who should resort for inspiration, not to those great practical questions in which the foundations of States are laid, but to doctrinaire dreamings or dilettantism, is to foredoom the journalistic venture before it is born.

Of course it follows that, in order to preserve journalistic individuality, the editor, so far as the conduct of the paper is concerned, must sink his own. Nothing is more dangerous to newspaper success than to allow small personal passions to interfere with its management. Notwithstanding what has been said about the importance of the editorial columns, a newspaper is above everything else a newspaper. All the news of the past twenty-four hours should be found within its pages. To lag behind, to allow oneself to be anticipated, is fatal; and to exclude news on the ground of private pique, or permit private friendship to flood the columns with matter of doubtful interest and to the exclusion of news, is equally suicidal. The public soon see whether a paper is making, without looking to the right hand or the left, for a mark held well in view, or whether it is subordinate to the whims of an irrepressible egotism—whether it is, in fact, an organ of opinion and news, or only a cage where some lively squirrel disports in the happy but delusive conviction that the world has nothing to do but to contemplate and admire his movements. There never has been a journalistic success under any conditions which would test principles of management, but it will be found, on examining the steps by which large circulation and great influence have been attained, that personal passions have been kept aside, while the policy of the paper has flown on strong and unreturning, in accordance with definite views which may have been—from the point of view of political philosophy—wise or unwise, but which in immediate purpose and ultimate aim were unmistakable.

Division of labour is applied to the government of a London paper in a manner which in my opinion admits of no improvement. The staff, from editor down, is supposed to be thoroughly up to its work. The editor takes the sole charge of the editorial columns. He rules here with absolute power. He has, of course, control over the other portions of the paper, but this he seldom exercises. The manager occupies a very different position from a manager in this country, where he is the "boss" in all respects. In London he has nothing to do with the editing of the paper; he merely manages it financially, and is its representative for all business purposes. The sub-editor supervises telegrams and news, arranges about the reporters' work, and these last, thoroughly intelligent and experienced men, are in the main left to their own judgment. Save what the editor writes or sanctions, no opinions are expressed in the paper on political and social questions. To allow reporters to express opinions or display their own bias, is to strike at the root of the utility of their art. A report should be a photograph.

This arrangement has the following result. Reading the *Standard*, or the *Times*, or the *Daily Telegraph*, or the *Daily News*, you may be perfectly certain that a report is *bona fide*, absolutely uncoloured by political feeling. The summary of the *Daily News* and the summary of the *Standard* will always be found substantially to agree, both being written without the smallest bias. This is a huge gain, and produces the most useful impression. On matters of opinion we may all differ; but in regard to matters of fact, there cannot be great discrepancy between two accounts without mendacity. When a paper is found truthful as to matters of fact a presumption of its fairness is established, and its enunciation of principles is read with respect, if not with approval. Not only so, what is of infinitely more importance is this, the public mind is spared bewilderment, and precious time is saved.

The independence of London journalism is perhaps its greatest advantage, for from this spring its authority and, what is of more importance, its criticism. Though every paper enrols itself under one banner or the other, it is not pledged to admire the gyrations of any party, nor to belaud the antics of any leader or leading politician, however low he may fall or however unworthy the sources of his inspiration. It belongs to a cause, and not a party.

To criticise is to judge conduct or policy in accordance with an ideal standard. A politician should be honest, high-minded, patriotic, and consistent in regard to principles. I say in regard to principles, because there is often an apparent inconsistency in details, which when largely surveyed is found to be the courageous growth of constant reference to central truths. A policy should be wise and bold—that is to say, it should be framed with exclusive and intelligent regard to the interests of the people, and should be marked by no mean sacrifices to passing expediency. With very occasional exceptions, all the London journals bring the conduct and policy of every Government to these high tests, and a Liberal paper will not hesitate to point out errors in Mr. Gladstone's tactics, or to condemn in an emphatic and embarrassing manner the general incompetence or intermittent blunders of his colleagues. Thus the *Times*, *Daily News* and *Spectator* have again and again denounced the Philistinism of Mr. Ayrton as Ædile, and we have seen that gentleman forced to back down and eat humble pie, and ultimately driven from his post. There was no attempt to show that his insufferably insolent treatment of a man of science, or his blundering management of the Parks, were emanations of administrative genius. The cowardly policy of traitorous silence was not entertained for a day, or an hour. In the same way Mr. Bruce's chaotic administration at the Home Office met with the treatment it deserved — which is as much as saying that the capacity for severity of each of the above papers was all but exhausted. When Mr. Lowe brought forward a budget which poured a flood of light on the defects of a strong, highly cultivated, but essentially narrow mind, there was no Liberal paper which did not join in the derision with which it was received. The journalist in London does not regard all the geese of his party as swans, nor all the humble-bees as Hyblæan.

Such criticism educates the people, and doing this of course does not demoralize. The motto, "Our country, right or wrong," is degrading, but in its favour some small plea may be put forward which even a generous mind may in a hasty moment endorse. For the parody, "Our party, right or wrong," nothing can be said. Such a principle of conduct would, if it obtained anywhere, poison public morality at its source, and, giving rise to unscrupulous advocacy, to discussion of policies and conduct, without reference to right or justice, introduce a spirit and rules of combat more fit for a war of rats than a patriotic contest between men differing in opinions, but agreeing in the desire to serve their country. A newspaper would not live a week in London which endorsed palpably corrupt or outrageously blundering conduct. It is necessary, therefore, even for commercial purposes, that independence should be maintained. No man is perfect, still less is any government or body of leading politicians; and the proposition becomes strong, we need not add, in regard to a party in proportion to its numbers. We shall have arrived at the millennium when no political flies in the amber of official life shall make us wonder, with Mr. Disraeli in his famous quotation, "how the devil they got there." There are some men the purpose of whose existence seems to be to blunder, and as Goldsmith touched nothing he did not adorn, they, possessed of a malign gift, which even by chance never deserts them, can touch nothing on which they do not leave the marring trace of incompetent manipulation. If a paper will keep its own self-respect, and means to gain and keep the respect and confidence of the community, it is necessary that it should leave itself free to condemn botched work or unscrupulous intrigue.

One of the most pleasing facts of London journalism is that necessity has been laid on it to conduct its attacks with fairness and good temper. A mere critical paper like the *Saturday Review* may find it pay to erect sarcasm into a *culte*, and to approach every subject in an anti-sympathetic instead of a sympathetic mood. But it is written for a class; it is not in the strict sense of the word a newspaper; does not aim so much at influencing opinion as being read; and even behind what seem its most unfair attacks, there will always be found much truth, while it has done incalculable service by tearing the mask from humbugs, and pricking with its fine-pointed bodkin—and remember that bodkin is *fine*-pointed—inflated aspirants for renown. Occasionally since Mr. Cook's death, in the case of men little known in the world of letters, some kind friend has been able to smuggle in a eulogy of vapidity, saving himself by a guarded paragraph at the end, obscurely giving the real character of the work. Such a thing was an impossibility under Mr. Cook's *régime.* He once sent a book of the late Mr. James Hannay's for review to a friend of that brilliant writer. The friend was eulogistic. Mr. Cook on reading the review despatched a messenger to know whether the reviewer was on terms of amity with the author, and having learned that this was the case, tore up the proof and sent the book to another contributor. The determination to exclude friendship from judgments on books or men is so just, and so faithful to the interests of the public, it should inspire unqualified approval. If a writer or a public man has anything in him, an adverse critic cannot do him much harm; and the harm of adverse criticism is small compared with the wrong done to literature, to the public, and the foolish author or "public character" himself, by unmerited praise.

Critical rage like the *Saturday Review's* is too unqualified to suit a daily paper. Not only were the people unwilling to sanction one-sided judgments; such judgments were found to be a mistake in tactics. If the cry of "Wolf" was constantly raised, nobody would believe it when the enemy had broken into the fold and was devouring the sheep. This is true of the whole field of controversy. If a writer wishes to make his attack really damaging to an opponent, he must show above all things that he can be fair. No orator is so dangerous as he who will state the case of the opposite side with what will seem to the novice damaging candour—put all the points in the strongest light, and then proceed to demolish the structure. This was the method of Charles James Fox, whose success as a parliamentary speaker has scarcely been paralleled.

Akin to fairness, and arising from the same cause, is the tone which pervades the London press. When Mr. Dickens, in 1846, made his bow as editor of the *Daily News*, he found it necessary to say:

"Entering on this adventure of a new daily journal in a spirit of honourable competition and hope of public usefulness, we seek, in our new station, at once to preserve our own self-respect and to be respected, for ourselves and for it, by our readers. Therefore, we beg them to receive, in this our first number, the assurance that no recognition or interchange of trade abuse, by us, shall be the destruction of either sentiment; and that we intend to proceed on our way, and theirs, without stooping to any such flowers by the roadside."

Mr. Dickens read with clearness and certainty what was in the popular mind. As a man of wit, he naturally shrank from weapons at which any cowboy would be as deft as he, and no doubt the crowding into the profession of journalism of men of scholastic attainments and artistic tastes, has had an influence in driving scurrility from the leading columns of the press. It is the interest of those who can write that the rhetoric of Billingsgate should be tabooed. Any clown can point the artillery—the humblest imp play the Jupiter of the gutter. For the people to enforce moderation was easy in London. Where there is competition the purchaser can always secure a good article and to his taste. If there is a monopoly in anything, in newspapers, or tea, or pepper, the monopolist can do just what he likes; and in undertakings which are costly and arduous, very often without any special legislation, there will yet establish itself a practical monopoly. The moment the nature of journalism became known, such a thing would never have been permitted by the intelligent people of London. The press is, as I have said, an enormous power, and if subjected to no check, may prove as dangerous—indeed more dangerous, because more insidious, than an ostensible tyranny. Like the church, to which it has been compared, it touches the whole circle of life at every point: uncorrupt, is calculated to confer transcendent blessings on the world; corrupt, is no less calculated to enslave.

So conscious is the London press of being a literature, that one day each week, generally Monday, several columns are devoted to criticising books, and thus the busy reader is kept *au courant* with what is going forward in the world of letters.

The London press is careful of its own dignity. Journalism has become a profession in London, is strong, and knows well how to protect itself. When Lord Napier of Magdala, having returned from his successful expedition against King Theodore, was entertained by the United Service Club, commonly known as "the Rag and Famish," at a banquet to which Dukes were anxious to secure invitations, the secretary wrote a letter to the *Times* apologizing for not being able to invite their reporter to dinner, as, for want of space, generals of distinction had to be left out of the number of guests. Mr. Delane wrote back to say that under such circumstances he could not send a reporter, remarking that there was not a reporter on his staff who was not, in education and social position, fit to sit in any company in the world. As a consequence, a general whose breast was covered with stars was killed off (of course prandially speaking), and the invitation sent to the *Times'* reporter.

To edit a paper in London implies ability at least equal to that which enables a man to take a leading place at the bar. His position is one of great and attractive power. Guiding his paper in accordance with a standard which is apart from and above his party—writing of public men, to whichsoever side they belong, in the spirit of a historian—there is everything about the manner in which he discharges his functions which can challenge respect. He is not bound, save as he himself elects, to keep out of public life. But his duties are engrossing, and the position is one which may satisfy a very solid ambition. There is no notoriety, but, on the other hand, there is a consciousness of being a controlling element in social and political dynamics. To suppose that the editor or the members of his staff are ashamed of journalism, and wish to pass for private gentlemen living on their fortunes, is a grotesque delusion. Great peers, Cabinet ministers, leading members of parliament, barristers not "briefless," have been and are journalists, and without making any concealment of the fact. No man need be ashamed of work which the Marquis of Salisbury, Mr. Lowe, and Mr. Fitzjames Stephen do not think beneath them, even if it had not an intrinsic capacity to reflect honour on those who engage in it with just and high and conscientious aims. The editor of a penny paper receives about $6,000 a year. His assistant editors and contributors will often make an income exceeding this; facts which dispose of another delusion, that journalists in London are a poor lot, living in garrets, and writing on the inspiration of empty stomachs.

Bohemia does, no doubt, in London as in all great cities, stretch its borders into journalism as well as into other professions. But people live very comfortably, and make often very large incomes in Bohemia. I have travelled in that country myself, and can assure all who are in doubt on the subject that things are hugely changed since the description was accurate—if it was ever accurate—"In Bohemia men never breakfast and rarely dine." On the contrary, they dine very well, and breakfast very well, and lunch very well, and even sup very well, and in very good clubs, in that land of liberty, whose inhabitants it may be have often higher ideals, and judge art and conduct more persistently in accordance with an absolute standard than the prim sojourners in Oldsquaretoestown or Starchedcollarville. That such Bohemianism as exists in London is either without principle or a good dinner, or a good coat, is a profound mistake. It is true the coat is often not paid for. How the tailors manage I have never inquired. Perhaps they make the snobs pay in order to secure the pleasure and privilege of draping, gratis, the genteel and aristocratic. Tailors, I believe, have different ideas in Canada, and actually expect to be paid. But this is a comparatively small blemish in our society which advancing culture will infallibly remove.

On one penny paper, which until lately has not even paid its expenses, the salary of the assistant editor is 12 guineas a week for writing four leaders, and attending the office with the view of acting as editor when the chief is away. For any leaders in addition that he writes he is paid two guineas each—all work, save that of a reporter when on a salaried engagement, being paid for, as everything implying past thought and culture should be paid for, by the piece.

The members of the editorial staff are paid two guineas a leader, and write nearly every day. Casual contributors are paid two guineas a leader. On the *Times*, £5 5s. a leader is the rate, and members of the staff receive, in addition, a yearly retainer for holding themselves in readiness. There are numerous opportunities for making money. A man may contribute to the *Saturday Review*, to the *Spectator*, to the *Examiner*, to the monthly magazines, to the quarterlies. I never knew a leader writer at all fit for his work—that is to say, owning the mastery of a good English style, and possessing adequate knowledge of political and social questions—who did not make from £400 to £1,000 a year.

Coming to the reporters—to begin with there are the parliamentary reporters. With the exception of the *Daily Telegraph*, which does not profess to give full reports, all the papers have a large staff. The *Standard* has eleven; the *Times* nineteen. Thirteen is barely enough to do full justice to a great debate; and, as a great debate may arise at any moment, an adequate staff is always on hand. The work is hard, and there ought to be, and are, opportunities for leisure. Three hours will sometimes intervene between turn and turn, and as each speaker cannot be given in full there is ample time for doing other work. Some men write letters for country papers; some leaders; some supply special reports; and all, in one way or other, greatly supplement their salaries. On the *Star* there were but five Parliamentary reporters, and it was only by very hard work that a good report could be turned out of an evening when Mr. Bright, Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone spoke, all of whom should be given verbatim. If a comma were omitted from Mr. Bright's speech, the pillars of heaven would have shown signs of tottering.

On the *Star* the salary of a reporter was only four guineas a week. Yet it was worth while being in the gallery for this sum, for the sake of the opportunities of writing letters and parliamentary leaders for country papers. One man on the staff—then only two years connected with journalism—wrote letters for three country papers at a guinea each, "Parliament Sketched" for the *Court Journal* at a guinea, and from two to four leaders a week for one of the papers for which he corresponded. The way this was managed was as follows: Before going down to the House he wrote an introduction dealing with the general question which was to come up, then as the discussion went forward dashed in a sketch of it, and sending away the parcel by train at half-past eight, telegraphed a concluding paragraph when the debate closed. Thus a country paper 200 miles from London had its parliamentary leader as well as the *Times*, and with comments up to the last moment. There are other opportunities also of making money. But here is at the least £10 10s. a week, or over £260 for six months, made by a junior reporter. During the recess this reporter always did something for the *Star*, and of course employed his time in other ways—for instance, attending Court persistently. It is true, on all the papers there are what are called "annuals"—that is, parliamentary reporters who are paid all the year round, whether they are asked to do anything during the recess or not.

At one time in the gallery of the House of Commons, there was scarce a reporter who was not a man of good education. But the practice of giving speakers verbatim diminishing the necessity for some of the best gifts of the reporter, and swelling the number of the staff, introduced a considerable number of mere stenographers, and the consequence is, that in the gallery of the House of Commons at present there is a mixture of educated men and of men only not illiterate. The tendency is against resorting to the gallery for leader writers and special commissioners, though this is the rock whence were hewn Charles Dickens, Dr. Russell, Shirley Brooks, and many men now holding eminent positions as journalists and *littérateurs*. There are men in the gallery still taking "turns," who have grown wealthy, and who, having placed one son at the bar and another in the army, are only anxious to get another into the gallery as a parliamentary reporter. To spend a few years there is a real addition to a man's education. But the profession of a reporter must after a time prove fatal in its influence on the most valuable attributes of the mind.

Penny-a-liners are mostly men without settled habits or journalistic training of any kind, who drift into sending news to the papers and then make it a trade. When they are gifted with a capacity for organization, and possess such physical strength as will secure sober habits, or what are equivalent to sober habits, while leading a life necessitating irregular activity—breaths of ease alternating with crowded hours of labour—they make money.

During the heat of a recent controversy, it was asserted that some obscure persons in London influenced the editors of leading journals. Now, to begin with, it is not easy to get speech of an editor of a London paper, and any attempt to influence him would, according to the form it took, lead the practiser to be either kicked out of the office or quietly snubbed and shown the door. Every paper in London that can be said to be in the land of the living is absolutely unbribable; and Mr. Delane and other editors may take two lines of Pope as a motto—

> "Above a patron, though I condescend
> Sometimes to call a Minister my friend;"

and for the same reason—because the great public is their master and patron, and public opinion the fulcrum of the resistless lever they wield.

Some sixteen months ago I wrote to one of the leading organs of opinion in London: "I would advise no journalist to come to Canada; the school is bad, and the pay is worse." If I were asked my opinion now, after eighteen months' fruitful experience, I should repeat these words. Yet I must say that my first impressions were not all just, and that this broad statement requires some qualification. There is a good deal more ability and information, though often untrained and wasted, than I at first thought was to be met with, and for any men except those able to hold their own in the first or second ranks in London, the remuneration is as good as in England. A reporter will get permanent employment on a Canadian newspaper who would be quite unfit for the gallery of the House of Commons, and even unfit for doing general outside work for a London paper. Such a man, I think, is better off in Canada than in England. But a first-class man, either reporter or writer, with a facility of description or disquisition which makes his work a pastime, would not only be paid more in London than he could expect here, by the paper to which he should attach himself, but would also have opportunities of making extra money, and laying, both in self-cultivation and extending reputation, the foundation of a higher position. There is practically no scope for a descriptive reporter in Canada—that is to say, for a man with one of the first gifts of a novelist.

I have probably now sufficiently bounded off my meaning, and succeeded, I hope, in guarding myself from being misunderstood. I have ventured to describe the school of journalism in Canada as bad, but this is only in comparison with the school of journalism in London. To be provincial and petty seem to be linked as cause and effect, and mental breath and dignity do not long survive the constant discussion of the affairs of Little Peddlington. So we find scurrility, unfairness, carelessness as to fact and form in provincial journals in England as well as elsewhere; that inodorous creature the vestryman is a fatal person to all that come in contact with him.

If we compare journals like the *Globe* and *Mail* with the best provincial papers in England—in any of the large cities, such as Bristol, Liverpool, Manchester—it is my deliberate opinion that the *Globe* and the *Mail* have the best of the comparison. But then Toronto, though having only a population of sixty or seventy thousand, has many of the notes of a capital about it; it is a great legal camp; it has two universities; it has a Parliament; it has a large educated class, in part immigrated, in part native-grown; the consequence being that in the two papers I have named every possible subject is discussed: Canadian, English, American and European politics; art and science; all the ten thousand topics thrown to the surface by the seethings of a complex society. And these subjects are discussed in both papers with great ability and force; often with a thoughtfulness, reach of information, practical insight and precision, and elegance of language which leave nothing to be desired.

The fact is, that the public in Canada are wonderfully well served as regards journalism. Only that it would be invidious, I could mention papers in small towns where we see ability of a high order at work in more than one quarter. The news is well purveyed; no expense is spared to get parliamentary and other current intelligence; and to any defects that might be pointed out, the reply could not unfairly be returned that they were incidental to the conditions of a new country. Yet it does seem to me that in some directions improvement is possible.

I think that reporters should be inhibited from expressing opinions. Their function is purely photographic; they have no business further than to describe and stenograph.

Correspondents also should have it impressed on their minds that, the moment they take pen in hand, the partisan should be sunk in the journalist. "It was a huge meeting; there was no end of enthusiasm; there was not room on one of the seats for a macerated grasshopper," says one. "The whole thing was a fizzle; about twenty hired lambs occupied the hall; they looked like undertakers' mutes; tears of disappointment and rage coursed down the cheeks of Mr. A., while Mr. B. was heard to sigh like a consumptive bellows," says another. "'Tis white," says this man. "'Tis as black as my hat," says that. Gentlemen, in the name of patience could you not manage to tell me the truth between you? You professed to bestow information, and all you gave me was a pain in my head.

The worst or the best of it is, that I have reason to know that this conduct is not at all in accordance with the wishes of leading journalists amongst us.

There is a tendency to personality, a want of adequate respect for the sacredness of private life, and a readiness to introduce political feeling into spheres having nothing to do with politics. Thus one paper tries to prove that the shape of a man's nose, or the cut of his beard, or his clothes, are serious impediments to his statesmanship; another judges of a person's fitness for weighing butter by the colour of his political creed.

And now for the most serious of all defects that can mar journalism. I maintain that with a power like the press having liberty to dog a man throughout all his relations, life would not be worth having. A despotism terrible in aspect and oppressiveness rises before us when we contemplate such a possibility; an *espionnage* deep and broad as society becomes a necessity and a certainty. There is no danger of this. Yet we cannot be too much alarmed at anything that points in such a direction. We have seen things recorded in papers of all parties, which could never have been known had not the editor condescended to take information from some Bill o' Peep. The remedy against libel is practically suspended in Canada, and the only thing that can once more throw the shield of the law over individuals is an educated public opinion. It is a monstrous thing that men should be able to stab at character, and then look for impunity to the easy conscience of a partisan juryman. Perhaps, however, there is a cure within the reach of legislation. Unless some change takes place, we must have a bill enacting either that libel cases shall be tried before a judge without a jury, or that all articles in newspapers shall be signed with the author's name.

The rule for comment on the conduct of public men is plain, though it does not seem to be generally understood. Anything a public man does in public, anything he does in private which has become notorious, and which is not only notorious, but which also interferes with his public duties, may be commented on. His demeanour on a hustings or in a debate is public property; how he spends his evenings in his club or in his house, the public have nothing whatever to do with. When Sydney Smith was reminded that Mr. Perceval was a good husband, an affectionate father, and a pious man, the witty canon replied that he would prefer he flirted, and even beat the little Percevals, provided he saved his country. I subscribe entirely to the doctrine that, so far as a public character is concerned, we have nothing to do with his private life. If that private life is exemplary, it furnishes no reason for choosing him; if the reverse, it furnishes no reason for rejecting him. You might as well inquire into the morals of your lawyer, or the religious principles of the doctor who feels your pulse. The one thing you have to determine is the fitness of the man for the post to which he aspires.

Of course, if a man makes his moral character public property that is another thing. So far as he makes it public property it is fair to deal with it. If his vices are notorious, he must expect that these vices will be flung in his face when he comes into the fierce light that beats on the arena of public life; if he has been active and liberal in religious and benevolent works, he is fairly entitled to whatever help having this known and dwelt on may give him. But to look through keyholes at a man engaged either in diversion or devotion, and make capital in one way or the other of it; to betray the confidence of private intimacy; to trample on the sacred obscurity that covers men in their homes, at their club, in the boarding house, is the work of hypocritical ghouls.

That the Canadian press is able, vigorous and full of promise, need not be urged. The danger of such an institution is that it may be flattered too much. But if flattery ought to be of doubtful welcome from any quarter, there would be a double offensiveness in it coming from a journalist. I have sought to give as accurate an idea as space and other exigencies permitted of that press which is, in my opinion, the foremost in the world. I thought that in so doing I might perchance supply some materials for the formation of a just criticism, which would help abler and better men than myself to build up into more perfect symmetry and loftier pose an ideal for their work. Animated by a kindred purpose, I have not shrunk from pointing out blemishes in our newspaper management in Canada; and I trust that, however imperfectly I have discharged the two-fold duty I set myself to perform, I have done it without giving offence.

THE DEAD ALIVE.*

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of the "Woman in White," "Poor Miss Finch," "Man and Wife," &c.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LIME-KILN.

MR. MEADOWCROFT was the first to speak.

"Somebody must find John," he said.

"Without losing a moment," added his daughter.

Ambrose suddenly stepped out of the dark corner of the room.

"*I* will inquire," he said.

Silas followed him.

"I will go with you," he added.

Mr. Meadowcroft interposed his authority.

"One of you will be enough—for the present, at least. Go you, Ambrose. Your brother may be wanted later. If any accident has happened (which God forbid!), we may have to inquire in more than one direction. Silas, you will stay at the farm."

The brothers withdrew together—Ambrose to prepare for his journey; Silas to saddle one of the horses for him. Naomi slipped out after them. Left in company with Mr. Meadowcroft and his daughter—both devoured by anxiety about the missing man, and both trying to conceal it under an assumption of resignation to circumstances—I need hardly add that I too retired as soon as it was politely possible for me to leave the room. Ascending the stairs on my way to my own quarters, I discovered Naomi half hidden in the recess formed by an old-fashioned window-seat on the first landing. My bright little friend was in sore trouble; her apron was over her face, and she was crying bitterly. Ambrose had not taken his leave as tenderly as usual. She was more firmly persuaded than ever that "Ambrose was hiding something from her."

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* A new and original Story, published by arrangement with the author.

We all waited anxiously for the next day. The next day made the mystery deeper than ever.

The horse which had taken Ambrose to Narrabee was ridden back to the farm by a groom from the hotel. He delivered a written message from Ambrose, which startled us. Further inquiries had positively proved that the missing man had never been near Narrabee. The only attainable tidings of his whereabouts were tidings derived from vague report. It was said that a man like John Jago had been seen the previous day, in a railway car, travelling on the line to New York. Acting on this imperfect information, Ambrose had decided on verifying the truth of the report by extending his inquiries to New York.

This extraordinary proceeding forced the suspicion on me that something had really gone wrong. I kept my doubts to myself, but I was prepared from that moment to see the disappearance of John Jago followed by very grave results.

The same day the results declared themselves.

Time enough had now elapsed for report to spread through the district the news of what had happened at the farm. Already aware of the bad feeling existing between the men, the neighbours had been now informed (no doubt by the labourers present) of the deplorable scene that had taken place under my bed-room window. Public opinion declares itself in America without the slightest reserve or the slightest care for consequences. Public opinion declared, on this occasion, that the lost man was the victim of foul play, and held one or both of the brothers Meadowcroft responsible for his disappearance. Later in the day the reasonableness of this serious view of the case was confirmed in the popular mind by a startling discovery. It was announced that a Methodist preacher lately settled at Morwick, and greatly respected throughout the district, had dreamed of John Jago in the character of a murdered man, whose bones were hidden at Morwick Farm! Before night the cry was general for a verification of the preacher's dream. Not only in the immediate district, but in the town of Narrabee itself, the public voice insisted on the necessity of a search for the mortal remains of John Jago at Morwick Farm.

In the terrible turn which matters had now taken, Mr. Meadowcroft the elder displayed a spirit and energy for which I was not prepared.

"My sons have their faults," he said, "serious faults; and nobody knows it better than I do. My sons have behaved badly and ungratefully towards John Jago; I don't deny that, either. But Ambrose and Silas are not murderers. Make your search! I ask for it—no, I insist on it, after what has been said, in justice to my family and my name!"

The neighbours took him at his word. The Morwick section of the American nation organized itself on the spot. The sovereign people met in committee, made speeches, elected competent persons to represent the public interests, and began the search the next day. The whole proceeding, ridiculously informal from a legal point of view, was carried on by these extraordinary people with as stern and strict a sense of duty as if it had been sanctioned by the highest tribunal in the land.

Naomi met the calamity that had fallen on the household as resolutely as her uncle himself. The girl's courage rose with the call which was made on it. Her one anxiety was for Ambrose.

"He ought to be here," she said to me. "The wretches in this neighbourhood are wicked enough to say that his absence now is a confession of his guilt."

She was right. In the present temper of the popular mind, the absence of Ambrose was a suspicious circumstance in itself.

"We might telegraph to New York," I suggested, "if you only knew where a message would be likely to find him."

"I know the hotel which the Meadowcrofts use at New York," she replied. "I was sent there, after my father's death, to wait till Miss Meadowcroft could take me to Morwick."

We decided on telegraphing to the hotel. I was writing the message, and Naomi was looking over my shoulder, when we were startled by a strange voice speaking close behind us.

"Oh! that's his address, is it?" said the voice. "We wanted his address rather badly."

The speaker was a stranger to me. Naomi recognized him as one of the neighbours.

"What do you want his address for?" she asked, sharply.

"I guess we've found the mortal remains of John Jago, miss," the man replied. "We have got Silas already, and we want Ambrose, too, on suspicion of murder."

"It's a lie!" cried Naomi, furiously; "a wicked lie!"

The man turned to me.

"Take her into the next room, Mister," he said, "and let her see for herself."

We went together into the next room.

In one corner, sitting by her father, and holding his hand, we saw stern and stony Miss Meadowcroft, weeping silently. Opposite to them, crouched on the window-seat—his eyes wandering, his hands hanging helpless—we next discovered Silas Meadowcroft, plainly self-betrayed as a panic-stricken man. A few of the persons who had been engaged in the search were seated near, watching him. The mass of the strangers present stood congregated round a table in the middle of the room. They drew aside as I approached with Naomi, and allowed us to have a clear view of certain objects placed on the table.

The centre object of the collection was a little heap of charred bones. Round this were ranged a knife, two metal buttons, and a stick partially burnt. The knife was recognized by the labourers as the weapon John Jago habitually carried about with him—the weapon with which he had wounded Silas Meadowcroft's hand. The buttons Naomi herself declared to have a particular pattern on them, which had formerly attracted her attention to John Jago's coat. As for the stick, burnt as it was, I had no difficulty in identifying the quaintly carved knob at the top. It was the heavy beechen stick which I had snatched out of Silas' hand, and which I had restored to Ambrose on his claiming it as his own. In reply to my inquiries I was informed that the bones, the knife, the buttons, and the stick had all been found together in a lime-kiln then in use on the farm.

"Is it serious?" Naomi whispered to me as we drew back from the table.

It would have been sheer cruelty to deceive her now.

"Yes," I whispered back, "it is serious."

The Search Committee conducted its proceedings with the strictest regularity. The proper applications were made forthwith to a justice of the peace, and the justice issued his warrant. That night Silas was committed to prison, and an officer was dispatched to arrest Ambrose in New York.

For my part, I did the little I could to make myself useful. With the silent sanction of Mr. Meadowcroft and his daughter I went to Narrabee and secured the best legal assistance for the defence which the town could place at my disposal. This done, there was no choice but to wait for news of Ambrose, and for the examination before the magistrate which was to follow. I shall pass over the misery in the house during the interval of expectation: no useful purpose could be served by describing it now. Let me only say that Naomi's conduct strengthened me in the conviction that she possessed a noble nature. I was unconscious of the state of my own feelings at the time; but I am now disposed to think that this was the epoch at which I began to envy Ambrose the wife whom he had won.

The telegraph brought us our first news of Ambrose. He had been arrested at the hotel, and he was on his way to Morwick. The next day he arrived, and followed his brother to prison. The two were confined in separate cells, and were forbidden all communication with each other.

Two days later the preliminary examination took place. Ambrose and Silas Meadowcroft were charged before the magistrate with the wilful murder of John Jago. I was cited to appear as one of the witnesses; and, at Naomi's own request, I took the poor girl into Court and sat by her during the proceedings. My host also was present in his invalid chair, with his daughter by his side.

Such was the result of my voyage across the ocean in search of rest and quiet! And thus did Time and Chance fulfil my first hasty forebodings of the dull life I was to lead at Morwick Farm.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MATERIALS IN THE DEFENCE.

ON our way to the chairs allotted to us in the magistrate's Court we passed the platform on which the prisoners were standing together.

Silas took no notice of us. Ambrose made a friendly sign of recognition, and then rested his hand on the "bar" in front of him. As she passed beneath him, Naomi was just tall enough to reach his hand on tiptoe. She took it. "I know you are innocent!" she whispered—and gave him one look of loving encouragement as she followed me to her place. Ambrose never lost his self-control. I may have been wrong—but I thought this a bad sign.

The case, as stated for the prosecution, told strongly against the suspected men.

Ambrose and Silas Meadowcroft were charged with the murder of John Jago (by means of the stick, or by the use of some other weapon), and with the deliberate destruction of the body by throwing it into the quick-lime. In proof of this latter assertion, the knife (which the deceased habitually carried about him) and the metal buttons (which were known to belong to his coat) were produced. It was argued that these indestructible substances and some fragments of the larger bones had alone escaped the action of the burning lime. Having produced medical witnesses to support this theory, by declaring the bones to be human—and having thus circumstantially asserted the discovery of the remains in the kiln—the prosecution next proceeded to prove that the missing man had been murdered by the two brothers, and had been by them thrown into the quick-lime as a means of concealing their guilt.

Witness after witness deposed to the inveterate enmity against the deceased displayed by Ambrose and Silas. The threatening language they habitually used towards him; their violent quarrels with him, which had become a public scandal throughout the neighbourhood, and which had ended (on one occasion at least) in a blow; the disgraceful scene which had taken place under my window; and the restoration to Ambrose, on the morning of the fatal quarrel, of the very stick which had been found among the remains of the dead man—these facts and events, and a host of minor circumstances besides, sworn to by witnesses whose credit was unimpeachable, pointed with terrible directness to the conclusion at which the prosecution had arrived.

I looked at the brothers as the weight of the evidence pressed more and more heavily against them. To outward view at least, Ambrose still maintained his self-possession. It was far otherwise with Silas. Abject terror showed itself in his ghastly face; in his great knotty hands clinging convulsively to the bar at which he stood; in his staring eyes fixed in vacant horror on each witness who appeared. Public feeling judged him on the spot. There he stood, self-betrayed already in the popular opinion as a guilty man!

The one point gained in cross-examination by the defence related to the charred bones.

Pressed on this point, a majority of the medical witnesses admitted that their examination had been a hurried one, and it was just possible that the bones might yet prove to be the remains of an animal and not of a man. The presiding magistrate decided upon this that a second examination should be made, and that the number of the medical experts should be increased.

Here the preliminary proceedings ended. The prisoners were remanded for three days.

The prostration of Silas at the close of the inquiry was so complete that it was found necessary to have two men to support him on his leaving the Court. Ambrose leaned over the bar to speak to Naomi before he followed the gaoler out. "Wait," he whispered, confidently, "till they hear what I have to say!" Naomi kissed her hand to him affectionately, and turned to me, with the bright tears in her eyes.

"Why don't they hear what he has to say, at once?" she asked. "Anybody can see that Ambrose is innocent. It's a crying shame, sir, to send him back to prison. Don't you think so yourself?"

If I had confessed what I really thought, I should have said that Ambrose had proved nothing to my mind, except that he possessed rare powers of self-control. It was impossible to acknowledge this to my little friend. I diverted her mind from the question of her lover's innocence by proposing that we should get the necessary order, and visit him in his prison on the next day. Naomi dried her tears, and gave me a little, grateful squeeze of the hand.

"Oh, my! what a good fellow you are!" cried the outspoken American girl. "When your time comes to be married, sir, I guess the woman won't repent saying 'Yes' to *you*!"

Mr. Meadowcroft preserved unbroken silence as we walked back to the farm on either side of his invalid chair. His last reserves of resolution seemed to have given way under the overwhelming strain laid on them by the proceedings in Court. His daughter, in stern indulgence to Naomi, mercifully permitted her opinion to glimmer on us only through the medium of quotations from Scripture texts. If the texts meant anything, they meant that she had foreseen all that had happened, and that the one sad aspect of the case, to her mind, was the death of John Jago, unprepared to meet his end.

I obtained the order of admission to the prison the next morning.

We found Ambrose still confident of a favourable result, for his brother and for himself, of the inquiry before the magistrate. He seemed to be almost as eager to tell, as Naomi was to hear, the true story of what had happened at the lime kiln. The authorities of the prison—present, of course, at the interview—warned him to remember that what he said might be taken down in writing and produced against him in Court.

"Take it down, gentlemen, and welcome," Ambrose replied. "I have nothing to fear—I am only telling the truth."

With that he turned to Naomi, and began his narrative, as nearly as I can remember, in these words:—

"I may as well make a clean breast of it at starting, my girl. After Mr. Lefrank left us that morning, I asked Silas how he came by my stick. In telling me how, Silas also told me of the words that had passed between him and John Jago under Mr. Lefrank's window. I was angry and jealous—and, I own it freely, Naomi, I thought the worst that could be thought about you and John."

Here Naomi stopped him without ceremony.

"Was that what made you speak to me as you spoke when we found you at the wood?" she asked.

"Yes."

"And was that what made you leave me (when you went away to Narrabee) without giving me a kiss at parting?"

"It was."

"Beg my pardon for it—before you say a word more."

"I beg your pardon."

"Say you are ashamed of yourself."

"I am ashamed of myself," Ambrose answered penitently.

"Now you may go on," said Naomi. "Now I'm satisfied."

Ambrose went on:

"We were on our way to the clearing at the other side of the wood, while Silas was talking to me; and, as ill-luck would have it, we took the path that led by the lime kiln. Turning the corner, we met John Jago on his way to Narrabee. I was too angry, I tell you, to let him pass quietly—I gave him a bit of my mind. His blood was up, too, I suppose; and he spoke out on his side as freely as I did. I own I threatened him with the stick; but I'll swear to it I meant him no harm. You know—after dressing Silas's hand—that Jago is ready with his knife. He comes from out West, where they are always ready with one weapon or another handy in their pockets. It's likely enough *he* didn't mean to harm me, either; but how could I be sure of that? When he stepped up to me and showed his weapon, I dropped the stick and closed with him. With one hand I wrenched the knife away from him; and with the other, I caught the collar of his rotten old coat, and gave him a shaking that made his bones rattle in his skin. A big piece of the cloth came away in my hand. I shied it into the quick-lime close by us, and I pitched the knife after the cloth; and, if Silas hadn't stopped me, I think it's likely I might have shied John Jago himself into the lime next. As it was, Silas kept hold of me; Silas shouted out to him, 'Be off with you; and don't come back again, if you don't want to be burnt in the kiln!' He stood looking at us for a minute, fetching his breath, and holding his torn coat round him. Then he spoke with a deadly-quiet voice, and a deadly-quiet look. 'Many a true word, Mr. Silas' (he says), 'is spoken in jest. *I shall not come back again.*' He turned about, and left us. We stood staring at each other like a couple of fools. 'You don't think he means it?' I says. 'Bosh!' says Silas. 'He's too sweet on Naomi not to come back.' What's the matter now, Naomi?"

I had noticed it too. She started and turned pale when Ambrose repeated to her what Silas had said to him.

"Nothing is the matter," Naomi answered. "Your brother has no right to take liberties with my name. Go on. Did Silas say any more while he was about it?"

"Yes. He looked into the kiln, and he says, 'What made you throw away the knife, Ambrose?'—'How does a man know why he does anything' (I says), 'when he does it in a passion?'—'It's a ripping good knife' (says Silas); 'in your place I should have kept it.' I picked up the stick off the ground. 'Who says I've lost it yet?' I answered him—and, with that I got up on the side of the kiln, and began sounding for the knife, to bring it, you know, by means of the stick, within easy reach of a shovel or some such thing. 'Give us your hand' (I says to Silas); 'let me stretch out a bit, and I'll have it in no time.' Instead of finding the knife, I came nigh to falling myself into the burning lime. The vapour overpowered me, I suppose. All I know is, I turned giddy, and dropped the stick in the kiln. I should have followed the stick to a dead certainty, but for Silas pulling me back by the hand. 'Let it be' (says Silas); 'if I hadn't had hold of you, John Jago's knife would have been the death of you, after all!' He led me away by the arm, and we went on together on the road to the wood. We stopped where you found us, and sat down on the felled tree. We had a little more talk about John Jago. It ended in our agreeing to wait and see what happened, and to keep our own counsel in the meantime. You and Mr. Lefrank came upon us, Naomi, while we were still talking; and you guessed right when you guessed that we had a secret from you. You know the secret now."

There he stopped. I put a question to him—the first that I had asked yet.

"Had you or your brother any fear, at that time, of the charge which has since been brought against you?" I said.

"No such thought entered our heads, sir," Ambrose answered. "How could *we* foresee that the neighbours would search the kiln, and say what they have said of us? All we feared was that the old man might hear of the quarrel, and be bitterer against us than ever. I was most anxious of the two to keep things secret, because I had Naomi to consider as well as the old man. Put yourself in my place, and you will own, sir, that the prospect at home was not a pleasant one for *me*, if John Jago really kept away from the farm, and if it came out that it was all my doing."

(This was certainly an explanation of his conduct, but it was not quite satisfactory to my mind.)

"As *you* believe, then," I went on, "John Jago has carried out his threat of not returning to the farm. According to you, he is now alive and in hiding somewhere?"

"Certainly!" said Ambrose.

"Certainly!" repeated Naomi.

"Do you believe the report that he was seen travelling on the railway to New York?"

"I believe it firmly, sir. And what is more, I believe I was on his track. I was only too anxious to find him—and I say I could have found him if they would have let me stay in New York."

I looked at Naomi.

"I believe it too," she said. "John Jago is keeping away."

"Do you suppose he is afraid of Ambrose and Silas?"

She hesitated.

"He *may* be afraid of them," she replied, with a strong emphasis on the word "may."

"But you don't think it likely?"

She hesitated again. I pressed her again.

"Do you think there is any other motive for his absence?"

Her eyes dropped to the floor. She answered obstinately, almost doggedly:

"I can't say."

I addressed myself to Ambrose.

"Have you anything more to tell us?" I asked.

"No," he said, "I have told you all I know about it."

I rose to speak to the lawyer whose services I had retained. He had helped us to get the order of admission, and he had accompanied us to the prison. Seated apart, he had kept silence throughout, attentively watching the effect of Ambrose Meadowcroft's narrative on the officers of the prison and on me.

"Is this the defence?" I inquired, in a whisper.

"This is the defence, Mr. Lefrank. What do you think—between ourselves?"

"Between ourselves, I think the magistrate will commit them for trial."

"On the charge of murder?"

"Yes—on the charge of murder."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CONFESSION.

MY replies to the lawyer accurately expressed the conviction in my mind. The narrative related by Ambrose had all the appearance, in my eyes, of a fabricated story—got up, and clumsily got up, to pervert the plain meaning of the circumstantial evidence produced by the prosecution. I reached this conclusion reluctantly and regretfully, for Naomi's sake. I said all I could say to shake the absolute confidence which she felt in the discharge of the prisoners at the next examination.

The day of the adjourned inquiry arrived.

Naomi and I again attended the Court together. Mr. Meadowcroft was unable on this occasion to leave the house. His daughter was present, walking to the Court by herself, and occupying a seat by herself.

On his second appearance at the "bar," Silas was more composed, and more like his brother. No new witnesses were called by the prosecution. We began the battle over the medical evidence relating to the charred bones, and to some extent we won the victory. In other words, we forced the doctors to acknowledge that they differed widely in their opinions. Three confessed that they were not certain. Two went still further, and declared that the bones were the bones of an animal, not of a man. We made the most of this; and then we entered upon the defence, founded on Ambrose Meadowcroft's story.

Necessarily, no witnesses could be called on our side. Whether this circumstance discouraged him, or whether he privately shared my opinion of his client's statement, I cannot say. It is only certain that the lawyer spoke mechanically — doing his best, no doubt, but doing it without genuine conviction or earnestness on his own part. Naomi cast an anxious glance at me as he sat down. The girl's hand, as I took it, turned cold in mine. She saw plain signs of the failure of the defence in the look and manner of the counsel for the prosecution; but she waited resolutely until the presiding magistrate announced his decision. I had only too clearly foreseen what he would feel it to be his duty to do. Naomi's head dropped on my shoulder as he said the terrible words which committed Ambrose and Silas Meadowcroft to take their trial on the charge of Murder.

I led her out of Court into the air. As I passed the "bar" I saw Ambrose, deadly pale, looking after us as we left him; the magistrate's decision had evidently daunted him. His brother Silas had dropped in abject terror on the gaoler's chair; the miserable wretch shook and shuddered dumbly, like a cowed dog.

Miss Meadowcroft returned with us to the farm, preserving unbroken silence on the way back. I could detect nothing in her bearing which suggested any compassionate feeling for the prisoners in her stern and secret nature. On Naomi's withdrawal to her own room, we were left together for a few minutes—and then, to my astonishment, the outwardly merciless woman showed me that she too was one of Eve's daughters, and could feel and suffer (in her own hard way) like the rest of us. She suddenly stepped close up to me, and laid her hand on my arm.

"You are a lawyer, ain't you?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Have you had any experience in your profession?"

"Ten years' experience."

"Do *you* think ——" She stopped abruptly; her hard face softened; her eyes dropped to the ground. "Never mind!" she said confusedly. "I'm upset by all this misery—though I may not look like it. Don't notice me."

She turned away. I waited in the firm persuasion that the unspoken question in her mind would sooner or later force its way to utterance by her lips. I was right. She came back to me unwillingly—like a woman acting under some influence which the utmost exertion of her will was powerless to resist.

"Do *you* believe John Jago is still a living man?"

She put the question vehemently, desperately—as if the words rushed out of her mouth in spite of her.

"I do *not* believe it," I answered.

"Remember what John Jago has suffered at the hands of my brothers," she persisted. "Is it not in your experience that he should take a sudden resolution to leave the farm?"

I replied as plainly as before—

"It is *not* in my experience."

She stood looking at me for a moment with a face of blank despair—then bowed her grey head in silence, and left me. As she crossed the room to the door I saw her look upward, and I heard her say to herself, softly, between her teeth, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."

It was the requiem of John Jago, pronounced by the woman who loved him.

When I next saw her, her mask was on once more. Miss Meadowcroft was herself again; Miss Meadowcroft could sit by, impenetrably calm, while the lawyers discussed the terrible position of her brothers—with the scaffold in view as one of the possibilities of the "case."

Left by myself, I began to feel uneasy about Naomi. I went up-stairs, and, knocking softly at her door, made my inquiries from outside. The clear young voice answered me sadly, "I am trying to bear it; I won't distress you when we meet again." I descended the stairs, feeling my first suspicion of the true nature of my interest in the American girl. Why had her answer brought the tears into my eyes? I went out walking alone, to think undisturbedly. Why did the tones of her voice dwell on my ear all the way? Why did my hand still feel the last cold, faint pressure of her fingers when I led her out of Court?

I took a sudden resolution to go back to England.

When I returned to the farm it was evening. The lamp was not yet lit in the hall. Pausing to accustom my eyes to the obscurity indoors, I heard the voice of the lawyer, whom we had employed for the defence, speaking to some one very earnestly.

"I'm not to blame," said the voice. "She snatched the paper out of my hand before I was aware of her."

"Do you want it back?" asked the voice of Miss Meadowcroft.

"No; it's only a copy. If keeping it will help to quiet her, let her keep it by all means. Good evening."

Saying these last words, the lawyer approached me on his way out of the house. I stopped him without ceremony; I felt an ungovernable curiosity to know more.

"Who snatched the paper out of your hand?" I asked bluntly.

The lawyer started. I had taken him by surprise. The instinct of professional reticence made him pause before he answered me.

In the brief interval of silence, Miss Meadowcroft replied to my question from the other end of the hall.

"Naomi Colebrook snatched the paper out of his hand."

"What paper?"

A door opened softly behind me. Naomi herself appeared on the threshold. Naomi herself answered my question.

"I will tell you," she whispered. "Come in here."

One candle only was burning in the room. I looked at her by the dim light. My resolution to return to England instantly became one of the lost ideas of my life.

"Good God!" I exclaimed, "what has happened now?"

She handed me the paper which she had taken from the lawyer's hand.

The "copy" to which he had referred was a copy of the written confession of Silas Meadowcroft on his return to prison. He accused his brother Ambrose of the murder of John Jago! He declared on his oath that he had seen his brother Ambrose commit the crime!

In the popular phrase, I could "hardly

believe my own eyes." I read the last sentences of the confession for the second time.

" * * * I heard their voices at the lime-kiln. They were having words about cousin Naomi. I ran to the place to part them. I was not in time. I saw Ambrose strike the deceased a terrible blow on the head with his (Ambrose's) heavy stick. The deceased dropped without a cry. I put my hand on his heart. He was dead. I was horribly frightened. Ambrose threatened to kill *me* next, if I said a word to any living soul. He took up the body, and cast it into the quick-lime, and threw the stick in after it. We went on together to the wood. We sat down on a felled tree outside the wood. Ambrose made up the story that we were to tell, if what he had done was found out. He made me repeat it after him like a lesson. We were still at it when cousin Naomi and Mr. Lefrank came up to us. They know the rest. This, on my oath, is a true confession. I make it of my own free will; repenting me sincerely that I did not make it before.

(Signed) "SILAS MEADOWCROFT."

I laid down the paper, and looked at Naomi once more. She spoke to me with a strange composure. Immovable determination was in her eye; immovable determination was in her voice.

"Silas has lied away his brother's life to save himself," she said. "I see cowardly falsehood and cowardly cruelty in every line on that paper. Ambrose is innocent—and the time has come to prove it."

"You forget," I said, "that we have just failed to prove it."

"John Jago is alive—in hiding from us and from all who know him," she went on. "Help me, friend Lefrank, to advertise for him in the newspapers."

I drew back from her in speechless distress. I own I believed that the new misery which had fallen on her had affected her brain.

"You don't believe it," she said. "Shut the door."

I obeyed her. She seated herself, and pointed to a chair near her.

"Sit down," she proceeded. "I am going to do a wrong thing, but there is no help for it. I am going to break a sacred promise. You remember that moonlight night when I met him on the garden walk?"

"John Jago?"

"Yes. Now listen. I am going to tell you what passed between John Jago and me."

CHAPTER IX.

THE ADVERTISEMENT.

I WAITED in silence for the disclosure that was now to come. Naomi began by asking me a question.

"You remember when we went to see Ambrose in the prison?" she said.

"Perfectly."

"Ambrose told us of something which his villain of a brother said of John Jago and me. Do you remember what it was?"

I remembered perfectly. Silas had said, "John Jago is too sweet on Naomi not to come back."

"That's so," Naomi remarked when I had repeated the words. "I couldn't help starting when I heard what Silas had said—and I thought you noticed me."

"I did notice you."

"Did you wonder what it meant?"

"Yes."

"I'll tell you. It meant this. What Silas Meadowcroft said to his brother of John Jago, was what I myself was thinking of John Jago at that very moment. It startled me to find my own thought in a man's mind, spoken for me by a man. I am the person, sir, who has driven John Jago away from Morwick Farm. And I am the person who can (and will) bring him back again."

There was something in her manner, more

than in her words, which let the light in suddenly on my mind.

"You have told me the secret," I said. "John Jago is in love with you."

"Mad about me," she rejoined, dropping her voice to a whisper. "Stark, staring mad—that's the only word for him! After we had taken a few turns on the gravel walk, he suddenly broke out like a man beside himself. He fell down on his knees, he kissed my gown, he kissed my feet, he sobbed and cried for love of me. I'm not badly off for courage, sir, considering I'm a woman; no man that I can call to mind ever really scared me before. But I own John Jago frightened me—oh, my! he did frighten me! My heart was in my mouth, and my knees shook under me. I begged and prayed of him to get up and go away. No! there he kneltand held by the skirt of my gown. The words poured out from him like—well, like nothing I can think of but water from a pump. His happiness and his life, and his hopes in earth and heaven, and Lord only knows what besides, all depended (he said) on a word from me. I plucked up spirit enough, at that, to remind him that I was promised to Ambrose. 'I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself,' I said, 'to own that you are wicked enough to love me when you know I am promised to another man.' When I spoke so to him, he took a new turn; he began abusing Ambrose. *That* straightened me up. I snatched my gown out of his hand, and I gave him my whole mind. 'I hate you,' I said. 'Even if I wasn't promised to Ambrose, I wouldn't marry you, no! not if there wasn't another man left in the world to ask me. I hate you, Mr. Jago! I hate you!' He saw I was in earnest at last. He got up from my feet, and he settled down quiet again, all on a sudden. 'You have said enough' (that was how he answered me); 'you have broken my life. I have no hopes and no prospects now. I had a pride in the farm, Miss, and a pride in my work—I bore with your brutish cousins' hatred of me—I was faithful to Mr. Meadowcroft's interests—all for your sake, Naomi Colebrook; all for your sake! I have done with it now; I have done with my life at the farm. You will never be troubled with me again. I am going away, as the dumb creatures go when they are sick, to hide myself in a corner and die. Do me one last favour! Don't make me the laughing-stock of the whole neighbourhood. I can't bear that—it maddens me only to think of it. Give me your promise never to tell any living soul what I have said to you to-night—your sacred promise to the man whose life you have broken!' I did as he bade me; I gave my sacred promise—with the tears in my eyes! Yes! that is so. After telling him I hated him (and I did hate him), I cried over his misery—I did! Mercy! what fools women are! What is the horrid perversity, sir, which makes us always ready to pity the men? He held out his hand to me, and he said 'Goodbye for ever,' and I pitied him. I said, 'I'll shake hands with you, if you will give me your promise in exchange for mine. I beg of you not to leave the farm. What will my uncle do if you go away? Stay here, and be friends with me—and forget and forgive, Mr. John.' He gave me his promise (he can refuse me nothing); and he gave it again when I saw him again the next morning. Yes! I'll do him justice—though I do hate him! I believe he honestly meant to keep his word as long as my eye was on him. It was only when he was left to himself that the devil tempted him to break his promise and leave the farm. I was brought up to believe in the devil, Mr. Lefrank, and I find it explains many things. It explains John Jago. Only let me find out where he is gone, and I'll engage he shall come back and clear Ambrose of the suspicion which his vile brother has cast on him. Here is the pen all ready for you! Advertise for him, friend Lefrank, and do it right away, for my sake!"

I let her run on—without attempting to disturb her conclusions—until she could say no more. When she put the pen into my hand, I began the composition of the advertisement as obediently as if I too believed that John Jago was a living man.

In the case of any one else, I should have openly acknowledged that my own convictions remained unshaken. If no quarrel had taken place at the lime-kiln I should have been quite ready (as I viewed the case) to believe that John Jago's disappearance was referable to the terrible disappointment which Naomi had inflicted on him. The same morbid dread of ridicule which had led him to assert that he cared nothing for Naomi, when he and Silas had quarrelled under my bed-room window, might also have impelled him to withdraw himself secretly and suddenly from the scene of his discomfiture. But to ask me to believe, after what happened at the lime-kiln, that he was still living, was to ask me to take Ambrose Meadowcroft's statement for granted as a true statement of facts.

I had refused to do this from the first, and I still persisted in taking that course. If I had been called upon to decide the balance of probability between the narrative related by Ambrose in his defence and the narrative related by Silas in his confession, I must have owned, no matter how unwillingly, that the confession was, to my mind, the least incredible story of the two.

Could I say this to Naomi? I would have written fifty advertisements inquiring for John Jago rather than say it. And you would have done the same if you had been as fond of her as I was.

I drew out the advertisement (for insertion in the Morwick *Mercury*) in these terms:

"MURDER.—Printers of newspapers throughout the United States are desired to publish that Ambrose Meadowcroft and Silas Meadowcroft, of Morwick Farm, Morwick County, are committed for trial on the charge of murdering John Jago, now missing from the farm and from the neighbourhood. Any person who can give information of the existence of said Jago may save the lives of two wrongly accused men by making immediate communication. Jago is about five feet four inches high. He is spare and wiry; his complexion is extremely pale; his eyes are dark, and very bright and restless. The lower part of his face is concealed by a thick black beard and moustache. The whole appearance of the man is wild and flighty."

I added the date and the address. That evening a servant was sent on horseback to Narrabee to procure the insertion of the advertisement in the next issue of the newspaper.

When we parted that night, Naomi looked almost like her brighter and happier self. Now that the advertisement was on its way to the printing office she was more than sanguine—she was certain of the result.

"You don't know how you have comforted me," she said in her frank, warm-hearted way, when we parted for the night. "All the newspapers will copy it; and we shall hear of John Jago before the week is out." She turned to go, and came back again to me. "I will never forgive Silas for writing that confession!" she whispered in my ear. "If he ever lives under the same roof with Ambrose again, I—well, I believe I wouldn't marry Ambrose if he did. There."

She left me. Through the wakeful hours of the night my mind dwelt on her last words. That she should contemplate, under any circumstances, even the bare possibility of not marrying Ambrose, was, I am ashamed to say, a direct encouragement to certain hopes which I had already begun to form in secret. The next day's mail brought me a letter on business. My clerk wrote to inquire if there was any chance of my returning to England in time to appear in court at the opening of next law term. I answered, without hesitation, "It is still impossible for me to fix the date of my return." Naomi was in the room while I was writing. How would she have answered, I wonder, if I had told her the truth, and said—"You are responsible for this letter."

CHAPTER X.

THE SHERIFF AND THE GOVERNOR.

THE question of time was now a serious question at Morwick Farm. In six weeks the Court for the trial of criminal cases was to be opened at Narrabee.

During this interval no new event of any importance occurred.

Many idle letters reached us, relating to the advertisement for John Jago; but no positive information was received. Not the slightest trace of the lost man turned up; not the shadow of a doubt was cast on the assertion of the prosecution that his body had been destroyed in the kiln. Silas Meadowcroft held firmly to the horrible confession that he had made. His brother Ambrose, with equal resolution, asserted his innocence, and reiterated the statement which he had already advanced. At regular periods I accompanied Naomi to visit him in the prison. As the day appointed for the opening of the Court approached, he seemed to falter a little in his resolution; his manner became restless, and he grew irritably suspicious about the merest trifles. This change did not necessarily imply the consciousness of guilt: it might merely have indicated natural nervous agitation as the time for the trial drew near. Naomi noticed the alteration in her lover. It greatly increased her anxiety, though it never shook her confidence in Ambrose. Except at meal times I was left (during the period of which I am now writing) almost constantly alone with the charming American girl. Miss Meadowcroft searched the newspapers for tidings of the living John Jago, in the privacy of her own room. Mr. Meadowcroft would see nobody but his daughter and his doctor, and occasionally one or two old friends. I have since had reason to believe that Naomi, in these days of our intimate association, discovered the true nature of the feeling with which she had inspired me. But she kept her secret; her manner towards me steadily remained the manner of a sister; she never overstepped by a hair's breadth the safe limits of the character that she had assumed.

The sittings of the Court began. After hearing the evidence, and examining the confession of Silas Meadowcroft, the Grand Jury found a true bill against both the prisoners. The day appointed for their trial was the first day in the new week.

I had carefully prepared Naomi's mind for the decision of the Grand Jury. She bore the new blow bravely.

"If you are not tired of it," she said, "come with me to the prison to-morrow. Ambrose will need a little comfort by that time." She paused and looked at the day's letters lying on the table. "Still not a word about John Jago," she said. "And all the papers have copied the advertisement. I felt so sure we should hear of him, long before this!"

"Do you still feel sure that he is living?' I ventured to ask.

"I am as certain of it as ever," she replied firmly. "He is somewhere in hiding—perhaps he is in disguise. Suppose we know no more of him than we know now, when the trial begins? Suppose the jury ——" she stopped, shuddering. Death—shameful death on the scaffold—might be the terrible result of the consultation of the jury. "We have waited for news to come to us long enough," Naomi resumed. "We must find the tracks of John Jago for ourselves. There is a week yet before the trial begins. Who will help me to make inquiries? Will you be the man, friend Lefrank?"

It is needless to add (though I knew nothing would come of it) that I consented to be the man.

We arranged to apply that day for the order of admission to the prison; and having seen Ambrose, to devote ourselves immediately to the contemplated search. How that search was to be conducted was more than I could tell, and more than Naomi could tell. We were to begin by applying to the police to help us to find John Jago, and we were then to be guided by circumstances. Was there ever a more hopeless programme than this?

"Circumstances" declared themselves against us at starting. I applied, as usual, for the order of admission to the prison—and the order was, for the first time, refused, no reason being assigned by the persons in authority for taking this course. Inquire as I might, the only answer given was, "Not to-day."

At Naomi's suggestion, we went to the prison to seek the explanation which was refused to us at the office. The gaoler on duty at the outer gate was one of Naomi's many admirers. He solved the mystery cautiously in a whisper. The sheriff and the governor of the prison were then speaking privately with Ambrose Meadowcroft in his cell; they had expressly directed that no person should be admitted to see the prisoner that day but themselves.

What did it mean? We returned, wondering, to the farm. There, Naomi (speaking by chance to one of the female servants) made certain discoveries.

Early that morning the sheriff had been brought to Morwick by an old friend of the Meadowcrofts. A long interview had been held between Mr. Meadowcroft and his daughter, and the official personage introduced by the friend. Leaving the farm, the sheriff had gone straight to the prison, and had proceeded (with the governor) to visit Ambrose in his cell. Was some potent influence being brought privately to bear on Ambrose? Appearances certainly suggested that inquiry. Supposing the influence to have been really exerted, the next question followed—what was the object in view? We could only wait—and see.

Our patience was not severely tried. The events of the next day enlightened us in a very unexpected manner. Before noon the neighbours brought startling news from the prison to the farm.

Ambrose Meadowcroft had confessed himself to be the murderer of John Jago! He had signed the confession in the presence of the sheriff and the governor on that very day!

I saw the document. It is needless to reproduce it here. In substance, Ambrose confessed what Silas had confessed—claiming, however, to have only struck Jago under intolerable provocation, so as to reduce the nature of his offence against the law from murder to manslaughter. Was the confession really the true statement of what had taken place? or, had the sheriff and the governor, acting in the interests of the family name, persuaded Ambrose to try this desperate means of escaping the ignominy of death on the scaffold? The sheriff and the governor preserved impenetrable silence until the pressure put on them judicially at the trial obliged them to speak.

Who was to tell Naomi of this last and saddest of all the calamities which had fallen on her? Knowing how I loved her in secret, I felt an invincible reluctance to be the person who revealed Ambrose Meadowcroft's degradation to his betrothed wife. Had any other member of the family told her what had happened? The lawyer was able to answer me—Miss Meadowcroft had told her.

I was shocked when I heard it. Miss Meadowcroft was the last person in the house to spare the poor girl; Miss Meadowcroft would make the hard tidings doubly terrible to bear in the telling. I tried to find Naomi—without success. She had been always accessible at other times. Was she hiding herself from me now? The idea occurred to me as I was descending the stairs after vainly knocking at the door of her room. I was determined to see her. I waited a few minutes, and then ascended the stairs again suddenly. On the landing I met her, just leaving her room.

She tried to run back. I caught her by the arm, and detained her. With her free hand she held her handkerchief over her face, so as to hide it from me.

"You once told me I had comforted you," I said to her gently. "Won't you let me comfort you now?"

She still struggled to get away, and still kept her head turned from me.

"Don't you see that I am ashamed to look you in the face?" she said, in low, broken tones. "Let me go!"

I still persisted in trying to soothe her. I drew her to the window-seat. I said I would wait until she was able to speak to me.

She dropped on the seat, and wrung her hands on her lap. Her downcast eyes still obstinately avoided meeting mine.

"Oh!" she said to herself, "what madness possessed me? Is it possible that I ever disgraced myself by loving Ambrose Meadowcroft?" She shuddered as the idea found its way to expression on her lips. The tears rolled slowly over her cheeks. "Don't despise me, Mr. Lefrank!" she said faintly.

I tried, honestly tried, to put the confession before her in its least unfavourable light.

"His resolution has given way," I said. "He has done this, despairing of proving his innocence—in terror of the scaffold."

She rose, with an angry stamp of her foot. She turned her face on me with the deep red flush of shame in it, and the big tears glistening in her eyes.

"No more of him!" she said, sternly. "If he is not a murderer, what else is he? A liar and a coward. In which of his characters does he disgrace me most? I have done with him for ever—I will never speak to him again!" She pushed me furiously away from her; advanced a few steps towards her own door; stopped, and came back to me. The generous nature of the girl spoke in her next words. "I am not ungrateful to *you*, friend Lefrank! A woman in my place is only a woman—and when she is shamed as I am, she feels it very bitterly. Give me your hand. God bless you!"

She put my hand to her lips before I was aware of her, and kissed it, and ran back into her room.

I sat down on the place which she had occupied. She had looked at me for one moment, when she kissed my hand. I forgot Ambrose and his confession; I forgot the coming trial; I forgot my professional duties and my English friends. There I sat, in a fool's elysium of my own making, with absolutely nothing in my mind but the picture of Naomi's face at the moment when she had last looked at me!

I have already mentioned that I was in love with her. I merely add this to satisfy you that I tell the truth.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PEBBLE AND THE WINDOW.

MISS MEADOWCROFT and I were the only representatives of the family at the farm who attended the trial. We went separately to Narrabee. Excepting the ordinary greetings at morning and night, Miss Meadowcroft had not said one word to me since the time when I had told her that I did not believe John Jago to be a living man.

I have purposely abstained from encumbering my narrative with legal details. I now propose to state the nature of the defence in the briefest outline only.

We insisted on making both the prisoners plead Not Guilty. This done, we took an objection to the legality of the proceedings at starting. We appealed to the old English law that there should be no conviction for murder until the body of the murdered person was found, or proof of its destruction obtained beyond a doubt. We denied that sufficient proof had been obtained in the case now before the Court.

The judges consulted, and decided that the trial should go on.

We took our next objection when the confessions were produced in evidence. We declared that they had been extorted by terror, or by undue influence; and we pointed out certain minor particulars in which the two confessions failed to corroborate each other. For the rest, our defence on this occasion was, as to essentials, what our defence had been at the inquiry before the magistrate. Once more the judges consulted, and once more they overruled our objection. The confessions were admitted in evidence.

On their side, the prosecution produced one new witness in support of their case. It is needless to waste time in recapitulating his evidence. He contradicted himself gravely on cross-examination. We showed plainly, and after investigation proved, that he was not to be believed on his oath.

The Chief Justice summed up.

He charged, in relation to the confessions, that no weight should be attached to a confession incited by hope or fear; and he left it to the jury to determine whether the confessions in this case had been so influenced. In the course of the trial, it had been shown for the defence that the sheriff and the governor of the prison had told Ambrose (with his father's knowledge and sanction) that the case was clearly against him—that the only chance of sparing his family the disgrace of his death by public execution lay in making a confession, and that they would do their best, if he did confess, to have his sentence commuted to transportation for life. As for Silas, he was proved to have been beside himself with terror when he made his abominable charge against his brother. We had vainly trusted to the evidence on these two points to induce the Court to reject the confessions; and we were destined to be once more disappointed in anticipating that the same evidence would influence the verdict of the jury on the side of mercy. After an absence of an hour, they returned into Court with a verdict of Guilty against both the prisoners.

Being asked in due form if they had anything to say in mitigation of their sentence, Ambrose and Silas solemnly declared their innocence, and publicly acknowledged that their respective confessions had been wrung from them by the hope of escaping the hangman's hands. This statement was not noticed by the Bench. The prisoners were both sentenced to death.

On my return to the farm I did not see Naomi. Miss Meadowcroft informed her of the result of the trial. Half an hour later, one of the women servants handed to me an envelope bearing my name on it in Naomi's handwriting.

The envelope enclosed a letter, and with it a slip of paper on which Naomi had hurriedly written these words: "For God's sake, read the letter I send to you, and do something about it immediately."

I looked at the letter. It assumed to be written by a gentleman in New York. Only the day before he had, by the merest accident, seen the advertisement for John Jago cut out of a newspaper and pasted into a book of "curiosities" kept by a friend. Upon this he wrote to Morwick Farm to say that he had seen a man exactly answering to the description of John Jago, but bearing another name, working as a clerk in a merchant's office in Jersey City. Having time to spare before the mail went out, he had returned to the office to take another look at the man before he posted his letter. To his surprise, he was informed that the clerk had not appeared at his desk that day. His employer had sent to his lodgings, and had been informed that he had suddenly packed up his hand-bag (after reading the newspaper at breakfast); had paid his rent honestly; and had gone away, nobody knew where!

It was late in the evening when I read these lines. I had time for reflection before it would be necessary for me to act.

Assuming the letter to be genuine, and adopting Naomi's explanation of the motive which had led John Jago to absent himself secretly from the farm, I reached the conclusion that the search for him might be usefully limited to Narrabee and to the surrounding neighbourhood.

The newspaper at his breakfast had no doubt given him his first information of the "finding" of the Grand Jury, and of the trial to follow. It was in my experience of human nature that he should venture back to Narrabee under these circumstances, and under the influence of his infatuation for Naomi. More than this, it was again in my experience (I am sorry to say) that he should attempt to make the critical position of Ambrose a means of extorting Naomi's consent to listen favourably to his suit. Cruel indifference to the injury and the suffering which his sudden absence might inflict on others, was plainly implied in his secret withdrawal from the farm. The same cruel indifference, pushed to a farther extreme, might well lead him to press his proposals privately on Naomi, and to fix her acceptance of them as the price to be paid for saving her cousin's life.

To these conclusions I arrived after much thinking. I had determined, on Naomi's account, to clear the matter up—but it is only candid to add, that my doubts of John Jago's existence remained unshaken by the letter. I believed it to be nothing more or less than a heartless and stupid hoax.

The striking of the hall clock roused me from my meditations. I counted the strokes. Midnight!

I rose to go up to my room. Everybody else in the house had retired to bed, as usual, more than an hour since. The stillness in the house was breathless. I walked softly, by instinct, as I crossed the room to look out at the night. A lovely moonlight met my view—it was like the moonlight on the fatal evening when Naomi had met John Jago on the garden walk.

My bed-room candle was on the side-table. I had just lit it. I was just leaving the room, when the door suddenly opened, and Naomi herself stood before me!

Recovering the first shock of her sudden appearance, I saw instantly in her eager eyes, in her deadly pale cheeks, that something serious had happened. A large cloak was thrown over her; a white handkerchief was tied over her head. Her hair was in disorder; she had evidently just risen in fear and in haste from her bed.

"What is it?" I asked, advancing to meet her.

She clung trembling with agitation to my arm.

"John Jago!" she whispered.

You will think my obstinacy invincible. I could hardly believe it, even then!

"Where?" I asked.

"In the back-yard," she replied, "under my bed-room window."

The emergency was far too serious to allow of any consideration for the small proprieties of every-day life.

"Let me see him!" I said.

"I am here to fetch you," she answered, in her frank and fearless way. "Come upstairs with me."

Her room was on the first floor of the house, and was the only bed-room which looked out on the back-yard. On our way up the stairs she told me what had happened.

"I was in bed," she said, "but not asleep, when I heard a pebble strike against the window-pane. I waited, wondering what it meant. Another pebble was thrown against the glass. So far, I was surprised, but not frightened. I got up, and ran to the window to look out. There was John Jago looking up at me in the moonlight!"

"Did he see you?"

"Yes. He said, 'Come down and speak to me. I have something serious to say to you.'"

"Did you answer him?"

"As soon as I could fetch my breath I said, 'Wait a little'—and ran down-stairs to you. What shall I do?"

"Let *me* see him, and I will tell you."

We entered her room. Keeping cautiously behind the window curtain, I looked out.

There he was! His beard and moustache were shaved off; his hair was close cut. But there was no disguising his wild, brown eyes, or the peculiar movement of his spare, wiry figure, as he walked slowly to and fro in the moonlight, waiting for Naomi. For the moment my own agitation almost overpowered me; I had so firmly disbelieved that John Jago was a living man!

"What shall I do?" Naomi repeated.

"Is the door of the dairy open?" I asked.

"No; but the door of the tool-house, round the corner, is not locked."

"Very good. Show yourself at the window, and say to him, 'I am coming directly.'"

The brave girl obeyed me without a moment's hesitation.

There had been no doubt about his eyes and his gait. There was no doubt now about his voice, as he answered softly from below:

"All right."

"Keep him talking to you where he is now," I said to Naomi, "until I have time to get round by the other way to the tool-house. Then pretend to be fearful of discovery at the dairy, and bring him round the corner, so that I can hear him behind the door."

We left the house together, and separated silently. Naomi followed my instructions, with a woman's quick intelligence where stratagems are concerned. I had hardly been a minute in the tool-house before I heard him speaking to Naomi on the other side of the door.

The first words which I caught distinctly related to his motive for secretly leaving the farm. Mortified pride—doubly mortified by Naomi's contemptuous refusal, and by the personal indignity offered to him by Ambrose—was at the bottom of his conduct in absenting himself from Morwick. He owned that he had seen the advertisement, and that it had actually encouraged him to keep in hiding!

"After being laughed at, and insulted, and denied, I was glad," said the miserable wretch, "to see that some of you had serious reason to wish me back again. It rests with you, Miss Naomi, to keep me here, and to persuade me to save Ambrose by showing myself and owning to my name."

"What do you mean?" I heard Naomi ask sternly.

He lowered his voice—but I could still hear him:

"Promise you will marry me," he said, "and I will go before the magistrate to-morrow, and show him that I am a living man."

"Suppose I refuse?"

"In that case you will lose me again—and none of you will find me till Ambrose is hanged."

"Are you villain enough, John Jago, to mean what you say?" asked the girl, raising her voice.

"If you attempt to give the alarm," he answered, "as true as God is above us, you will feel my hand on your throat. It's my turn now, Miss, and I am not to be trifled with. Will you have me for your husband—Yes or No?"

"No!" she answered, loudly and firmly.

I burst open the door, and seized him as he lifted his hand to her. He had not suffered from the nervous derangement which had weakened me, and he was the stronger man of the two. Naomi saved my life. She struck up his pistol as he pulled it out of his pocket with his free hand, and presented it at my head. The bullet was fired into the air. I tripped up his heels at the same moment. The report of the pistol had alarmed the house. We two together kept him on the ground until help arrived.

CHAPTER XII.

THE END OF IT.

JOHN JAGO was brought before the magistrate, and John Jago was identified, the next day.

The lives of Ambrose and Silas were, of course, no longer in peril, so far as human justice was concerned. But there were legal delays to be encountered, and legal formalities to be observed, before the brothers could be released from prison in the characters of innocent men.

During the interval which thus elapsed, certain events happened which may be briefly mentioned here, before I close my narrative.

Mr. Meadowcroft the elder, broken by the suffering which he had gone through, died suddenly of a rheumatic affection of the heart. A codicil attached to his will abundantly justified what Naomi had told me of Miss Meadowcroft's influence over her father, and of the end she had in view in exercising it. A life income only was left to Mr. Meadowcroft's sons. The freehold of the farm was bequeathed to his daughter, with the testator's recommendation added that she should marry his "best and dearest friend, Mr. John Jago."

Armed with the power of the will, the heiress of Morwick sent an insolent message to Naomi, requesting her no longer to consider herself one of the inmates at the farm. Miss Meadowcroft, it should be here added, positively refused to believe that John Jago had ever asked Naomi to be his wife, or had ever threatened her (as I had heard him threaten her) if she refused. She accused me, as she accused Naomi, of trying meanly to injure John Jago in her estimation, out of hatred towards "that much-injured man"—and she sent to me, as she had sent to Naomi, a formal notice to leave the house.

We two banished ones met the same day in the hall, with our travelling-bags in our hands.

"We are turned out together, friend Lefrank," said Naomi, with her quaintly comical smile. "You will go back to England, I guess; and I must make my own living in my own country. Women can get employment in the States if they have a friend to speak for them. Where shall I find somebody who can give me a place?"

I saw my way to saying the right word at the right moment.

"I have got a place to offer you," I replied.

She suspected nothing, so far.

"That's lucky, sir," was all she said. "Is it in a telegraph office or in a dry goods store?"

I astonished my little American friend by taking her then and there in my arms, and giving her my first kiss.

"The office is by my fireside," I said. "The salary is anything in reason you like to ask me for. And the place, Naomi (if you have no objection to it), is the place of my wife."

I have no more to say—except that years have passed since I spoke these words, and that I am as fond of Naomi as ever.

Some months after our marriage, Mrs. Lefrank wrote to a friend at Narrabee for news of what was going on at the farm. The answer informed us that Ambrose and Silas had emigrated to New Zealand, and that Miss Meadowcroft was alone at Morwick Farm. John Jago had refused to marry her. John Jago had disappeared again—nobody knew where.

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NOTE IN CONCLUSION.

The first idea of this little story was suggested to the author by a printed account of a Trial which actually took place, early in the present century, in the United States. The published narrative of this strange case is entitled "The Trial, Confessions, and Conviction of Jesse and Stephen Boorn, for the Murder of Russell Colvin, and the Return of the Man supposed to have been Murdered. By Hon. Leonard Sargeant, ex-Lieut.-Governor of Vermont (Manchester, Vermont, *Journal* Book and Job Office, 1813)." It may not be amiss to add (for the benefit of incredulous readers), that all the "improbable events" in the story are matters of fact, taken from the printed narrative. Anything which "looks like truth" is, in nine cases out of ten, the invention of the author.—W. C.

TO HOPE.

O EVER skilled to wear the form we love!
To bid the shapes of fear and grief depart;
Come, gentle Hope! with one gay smile remove
The lasting sadness of an aching heart.
Thy voice, benign enchantress! let me hear;
Say that for me some pleasures yet shall bloom—
That fancy's radiance, friendship's precious tear,
Shall soften, or shall chase, misfortune's gloom.
But come not glowing in the dazzling ray
Which once with dear illusions charmed my eye;
Oh, strew no more, sweet flatterer, on my way,
The flowers I fondly thought too bright to die;
Visions less fair will soothe my pensive breast,
That asks not happiness, but longs for rest.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

BEFORE these pages reach the public the electoral struggle in which the country is engaged will be over, and anything we may say can in no way affect the result. For that very reason our criticism will cover ground not touched on by partisan writers who take part in the fray. The right of Ministers to appeal to the electorate at all, without first meeting a defeat in the House, has been questioned ; but this has been done on grounds which are not tenable, and by arguments which possess no conclusive force. The Minister might fairly decline to rely on a House having a tainted origin ; and not a single objection could have been made if his first official act had been to advise a dissolution. That he did not so advise may have been an error of policy. The double elections—the re-election of Ministers and the general election—are now proved by the fact to have been unnecessary ; the trouble and expense of the separate Ministerial re-elections might have been spared to the constituencies concerned, to the country, and to Ministers themselves. But there is this to be said, that Ministers bore more than their full share of the burthen in its twofold form. It is impossible to interpret the facts otherwise than as presenting the general election as an afterthought, or a decision not predetermined when the Ministerial elections were held, and probably depending upon the result of that partial appeal to the constituencies. The success in these test elections, and in West Toronto, it may naturally be concluded, had its effect in determining the Ministry to advise a general election. It would have told in favour of the Minister if the general election had been brought on at once on his assumption of office. That course, then taken, would have been regarded as natural and proper; and though it would not have escaped party criticism, the critics would have taken nothing by the move. The circumstance of the general election being deferred, of Ministers individually going back to their constituents as they did, created the impression that the new Ministry was resolved to meet the House of Commons as it stood ; and when this resolution, which had probably been formed in good faith, was not kept, objection was taken that the country had not been fairly dealt with. That objection became an election cry, which was partly hollow and partly sincere. There were persons who raised it for the sake of effect, and there were others who felt the full force of the objection. The effect was, on the whole, unfavourable to the Government cause; but the strength of that cause was too great to be seriously discredited by an incident arising out of the time of bringing on the elections. When one party complains of a surprise, another thinks itself privileged by being in a position to benefit by the act so designated. But at present the old party lines are in course of re-arrangement : they will be drawn, at this election, in a new place. On the extent to which they are shifted depends the degree of Ministerial success. In such a state of things, a feeling that there has been an attempt at surprise, backed by facts which give it some countenance, operates far more injuriously towards the Ministerial cause than it would if party lines were not in a shifting condition. For this reason, we believe that the measure of Ministerial success, whatever it will be—and there is no reason to doubt that it will bring a good majority—would have been greater if the dissolution had immediately followed accession to power, or had been delayed till after a session had been held.

But these considerations scarcely touch the merits of the question. The Minister had to choose between two evils: between the attempt to get a purifying election law from a tainted House, and holding the elections without the guarantee which such measure would afford against corrupt practices. If the House had failed to vote the proposed legislation, there would have been the resource of dissolution; and the worst that could have happened would have been the necessity of holding the elections under the existing law. However strong the presumption may be, that from a House, part of which was born of corruption, pure legislation could not be expected, it would have hardly held good in this instance. Whatever corruption had been practised at the elections, a majority of the House was prepared to condemn. It was on this issue that the late Ministry fell. What the majority would have been we have no means of knowing, but a majority there assuredly would have been. The disposition of the House towards the late Ministry underwent a total change between the opening of the session and the day on which the resignation took place. That change would probably have made a difference of not less than thirty votes. The final majority for the Opposition is seldom estimated at less than fifteen; and if, when the Opposition was changed into the Ministerial party, it had started with that number in its favour, there is every reason to believe that it could have weathered one session, and that it would have increased rather than diminished its strength on a question which involved the old issue of electoral purity or electoral corruption. The elections are not now to be held under the law under which the late House was created; but the new law has been pronounced inadequate, and the necessity of supplementing it strongly insisted on. If this view of its inadequacy be correct, corruption may preside at the birth of the new House as it did at the birth of the old. There is no colossal contractor to furnish the means of corruption, but individual candidates may draw on their private resources, and the party purse may be substituted for the purse of the contractor. The amount available from both these sources may be less than was spent in 1872, but this is only a question of degree. The inefficiency of the election law is an objection that comes mainly in the shape of an adverse criticism, which may not be free from exaggeration. If this law be anything like as defective as these criticisms represent it, we are forced to the conclusion that an attempt should have been made to supply its deficiencies before a general election was held. A great point was gained in entrusting the trying of contested elections to the judges, the decision of Election committees of the House being often swayed by party bias, while the merits of the case went for nothing.

There is evidence before the country that an unusually large expenditure was lavished on the elections of 1872; but of the details of that expenditure—what constituencies were influenced and what seats purchased by it—we are altogether without information. Men who succeeded by resorting to corrupt practices then, may be candidates for re-election now, for anything that is known to the contrary. If this be so, no man can point his finger and denounce them to the electors: they are lost in the common mob of candidates. This is a great disadvantage, as it bars the exercise of knowledge necessary to a full understanding of the issue in its various ramifications. And if constituencies were debauched and seats bought and sold, the punishment of disfranchisement cannot be inflicted, because the facts alone on which it would be possible to proceed are wanting. To apply indiscriminately the name of "charter-sellers" to one half the candidates, in the absence of particular facts, is a proceeding that cannot commend itself to the general sense of justice. Whoever defends the receipt of large sums of money by members of the late Ministry from a competitor for a Government contract, to be used for election purposes, voluntarily places himself in an assailable position and must take the consequences. Whoever puts forward as competitors for power the delinquents makes a like selection of his political position, on his own responsibility. The best thing that any Opposition candidate could say of this transaction is, that it was clearly wrong and absolutely indefensible, and that those by whom it was done have been punished by deprivation of power. It seems evident that no further punishment is contemplated beyond what the constituencies may now inflict. The consequences of the dissolution of the House in the election of which the money was expended, form the natural,—whether or not it be premature,—end of the great Scandal. A knowledge of the details of the expenditure would have formed a luminous guide to the electorate, when called upon to select new representatives. There must have been some members of the late House whose position on the question, as it was presented there, is unknown, since there was no division list to which any one could appeal. But no candidate will be allowed to pass without making known his views on the great question of the day. We cannot suppose that Sir John Macdonald will now call for a retaliatory enquiry, the threat of which formed part of his defence before the House, but on which it failed to make an impression, and for better or worse the general election admittedly gives the final decision on the Pacific Scandal. In the absence of much specific information that would have been of the greatest value, the general features of the case stand out too prominently to be mistaken.

The Premier has now fairly met the objection, not urged without reason, that the Ministry owed it to the country to present its policy for the judgment of the electorate. Most of the questions on which legislation is proposed are such as might naturally have been anticipated. The Pacific Railway, the expiring Insolvency Law, a Court of Appeal for the nation, Canal Improvements, are stock questions, on which, in any case, action could not long be delayed. A wide latitude is possible in the treatment of some of them, notably the Pacific Railway, by far the greatest of them all, as its achievement will double the indebtedness of the country. Nothing could be more unbusinesslike than the putting under contract, in 1872, the whole of this line of road, no part of which has even yet undergone the surveyor's demarcation. The time bargain with British Columbia cannot be strictly carried out: the commencement of the work made last July was only nominal, and the contract under which the work was to have been done has fallen through. The branch line between Pembina and Fort Garry cannot be built in the next eleven months, as required by the stipulation. The Government will frankly put before British Columbia the necessity of modifying the terms of the agreement on the point of time, while adhering to the general plan, subject necessarily to the practicability of all its parts. The resolution to take time for the completion of the surveys, and "the acquisition of the information necessary to an intelligent apprehension of the work, and its prosecution with such speed and under such arrangements as the resources of the country will permit, without too largely increasing the burdens of taxation on the people," claims the approval of all reasonable men. While this is being done we must be content to make the best use of our lake and river communications in summer, and to reach Fort Garry through Pembina in winter. The links of connection with Quebec are to be a short railway from the Georgian Bay, at the mouth of French River, with the

South Eastern shore of Lake Nipissing, and another road continuing eastward from that point. These sections are to be the work of assisted private enterprise. The Pacific Railway, as contracted for in 1872, ended in the heart of the wilderness, at Lake Nipissing; and it must have occurred to all who examined the subject at all, that to produce it eastward, to a point where some established line would be struck, would require a Government grant in some shape. The announcement made by Mr. Mackenzie enables us to understand why the assent of the Province of Quebec may be expected to the arrangement.

This policy had just been made public when a calamity so great as to assume a national character occurs to throw back this gigantic work for some years. Fire has consumed all the information obtained by the long and expensive survey, destroying the results of labour which extended over eight years, and involving, besides the delay, the direct loss of a million of dollars. The results of the more recent of the surveys in British Columbia not having reached Ottawa, are not involved in the ruin. It will be many years before the whole road can be put under contract, though work on the sections to be first taken may probably be commenced without great delay.

We are given to understand that in the reenactment of an Insolvency Law, some needful provisions for the punishment of fraud, and the discouragement of reckless trading, will be introduced. A revision of the militia system is promised, but without any hint being given of the direction the change may be expected to take. An attempt will be made to attract immigrant labour in connection with the construction of the Pacific Railway. The promise of the ballot reminds us how little real discussion we have of public questions; many of them, when they are brought on the carpet, are presented by a partisan press in a partisan aspect, and, discussed in a shrieking key, and a fidget of passion, become second nature, which sends cowering reason out of the window. In England the ballot was periodically brought before Parliament for half a century. Much of the time it underwent an annual discussion. Here the question has only been casually touched at long intervals, and no systematic effort has been made to popularize it. The stock objections to the ballot are to-day the same as they were half a century ago. One of the most prominent objections, and one which is even now undergoing discussion in England, is that the ballot would foster lying and deception. A workman, for example, having promised his employer to vote one way, would vote another. But this, if true, would only show that the law against intimidation needs revision and extension; for it is plainly in the nature of intimidation to extort from a poor voter, to whom a display of independence might be ruin, a promise that he would vote contrary to his convictions, inclination or conscience. The necessity of the ballot increases with the increase of the class of dependent voters; and it was never so necessary as now. It is just fifty years since Ricardo, along with the ballot, proposed that all the elections in the United Kingdom should be held in one day. The late Mr. Sandfield Macdonald favoured simultaneous voting; but a general election occurring before he had been able to pass the measure, he thought himself justified—and it would be hard to say that he was not justified—in taking advantage of the power possessed by the Government to issue the writs at different dates. The present Government, by foregoing that advantage, tries to correct the defects of the election law through a scrupulous and self-sacrificing administration of it. Though the passing of a new law before holding the elections would have been the best thing, the correction of the vices of the old is the best thing possible in the absence of that change.

" Incidental protection," of which the first advocacy dates back to 1857 or 1858, has now, after making many converts, been adopted by Mr. Mackenzie. It was the attempt to realize this theory that raised the strong objections from the manufacturers of Sheffield to the Canadian tariff, and led to the abolition of the last remnant of the duty on Baltic timber—cutting the last thread of the old commercial tie between Colony and Mother Country. For good or for evil, there seems now to be a preponderance of opinion in favour of "incidental protection." Mr. Mackenzie, addressing a Hamilton audience, had to meet the prediction that, if the Government were successful, all customs duties would be abolished. He showed the extreme improbability of the revenue being in a condition to admit of a reduction of duties, and the likelihood that, before long, they would have to be largely increased. From this state of facts he drew the conclusion that the question of Free Trade is one which does not come up as a possible alternative, whether we mean by Free Trade the lowering of the tariff or the abolition of customs duties. "Sir Francis Hincks," Mr. Mackenzie said, "stated last year, on his election tour and in the House of Commons, that he was in favour of incidental protection. I said I was also in favour of it. It is a stupid phrase at best; but it means simply this, that as long as duties are levied upon articles imported, they should be levied upon articles produced by our own people." That is, the primary object of the duty should be revenue; revenue should be raised to meet a financial necessity, but in the distribution of the duty there should be this discrimination. Mr. Mackenzie admits "incidental protection" to be a "stupid phrase." In reality, it expresses more than it seems to imply. The cost of conveying foreign goods to this market, the expense of insurance while they are on the way, together with all other necessary charges, form an incidental protection to the Canadian manufacturer. These are all natural and necessary expenses, which enhance the cost of the goods to the consumer and enable the home manufacturer to increase the price of his products to the same extent. All these items are incident to the cost of placing imported goods in the hands of the consumer. But the superaddition of an import duty is not an incident of the same kind. It forms no necessary part of the price of the goods. It is an artificial increase of price, capable of arbitrary arrangement; it is a measure of the wants of the Government, which are not constant, and is, therefore, a very uncertain measure. No great harm would, perhaps, be done if a revenue tariff were always strictly adhered to; but when a readjustment of the tariff is made, with one eye looking to revenue results and the other to a masked protection, there is much danger that the limits of a revenue tariff would, at some points, be overstepped. To keep it harmless, "incidental protection" will need a regiment of economists to watch its movements; and the danger is that this force will not be forthcoming. But, if incidental protection has hitherto done very little harm, what, it will be asked, is there to fear from it in the future? Formerly it was opposed by a solid phalanx of Free Trade advocates; now, most of these advocates have grounded arms or gone over to the other side. Incidental protection now includes in its advocacy a heterogeneous mass, divisible into three distinct sections. The first is content to see a more or less arbitrary arrangement of a revenue tariff, in the interest of home manufactures; the second takes shelter under a name which it is known will be accepted where direct protection would be repudiated; the third, without abandoning Free Trade principles, finds that the open advocacy of these principles might be unpopular in constituencies where local manufactures exist, and accepts with mental reservation a "plank" that may bring a positive or negative gain of votes. The danger of incidental protection sliding into a more positive form cannot be said not to exist, when a Free Trade Minister is obliged by the shifting state of opinion to make a merit of the possible increase of customs duties, for revenue purposes, at some date not distant in the future. For this state of opinion no man is less responsible than he; and we shall be surprised if the fallacies of protection ever find in him an advocate or defender.

The place in the Cabinet left open for a representative of the Province of Quebec, has been filled by the appointment of Mr. Huntington, to whom the Presidency of the Council is assigned. When the Ministry of Sir John Macdonald was overthrown, there was a general expectation that Mr. Huntington would be in the new Government. By him the charges against the late Minister were brought; and the pressing of these charges made the formation of a new Administration necessary. The completion of the Cabinet, by the filling of one vacancy, raises no question of policy, and the appropriateness of the selection being admitted, the act offers no point for criticism. Mr. Huntington stands in the front rank of the English-speaking Liberals of Quebec, being closely identified, in some matters of speculative opinion, with the *Parti National*, which, having no past to trammel its action, looks to the future to vindicate and realize its policy. But this will be no obstacle to his according in opinion, on the practical questions of the day which call for immediate solution, with his colleagues in the Government.

The Session of the Ontario Legislature, which opened when the year was a week old, promises to be productive of legislation which will mark a step in the progressive development of our free institutions. Along with the ballot we are promised an extension of the franchise. At present a very intelligent class, whom accident has prevented from being householders, is under the ban. It embraces a higher standard of intelligence than many who are now entitled to vote. The extension of the franchise to a class consisting largely of young men in the employment of others, will be a new reason for giving all electors the protection of the ballot. It sounds like an anachronism to hear, in the present day, objections to an extension of the franchise to persons who are assumed to be without a stake—that is, house or land—in the country. A man may have a stake in skill, dexterity, ingenuity, industry; and if to these be added income, the reasons which could be advanced for denying him a voice in the making of laws which he is obliged to obey, would be of very little weight. We are competing for the surplus labour of Europe; and it would be a mistake to conclude that intending emigrants, with the world to choose from, might not often be determined in their choice by the consideration of what their political status would be in their new home.

A modification of the conditions on which public aid is granted towards the purchase of public libraries and prize books is promised. The Government, through the Education Department, has long been engaged in the book trade. All experience is opposed to the assumption that, in any branch of enterprise admitting of free competition, a Government can successfully compete with individuals. There is no evidence that this is an exception to the general rule. The English Government, after making the same experiment, abandoned the enterprise, and the Government of Ontario will be more than justified in following that precedent.

The Boundary questions which Ontario has on her hands are in a fair way of adjustment. That which embraces the North-western limits of the Province is by far the most important. Before referring the evidence to some tribunal for adjudication, it is proposed to adopt a provisional line, to remove any impediments to settlement in the meantime, and to this end informal negotiations have taken place. It happens curiously enough that the public men who defined the claim of Ontario, as a basis of negotiation, have now the Federal interests committed to their charge. If the question were ever capable of being finally settled by negotiation, which is doubtful, the change in the official position of some of the negotiators would probably interpose a difficulty. A line defined as a basis of negotiation would not necessarily be a final line; and whether they continued members of the Government of Ontario or became part of the Cabinet of Ottawa, those by whom such line was defined would not necessarily be bound to insist on it as the only possible line for final adoption, if new evidence had in the meantime so modified the question as to point to a different conclusion. The question will, we presume, as suggested in the opening speech, require to be referred to some independent tribunal for adjudication. The resolutions which are half promised may relate to the provisional boundary or to the intended mode of settlement, or they may include both. Any discussion which may take place in the Legislature could not well go beyond the proposed mode of settlement.

The ghost of the strangled Orange Bills stalked into the Legislative Assembly during the debate on the Address. The opening speech of the Lieutenant-Governor, referring to the fate of these Bills, promised a general measure under which all societies not illegal should be able to obtain incorporation. This was the signal for an amendment to the Address, censuring the Government for advising the reservation of the Bills. The real question involved, though it was almost missed in the debate, was, whether the Provincial Legislatures have larger powers than the Parliament of the Dominion in respect to measures of such unusual and extraordinary nature that, if passed at Ottawa, it would be the duty of the Governor-General, as an Imperial officer acting upon his instructions, to reserve them for Her Majesty's consideration. A Bill for the incorporation of the Orange Society was reserved by the Lieutenant-Governor of Prince Edward Island, previous to that Province becoming part of this Confederation, under the clause of his instructions which refers to Bills of an unusual or extraordinary character, and the reservation was followed by disallowance. The practice followed in this case gives us the Imperial interpretation of the clause in question. Imperial statesmen, by whom these instructions are drafted or continued in force, would, we are warranted in assuming, from their position towards the Orange Society in Ireland, regard these Bills as unusual and extraordinary; though the words which qualify or in some measure define the term "unusual or extraordinary" make it otherwise doubtful whether the clause, taken as a whole, brings those Bills within its range. These instructions, though not addressed to Lieutenant-Governors of the Provinces at present, as they were previous to Confederation, must nevertheless be taken as indicating a general policy for the Colonial Empire, from which a single Province could not be more entitled to claim exemption than the nation at large. The Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, it is beyond dispute, could not of his own motion assume to act upon instructions which are not addressed to him; the analogy between his position and duty and those of the Governor-General is incomplete. In default of Imperial instructions, he is thrown back upon the advice of the Minister. The effect of the reservation so made is to bring to the notice of the Ottawa Government measures which, if regarded as unusual or extraordinary, can be annulled by the exercise of the veto which, in such case, it is the function of that Government to wield; or if not so regarded, the Royal assent should follow as a matter of course. To return the Bills with the remark that they were within the competency of the Legislature by which they were passed, was to annul them by a side-wind instead of a direct veto. The effect of returning them was the same as that of disallowance would have been.

We can easily understand that neither Government wanted the responsibility of advising either disallowance or assent. Perhaps the inception of the Bills concealed a strategic motive. However desirable incorporation may have been considered, to perplex the Government by introducing a question on which perhaps no possible Government could agree was not less tempting. As it happened, the Premier, of all the Ministry, was in favour of the Bills. The question was necessarily an open question, on which Ministers were not bound to be united. But the Bills having once passed, the Ministry would have been bound, if there had been nothing unusual in them, to advise the Lieutenant-Governor to pronounce the Royal assent. It was only because the Bills were of an exceptional nature, and seemed to conflict with the policy of the Empire, that their reservation was justifiable. If there had been no obstacle to the Bills at once receiving the Royal assent, Mr. Mowat's colleagues could not have suffered in public estimation for joining him in advising assent. They had opposed the Bills while they were in the Assembly: when an ordinary measure passes the formal stages there, assent to it becomes a matter of course. When the Bills were sent to Ottawa, their fate should have depended upon the alternative of veto or assent: to return them with the remark that there was no reason why they should not receive the Royal assent, while withholding that assent, was in the Ottawa Government alike irregular and inconsistent.

But if the precedent now for the first time drawn from the legislation of Prince Edward Island is to stand, in all points, and be held to be fully applicable, the Ottawa decision cannot be taken as necessarily correct. But this question need not come up, since the power of veto rests with the Government of Ottawa; and when that authority refuses to exercise this power, after considering the constitutionality of particular Bills, its decision is necessarily final. The Orange Bills might have been left to the scrutiny of the Ottawa Government, in the ordinary course, without reservation; with this difference, that they would not then have been so likely to undergo the same scrutiny as they would when sent with a premonition that they were of a nature to require strict examination. So far as the Bills were subjected to a strategical treatment at different stages of their existence and on their extinction, their constitutionality was not the main question. First, there was an attempt to impose a responsibility for political purposes; then an attempt to shift the weight of that responsibility from one quarter to another, followed by a counter-move which was at once illogical and fatal, since the effect was to strangle measures which, it was admitted, there was no reason should not have been passed and become law.

The tone of the debate, in its worst moods, has reached the last stage of degeneracy. Let us be thankful that this is not habitual or general. It is only by way of episode that members address one another instead of the Speaker, and mutual recrimination takes the place of argument. When members return, after the elections, fresh from a heated contest, there is reason to fear they will bring improvement neither of tone nor temper. A general election is Bedlam let loose. Mud-throwing is a general employment, though all are far from being equally guilty. The press shows cankering marks of baleful attrition with unscrupulous politicians and frenzied election managers. By it candidates are charged with every crime, and random accusations are everywhere thrown into the air, without either proof or foundation.

The adjournment of the Legislature over the elections may have been a necessity, but it is one which it is impossible not to regret.

It furnishes another proof how difficult it is to keep Provincial and Federal politics from entanglement. The members of the Local Legislature are afraid their constituencies may change complexion in the contest, and naturally desire to be present to try to prevent a result so disastrous to themselves. The law of self-preservation calls them from the duties of legislation to the work of indirect self-protection. Local and Federal politics get confused; and when the electors have one question or set of questions to try, their attention is distracted to another question or set of questions, which the electors are not now required to pass upon, but which will demand their decision at a future time. Much embarrassment and confusion are caused. Our new and comparatively complex political machinery is so presented as to enfeeble the comprehension of many an honest elector. The real issues of the contest come to present a dim and blurred appearance amid the array of artificial issues with which they are almost covered up.

The Canadian National Association, which has for its motto "Canada First," has explained its principles and objects in an address to the public, accompanied by a political programme. The address urges the necessity of an improved tone of political discussion, and the cultivation of a national sentiment; and claims that the time has come when all who take this view, without being in accord with either of the old political parties, should unite to cultivate a loftier patriotism and a higher and more elevated national feeling. So far, well. When we come to the programme, we must say we have no faith even in the possibility of that Imperialism which is here given the name by which the late Mr. Howe first christened it, "Organization of the Empire;" and if it were possible, we should still require to be convinced of its desirability. On some purely political questions, though not on all, the programme is in advance of either of the other parties. Income Franchise and the Ballot will probably both be disposed of in a few weeks or months, as well at Ottawa as at Toronto. Property qualification no longer exists in Ontario, and at Ottawa its days are numbered. On these questions the National Association is only abreast of official opinion; but in adding to the Ballot compulsory voting, it introduces a question which is new to Canadian ears, and which the press has not yet undertaken to discuss. The representation of minorities is also put forward as an object which the Association will aim to realize. Taken in connection with another part of the programme, which looks to a reorganization of the Senate, it seems probable that the idea is to apply Hare's plan, or some modification of it, for a representation of minorities, to the reconstruction of the Senate. Closer trade relations with the West Indies is advocated, confessedly with the view to ultimate political connection. The mere raising of these questions will widen the area of political discussion, and lift our politics out of the well-worn ruts in which they have hitherto been confined. We cannot here enter into the discussion of the programme, and must at present content ourselves with this brief reference to some of the items it comprises.

The Bishop of Toronto has felt called upon to reply to the Appeal of the Church Association against the alleged Ritualistic practices of some clergymen in the diocese. He expresses the belief that Ritualism has not, in any single instance, approached the extravagances which have been painfully exhibited in the Mother Country; and of the preaching of objectionable doctrine by any single clergyman, no complaint has been made to him by the congregation. The term "altar," to which the authors of the Appeal object, he regards as a reverential substitute for "table," and defends its use on the ground of prescription, dating back to a period anterior to the Ritualistic movement. He does not believe that the ministers who use it associate with the name "the idea of material sacrifice prevailing in the Church of Rome." Having traced out and interrogated the ministers charged with resorting to auricular confession, the Bishop states by implication that they admitted the fact, while denying that "any formal invitation or encouragement to such confession was given" beyond what the Prayer-book authorizes. Where others saw, or fancy they saw, the objectionable *soutane* of the Romish priesthood, at the Synod, the Bishop saw only a light summer dress. The right of clergymen to wear the "ordinary cassock" he defends; but if any one were pointed out to him by name as going beyond this in the article of dress, he would enter into friendly communication with him on the subject. To the mode of taking the sacrament censured in the Appeal, he sees no objection, and claims that it is shielded with the historical sanction of fifteen centuries. Between "offertory" and "offering" he fails to recognize the distinction which others make a ground of objection; and even if offering be intended to mean more than offertory, that would be proof of "dutifulness of feeling." On the subject of altar decorations, the reply does not cover the whole ground of the complaint, but is confined to the use of beautiful flowers and samples of harvest products, both of which serve as an acknowledgment of what is due "for the beauty and abundance with which the earth is blessed." With this brief abstract, which covers so much of the Appeal as we noticed last month, we dismiss the subject, adding only the single remark that some other critics, wanting the sagacity, good temper, and right feeling of the Bishop, are, in their attacks on Chief Justice Draper, making use of weapons which would dishonour any cause if wielded by the unhallowed hands of a layman.

The victims of startling coincidences and false but suspicious circumstances may sympathize with the United States in the happily-timed sinking of the Virginius. A vessel which one Government has surrendered to another cannot be restored on a state of facts being subsequently disclosed which makes restoration an unpleasant duty, if she has, meanwhile, foundered. When Spain had made, or was on the point of making, such reclamation, in the case of the Virginius, the vessel went down while being towed on the way to New York. How fortunate an escape the sinking of the vessel would be had been foreseen, and at least one candid journalist had given voice to the suggestion. A coal barge had, by a lucky accident, and more timely even than lucky, dropped down in front of the Arapiles exactly at the right moment. And even these accidents had a providential precedent, the whole constituting a curious genealogy of national good luck. This is the sinister side of the question, on which dark suspicion may feed. But the sinking of the Virginius needs no such explanation. The vessel was in a leaky condition when delivered to the Americans; and the Cubans, while tasting the gall and wormwood of her approaching surrender, had as strong a motive to disable her as the Americans had afterwards. Let us not, without further evidence, believe that either one or the other sank the Virginius, but that her fate was purely the result of accident. Is her sea-burial to be the last of the semi-piratical craft?

When Sickles conditionally resigned the post of American Minister at Madrid, there is strong reason to suspect that he had no idea he would be taken at his word. The change may benefit and cannot injure the cause of the United States. With Caleb Cushing as a successor, there would be scant promise of amendment. His book on the Geneva Arbitration shows what manner of man he is; and if that revelation tended in any way to prevent his confirmation for the Chief Justiceship, he may be pointed to as one of the few great men who get their full reward in their own lifetime. The Senate, we take it for granted, was more influenced by the inopportune cropping up of the unhappy letter to Jefferson Davis, in which, at the beginning of the civil war, Mr. Cushing assumed that of the union founded by the Fathers of the Republic there was nothing left but the mouldering fragments. It was something for him to know that Attorney-General Williams, when appointed Chief Justice, had proved not more acceptable to the Senate. These virtual rejections by the confirming authority wafted the Chief Justiceship in a very unexpected direction; and the result is that Mr. Waite, of Ohio, who, if little known as a lawyer, is not unfavourably known as a man, gets a position on the Bench of the Supreme Court which must have been far beyond his expectations. When the highest qualities cannot be got, President and Senate are right in agreeing that there are worse resorts than respectable mediocrity. But there is always something wrong when mediocrity is enshrined in high places.

The repeal of the Salary Grab Bill furnishes a strong proof of the power of public opinion over Congressmen, even where the interests of the latter are involved. Coming in the wake of the Credit Mobilier exposure, the Bill now repealed at once excited general attention and provoked hostile criticism. The chief objection brought against the measure was, that the President and members of Congress had contracted with the nation to perform a certain duty for a specific remuneration; but that, having the power in their hands, they made use of it to alter the terms of the agreement to their advantage and to the detriment of the public, and that, in the case of the President, this change was directly in contravention of a provision of the constitution, which was expressly intended to guard against his salary being increased or diminished during his term of office. Upon this issue Congress, fearing to face the constituencies, retraced its steps by a partial repealing of the law, which, however, is so far from fully attaining the end in view, that it leaves the President's salary untouched.

The ebb of the great wave of the labour movement has rendered the Trades' Unions of the Republic, for the time, nearly powerless. The struggle against a reduction of wages has, in most instances, been too feeble to offer any real resistance to the downward tendency. In the case of railroad engineers, where the vast machinery of which they formed part could not be brought to a stand even for a day without very serious results being produced, there was a strike; but in many occupations workmen were willing, for the time, to accept the lowest wages on which existence could be supported. The colliers in the anthracite region think they are not, from the nature of their occupation, subject to the general law; and they have been able to arrange the difficulty on the basis of the wages rate of 1873.

In England, capital threatens to meet aggressive labour with its own weapons. For this purpose a great National Association of Employers has been formed. The comparison between a combination of workmen and a combination of capitalists is far from presenting the assumed identity of instrumentalities. Capital is itself the combined result of past labour; and the holder of capital is equal, in point of strength, to many living workmen. When capitalists combine among themselves, there is, in fact, a double combination on their side. By this new union they virtually admit the abstract justice of Trades' Unions. Capital and labour are too necessary to one another to justify their being formed into hostile camps. If capital is strong, and if it has submitted to temporary injustice at the hands of labour, it should be remembered that uniform wisdom of action cannot be expected from the least instructed classes of the community. Labour and capital must, in the long run, follow the natural laws of production and accumulation; and if the

National Association of Employers could depress labour, or prevent it rising with the increase of capital and prices, the result would be an exodus of labour, on a less scale, indeed, than that which took place in France on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, but still on a scale large enough to give just alarm to capital. Mr. Gladstone encourages the agricultural labourer to hope for the franchise; and if capital and labour are meanwhile to be arrayed against one another in chronic hostility, what will the social condition of England be ten years hence?

But is it true that Trades' Unions have been the means of oppressing capital? The rate of wages has by no means kept pace with the increase of wealth. Mr. Fawcett, in an article in the January number of the *Fortnightly Review*, shows that while the trade of England has quadrupled during the last quarter of a century, there has been little advance in the remuneration of labour. This rule is not without exceptions; in some branches of industry the rise of wages has been considerable, but the increased cost of living has been such that of large classes of workmen the purchasing power of the wages has remained stationary. There is a large class living on fixed salaries, whose remuneration has not kept pace with the increased cost of living, and whose condition is, therefore, getting worse and worse; it includes clerks, porters, railway servants, and omnibus and cab drivers. There are some who receive a less nominal rate of wages than they received twenty-five years ago, when the trade of the country was about a quarter of what it is now. If we translate the nominal into proportional wages, it follows that the condition of these persons has been going on from bad to worse. There has been a large increase in the number of workmen during this period. Increased wages stimulate the production of labourers, through increased marriages, and this increase reacts injuriously on the labour market, while the increase of population sends up the price of food by the force of competition. The extended use of machinery tends to prevent the increased demand for labour, being in proportion to the increase of capital. Besides, a large part of the savings of the country, which constitute the annual additions to its wealth, is absorbed by foreign loans and railways, and does not create any direct demand for English labour; some indirect demand may be caused by the purchase of railway supplies for shipment to the countries where the railroads are constructed.

The operation of these natural laws must tend to reduce to a minimum the power of Trades' Unions to increase the rate of wages; and the facts show that they have certainly not succeeded in raising the rate of wages abnormally high. There is one way in which they can increase the rate of remuneration in any particular employment: by keeping down the number of workmen through stringent rules for the admission of new members, as, for instance, the restriction of the number of apprentices. In this way an artificial scarcity of labour is produced. But looking at the whole result—comparing the almost stationary condition of the price of labour with the vast increase of the trade and wealth of the country—it is impossible not to admit that capital has very little cause for alarm in any changes that Trades' Unions have so far been able to bring about. The National Association of Employers has given the principle of unionism, which employers have hitherto denounced, the sanction of adoption, than which no stronger mark of approbation could have been bestowed. If this army of capitalists is to enter the field against its natural and necessary ally, labour, it must be held chiefly responsible for that "horizontal cleavage of society," with all its sinister results, which the *Spectator* predicts as certain to ensue. But it is very doubtful whether this union of capitalists possesses the elements of endurance; and should it be destined to a speedy dissolution, its only achievement will be to have estopped its members from objecting to Trades' Unions in the future.

If the intelligence of the determination of the Gladstone Ministry to appeal to the country—of a dissolution of Parliament and that the new Parliament is to meet in March—comes somewhat suddenly upon us, it can create no surprise. Parliament was within one session of its natural demise ; and there were many circumstances which may have weighed with the Minister in deciding to anticipate that event by a dissolution. His supporters had for sometime wavered in their allegiance, and when one defeat had been serious enough to cause him to resign, his resumption of office was due to the inability of the Opposition to form a government. Isolated elections which took place from time to time, on the occurrence of accidental vacancies in the representation, continued to go against the Ministry. The aggregate number of seats lost, in this way, was about twenty-five. These losses were differently interpreted, according to the humour or interest of the critics. The Conservatives pointed to the fact as proof of a reaction of public opinion in their favour. Mr. Gladstone, they alleged, had alarmed the conservative instincts of the nation by the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and these elections were intended as a protest against his policy. The more advanced section of the Liberals denied this interpretation of the political phenomena, and claimed that they, by mere abstention from voting, had intended to warn Mr. Gladstone not to think of reposing on his laurels, but to continue in that course of progressive reform on which he had set out at the commencement of his administration. There is little doubt that there was some real Conservative reaction, but it is far from accounting for all the losses the Government sustained in the constituencies. Nobody really believes that Hull has become conservative because it elected a Conservative candidate. The number of abstentions proved at once the sullenness of the advanced Liberals and the greatness of their mere negative power. It became a part of their policy to make themselves felt in this way. The election of a few Conservatives could not overthrow the Government; but it might serve to prove that it could not do without them, and cause it to shape its policy so as to catch the popular breeze. But the election for Stroud shows a very decided change in favour of the Conservatives.

Mr. Gladstone can now turn to good account the information with which these successive defeats in the constituencies have supplied him. The proposal to abolish the Income Tax on the strength of a surplus of five millions, is a very decided measure. But a mere catalogue of questions on which legislation may be expected—including education, game, land, and liquor laws—needs further explanation to give it point and recommend it to the constituencies.

Mr. Bright, we suspect, has indicated the change that will be made in the Education Act. The land question is not ripe for any but the most superficial treatment. Much could be done to facilitate the exchange of land by a provision for quieting of titles and a general registration, so as to give a modern starting-point in the title, beyond which it would not be necessary to go, and which would assure great simplicity for the future. The time for taking the bolder course of proposing the abolition of primogeniture has hardly come. The game laws will certainly undergo some considerable modification in the interests of agriculture. Disestablishment in England cannot now be proclaimed as an object of Ministerial policy. It is a question whether anything can be done with the Irish University Education question, on which the Government suffered a defeat in the House, without creating dissatisfaction in England and Scotland. That there is such a question as Home Rule, however it may be dealt with, will soon have to be acknowledged. The policy of pretend-

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ing not to see that an agitation for Home Rule is going on and gaining strength in Ireland, will not do much longer. Whatever may be done with the county franchise, Mr. Gladstone cannot yet afford to tell the country, in so many words, that it is his intention to convert the stolid agricultural labourers into voters. That change will come in time, by degrees it may be, and perhaps not fully till the labourer has been raised to a higher standard of intelligence. But Disestablishment, Tenant Right, and the Ballot teach us that great reforms come more rapidly now than at almost any time in the past; and if Mr. Gladstone obtains a new lease of power through a decided success in the elections, the next six years may bring even greater changes than the last.

The destinies of Spain have been made the sport of military violence, and the Government of Señor Castelar superseded by Marshal Serano, by whom the most devious parts have been played on the theatre of Spanish politics during the last thirty years. On the 3rd January, the second day after the meeting of the Cortes, Castelar was defeated by a majority of twenty on two different votes. This was the signal for General Pavia to occupy the palace of the Cortes and other public buildings with troops to the number of fourteen thousand. The Cortes were expelled with military violence, the municipal guard being the instrument made use of; while General Pavia with his staff stood outside with cannon pointed at the building. Though General Pavia, by this act of military violence, assumed to dispose of the fortunes of Spain, he must have had influential accomplices, and must have been rather the instrument of their machinations than moved to act on his behalf. He did not personally seize the political power; he even refused to take part in the Government of which he ostensibly dictated the formation. Even Castelar was asked to join the Government to which this military outrage gave birth; but he gave to the invitation the only answer which a man of honour in his position could give.

Before the supreme act of violence was committed, a complete rupture between Castelar and the President of the Cortes, Señor Salmeron, had taken place; and it was well understood five days before the troops intervened that Marshal Serano would be placed at the head of affairs. It was stated on the 29th December, in a cable despatch to a New York journal, that when this change took place the Spanish Republic would be recognized by several European powers; but there could not have been any direct understanding on this point, and certainly England, Prussia and Italy did not intrigue to bring about this discreditable *coup d'état*. The character of Serano, and the circumstance of his profiting by the act of General Pavia, point to him as the author of the plot. He is quite at home at that kind of work. In the war of independence he rose to the rank of General; he espoused the cause of Christina, and afterwards became the notorious favourite of Isabella II., and when Sotomayor attempted to drive him from her presence, he proved strong enough to overthrow that Minister. Under Narvaez he became liberal from interest, and obtained the captaincy general of Grenada as his reward. He afterwards opposed a succession of administrations in the Senate, down to the revolution of 1854. Implicated in the insurrection of Saragossa, in that year, he was sent into exile; but two years after, changing his part again, he was entrusted with the suppression of a local insurrection. He has seen service in the diplomatic corps of Spain. In playing many parts on many sides, his talent for intrigue has been developed in an abnormal degree. His government, the child and creature of the army, will depend on military aid for its support. Spain may continue for a while to be called a Republic, if that name sounds best or best serves the purpose of the successful conspirators; but a country that holds its liberties at the will of a military dictator is no longer in possession of anything worthy of the name.

The fall of Carthagena, it had long been apparent, was only a matter of time. The final surrender took place some ten days after the dispersion of the Cortes, General Dominiquez taking possession. The defeated junta and the liberated convicts, the latter of whom it would at any time have been allowable to treat as the enemies of mankind, tried to explain the collapse, which had long been inevitable, by charging the commander of the principal fort with treachery. Refugees to the number of two thousand five hundred escaped on board the ironclad Numantia, and on arriving at Algeria surrendered themselves to the French authorities, by whom it was soon understood a surrender of such as were charged with non-political crimes would be made.

But neither the Carlists nor the Intransigentes are entirely subdued. When the surrender of Carthagena took place the Government was disarming the Republican volunteers at Madrid. This circumstance, taken in connection with the determination of the Government to add one hundred thousand men to the army reserve, indicates an intention to crush out the unextinguished elements of the Republic. This is the practical interpretation which is being put on General Pavia's boast that he resorted to violence to overthrow the authority of the Cortes, in the cause of order.

In France, the Government of the Duc de Broglie pursues the course of repression of which its origin gave expectations; but it sometimes meets such obstacles as may tend to remind it that it is mortal. It recently resigned in consequence of a defeat in the Assembly, but was continued in power by the favour of McMahon. When it had fully recovered itself, it was found to have secured support enough from the floating and uncertain mass which oscillates from side to side, to give it a majority of fifty-eight on a motion of confidence; but that majority dwindled down to five when it resisted a proposal to confine the Government to members of the municipal councils for materials out of which to select mayors, whom the Assembly, in fulfilment of its reactionary policy, is vesting with the power to appoint. McMahon, who has neither the qualities nor the experience of a statesman, serves in the meantime to veil the depository of the real power, which is wielded by the Duc de Broglie. If the time should come when the Assembly will persistently reject McMahon's minister, the President will find himself deprived of the aid of this political creator and preserver, with nothing before him but the defeat of his reactionary policy in an appeal to the country. What will he do in that event? Will he repeat at Versailles the drama which General Pavia has acted in Madrid?

The Ultramontane tone of the French Press, in discussing Prussian affairs, has offended the Government of the Emperor William; and Bismarck has had the weakness to threaten to hold the Government of France responsible for the criticisms of the newspapers. The Broglie-McMahon Government announces to the Assembly that it is in favour of the spiritual independence of the Pope, while desirous to be on friendly terms with the Government of Victor Emmanuel. Everything depends upon what term spiritual independence is intended to imply. The advocates of the temporal power were accustomed to insist that it was necessary for the security of the spiritual. The French Government may be quite correct in saying that its Ultramontane leanings will not endanger the public peace, but they will earn for the McMahon Government the ill-will of Italy.

SELECTIONS.

PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT.

By James Fitzjames Stephen, Q. C.

[This able essay is taken from the *Contemporary Review*. It is to be followed by a second, in which the writer intends to suggest some remedies for existing defects in our Parliamentary system. So far as they relate to the pernicious consequences of party government, Mr. Stephen's views are identical with our own; but whilst we propose to strike at the root of the evil, he, regarding it as inseparable from Parliamentary Government, recommends important constitutional changes, with a view to palliate rather than remove the disease. Owing to the length of the paper, it has been found necessary to make some excisions; at the same time, no essential part of the writer's argument has been omitted.]

THE substance of these papers is contained in the following propositions:—

1. Parliamentary Government has been irrevocably established amongst us, and it is impossible to suppose that it will be seriously modified in any period to which we can look forward.

2. Defects which grievously impair its efficiency both in regard to legislation and in regard to the Executive Government are inherent in it.

3. Partial remedies may be suggested for these defects, though they are not capable of being removed at once by any single measure.

The proposition that Parliamentary Government has been irrevocably established amongst us, and that it is impossible to suppose that it will be seriously modified within any period to which we can look forward, is so clear in itself that to attempt to prove it is to weaken it. It is the first step in political knowledge to admit that upon all great national questions the ultimate decision must hereafter rest with the numerical majority of voters, expressing their will through representative assemblies. There is no use in discussing the question whether this is a good state of things or a bad one. For all practical purposes it is enough to say that it exists, and that it is the part of rational men to make the best of it, as they make the best of the climate, the soil, or the national character of their country. It has been less generally remarked, though it is at least equally worthy of remark, that, owing to particular circumstances, the constitution of this country is very much more democratic than it would have been if the constitution had been expressly framed on a democratic basis. Public opinion here acts on the Government much more forcibly and directly than it does in the United States. The manner in which our constitutional changes have been made has been such as to give us a constitution which, though in some ways one of the most complicated, is in others one of the simplest in the world. Most of the parts which make it look complicated have long since been struck with paralysis, and have sunk into the condition of fictions. Theoretically, the Queen has boundless prerogatives; practically, she has no power. After making every allowance for the influence which an English Sovereign who made the best use of his position might in time acquire in the direction of public affairs (which is usually underrated), the power of an American President and his Ministers is out of all comparison greater than the power of an English King and his Cabinet. So, again, the power of the Supreme Court over the enactments both of Congress and of the State Legislatures is unlike anything which we have in this country. On the other hand, the power of a Parliamentary majority here is quite unlike anything which Congress, the President and his Ministers, and the Supreme Court, all together, exert at any given moment in the United States. Very few Englishmen appear to see that the result of our passionate love for constitutional fictions, and of our determination in every case to maintain all the old forms untouched, whilst we alter the substance of all our institutions, has been to establish in this country one of the most direct, stringent, and unqualified authorities in the whole world. Making allowances for some institutions of a different character which are to a certain extent checks upon it, the majority for the time being of the House of Commons, governing through a Committee of Ministers absolutely depending upon its favour, is the absolute master of every institution in the country, and of the lives and fortunes of all its inhabitants. The contingency that the House of Commons may abuse its powers need not, as matters now stand, be seriously considered. It is, however, worth while to point out how deeply, and indeed irrevocably, we are committed, not only to Parliamentary Government, but to a form of it which is singularly absolute and unqualified, so far as any legal limitations of its powers are concerned.

The second proposition is, that defects which grievously impair its efficiency, both in regard to legislation and in regard to the Executive Government, are inherent in our form of Parliamentary Government.

Before attempting to prove this, I wish to disclaim any intention to undervalue the institutions under which we live. A person who spoke of them with disrespect would prove his own incompetence to discuss public affairs of importance, and his want of acquaintance with political institutions, and the conditions under which they must of necessity work. Whatever faults our institutions may have, they, or at least we who live under them, have solved the problems which are throwing the greater part of Continental Europe into convulsions. If France, or Spain, or Italy had reached the points at which the defects of our system become visible, they would be infinitely better off than they are at present. We have at least arrived at a state of stable equilibrium. There is no serious question in this country of deciding political questions by violence. Every one takes a strong interest in public affairs, and has a more or less intelligent opinion about them. A great number of political truths which in many parts of the world appear to be still in the nature of hidden mysteries, have with us passed into mere commonplaces. Moreover, the history and traditions of the country give a dignity to our institutions which can hardly fail to make those who live under them feel that they have a character to lose and a position to keep up in the world. Above and beyond all, no nation in the world possesses anything like so large a class of intelligent, independent, and vigorous-minded men in all ranks of life, who seriously devote themselves to public affairs, and take the deepest possible interest in the national success and well-being. No one can understand the sense of stability, reserved force, and general power which English institutions derive from this circumstance, until he is able to compare life in this country with life in a country like India, where Europeans are but a handful—numerically so insignificant as to be almost imperceptible.

The character of our public men is the sheet-anchor on which our institutions depend. So long as political life is the chosen occupation of wise and honourable men, who are above jobs and petty personal views, the defects of Parliamentary Government, however serious, may be endured, even where they cannot be remedied or alienated. If, however, the personal character of English politicians should ever be seriously lowered, it is difficult not to feel that the present state of the constitution would give bad and unscrupulous men a power for evil hardly equalled in any other part of the world.

Upon the whole, those who think thus of Parliamentary Government are under a special obligation to speak plainly and without reserve of its defects. Flattery has at all times and in all places been the mortal enemy of every form of government to which it has been applied, and no form of government ever was more persistently or more grossly flattered than our own. The proof is to be found in nearly every newspaper, and in nearly every speech made by a candidate to electors, or by a member of Parliament to his constituents. It is needless to enlarge either upon the fact itself or upon the evils which it produces. They belong to the class of facts which every one admits in theory and forgets in practice whenever it is convenient to do so, as it often is.

I come now to the main subject of this paper, which is, to state and enforce the proposition that defects are inherent in Parliamentary Government which grievously impair its efficiency both in regard to legislation and in regard to executive action.

All the defects in question may be regarded as the result of putting the whole government of the country, both as regards legislation and as regards the control of the administration of current public business, into the hands of a popular assembly composed of many hundred members. In short, there are things which Parliament can and must do, and there are also things which it cannot possibly do well; the importance of business of the latter class has increased, is increasing, and may be expected to increase continuously; and great public evils result from the manner in which it is done, and must continue to be done so long as Parliament insists on doing everything itself.

Take first the things which Parliament can and must do. Parliament must of course decide questions on which different sections of the nation have conflicting sentiments and interests. It must, for instance, decide the question whether the suffrage is to be maintained at its present level or to be altered. The reason is, that the question "Who shall have votes?" is not at bottom a question of policy, but a question of power.

* * * * *

Parliament, again, must decide all questions which have a strong and obvious bearing on questions of sentiment, and especially those which bear upon religion and morality. These, like questions as to the extent of the suffrage, are ultimately questions of power. There is a great deal to be said for an Established Church, and a great deal to be said against it; and if its advocates and its antagonists were left to convince each other by mere force of argument, they would wrangle till the end of time. Such questions are settled in rough times by physical force, or by the threat of it. We have substituted, as I have elsewhere remarked, the practice of counting heads for the practice of breaking them—at least in most cases. But minorities give way in reality, not because they are convinced, but because they are overpowered. On the whole, then, questions which affect the strongest feelings of men, or which are concerned with the distribution of political power, together with many others which it is unnecessary to particularise minutely, must be decided by Parliament, because the nation at large cannot delegate the decision of such questions to any body which does not directly represent it, even for the purpose of obtaining a wiser decision than a body which does represent it would give.

So much for what can and must be done by Parliament. I now pass to the question of the things which it ought not to attempt, because it cannot possibly do them well. I say, then, first, that Parliament is ill fitted for the task of elaborating the details of legislation, especially when it is complicated and relates to special subjects, and that it is perhaps even worse fitted for the task of keeping up a close and stringent control over the actual administration of public affairs.

First, as to legislation. The defects of Parliament, regarded as a legislative body, are so numerous that it seems hardly respectful to enumerate them, but at the same time they are so important that it is necessary to do so. To begin at the beginning, party government is so closely connected with Parliamentary Government that Parliamentary Government could not be carried on without it. A Parliament not divided into parties kept under a certain sort of discipline would be little better than a mob. If, however, we are to have party government, the following consequences from it are inevitable:—Public men and public measures of all sorts will have to be classed under the heads of Liberal and Conservative, or some other heads of the same kind. This, however, is a most imperfect and irrational distinction to take as the only one to which attention ought to be paid in choosing a member of Parliament, or supporting a measure introduced into Parliament. A very large number of public questions —a much larger number than most people suppose—have nothing at all to do with the distinction: and, as every one knows, the best and ablest men in the country are divided, not so very unequally, between the two parties. If we were at war, no one would admit that the political opinions of an admiral or general ought to prevent his appointment to the command of an army if he was specially fitted for it. No one would wish to see the governors of colonies or the Viceroy of India removed from their situations as soon as the Government which appointed them went out of office. Why, then, should the question between Conservative and Liberal be made the pivot upon which turns all electioneering and the whole conduct of public affairs? The results of attaching that degree of importance to it are manifold, and, when the matter is fairly considered, extremely surprising.

In the first place, it is the very essence of party government that one-half of the ablest men in the country should be compelled to pass the greater part of their public lives in fighting with the other half. The effect of this is to produce an extraordinary and lamentable waste of time and talent, and to encourage a way of treating measures which can only be compared to the way in which the advocates of opposite parties in a lawsuit treat their opponents' cases. It also possesses the minds of the public at large with the notion that to be a skilful Parliamentary gladiator is to be a great statesman, and that practical politics are rather a game than a branch of knowledge. People take sides in political struggles very much as they do at a race, and consider the question whether this public man or that gets the better of a sort of boxing-match with much more attention than they give to the merits of less exciting, though they may be intrinsically far more important questions.

A greater evil than these is the exaggerated prominence which party government gives to matters of which the intrinsic importance is small, by putting it in the power of any little knot of persons who take an interest in some one trumpery matter which just fits the calibre of their minds, to turn the balance this way or that in party struggles by promising their support to any one who will pledge himself as they wish on their special question. A man well fitted in every way to sit in Parliament may often lose his seat by differing in opinion from the bigoted part of the constituency on some small question. These fancies used, I believe, to be described in the United States collectively as "the isms;" and their influence on the government of the country long has been, and continually is, growing in strength.

Another effect of party government is that it produces an arbitrary connection between measures which ought to be considered upon their own merits. The Ministry as a whole being responsible, jointly and severally, for all their measures, the country is continually put in the dilemma of approving bad measures or renouncing good ones, when there is no reason whatever why the bad measures should not be rejected and the good ones adopted. It is difficult to imagine two really important proposals with less in common than the proposal to remodel the English Courts of Justice and the proposal to establish a new University in Ireland. Yet nothing is more certain than that the fate of these two measures was closely linked together last spring. If a Conservative Government had been formed when Mr. Gladstone resigned upon the defeat of his University Bill, Lord Selborne's Judicature Bill must have been lost; and whether it would have ever been carried, either by his own party or by his opponents, would have depended on a variety of party combinations as difficult to arrange or to foresee as the changes of a kaleidoscope. This is not the place to say anything on the subject of denominational education; but if we assume, for the sake of illustration, that the present Government are less favourably disposed towards it than a Conservative Government would be, it may be said with truth that the prospects of denominational education in the British Islands will be slightly improved if the Ashantees were to contrive to destroy Sir Garnet Wolseley and his staff. That the immediate prospects of the 25th clause of the Education Act will, for the next few months, vary inversely as the healthiness of the Gold Coast and the fidelity and courage of the Fantees and Houssas, is a reflection intrinsically as odd as Mr. Darwin's discovery that domestic cats are the patron saints of humble-bees.

A fourth result of party government is the total destruction of any approach to permanence, continuity, or system in the management of public affairs. The Government of the moment is never sure that it will continue in power for more than a few months. It would be difficult to point out all the consequences of this uncertainty upon every branch of public business. The most important result upon legislation is that every Ministry is obliged, for the sake of having a cry, and also for the sake of justifying its own tenure of power, to have some two or three great measures on which its existence is staked, and to which all other things are to be sacrificed. I am very far indeed from agreeing with the do-nothing theory of politics, which in these days has numerous advocates; nor do I think that those who charge the present Government with what they describe as

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heroic legislation,—heroic in what is explained to be a strictly medical sense,—are more just to their antagonists than political speakers usually are. Apart from all passing and temporary politics, it is the inevitable consequence of the system of party government that every one who succeeds in dethroning his rival should fix his mind upon some prominent Parliamentary triumph, and strain every nerve to obtain it—laying aside, in order to do so, all serious attention to matters which it would require several years to establish, superintend, and bring into good working order.

I will not, however, insist upon this in detail, as it enters more or less into the general subject of the unfitness of a large popular assembly for the business of elaborating the details of legislation, and for the business of legislating at all upon matters which require great care, much constructive skill, and a large amount of special knowledge. I think it was Mr. Bright who once compared the progress of a measure through Parliament to the progress of a cab along Fleet-street on a day when the traffic is unusually heavy. If a horse falls or a wheel comes off, there is a block, which extends for a great distance, and which makes the question whether or not it will be possible to reach any particular point at any particular time one on which it is impossible to form even a plausible conjecture. The figure was perhaps better than the common run of figures, and it might even have been carried a little further. It might have been added that, apart from the inevitable friction and jostling of cabs and omnibuses going different ways, the street has not unfrequently to be cleared, all the traffic being stopped and thrust this way or that in the most unceremonious manner, in order that some party debate may be able to go charging along like a fire-engine, with the firemen shouting to every one to clear the way, and a noisy mob roaring at their heels. It must also be recollected that our Parliamentary highway is open only for a part of the day, and that every vehicle which cannot get past a certain point by a certain time—the hour corresponding to the closing of the Session—finds the gates shut, and must return to the place from whence it came ; not to speak of the possibility of their being shut at any time by a dissolution.

Dropping all metaphor, the following defects at least are incidental to Parliamentary legislation, quite apart from the system of party government, which, however, for the reasons already assigned, aggravates every one of them to an incalculable degree. In the first place, the effect of the right of every member to introduce any measure he likes, and the rule that every Act must pass through all its stages in both Houses in some one Session of Parliament, together with the general uncertainty thrown over everything by the instability of the tenure of office, makes anything like continuous systematic legislation upon any subject practically impossible. The character of our statute-book is pretty well known, and need not be insisted upon, nor shall I here dwell upon certain views of my own relating to the simplification of the law, but I may remark that the statute-book as it stands bears upon almost every subject in which we are interested, with the exception perhaps of questions of pure science ; and any one may see that matters have got into a state in which two things are almost equally desirable —namely, first, that by obvious and well-known methods our existing laws, and the vast mass of miscellaneous institutions created by them, should be reduced into an intelligible shape ; and next, that such amendments as they require should be made systematically and upon some kind of general plan. A system under which any one of a large number of persons is at liberty to occupy the attention of Parliament for a greater or less time, by proposing to it any little change—possibly good in itself—which happens to strike his fancy, really aggravates the existing evils more than it alleviates them. The statute-book is like a mass of tangled string which it is very important to disentangle. Modern legislation is like a set of persons engaged in disentangling it, each of whom has got hold of a separate loop, which he is dragging with all his might in his own direction, and upon which he is quite prepared to use his penknife to any extent if he comes across a knot.

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Every one who has ever had occasion to read an Act of Parliament with care must know that even Acts which are apparently very simple will almost always be found, upon examination, to involve a number of questions of detail which cannot be settled off-hand, which it is essential to settle correctly, and which can hardly be discussed in set speeches by a popular body, inasmuch as it is difficult to see what the nature of the question is without close attention, repeated explanations, and careful weighing of words and comparison of passages. Moreover, the effect of amendments cannot be understood till the amendment is incorporated with the matter amended, and the result of the whole carefully considered. Suppose that when an artist had completed a picture or a statue, a committee of rival artists were to proceed to debate the question whether a little colour should be put in here or a bit of marble chipped off there ; and suppose, further, that the alteration was to be made there and then, when the majority had declared its opinion, would the result be satisfactory? What again would happen if it were the avowed object of many members of the committee to destroy the merits of the work, and, if they could not prevent the artist from painting, at all events to jog his elbow as much and as often as possible?

The truth is, that as long as the present system lasts, the details of legislation must of necessity be ill done. If, on the one hand, a Bill is furiously debated clause by clause, it is apt to be pulled to pieces till its authors would hardly recognize it ; and this mutilation, be it remembered, is inflicted, not by way of intelligent criticism, for the purpose of improving the Bill, but often for the purpose of defeating it. It is directed almost exclusively to points of policy which are interesting, and not to points of working detail, which are often as dull as they are important. If, on the other hand, a Bill does not happen to attract attention or to appeal to party feeling, it may be passed through Parliament with much less alteration and discussion than it deserves.

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I may sum up shortly what I have to say upon the defects of Parliament, considered as a legislative body, as follows:—The system of party government, the size and character of the two Houses, and more especially of the House of Commons, and the system of conducting public business by making speeches, combine with some other matters, which for the sake of brevity I omit, to make it almost impossible or Parliament to legislate in a [illegible] ay upon the infinite variety of subjects which come before them. Parliament can and must decide upon broad questions of principle and policy, but as soon as they attempt not only to lay down great principles but to criticise elaborate schemes and to settle working details, they fall into every sort of mistake, and do their work with so little accuracy, and with such a total want of system, management of time, and organization of labour, that their efforts to solve the different practical problems of the day often end in producing mere confusion and bewilderment.

But I will conclude this part of what I have to say by quoting a passage from Mr. Mill's Autobiography, which sums up in a pointed manner a view which he has stated more fully in his work on Representative Government. He says that in that work he discusses several questions which must soon be decided. "The chief of these is the distinction between the function of making laws, for which a numerous popular assembly is radically unfit, and that of getting good laws made, which is its proper duty, and cannot be satisfactorily fulfilled by any other authority ; and the consequent need of a legislative commission as a permanent part of the constitution of a free country, consisting of a small number of highly-trained political minds, on whom, when Parliament has determined that a law should be made, the task of making it should be devolved, Parliament retaining the power of passing or rejecting the Bill when drawn up, but not of altering it otherwise than by sending proposed amendments to be dealt with by the commission." I should not myself be prepared to go to this extent. I give the extract because it shows how deeply the most distinguished advocate of Parliamentary Government felt the importance of the drawbacks to it which I have tried to sketch.

I now pass from the defects of our system in a legislative point of view to its defects in reference to the general control of the Executive.

[The writer here gives a rapid account of the steps by which Parliament has gradually possessed itself of executive functions, and sketches the development of the principal departments out of the old Privy Council Committees.]

Besides these great offices of State, there are, as I need hardly say, a very large number of offices, established for the most part by Act of Parliament, for the transaction of particular matters of business. On all sides we are met commissioners, inspectors, boards of one sort or another, whose powers and relations to the Government depend upon the particular enactments by which they were created. Many of them are for practical purposes almost independent and self-contained. The aggregate of these institutions forms our administrative system. It is impossible for any one who has not specially studied the subject to have an adequate idea of its excessive intricacy and absolute want of system. The constitution of our Courts of Justice is not altogether simple; but it is simplicity itself in comparison to the constitution of the public offices.

I have said these few words on a subject of extraordinary difficulty and intricacy for the sake of the remarks which it suggests as to the influence of the Parliamentary system upon the Executive Government. The first of these relates to the Cabinet. The Cabinet is a body altogether unknown to the law, invested with no legal power whatever. How far it is a governing council, and how far each individual member is master in his own department, is a question which no one can pretend to answer who has not himself been a Cabinet Minister, and which probably could not be answered very distinctly by those who have held that position. The point which seems to be clearest about the Cabinet is, that it is so contrived as to represent with the utmost possible nicety every fluctuation in Parliamentary opinion, and to be dependent for its existence upon the continuance of a general tacit understanding amongst its members as to the manner in which public affairs are to be managed, and, in particular, as to the policy, whether legislative or executive, which is to be proposed to Parliament. The Cabinet has none of the distinctive marks of a governing council. It makes no formal orders; it has no secretary or other executive officer. No official record of its proceedings is made; they are mere private conversations (the effect of which is never known to the public), and the only way in which a minority, or even a single dissentient member, can relieve himself from full responsibility for all the acts of the Cabinet is by resignation. He cannot record his dissent, or even state publicly and officially the fact that he dissents. This arrangement does not appear favourable to a vigorous central control of the different departments. It puts the Prime Minister in a position greatly less powerful than that of a king; and I believe a king of some sort, a king who really governs, subject of course to distinct and weighty responsibility, and it may be for a limited time, to be essential to good administration. An American President is a much nearer approach to a king than an English Prime Minister. Our system, which may be called the fictitious method of government, might have been contrived on purpose to render all administration weak, hesitating, and consciously dependent for every act and thought on the shifting currents of public, and in particular of Parliamentary opinion. The truth of this view can hardly be distinctly proved by any person who has not had immediate personal knowledge of the interior working of Cabinets; but facts known to all the world strongly suggest that the effect of the Parliamentary system upon the Executive Government of the country has been to deprive the king of all real power, and by the introduction of fictions and the creation of unconnected offices to convert the Executive Government into an aggregate of isolated institutions having no common centre, no clear and well-defined constitution or connection with each other, and no permanent heads.

Much is said, and with justice, of the benefits of constant Parliamentary vigilance and supervision, but I do not think that Parliament is or can possibly be made a place for calm, careful, and comprehensive criticism upon the doings of public men and public departments. A Minister may be displaced, a special committee or a commission may produce a number of blue books; but a very large proportion of all the inquiries which takes place end in very trifling practical results.

[Mr. Stephen then gives a few illustrations of the confusion caused by the uncertainty existing as to the limits and nature of Ministerial duty. The names of Mr. Lowe, Mr. Ayrton and Mr. Baxter, and the administrative *fiasco* during the Crimean war, are referred to.]

I will content myself with a single additional remark on the chaotic condition to which our Parliamentary system has reduced the Executive Government. No one living man knows what the system is, or where to get an account of it. Many years ago—more than twenty—I studied the subject with some care, with a view to writing a book about it. Engagements of other kinds caused me to lay the scheme aside; but my inquiries satisfied me that there was no tolerable account of the subject to be found anywhere, and that the only way of forming one would be by going through studies and making personal inquiries which hardly any one is in a position to undertake. The only book I ever saw which even professed to deal with the subject systematically, is, characteristically enough, a German one—" Das heutige englische Verfassungs und Verwaltungsrecht," by Dr. Gneist. If it be asked what Parliamentary Government has to do with this result, I answer it has practically destroyed all unity in administration by reducing the office of King to a cypher, and by replacing him by a set of Ministers who shift backwards and forwards, who are equal amongst themselves, and are little kings in their own departments, and who are therefore neither competent nor inclined to attempt to give distinctness and unity to the whole system.

This, however, is only one part, and by no means the most important part, of the bad effects which the Parliamentary system produces upon Executive Government. To appreciate it fully, it is necessary to look at the interior of any great department. In each case there is a Parliamentary head of the office, and in many a Parliamentary under-secretary as well. Besides these, there is in every case a permanent staff —the most important members of which are, as a rule, appointed in mature life, after distinguishing themselves in other ways. The Parliamentary head of the office is its absolute master. He is responsible for what is done in it, and it is in his power, if he pleases, to treat every other member of it (except, perhaps, to some extent, his Parliamentary subordinate) as a mere clerk. On the other hand he may, and he sometimes does, practically devolve upon his under-secretary the general management of business. Now, Parliamentary life is the only road to the great offices of State, and they are distributed mainly upon party considerations, and with very little reference to the actual management of the business of offices. Hence, the head of an office is put there for Parliamentary reasons, and not on account of his special knowledge. If the chairman of a railway company, or a managing partner of a manufactory or house of business, were appointed on account say of his literary ability, and having been appointed, were suddenly changed every few years, without the least reference to the state of affairs in the establishment, we all know what the result would be. Either the establishment would suffer grievously, or the chairman or managing partner would be only the nominal head of the business, or both. Since 1830, we have had sixteen Prime Ministers and fourteen distinct Ministries; so that a Ministry on an average lasts just about three years. If we take into account internal changes in the Ministries—the shifting of particular officers from place to place—it will follow that on an average the head of every office holds office for less than three years. Sometimes a Ministry will last for a very short time—a year or less. In this case an office will probably have three different heads within a very short period indeed, and each of these must, from the nature of the case, be very much more interested and occupied by his Parliamentary duties than by departmental duties. It is indeed by their Parliamentary position almost exclusively that public men are really classed. A friend of mine used to say that whenever he heard a public man described as an excellent administrator, he inferred that the person who said so meant to express in a civil way contempt for his Parliamentary abilities. The way in which the public offices are organized under the party system is by no means unlike the way in which ships were officered in the days when the superior officers were landsmen relying for nautical information of every kind on the master and other inferior officers. This was not found by experience to be a good system.

Apart, however, from this, the effect of the constant change of management is that every administrative question of importance has to be taken up and broken off every few years. Few people know how important these questions are. Every department of State has to consider numerous questions of the utmost possible importance to the national well-being which really have no connection whatever with party, and which Liberals and Conservatives might discuss on common grounds, just as easily as members of the Church of England and the Church of Rome might discuss questions of geography.

[A "few notable instances" of this position are adduced, such as the Post-office, which Mr. Stephen contends ought not be governed by a Cabinet Minis-

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ter, the duties being as non-political as those of the department of Customs and Inland Revenue.]

The most exalted loyalty to things as they are, the most passionate enthusiasm for things as they are about to be, will never prevent jobbery and mismanagement in a dockyard, or give security that every matter of business connected with the management of a great establishment shall be brought in due time and in a proper form before the authority which is to decide it, or that the proper authority shall decide it in due course, and that his orders shall be punctually obeyed, and that a proper record of the transaction shall be kept for future reference.

There is only one instrument by which such reforms can be effected—the master's eye; and where the arrangements are such that there neither is nor can be any master who is more than a bird of passage, learning his business and acquiring the special knowledge necessary to do his duty properly, you never will have good management. Public meetings about administrative reform, Parliamentary votes of censure, special committees and commissions of inquiry, always produce upon my mind the same sort of effect as an indignation meeting to find fault with a sick man for being sick. Sarcasm, reproaches, disgrace, cannot cure disease. They can and do intimidate and distress the sick man, and not unfrequently aggravate his symptoms. Nothing but patient study of the symptoms, and a systematic and thorough-going treatment of them, will effect a cure; and this study and treatment take time and require a permanent interest in the subject, and personal responsibility on the part of the person who is to administer them.

The great defect of our administrative system, in so far as regards the management of particular affairs and the organization of particular offices, lies in the way in which we divorce special knowledge and experience from authority and personal responsibility. Those who possess the authority have comparatively little special knowledge and experience; those who possess the special knowledge and experience have no authority and no responsibility. They may be, and usually are consulted, but their names are never brought before the public. Their responsibility for what is done is to their own chief and not to the public, and their suggestions have in every case to pass into fact, if at all, through the minds and wills of others. Legally, most of them, though not quite all, are simply clerks whose duty it is to obey orders.

Of the evils which this state of things has produced it is hardly necessary to speak at length. Every one must be familiar with them; and I have given some indications in the course of this paper of their general nature. They are usually described as the price that we pay for Parliamentary Government, and it is said that we cannot seriously diminish it without incurring evils which would more than outweigh any diminution in the price. How far these allegations are true will be the subject of my next paper.

OUIDA'S NOVELS.

(*From the Contemporary Review.*)

Tricotrin; the story of a Waif and Stray.

GOETHE says that "if you wait awhile in any gallery of pictures and observe what works attract the many, what are praised, what neglected, you have little pleasure in the present, little hope for the future."

We confess to having felt the same, in our darker moments, on turning our thoughts to the "many" in England who are attracted by the novels of Ouida. The habit of novel-reading may be indulged until it becomes a sort of mental dram-drinking; the desire for the excitement increases, and the dose is increased, until the enervated mind is almost incapable of assimilating more wholesome natural food. It is only a condition of mind like this, we take it, that could make either man or woman enjoy the species of literature offered to the public by Ouida; literature in which flaring theatrical gas is palmed off upon us for sunlight; platitudes, for which a Tupper would blush, for reflection; coarseness and impertinence for wit, and conventional propriety for virtue. Time was when the refreshing cordial of *The Vicar of Wakefield* was relished by England; but the eagerness with which the drams offered to the public by Ouida are swallowed by tens of thousands at the present day, compels us to take refuge in the hope that no "art" more despicable than her novels represent can henceforth be produced; that the sun of such novel-writing has reached its zenith, and must gradually sink towards its setting.

It is not a pleasant fact to reflect upon, that the chief caterers, if not consumers in this line, are women. Mr. Ruskin has told us that women no longer wish to become wives and mothers; he mentions it as a certainty, so we suppose we must accept it as such; but until Mr. Ruskin can tell us where nine millions of husbands for the nine millions of unmarried women in England are to come from, it is clear that they cannot legally become either, unless it be made lawful for one man to have two wives. We understand that in America a petition to this effect has recently been presented to the Legislature from some two hundred women; probably as a piece of grim satire upon those who declare *the Family* the only proper "sphere" of the sex. But it is obvious that, unless some such method of providing for the maintenance of the surplus female population be adopted, fresh fields of employment must be made accessible to them. The two careers which are at present practicable, without strife or censure, for a clever, well-educated lady are—becoming a governess or writing a novel; no matter whether she have the slightest capacity for either. We hope and believe that when women have a less cramped sphere in which to exercise their powers, very few, if any, will be found willing to lower themselves by the composition of such works as we have now under consideration.

Ouida's puppets remind one forcibly of Madame Tussaud's waxwork collection. They are spangled and bedizened; they have the same ghastly far-off resemblance to life; but it is a resemblance by which Nature is mocked and insulted. As to her women: "diamonds of untold price" generally glisten on their "snowy bosoms;" they wear "gem-sewn robes;" their hair is "diamond-studded;" they stretch out their hands to "jewelled letter-baskets," "jewelled fans," "jewelled bouquetières;" their letters "smell of gemmed pen-holders and Buhl writing-cases." One of them, a duchess, *toys* with "a *Polichinelle* whose bells were of gold, whose tambourine was circled with pearls, and who had cost, that morning, seven hundred francs." Marchionesses float down rivers in barges, much as they do in theatres, with ungloved hands, "white as snow and sparkling with emeralds and sapphires." Their dogs wear "dainty jewelled collars;" and even the traditional wedding-ring is converted into "a diamond-studded circlet."

The men whom Ouida would have us accept as representatives of the aristocracy of our day wear "dainty dressing-gowns, broidered with gold and seed pearl," with slippers of the same expensive materials; they sleep "under costly canopies of silk and lace and golden broideries;" they enter bets in "dainty jewelled books;" one of them cuts open the brow of his dearest friend with "a dainty jewelled whip," which he breaks in pieces and throws at his feet; they see the time of day (or rather of night; for nobody in their world seems to go to bed till the every-day world is eating its breakfast) on "jewelled watches." Their valets are "grooms of the chamber;" their tenants "retainers." They come like shadows and so depart, and never, for an instant, impress us with the belief that they are beings of flesh and blood.

That the reader may not accuse us of exaggeration, let us first look at *Tricotrin*, a man who possessed "the wisdom of a Boethius—to laugh at life with the glorious mirth of Aristophanes . . . and to love all pleasure with the Burgundian jests (*sic*) of a Piron." "His life," we are told,—

> "Was a poem—often an ironic, often an erotic, often a sublime one—a love-ode one day, a rhymed satire the next; now light as Suckling's verse, now bitter as Juvenal's, oftenest a Bacchic chant or a Hudibrastic piece of mockery, but *not seldom* a noble Homeric *epic*."

He is a Bohemian, and, for the reader's instruction, we transcribe his description of "true Bohemians":—

"We stamp our feet in the snow till we are warm, read *Rabelais* till we forget that we are hungry, and look up at the winter planets and think how pale they make the palace gas look."

When we first make acquaintance with this Bohemian, however, not having a *Rabelais* by him, he has not forgotten to be hungry; for he is either at dinner or supper, seated on a fallen tree—somewhere near the Loire river, in France,—"*in company* with a flask of good wine and a *Straduarius*." He is about forty years of age, and he has—

"A beautiful Homeric head; bold, kingly, careless, noble; with the royalty of the lion in its gallant poise, and the challenge of the eagle in its upward gesture—the head which an artist would have given to his Hector, or his Phœbus, or his god Lyæus."

Excusez du peu, reader, for this is not all. The features of this "head," which would have suited Phœbus and others, "were beautiful too, in their varied, mobile, and eloquent meanings, with their poet's brows, their reveller's laugh, their soldier's daring, their student's thought, their many and conflicting *utterances*, whose *contradictions* made one *unity*—the unity of genius."

Tricotrin must have travelled greatly in forty years; for—

"The people who loved him stretched from Danube to Guadalquiver, from Liffey to Tiber, from Euphrates to the Amazon; while in France, the land of his adoption, if not of his birth, the hand which should have dared to touch him would have been bolder than the boldest of the iron hands which have seized and swayed her sceptre."

The people of Paris, moreover, whom he calms in moments of popular excitement by addressing them as "my people of Paris," were "used to him in many phases, from a *Harlequin* dancing at their barrière balls, to a *Gracchus* leading them in years that were red with revolution;" and whether this ubiquitous and versatile Bohemian "danced with them, fought with them, laughed with them, or suffered with them, he was still their own—Tricotrin." Possibly his power over his people of Paris may have been due to his personal strength; for once, when he finds them amusing themselves by burning a Greek alive in the public street,* he distributes blows among them under which strong men fall "like an ox struck with the *pole-axe*," while, on another occasion, he "tosses" an offending youth "like a broken bough across the chamber." Mighty as he is, he is extremely sensitive; for slight things cause a "great shudder" through his powerful frame; and on hearing unpleasing news, he draws "a deep shuddering breath, as the soldier will when *the bullets* have struck him."†

The Bohemian Tricotrin "had the genius of a Mozart," which accounts for the fact that, notwithstanding his migratory habits, he rarely turns up without his *Straduarius*—"which had often lulled Pauline Borghese to slumber, while its sounds floated over *the* orange grove at Rome"—a monkey, a "well-beloved Attavante's Dante," and "a great meerschaum." With regard to the meerschaum and the Straduarius, it is worthy of remark that "while smoking the one he drew music from the other;" a method which casts any single-minded performer, like Herr Joachim, entirely into the shade. This, however, is not all: even when he rows a boat on the Loire, he beguiles the time by singing "the 'Allah hu' of the Golden Horn, to the rhythm of a *Venice* Barcarolle," and "there was not a cottage on its banks, not a water-mill on its shores, not a cabaret in its villages, under whose roof he would not have been as welcome as is the summer sun in mowing time;" and when he condescended to travel in a barge, the owner thereof was "prouder of the passenger his barge bore than he would have been of a King for his freight." The bargeman ought, we think, to have known better than to convey this remarkable being by water, considering that when he made "a rapid progress, with his light swift tread" on land, we find that not only the women, children and vintagers whom he passed, but even "the meek-eyed cows" and toiling "bullocks," "all had words from him, which left them" (cows and bullocks and all) "brighter, braver, happier than they had been before those kindly eyes, shining so lustrous in the sun, had fallen upon them."

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* The date of this trifling incident, as nearly as we can discover, being some time during the reign of Louis Philippe.

† We should like to know the nationality of the typical soldier so slightly moved by receiving plural bullets in his person. We hope, for the honour of old England, that he represents "the British Grenadier."

No wonder that the thoughts of this marvellous man, when they ranged over his own "career," were "filled with the mirth of Piron, the love of colour and of fragrance of Dufresney, the philosophies of Diderot, the adventurous fortunes of Le Clos." Nor is it surprising that when the Bohemian "bowed his head," an English Earl (elsewhere described as "a Prince in his purple") who was standing near, "thought, as he saw the gesture, 'that man bows like *my* equal, and with infinite grace.'"

As a painter, Tricotrin's gifts were such that an artist "whose name stood as the Velasquez of his modern time" informed him, he "could have beaten them all if he would;" and thereupon "the man who loved song and light and fresh meadows," &c., &c., &c., "had taken up his friend's palette and sheaf of brushes, and had dashed in, in two hours, a female head, which had all the brown glow, the voluptuous lustre, of the south in it; a head that Titian might have painted."

He does not sell his works of art, however; and the singular reason he gives for refusing to do so is that he is "a Kingfisher, and likes his brook to be quiet;" whereas, if his genius were once made known to the world, his "brook would be for ever muddy with the feet of gazers, and for ever choked up with the purses they would fling at him." Instead of disposing of the picture in which he had so easily equalled Titian, therefore, he merely "sat under it," "among his brethren at supper, with the light on the leonine beauty of his head," and was "king of the revelry of wit and wine, where those whom nature had anointed with the same chrism that touched Rubens' brow and" (we ask the reader's pardon) "Shakspeare's lips, held joyous, lawless sovereignty; *leaning to kiss ripe, scarlet mouths of women, because they were men;* but" (note the impious balderdash) "rising to great thoughts that left far beneath them alike women and the world, *because they were also immortals.*" Tricotrin was indeed a worthy king of such Shakspearian shadows, for "Ben Johnson odes, Beaumarchais rhymes, Beranger songs, and Breton carols coursed each other off his lips *in a wild tournament of tongues* . . . . ; and as he drank, he chaunted Hellenic bacchanal hymns."

To sum up all—Tricotrin, like Ouida's whole company of "Kings" of shreds and patches, "KNEW HOW TO ENJOY."

The enlightened reader has, of course, already guessed that a Bohemiam so gifted must be a man of "race," and may be curious to know what induced him to forsake the life of his fellow-princes in purple. It appears that his father, a "wild and lawless Earl," was so oblivious of the duties of men and *race* as to marry "a fisher-girl from the sea-cabins by the Biscay waters." Naturally, he soon repented this error, and treated his wife—who, although she came from the Biscay waters, was "a wild mare of the desert"—so cruelly, that she died "like a captive leopardess;" leaving behind her a son, to be hated by his father, and to "pay him back scorn for scorn." Seven years later, the wild and lawless parent atoned for his first marriage by the becoming step of taking to wife a Russian princess, who also bore a son, to be "caressed and adored," in his purple, by everybody; while the heir was, of course, doubly hated by his father, who not only "killed a noble dog, chiefly because his eldest son liked it," so that "wild words came between them," but added insult to injury by accusing his child of stealing some "rare jewels" of "enormous pecuniary value." Hereupon the son "passed from the room without a word;" and no intelligent reader—bearing in mind that he was a boy of "race"—need require to be told that he did so "with his head proudly poised, like a stag's." Equally needless must it be to inform any well-born reader that "he was seen no more;" for "he had the sea-lion's blood of his mother's race."

This young sea-lion became the gifted, Phœbus-headed *Tricotrin*, whom we left sitting on a fallen tree "in company" with his wine. The black monkey is, of course, close at hand, and to it he addresses his remarks as to the superiority of his own position—"at once philosopher and wanderer"—to that of the prince in his purple (*i.e.*, the English Earl living near), although "he has his grapes in a jewelled dish," and has "delicate *patrician cheeks* and hair diamond-studded *to toy with.*" Attracted by the sound of a laugh near him, Tricotrin discovers a female child of about three years old, wrapped in a scarlet mantle, lying half hidden under the long grass, which stretches out its arms towards him, saying, "*J'ai faim.*" He throws grapes to it, and addresses to it several pages-full of refined discourse ; inquiring whether it was hidden there by "the poor shirt-stitcher who was at her last sou, or Madame la Marquise who was at her last scandal." Perceiving, however, that the child is so tightly tied as to render it clear to him that murder was intended, his "face darkens," and—with some disloyalty to people of "race,"—he settles it that "it was then Madame la Marquise, *not* Magdalene." After pointing out to the infant how far better for her it would be to die than to become a lovely woman, seeing that "lovely women are the Devil's aides-de camp," he finally decides to adopt her, in conjunction with an old peasant-woman, who, by the way, lives considerably beyond the ripe age of a hundred years, without exciting remark. And the joint and several adventures of this "waif and stray," and Tricotrin—partly among princes in their purple, and partly among his people of Paris—constitute the story ; into the intricacies of which we do not are to enter. Suffice it that the "waif" first marries a duke, and is about to unite herself, in second nuptials, to an earl who "wears the purple robe," with the cumbersome addition of a "steel corslet heavy beneath," when, the horrible suspicion arising in her mind that she may be base-born, she seeks out Tricotrin in a garret, in order to know the truth

On learning that her fears were well founded, "her whole form sank and crouched like the body of a spent *and* dying stag ;" but it is gratifying to reflect that, even in those painful circumstances, "all the rich colour and undulation of robes fit for an empress swept about her," and "on her breast and among her hair great jewels glittered," while "beneath her bosom a girdle of precious stones coiled like a serpent." In spite of these advantages, however, she "lay like an animal stunned ;" and the climax of tragedy is reached by the master-stroke which reminds us of "the jewels braided in her hair, sweeping the bare boarding of the *garret floor !*" Partially recovering after a while, and bravely insisting upon knowing the worst, she learns that she is a fisherman's child ; and hears it "crouching, as the magnificence (*sic*) of the leopardess crouches under the throes of pain." Should it appear to the thoughtless reader that her "throes" are somewhat disproportionate to the occasion, we must remind him that—

> "To the woman who had believed herself born from the secret nuptials of some *Porphyrogenitus*, the sea-bird's nest looked foul as any vulture's."

SCIENCE AND NATURE.

A HIATUS in biographical literature has just been supplied by the appearance of a detailed life of Sir Benjamin Thompson, better known as Count Rumford, equally distinguished as a soldier, a philosopher, and a statesman. Originally a schoolmaster in New Hampshire, he rose to the rank of Major in the American army at the age of twenty years. At twenty-three he appears in London, having been driven into exile in consequence of the part he took in the American rebellion, now in the *rôle* of diplomatist and man of science. At the very unusually early age of twenty-six he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, then as now the blue riband of science ; but he is still fired with military ardour, and two years later he appears again on this side of the Atlantic, now as "Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson," commanding "The King's American Dragoons." A year later, again, and he is back in England, after gaining considerable military distinction, along with promotion to the rank of Colonel. Finding things too pacific for his tastes at home, he takes it into his head to go to Austria to offer his services against the Turks. Having, with his usual fortune and address, made influential friends at the Court of Bavaria, he abandoned his martial dreams and entered the Bavarian service, being previously knighted by the King of England. Here the full value of his scientific training first became apparent to the world.

"The task which he set before himself in Bavaria was nothing less than a complete reformation and reorganisation of the army, and a general improvement of the physical and social condition of the whole nation. Invested with full powers by the Elector, he sets about his work in a strictly philosophical manner. The first four years—1784 to 1788—are devoted to a cool, impartial, and systematic investigation of the social statistics and general condition of all classes, civil and military, in Bavaria. Having thus inductively collected and generalised his data, he now proceeds deductively to devise his remedies for the evils thus demonstrated. In all his efforts, from the improvement of saucepan-lids and gridirons to the moral reformation of a whole nation of human beings, he is rigidly methodical and strictly scientific, and his success follows as a direct and visible consequence of this scientific mode of proceeding.

"His well-known and important researches on the Convection and general Transmission of Heat were undertaken and carried out mainly for the purpose of determining the best and most economical means of clothing the Bavarian soldiers, and the construction, warming and ventilation of their barracks. Another equally important though less known series of researches were instituted for the purpose of learning how to feed in the most economical manner the beggars, rogues and vagabonds whose sustenance and reformation he had projected.

"His success in reorganising both the men and materials of the army was marvellous. It was in the course of his work in erecting cannon foundries and remodelling the Bavarian artillery that his celebrated demonstration of the immateriality of Heat was suggested.

"It may safely be affirmed that the foundation of the present military system and of the recent military successes of Germany was laid by Benjamin Thompson in Bavaria. He tells us that the fundamental principles upon which he proceeded were 'to unite the interest of the soldier with the interests of civil society, and to render the military force, even in times of peace, subservient to the public good;' and further, 'that to establish a respectable standing military force which should do the least possible harm to the population, morals, manufactures, and agriculture of the country, it was necessary *to make soldiers citizens, and citizens soldiers.*'

"Besides the important technical reforms of discipline, arms, barracks, quarters, military instruction, &c., which he carried out, 'schools were established in all the regiments for the instruction of the soldiers in reading, writing and arithmetic, and into these schools not only the soldiers and their children, but also the children of the neighbouring citizens and peasants, were admitted gratis.' Military schools of industry were also established, where the soldiers learned useful trades; thus the military clothing was spun, woven and made up by the soldiers themselves; roads and other public works were made and erected, and the men were permitted to hire themselves out in garrison towns. Besides this, the soldiers were used as industrial missionaries for the introduction of improvements in agriculture, manufactures, &c. The potato, until then almost unknown in Bavaria, was thus introduced by the aid of Thompson's military gardens or model farms. One of these gardens still remains, viz., the well-known 'English Garden' at Munich.

"Still more remarkable was his success in radically curing the overwhelming curse of Bavaria, which was infested with hordes of beggars and vagabonds that had defied every previous effort of suppression or diminution. Here again the same strictly philosophical method of proceeding was adopted. Human materials and motives were handled precisely as we manipulate the physical materials and forces of the laboratory, and the results were similarly definite, reliable and successful. The scientific social reformer not only cleared the country of its rogues, vagabonds and beggars, but made their industry pay all the expenses of their own feeding, housing and clothing, besides those of the industrial and general education of themselves and their children. In addition to all this, they made clothing for the military police who took them into custody, and earned a handsome net profit in hard cash."

The melancholy close of Count Rumford's life is well known, but its painful features are much mitigated by the apparently plausible theory that they were really caused by an insidious disease of the brain, which rendered him irresponsible for his conduct. In a review of the life of this most remarkable man, Mr. W. Mattieu Williams, himself a most distinguished scientific observer and writer, makes the following remarks:—

"The main interest of the career of this wonderful man appears to me to lie in this, that it affords a magnificent demonstration of the practical value of scientific training, and the methodical application of scientific processes to the business of life. I have long maintained that every father who is able and willing to qualify his son to attain a high degree of success either as a man of business, a soldier, a sailor, a lawyer, a statesman, or in any other responsible department of life, should primarily place him in a laboratory where he will not merely learn the elements of science, but be well trained in carrying out original physical research, such training being the best of all known means of affording that systematic discipline of the intellectual and moral powers upon which all practical success in life depends. The story of Count Rumford's life, and the lesson it teaches, afford most valuable evidence in support of this conclusion, and cannot fail powerfully to enforce it.

"This subject is specially important at the present moment, particularly to those Englishmen whose minds are still infested with the shallow foolishness that leads them to believe that scientific men are dreamy theorists, and disqualified for practical business. Let them follow in detail the practical triumphs of this experimental philosopher, and ask themselves candidly whether such success could have been possible had he been trained in the mere word-exalting study of the Greek and Latin classics, instead of the practical school of experimental research."

CURRENT LITERATURE.

IN our last number we referred briefly to two papers in the *Contemporary Review* as deserving further notice on a future occasion. So far as Mr. Stephen's essay is concerned, we need say little, because our readers will have an opportunity of examining it for themselves. It has since been followed by a second paper, suggesting remedies for the defects in Parliamentary Government. The able writer is by no means as successful on the constructive, as he was on the destructive, side. There is a vagueness about his proposals which will deprive them of any practical effect. They may be summed up in a few words :—The appointment of a permanent head of the Executive ; the elevation of the present permanent heads of Departments to a more prominent position ; and lastly, that a Committee of the Privy Council should preside over each Department, with legislative powers similar to those theoretically possessed by the existing Committees on Trade and Education. To take the last suggestion first, it is only necessary, in order to show its futility, that we should quote Mr. Stephen's own words in the first paper :—" The Committee on Education and the Committee on Trade are mere fictions, and I believe never or hardly ever met." In point of fact, Mr. Forster in the one case, and Mr. Chichester Fortescue in the other, do the work announced in the name of " My Lords " of the Privy Council. Of what utility, it may reasonably be asked, would the extension of such a fiction be ? The Local Government Board and other Government Departments—that of Works, for example—have a quasi-legislative power, subject to the approval of Parliament, and their labours have materially relieved the Legislature of the intolerable burden cast upon its shoulders. This system, which has been found extremely advantageous, will probably be extended, but scarcely by means of the Privy Council. The permanent heads of Departments are, at present, the advisers of Ministers. The knowledge they possess of their particular offices is the result of many years' experience gradually gleaned, without interruption by the rise and fall of Cabinets. Of course, practically they do all the work ; they are out of Parliament, and can devote their entire attention to the special subjects. But let them once be brought into the position Mr. Stephen proposes, and there would be no end of strife. Let us suppose Mr. Lowe, for example, differing from Mr. Liddell, his permanent Under-Secretary. At present, Mr. Liddell would yield, because he is not responsible to the nation, whilst his chief is. But let the permanent head of the Home Department once achieve the eminence desired, all that he and his chief could do would be to fight it out somewhat after the fashion of President Johnson and Secretary Stanton. We need hardly point out that a permanent head of the Executive at the back of Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Disraeli, if a man of strong energy and strong will, would soon destroy the system of responsible government altogether. Mr. Stephen is an ardent admirer of the Indian Council in preference to the ordinary Parliamentary rule. Deeming the latter, however, in some form inevitable, he proposes to engraft some of the features of the former upon it. Both systems, to our view, have their merits ; but they are in their nature antagonistic, and any attempt to combine them would be dangerous, if not fatal, to free institutions.

The Rev. Wm. Knight's paper on Prayer is a reply to the Duke of Argyll. In the controversy which ended in the secession of Mr. Knight and his congregation from the Scottish Free Church, the attitude of the former was simply this : Believing the laws governing the material universe to be absolutely fixed and unchangeable, prayer in regard to matters of a temporal nature is indefensible. On the other hand, the spiritual nature of man is not so governed —its progress or the reverse being partly dependent upon the free will of the man himself. Here, therefore, prayer is not only a privilege but a duty. " The Two Spheres," *i. e.* the spiritual and the temporal, Mr. Knight views as essentially distinct, governed under a different mode of Divine procedure ; and thus religious devotion, which is the life of the one, is a fanciful delusion when it intrudes upon the other. The Duke of Argyll, on the other hand, contends that there is no such hard and fast line between the spiritual and the material spheres ; that they interpenetrate each other so that it is impossible to separate them ; and that, both being under the rule of the same Omnipotent Being, prayer avails in both or in neither. An able writer, criticising Mr. Knight's views from another stand-point, urges the consideration that a prayer for temporal good—such as relief from suffering—may be answered by spiritual influence upon the head or heart of the petitioner, or even of some other person. A beloved wife or child is almost at the gates of death, and the husband or parent prays for her or its recovery. The physician's attention is drawn to some symptom of the disease, or some remedy unnoticed or unknown before, and the patient recovers. Is or is not the change an answer to prayer? The influence of the mind upon body is recognized: now, let us suppose that, during the reign of an alarming epidemic, the members of a family unite in imploring the Divine protection, and that their minds are so tranquillized by faith and by submission to the Divine Will, that whilst the panic-stricken die all around, they are spared. Is their escape, or is it not, an answer to prayer? As the same writer remarks, the fallacy consists in regarding the Divine laws in the same light as human laws—in the supposition that because man's right way is one, the Creator's modes of working may not be infinite. It is possible to imagine man in intellectual possession of all the laws of the universe, and yet, it appears to us, he would be as far as ever from a knowledge of the unfathomable ways of God. We have no space to follow the subject further; but Mr. Knight, we may remark, shifts his ground when put upon his defence. He now approves of prayer for temporal good, but only in filial submission, and not as a supposed "causal force." We see no reason why the same remark—as indeed Mr. Knight virtually admits—may not be made applicable to prayer for any benefit, temporal or spiritual. If so, what becomes of the distinction so sharply drawn between "The Two Spheres?"

There is yet another paper in the same periodical worthy of special notice — that of Dr. W. B. Carpenter on "The Psychology of Belief." Anything proceeding from Dr. Carpenter's pen is read with attention; and when his subject is the one at present uppermost in the popular thought of the day, his opinions will not fail to impress from lack of interest in the theme. The key-note of the paper is struck in the opening paragraph. After quoting a remark of Miss Frances Power Cobbe, made in 1863, that there "is even now gathering beneath us a deeper and broader wave than has ever yet arisen," the writer proceeds to say:—"The experience of the last ten years has so fully justified this grave warning, that it becomes all who duly care for their own and their children's welfare to look well to the foundations of their Beliefs, which are likely soon to be tested by such a wave as never before tried their solidity. New methods of research, new bodies of facts, new modes of interpretation, new orders of ideas, are concurring to drive onwards a flood which will bear with unprecedented force against our whole fabric of Doctrine; and no edifice is safe against its undermining power that is not firmly bedded on the solid rock of Truth. How then are we to prepare ourselves to meet it? Shall we, like Canute and his courtiers, rest secure in our own supremacy, and try to keep back the waves by simply forbidding their advance? We need not go as far as Rome for examples of this mode of dealing with the difficulty; for we have a good many minor popes at home, who can scold quite as well—and just as ineffectually. Shall we go out, as Mrs. Partington did, with pattens and brooms, to try and sweep away the Atlantic? Such seems to me the method of those who aim to put down a great scientific hypothesis, by citing a text or two; setting themselves up on the pattens of Authority, and using arguments that are no more capable of holding water than the incoherent twigs of a besom. Or shall we imitate the able engineer, who without experience of the power of a Channel-sea, driven onwards at highest spring-tide by a S. W. gale, thought to protect his railway-embankment by a massive wall? That wall was broken down, that embankment washed away, by the very first storm that tested its security. And so will it be with any barrier which the intellect of man may try to erect against the progress of other intellects than his own; for it is only the Source of all Thought who can say, 'Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.'"

The reflections, as well as the interrogatories, in this paragraph are forcible and pertinent as directed against the unreasoning clamour about science current in some religious circlues. The theologians, however, would retort that Dr. Carpenter is begging the question as against the popular religion. They would reply that they are not opposing their human intellects to other human intellects; but Divine revelation against human assumption. Instead of being like the Danish courtiers (for, if history be true, the Dr. does Canute an injustice), Mrs. Partington or "the able Engineer," they would compare themselves to David contending with Goliah for the truth of God.

The writer proceeds to urge that like Smeaton, who erected the Eddystone light-house, taking the resisting power of nature for his model, as he found it in the bole of an oak, we also ought to erect our fabric of thought, if we wish it to be enduring, by laying the foundation broad and deep in the intellectual, moral, and physical constitution of man and his relation to all that is outside him. "Recognizing it as a fact in the History of Human Thought that every grave error contains some admixture of truth, from which its power over men's minds is essentially derived, we must so shape our fabric that it shall direct, rather than oppose, the force of the aggressive wave."

Dr. Carpenter proceeds to illustrate the difference between knowledge and belief, by likening the former to a dwelling and the latter to the furniture in it—the furniture being fitted to the house, not the house to the furniture. This comparison, which crops up again and again, is perhaps carried out to a fanciful extent. The axiom is then laid down that, in matters of belief, "the weights or probative values of evidentiary facts are *not absolute quantities, but matters of personal estimate*"—*that*, in mathematical language, "*the personal equation* of each recipient is a factor whose importance is at least equal to that of the impressing force, in the determination of the resultant belief." This is illustrated by a reference to the diverse opinions regarding the Tichborne claimant—not merely in the belief or disbelief of his story, but in the stress which different persons, who come to the same general conclusion, lay upon different branches of the case.

Most of our common beliefs, the writer endeavours to show, are the result of *natural* intuition, to which he opposes *acquired* intuition,—the one being *common* sense, the other, *special* sense. This is admirably illustrated by three cases, in which the ordinary mind would exhibit incredulity, where the educated mind would have no doubt. There is the case of Houdin the conjuror, who dipped his arm in molten iron—of which a ready explanation is given; that of Louise Lateau, the Belgian girl, who exhibited the *stigmata* or Five Wounds of our Saviour—the physical effect of ecstacy; and finally that of the Fakeers of India, who sleep for weeks and months—the result of moody introspection. Dr. Carpenter proceeds to ask what would have been thought of an American professor who ten years ago had proclaimed the marvels of the Spectrum Analysis? Scientific men would, of course, have been convinced at once by the evidence submitted; and the popular mind would then have taken its truth on trust, as they do now. The writer hints that the untrained ought to accept Evolution in the same way. We should like, did space permit, to insert the writer's conclusions in full,—the following sentences, however, contain the pith of them:—"*Absolute* truth no man of science can ever hope to grasp, for he knows that all human search for it must be limited by human capacity. But he denies the right of any one else to impose upon him, as absolute truth, his own fallible exposition of the Revelation conveyed in the teachings of Religiously-inspired men; for *he* claims an equal right to be accounted a true expositor of the Revelation conveyed in the Divine order of the universe."

By some mishap our English magazines have arrived so late in the month, that we are unable to give our usual *resumé* of their contents.

BOOK REVIEWS.

NOVA SCOTIA; in its Historical, Mercantile and Political Relations. By Duncan Campbell, Halifax, N. S. Montreal: John Lovell.

Mr. Haliburton gives the title of *History of Nova Scotia* to a work which, far from being a complete history, is yet a great deal more than a history, a very large space being given to a topographical description of the country. Mr. Campbell has produced a work to a great extent historical, but embracing more than a historical view of the Province. A historical sketch is quite compatible with a general account of a country, in its economic, mercantile and industrial aspects; but where the staple of a work is history, it is better to make that complete, and leave other subjects for a separate treatment. But something must be allowed for the exigencies of the situation and the undeveloped state of colonial literature.

The least satisfactory part of this work is that which deals with the early French history of the colony. But passing over this for the present, we come at once to one of those periods in its history which most strangers first think of in connection with Nova Scotia—the deportation of the Acadians. The view taken of this painful subject, on which many are willing to take their ideas from Longfellow's *Evangeline*, is corrective of some false impressions, and is in the main sound. Longfellow is assumed to have taken Raynal's account as the groundwork of his poem, and there is much reason in the assumption. Raynal draws a picture of Acadian society in which innocence and benevolence were the leading characteristics—such a society as has nowhere existed. At the same time, we do not accept so implicitly as Mr. Campbell does the reverse of the picture drawn by an English Governor, which presents the Acadians as a litigious people, wanting in "order and decency" among themselves. That they were, politically speaking, bad subjects after they were handed over to the British, is quite true. They persistently refused to take the oath of allegiance, though frequently warned that banishment would be the alternative. They constituted a source of danger to English authority. This persistence was partly due to the influence of French priests, and partly, no doubt, to their inability to realize that the star of France in North America was never again to be in the ascendant. The colony had so often passed under the government of France, as the fortune of war alternated, that they might reasonably suppose it would so pass once more. That government still held Cape Breton, with the stronghold of Louisbourg and Canada. If the Acadian swore allegiance to England, he might some day find himself in great disfavour in France. His position was embarrassing in the extreme. The rivalry between French and English power in America was about to be brought to the final arbitrament of the sword; and if England allowed the Acadians to remain, she might find a public enemy on her own territory. Nothing but the strongest necessity could justify deportation, and it should have been adopted only as a last resort. At the last moment the Acadians were willing to take an oath, if it were coupled with the exemption of their bearing arms in favour of the King of England. Their fate had practically been left to the Governor and the commander of the fleet; and, after a conference with the Admirals the Governor resolved upon the alternative of insisting on unconditional compliance or forcible deportation. Would disarmament have been sufficient? If so, no stronger measure would have been justifiable. If transportation were necessary, it should have been to France, where these miserable people could have been taken care of, not to the English colonies, where they were aliens, and were treated as intruders, and left to suffer great misery. The separation of families in the removal was a wanton cruelty, and the burning of crops, houses and homesteads was an act of barbarity which reflects everlasting discredit on the perpetrators.

An interesting constitutional question came up in the Province in 1755—Had the Governor and Council, without the aid of an Assembly, the power to make laws? This power, claimed and exercised by Governor Lawrence, was called in question by Chief Justice Belcher, whose appointment dated only the year before. By him the question was referred to the Lords of Trade, and a negative answer returned. The Governor, on various pretexts, continued to oppose the calling of an Assembly till, in 1757, he received the peremptory directions of the Lords of Trade to carry into effect the orders they had given on the subject. The Province came under the dominion of the British Crown by the Treaty of Utrecht, 1713, and no Assembly was called till 1758, though the first settlement of the Province by British subjects had been made on the faith of a promise that representative institutions should be introduced, and non-compliance now threatened to depopulate the colony. During all this period there seems to have been no legal authority for local legislation. Governor Lawrence pleaded the precedent of Virginia, of which, in early times, the Governor and Council exercised the law-making power; but they did so in virtue of powers granted by their commission: no similar power was granted in the case of Nova Scotia. The legal exercise of the legislative power was confined to the Crown, and was manifested through instructions to Governors, proclamations and other media, while the Courts administered such parts of the laws of England as were applicable to the colony. The delay of forty-five years in granting an Assembly to Nova Scotia may throw some light on the motives which led to the creation of a Governor and Council for the Province of Quebec in 1774. The Acadians necessarily, for a long time, formed a majority of the population of Nova Scotia; and as they were disaffected subjects, it would have been inexcusable rashness to place the legislative power in their hands. If the French colonists in Quebec were not conspicuously disloyal to the new authority, the English population, however loudly they might call for an Assembly, would not have been content to place the real legislative power in the hands of a majority of another race but recently become—by no act of theirs, and against their strongest inclinations—British subjects. Till 1749, the seat of the local government of Nova Scotia was at Annapolis, the centre of the Acadian settlements, where the first efforts at colonization were made near the beginning of the sixteenth century. It was not till the Acadians had been thinned out, and any organization for hostile purposes had become impossible, that an Assembly was granted; not till the power of local legislation would of necessity be exercised by Englishmen or descendants of Englishmen. It is evident, from these considerations, that representative institutions could not advantageously be established in any part of New France which had fallen under the British dominion, till a certain point of development had been reached. The case of New Brunswick will form the most striking illustration. Till 1785 that Province formed part of Nova Scotia;

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and it could not prudently have been granted separate powers of local legislation at the time when Nova Scotia was allowed to call an Assembly, for it was not till four years after that date that British settlers first began to seek a residence there, the whole population having previously been of French origin. If it had to wait twenty years from that date for an Assembly, there was probably not much reason to complain that it had been hardly dealt with. The truth is, the case of the British colonies founded on different parts of what had been New France, differed so entirely from that of the colonies originally founded by Englishmen, that a different treatment was not only allowable, but necessary and wise.

The archives of Nova Scotia must be very rich, if we may judge by the single volume of papers that has been published, and consider how small a portion it forms of the whole. Mr. Campbell has drawn much information from this published portion; and while we welcome his effort as an essay in historical literature, we cannot forget that no one can write the history of that Province, as it is capable of being presented, without making a laborious study of all the unpublished archives, besides taking a wide range of reading outside of them.

It is a curious circumstance that the only colonies which retained their allegiance to the British Crown, in the revolutionary war, were those which had been wrested from France. The motives mentioned by Mr. Campbell as influencing Nova Scotia in that emergency were not the most elevated: "The liberal grants made by Parliament for the settlement of Halifax, and the continuous circulation of money." The Massachusetts House of Representatives tried to influence Nova Scotia to join the common cause; but its communication, though addressed to the Speaker of the Assembly, was intercepted by Lieutenant-Governor Francklin, and forwarded to the Earl of Shelborne, with the assurance that nothing would induce the Province to act on the advice it contained. It is within the range of possibility that Nova Scotia put some faith in a prediction then commonly made by the loyalists and their friends in England, that if the revolted colonies succeeded in breaking off from the mother country, they would only be able to sustain themselves under the protection or semi-subjection of France; for she had much to fear from anything like a return to French dominion.

The peace, 1783, sent a stream of loyalist emigration to Nova Scotia. By September of that year thirteen thousand loyalists had arrived there—a number to which the Province was not able to afford accommodation, and much suffering was endured by the new comers. Many of the loyalists, who afterwards came to Canada, halted at Nova Scotia on the way, hesitating whether to settle there or proceed farther; and some, after a trial of that Province, resolved to make their new homes on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

We pass over the sketch of the Maroons with the remark that the "dogs" used by Lord Balcarres to hunt them down, in Jamaica, should be called by their right name—bloodhounds, the use of which raised a storm of indignation in England, and for which even the inaccessibility of the defiles in which the Maroons took shelter formed no adequate excuse.

In the sketch of the early history of Nova Scotia, Mr. Campbell evidently relies too much on secondary and misleading authorities, who had themselves not mastered the facts they undertook to relate. Relying on the authority of the British Boundary Commissioners, he refuses to believe that Robeval built a fort on Cape Breton in 1541. That he is in error, Lescarbot, on whom the Commissioners are represented as relying to prove priority of British settlements in America, clearly proves. The commission of Robeval was dated Saint Pris, October 17, 1540, and delivered to him on the 15th January following. Lescarbot mistakes this date, and gives it as January 15, 1640: the commission bears internal evidence that it was not executed till October of that year. After giving the commission in full, that author says: "Les affaires expediées ainsi que desous, leditz de Robeval et Quartier firent voiles aux terres-neuves, et se fortifirent au Cap Breton, ou il reste encores (1618) des vestiges de leur edifice." The colonists, the sweepings of French prisons, were not of that self-sustaining material of which enduring colonies are made, and they abandoned themselves to reliance on succour from the French Court, which they were destined never to receive. All, or nearly all, the local historians, write in ignorance of these facts. One of them suggests that the word Cape Breton was wrongly used in this connection, when Cape Rouge was meant. The truth is, the island now called Cape Breton was then named Bacailois—with varying spellings, according as the writers were or were not acquainted with the European original, which most of them suppose to be Indian—and the name Cape Breton meant, what it clearly implies, a cape. It is so marked in the map used by Lescarbot to illustrate his history: "*Figure de la Terre-Neuve, Grand Rivière de Canada, et côtes de l'ocean en la Nouvelle France;*" and it continues to be so marked on modern maps. Having settled this point, we leave to local industry and curiosity the task of finding out the precise spot on which Robeval's fort was built.

It was not on the 26th, as stated, but on the 27th July, 1606, when de Monte and Pontrincourt arrived at Port Royal. An island near Pentagoet, spoken of as bearing grapes, is described as being in the latitude of Port Royal, and two hundred miles farther west. No island could exist at this point, because it is on the mainland. A voyager visiting this continent two hundred and sixty-seven years ago may be excused for falling into errors about distances and latitudes; but a modern writer has the choice either of copying the errors or correcting them by a critical examination and comparison. In spite of these defects, it would be difficult to obtain from any single work a more accurate impression of Nova Scotia than Mr. Campbell's work produces on the reader's mind.

THE HISTORY OF CANADA UNDER THE FRENCH REGIME, 1535–1763. With maps, illustrations and notes. By H. H. Miles, LL.D., D.C.L. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

We have here the history of Canada under the French, in a moderate-sized octavo of 521 pages. Most of the histories of that period, written in French, are too diffuse for English readers, while most of those in English are too meagre. Mr. Miles has, in this respect, hit the true mean. He has not contented himself with making a compilation from previous histories, but has often consulted the originals, though some exceptions to this rule will be pointed out. We are obliged to complain of what amounts to a want of historical accuracy, in suppressing the leading fact with reference to the part Champlain took in his first encounter with the Iroquois. The author does not state that Champlain fired an arquebuse with fatal effect on the savages; a blunder of policy, leaving humanity out of the question, which cost France the enmity of that powerful league, and which, thirty-three years later, led to the destruction of the Huron nation, the allies of France. The part taken by Champlain on that occasion has generally been considered a blunder and a crime; and this judgment will not be reversed by any attempt to suppress a fact which he himself has related, and which every other historian has repeated. In summing up the character of Champlain, whose achievements were certainly immense, considering the difficulties he had to encounter, Mr. Miles says:—"The only two defects of any moment alleged against him seem to have been absence of penetration or proper forethought in involving himself with the quarrels of the Indians, and also credulousness, of which latter he has been accused by Lescarbot." This implied censure, if such it be, is all Mr. Miles has to pronounce on an act of which the mischief lasted as long as the French dominion.

The statement that the primary object of the French colonization was the conversion of the Indians, so often made, is here repeated with too great confidence. The commissions granted to the early discoverers are themselves sufficient refutation of the statement, as they admit other objects besides those of religion to constitute the governing motive. The hope of finding gold was one of the great allurements which spurred the cupidity of adventurers; the desire to extend French dominion was a strong national sentiment: if Francis I. had been wholly under the influence of religious motives, he might have left the missionary work to Spain and Portugal, instead of asking to see not the Pope's bull, with which he must have been familiar, but "the clause in old Father Adam's will by which an inheritance so vast was bequeathed to our brothers of Spain and Portugal." Not that we believe there was no other motive than that stated by Mr. Gladstone some years ago, that "it was the love and desire of gold that drew forth from Italy, from Spain, from France, from England, and from Portugal, those men whose bold and adventurous spirit tracked the stormy Atlantic, and founded successively, amidst dangers and difficulties indescribable, those colonies which have now grown into the great States of North and South America." But let us not narrow the motives to one object of desire; let us not seek to give purely spiritual and unselfish motives to actions which were largely based on the hope of earthly reward. If religious motives alone had led to the colonization of Canada, eighty years would not have been suffered to elapse between the time of Cartier's discovery and the sending out of the first missionaries. The injury to the Indians from the contact of the white man was far greater than the benefits; the religious impressions made were feeble and evanescent; the destruction caused by intoxicating drinks was terrific. The Huron nation was cut off by the Iroquois in consequence of a quarrel brought on them by the French, through Champlain, whose piety, which we have no desire to deny, was extolled by the Jesuits, whom he favoured when there was a question whether Huguenots should be allowed to settle in Canada. The fur traders cheated the Indians without compunction. The object of the Company of the Hundred Associates was wholly commercial. They fulfilled the obligations they had come under with respect to the support of religion in the most inefficient manner; and, so eager were they to make money, they neglected equally to send out the colonists they had undertaken to settle in New France, and to afford the stipulated military protection. If they got their thousand-weight of bearskins they were happy; and they never ceased to press for them even when the colony was unable to produce so much. Religious exclusiveness was carried to the extent of refusing to allow any one to settle in the colony who was not of the established religion ; and it was made a crime to neglect attendance on mass or divine service on fête days. But in that age of bigotry, the Puritans of New England were scarcely more tolerant. The French Government was far from always having a religious motive, even in the use it made of the priests. Two Jesuit priests were made the unwitting instruments of Governor Denonville when, in 1687, he entrapped a number of Iroquois—chief and warriors—into Fort Frontenac, with the premeditated design of sending them to France to do the work of galley slaves, in fulfilment of an order of the Court. Another priest entered fully into the intrigues of the French for territorial extension on the frontiers of Acadia, and others rendered similar services at the north and in the west. Both Recollets and Jesuits, Dussieux does not hesitate to confess, assisted in making the Indians French subjects, while the latter made special efforts to bring the Iroquois under the French alliance. Père Le Jeune admits that his Order acted as "ecclesiastical police." On the subject of the French and English rivalries in America, at the end of the seventeenth century, Mr. Miles himself says, "The intrigues of both parties continued without interruption. The French, by means of their missionaries, and of chiefs under Frontenac's influence, lost no opportunity of conciliating the Iroquois." The natural consequence was that Jesuits were forbidden by law to enter New England. Gallisonière "commissioned the priests," Mr. Miles admits, "to use their influence with the converted Abenaquis and the French inhabitants of Acadia, to induce them to withdraw from the territory claimed by the English. One of the priests—the Abbé de Loutre—was very successful in executing the Governor's wishes." And it might have been added that more than one was instrumental in preventing the Acadians who remained from fulfilling the duties of British subjects.

If the Jesuits served the State in these different ways, they did not do it with any other object than that of extending the bounds of their own empire. So very far were they from yielding anything of their authority, Frontenac complained to the French Government that the Jesuits had practically usurped the authority of the episcopate, which ought to have counteracted theirs, and that the heads of the Seminary were equally under their influence ; the effect of which was that, through the authority of the latter, the Jesuits *font sans paroitre tout ce qu'ils veulent*. Frontenac charges them with having paid spies *(Inspecteurs à gages)* in families everywhere, who reported everything that took place ; with abusing the confessional, to pry into matters which in no way concerned religion ; and with setting limits to the royal authority in purely temporal matters over which they wished unduly to extend the spiritual. These doctrines they openly preached from the pulpit in presence of the Governor—a practice which so irritated him that he is led to confess *je fus tenté plusieurs fois de sortie de l'église avec mes gardes et d'interrompre le sermon ;* but he contented himself with going to the grand vicar and the superior of the Jesuits when the service was over, and remonstrating with them on the ill effects which might be produced by such discourses on the minds of people "who could not, like himself, read in the Scriptures that kings had been sovereign pontiffs, but not that sovereign pontiffs had ever been kings." In reply to the Governor's remonstrances, these spiritual functionaries affected to blame the preachers, and to disavow opinions of which they attributed the expression to an excess of zeal. Montcalm, on his part, pretended to be satisfied with the explanation ; but he took care to say, before leaving, that if the offence were repeated he should put the preacher where he would learn how to speak in a becoming manner. This remonstrance caused them to put a little restraint on their tongues for a while ; but the Jesuits always "made a point of trying to persuade the people that their authority ought to be respected before any other, even in secular affairs." Thus did they, contrary to general belief, show their normal character, even in Canada, when the opportunity offered. The reader will find of this, in Mr. Miles' work, nothing beyond an intimation that the Jesuits and the Governor had disputes chiefly over the question of selling brandy to the Indians. The truth is, Frontenac prohibited the practice with a rigour never shown before.

Some signs of superficiality and carelessness are noticeable. For instance, we are told (p. 282) that the only result of the commission of 1740 to settle the boundaries between the French and English possessions was "a voluminous report in thirty-two quarto volumes," and M. Dussieux is given as authority for the statement. M. Dussieux made no such blunder. His words are : *la commission de frontières ne produisirent que trois volumes in* 4° *de mémoires.* Mr. Miles should not have depended on M. Dussieux, when he could easily have had access to the memoirs themselves ; and formidable though the task may seem, it was the bounden duty of an author who undertakes to give us the history of the French dominion in Canada to have consulted them for himself. In another place (p. 301) we read that, "by the Treaty of Utrecht, Nova Scotia had become an acknowledged possession of Great Britain." If Mr. Miles had read the memoirs, in which the claims of the two nations were argued, he would have learned that the main dispute turned upon this point : the English claiming, and the French denying, a right under the Treaty of Utrecht to the whole of Nova Scotia. The French, far from admitting the right of the English to the whole of the peninsula, claimed the western part of it for themselves.

If this work does not come fully up to what we think a history of the French dominion ought to be, we know not where to point to a preferable work within the same compass. It is due to the author, who, we believe, is a Roman Catholic, and who holds offices under a Government of which a majority are necessarily of that religion, to say that he is free of all undue bias on the score of religion. If he does not condemn the exclusion of Huguenots from the country in the text, he quotes in a note a French author who does so in terms of some severity. Dussieux has produced the best synopsis of that period. Mr. Miles has attempted something more, not entirely without success. But Dussieux read, in the archives in the Marine and Colonial Department at Paris, all the documents relating to Canada—Mr. Miles has had the opportunity of reading only some of them.

LITERARY NOTES.

As we go to press we are again startled with the intelligence, conveyed in a cable despatch, that the great explorer, Dr. Livingstone, of whose safety we had so recently been assured by the indefatigable Mr. Stanley, was now no more. Heroic in the utter loneliness of his position, and undaunted by perils and misfortunes, the graphic picture which Mr. Stanley has drawn of the old traveller's devotion to his mission must have won the admiration of every reader whose mind has lingered on the scene. To little purpose, it would seem, has the *terra incognita* of his labours been made to give up the secrets of long-cherished projects and aspirations, should death have now intervened not only to prevent the accomplishment of his purpose, but to hinder his restoration to the world again, and to the society of his admiring countrymen. But, without further confirmation, we cling to the hope that the report of Dr. Livingstone's death may prove untrue.

A cablegram brings us also the news of the decease of Mr. Adam Black, the Edinburgh publisher. There is here no room for doubting the reliability of this event, as the late worthy head of the great Scottish publishing house of Adam and Charles Black must have approached his hundredth year. His has been a long career, marked by many vicissitudes, yet it was one of which any of the modern guild of publishers might be proud. His connection with the proprietorship and publication, for many years back, of the "Waverley Novels," the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and many other important publications, marked him a notable bookseller of his time; while his civic and parliamentary career, in the representation of the "Modern Athens," brought him into universal contact.

Messrs. Dawson Bros., of Montreal, have made arrangements to bring out a cheap edition of Capt. Butler's new work, "The Wild North Land." The same author's earlier book on "The Great Lone Land" has met with an extensive sale. In the new volume, the interest attaching to the "exhaustless waste" stretching from the Valley of the Saskatchewan to the frozen regions of the north, will doubtless elicit the same eager expectation.

Messrs. Edmonston & Douglas issue a vade-mecum for young men and students on "Self-Culture, Intellectual, Physical and Moral," by Prof. Blackie, of Edinburgh University. It is a strong and vigorous book, and will well repay perusal.

Dr. Edward Freeman's Lectures on "Comparative Politics," now to hand, will be eagerly read by all thoughtful students of history and of the science of politics. They are an attempt, says the author, to claim for political institutions a right to a scientific treatment of exactly the same kind as that which has been so successfully applied to language, to mythology and to the progress of culture.

Messrs. Macmillan announce as in preparation two new volumes from the pen of Sir Samuel Baker, concerning the recent expedition to Africa of this great traveller.

Two elegant little volumes reach us from Messrs Henry S. King & Co.—the one an exquisite selection of "English Sonnets," and the other an extremely tasteful collection of "Lyrics of Love," both of which must find favour with students of the muses.

Mr. Anthony Trollope, we know, entertain exalted opinions of the *raison d'être* of the writer of fiction. He illustrates in his own person at present his high sense of the important services of the novelist. For we find him weaving a triple thread of narrative. In Harper's *Weekly*, "Phineas Redux" is appearing serially; in Harper's *Bazaar*, we have "Harry Heathcote, of Gangoil," and, in shilling monthly parts, his English publishers are issuing "The Way We Live Now."

Messrs. Harper Bros. will issue during the month the Evangelical Alliance Report for 1873, embracing the essays and orations prepared for and delivered at the late General Conference held in New York, with a history of the Conference and other official documents.

The new issues of Messrs. Trubner, whose publications are unmistakably of the advanced school of thought, embrace an autobiography, entitled "Threading My Way," of the Spiritualist, Robert Dale-Owen; and the first volume, on the "Foundations of a Creed," of a work under the title of Problems of Life and Mind, by George Henry Lewes.

Messrs. W. Isbister have ready a translation of Ludwig Hausser's great work, "The Period of the Reformation," and they announce new works by Sir Arthur Helps, Samuel Smiles, W. F. Rae and Mrs. Lynn Linton. The first volume of the important "Memoir of Dr. Guthrie," by his Sons, issued by this house, has passed at once into a second edition.

Messrs. Cassell issue, in their usual attractive style, the first volume of their new serial publications, "Old and New London," by Walter Thornbury; "The Races of Mankind," by Dr. Robert Brown, and "British Battles on Land and Sea," edited by Mr. James Grant, the well-known novelist.

"The Parisians," the last production of the late Lord Lytton, comes to us in a native reprint from Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co., Toronto. We shall take occasion to review it next month, in connection with "Kenelm Chillingly," to which the new story bears the relation of twin-brother.

Messrs. Collins, Sons & Co., of Glasgow, introduce a novelty in educational literature in the shape of a periodical to be called "The School Newspaper: a Monthly Record of News and Extracts, for reading in the Upper Classes of Schools." Educationists will have to look to their laurels, or the Fourth Estate will crowd the fossil text-books out. The same publishers introduce to British schools the recent class-book on Algebra, prepared by Mr. Dean Loudon, of University College, Toronto, by arrangement with the Canadian publishers of the work, Messrs. Adam, Stevenson & Co.

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OUR MILITIA.

IT has been well observed by the able author of the "Wealth of Nations," that danger to a state necessarily accompanies the production and accumulation of wealth, for, as argued by Adam Smith, "the transition from the ruder state of husbandry to the employment of improved means and appliances calls for more constant supervision on the part of the husbandman, while the increase and improvements in arts and manufactures naturally engrosses the attention of numbers whose time is completely absorbed therein. Hence it follows that military exercises come to be as much neglected by the inhabitants of the country as by those of the town, and the nation becomes unwarlike. That wealth, at the same time, which always follows the improvements of agriculture and manufactures, provokes the invasion of all their neighbours, and, unless the state takes some new measures for the public defence, the natural habits of the people render them altogether incapable of defending themselves."

We would fain hope that this country has not yet gone far towards this stage of national decline, in so far at least as that is represented by a loss of warlike spirit—though the above causes, which are said to produce such a state of affairs, are rapidly developing. But there are symptoms of a tendency in this direction, noticed by careful observers, which may well lead her rulers to take such steps as may serve to arouse the dormant spirit of the people—a spirit surely not, as some would say, requiring the stimulus of another Fenian invasion to call it into action.

The following somewhat desultory observations may, I hope, afford matter for consideration to both the theorist and practical worker; and taking it for granted that none will gainsay the assertion that, like our comrades in Great Britain, "Defence and not Defiance" should be our motto, I hope to point to what may be a step in the right direction towards attaining the maximum of the former with the minimum of the latter.

I do not purpose now to enter at all on

the much vexed question as to the advisability of protecting our long frontier by defensive works to be erected on certain positions. Suffice it to say, that from an engineer's point of view, (in an opinion given, however, before the experience gained as to the use of such works in the Franco-Prussian war), we are in a sufficiently unfortunate position; but taking matters as they stand at present, the important question seems to be—How is the present force of active militia to be best maintained in an efficient condition?

The actual numerical state of the militia, together with the number present at each annual muster, can be at once arrived at by reference to the annual reports furnished by the Adjutant-General; but that very great difficulty is, in most instances, experienced by commanding officers in filling up the ranks of their corps, does not so clearly appear therein. That this is the case, however, is very well known, and can scarcely be wondered at when, among other reasons, we consider the rate of wages now obtainable, as compared with the pay granted to the troops, and also that, in many instances, men desirous of volunteering are prevented from doing so by their employers, who from motives of a pecuniary nature are unwilling to suffer the loss entailed upon them by even the temporary absence of their workmen.

Of the remedies proposed for this state of affairs, two, commonly urged, would appear deserving of careful consideration, viz.:—

Compulsory enlistment by ballot.

Greatly increased pay.

With regard to the first of these, the arguments against its adoption would, in the present condition of the Dominion, appear to be almost unanswerable; yet as the proposition is very frequently discussed, it may be as well to quote here a few of the most forcible.

1. Granting that it is the duty of every man to serve in the defence of his country, the necessity for so doing is, in this case, not apparent and must be proved.

2. When a portion only are required, the most even method of distributing the necessary burden is by a voluntary force supported by taxation—the ballot being oppressive, arbitrary and unequal.

3. It is contrary both to political economy and common sense, to force unwilling men when willing ones are to be had.

4. The country generally suffers from interruption of pursuits and disturbance of civil employments.

With regard to the second remedy, it is, I think, hardly to be expected in the present economical age, that the Government will enter into competition with the labour market, and thereby enormously increase the present militia estimates; yet if the present system be continued, and full musters are expected, some additional inducement in the shape of pay, must, I fear, be held out and nothing that the volunteer can reasonably demand, in the way of uniform, arms, or equipment, withheld; and it is, I think, to the complete fulfilment of this latter requirement that we must look for the largest measure of success.

Personal popularity on the part of commanding officers, has always been found to be very effective in inducing volunteers to enlist; but where, as in some cases, this influence is not joined to a knowledge of military discipline and interior economy, its subsequent effects are often found to be deleterious, and productive of great lack of proper military subordination; so that, remembering that at the best, in cases of this sort the absence or withdrawal of the commanding officer often involves the disorganization of his corps, not much dependence can be placed upon this mode of recruitment.

So far we have only treated the subject of efficiency from a numerical point of view, but a far more important consideration presents itself, viz., that relating to the proper training and discipline of the troops when called upon for actual service.

The means by which these important desiderata have been hitherto attained may be considered, as:

First, the system of Military Schools for all branches of the service; and secondly, the admixture among the ranks of the militia of officers and men who had been trained in, and who have retired from, the Imperial service. That both these means have been productive of good effect, at least so far as regards a knowledge of drill, is sufficiently apparent from the tone of the Adjutant-General's reports, which show that, in addition to mere regimental exercises, the various corps have thus been able to combine for more extended and complicated manœuvres.

I would, however, draw particular attention to the fact, that the utility of these two means of instruction has already reached its maximum, and bids fair, year by year, to diminish, for the following reasons:

The number of trained soldiers in the ranks must, from natural causes, tend to diminish annually, while on the other hand, the usefulness and efficiency of the Military Schools has been seriously impaired by the withdrawal of the Imperial troops, seeing that these schools were, before that event, commanded by experienced officers, and instruction imparted in them by an adjutant and instructors from the regular forces. The presence, too, of highly trained, well disciplined bodies of men in our midst, represented a standard of efficiency at which all might aim, and hope in time to attain.

Besides the above cause operating to the disadvantage of these institutions, various objections have been urged to their present constitution and system, among which the following appear to be the most forcible:

It is said that many cadets who join these schools are attracted mainly by the prospect of the gratuity to be obtained by passing the required examination, and do not afterwards join the militia. The examinations can, for the most part, be passed by judicious cramming, and consequently the knowledge so acquired is soon forgotten.

The most important parts of military training, viz., discipline and subordination, are not taught at all, and would indeed be impossible of enforcement outside the walls of the drill-shed.

Now, taking it for granted that all will agree with me in insisting upon careful professional training, as necessary to proficiency in any ordinary business, I would say one word with reference to the popular notion that officers and men are exempt from this necessity, and that any officer who can drill a squad, or any man who can handle a rifle, may, without further training, take his place in the ranks, and be depended upon as an efficient defender of the country. That such is not the case may be abundantly proved by example; the numerous instances in which small bodies of well disciplined troops, led by intelligent commanders, have gained victories over forces numerically their superiors, but badly led and ill disciplined, speak for themselves; while, to the careful student of the late continental war, nothing is more apparent than that it is to the very great proficiency in everything relating to the art of war, so thoroughly attained by the Germans, that we must look for the true secret of their wonderful successes over their equally brave but less perfectly trained opponents.

I cannot, indeed, better illustrate my argument than by reference to this point, for, whatever may have been the case in former days, when, as a rule, brute force—as represented by numerical strength—generally carried the day, the improvements in modern firearms have so changed the state of affairs that campaigns are now decided more by strategy than tactics. Far more importance must therefore necessarily be attached to the careful training of both officers and men, now often left to their individual resources, than when the former had but to lead their companies into action, and the latter to obey the command to charge.

It has been said that, granting the above to be true, our volunteers, drawn, as they are for the most part, from the artisan and commercial classes, are of superior intelligence to the ordinary rank and file of the British army, and that, consequently, a smaller amount of training will suffice for them; but surely it is evident enough that this superior intelligence is in itself worse than useless, unless the intelligence and education of the officers is high in proportion—and I scarcely think that at present this can be affirmed.

Now unless we can reconcile ourselves to the idea of a standing army, in which both officers and men may remain long enough to enable them to acquire a knowledge of their profession by a somewhat slow but sure method, it is evident that some means of instruction and training in more than the mere elements of drill, (better than those existing at present), must be provided, if we wish to make the most of our material, or to attain such a proficiency as will enable us with reason to point with pride to our military organization.

No doubt there are many who strongly advocate the establishment and maintenance of a standing army; but, from the opinions expressed on this subject in Parliament and elsewhere, I cannot avoid coming to the conclusion that at present the general feeling of the country is adverse to such a proceeding, and the arguments of expense, and comparatively useless employment of men, too strong to be easily got over.*

Acting on these convictions, an improved system of Military Schools seems to be at once the most natural, as well as the most feasible, of the many remedies proposed for the present unsatisfactory state of affairs. In making the following suggestions with this end in view, I hope to show that, whilst securing the gradual and thorough military training of a very large proportion of both officers and men, we may also provide a very great incentive to enlistment, and gradually leaven with true military principles the great bulk of our citizens.

We are happily not altogether left to conjecture as to the probable working of such institutions. As early as the summer of 1871 it became apparent that the withdrawal of the Imperial troops, however detrimental to the Infantry and Cavalry Schools, would strike a more fatal blow to the continuance of those for the artillery service—the latter requiring very special instruction of a nature not capable, for the most part, of being imparted by instructors taken from the militia. It was therefore decided to establish two Schools of Gunnery, one at Quebec, for that Province; the other at Kingston, for the Province of Ontario. These institutions took the form of regular batteries of artillery, and were destined, besides their ostensible object of instruction, to furnish garrisons for the important fortifications at these stations, as well as caretakers of their armouries.

I may here quote, for the benefit of those who may not have had an opportunity of perusing the work in question, an extract from the Adjutant-General's report for last year (1872), which shews, briefly, the nature and object of these institutions.

"The results already attained by the establishment of the Schools of Gunnery at Kingston and Quebec are very satisfactory. These schools of practical and theoretical artillery science were established under the system detailed in General Orders, October, 1871; none are admitted to them for duty and instruction except duly gazetted officers and men belonging to some corps of the Active Militia. The periods of admission to the Gunnery School are for three and twelve months, and a limited number of officers and men may be re-admitted for a further period, it it be found necessary to do so, in order to maintain a sufficient staff and nucleus for carrying on the instruction and duties. Whilst attached to the Schools of Gunnery for duty and instruction, all officers and men are under the rules of military discipline, as prescribed 'in clause 64 of the Militia Act,' and thus Artillery Schools, as real as corps of the Royal Artillery itself, have been formed for garrison duty as well as for theoretical and practical instruction in artillery science."

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* In these remarks I do not refer to the present force in Manitoba, which has no doubt special duties to perform, and is, after all, I believe, to be gradually superseded by a force of mounted police.

These schools are commanded, and the instruction carried on in them, by properly qualified officers of the Royal Artillery, assisted by sergeant instructors of the same regiment, whose services are loaned by the Imperial to the Dominion Government. The objections previously stated against the present system of Military Schools do not appear equally valid against the Schools of Gunnery; for, in the first place, no gratuity or pecuniary advantage whatever results to either officers or men on completing their course of instruction or passing their examinations. With regard to the second, although much of the instruction imparted is theoretical, and in consequence only to be acquired from notes taken at lectures or from study, yet by far the greater portion is practical, and from constant iteration during a comparatively extended period, becomes sufficiently well impressed upon the memory as not to be easily forgotten; while with regard to the last—instruction and practical employment in all that relates to the internal economy and well-being of a corps, it is a result that naturally follows from the consti tution of these schools. So far from discipline and subordination being neglected, their principles are most rigidly carried out, and their use soon found, by even the most careless, to be indispensable.

It only remains now to be seen in what manner these schools have answered the purpose of their institution, and whether they are likely to act as an incentive to enlistment, if we wish to determine in how far they should be taken as a model for our future schools of instruction for the Cavalry and Infantry.

It may be said by some that, granting the superior nature and value of the instruction carried on in schools of this nature, yet their advantages are participated in by but few, and by far the larger bulk of the militia would still be liable to deterioration. Now apart from the well-known and wholesome influence that well instructed officers and men have upon their inexperienced comrades in arms, it may be well to point to results already achieved with even the limited examples before us, as an answer to the above objection. Accordingly we find upon enquiry that with a standing establishment of about 140 of all ranks, about 100 officers, non-commissioned officers and men, pass through each School of Gunnery per annum. Now, supposing the system proposed to be carried out in its integrity, and schools on a similar principle for Cavalry and Infantry established at say the Cities of Toronto, Kingston, Montreal, Quebec, and St. John, N. B., at least the same results might be expected, and a total of 500 educated soldiers distributed annually throughout the Dominion. Another, and it seems a still more important point remains to be investigated, viz.: The subsequent result of this training on officers and men, and its general effect in fostering and maintaining a true military spirit, and a just appreciation of the relative duties and responsibilities of a soldier's life—without which it seems idle to expect that the best men will volunteer, or that after doing so they will continue to re-enrol after their first period of engagement has terminated. With regard to this point, owing to the comparatively short period of time that has elapsed since the formation of the Gunnery Schools, it is impossible to obtain data by which we can arrive at a perfectly reliable conclusion. The experience that has been gained, however, speaks for itself, and is of such a nature as to lead us to judge more than hopefully as to the ultimate result. Apart from the opinions of the Adjutant-General and the Inspector of Artillery, as contained in their reports, with reference to the very satisfactory results already attained by the establishment of these schools, commanding officers of corps of artillery have not been slow to appreciate the advantages which have accrued to their batteries when even a few of their officers or men having obtained certificates of efficiency. They thus profit not only by an increased staff of instructors, but also by the increased "esprit de corps" while that this latter reacts very favourably with regard to enlistment is an assertion that can scarcely be questioned. Again, these schools have furnished a large number of men for service with the artillery corps in Manitoba, and the advantage of thus having even a small body of men trained, equipped, and ready at a moment's notice for service in any emergency, is a consideration not to be lightly estimated.

So far for the results that have been, and are likely still to be, attained by these Schools of Artillery Science; but while admitting the necessity of careful and systematic instruction in this branch of the science, let us not forget the fact that in these days of improvement in all that relates to the art of war, cavalry and infantry stand no less in need of such advantages. The former, as the "eyes of an army" have to be taught the duties of reconnaissance, combined with rapid and independent action, while the latter, besides their duties as riflemen, already for the most part very efficiently acquired, have much to learn as regards the selection and occupation of positions, and the defence and attack of villages and outposts. These, and other subjects of a kindred nature, can never, I venture to assert, be taught as they should be in our present Military Schools, or even in the best systems of camps of instruction, however beneficial these may be in other respects. I would fain hope, therefore, that the time has come when we may no longer rest satisfied with such means of instruction, and that some better mode—perhaps such as I have endeavoured to describe—may be adopted, not only as a means of improving our efficiency, but also as an inducement to both officers and men, who, as volunteers, may wish to perfect themselves in their profession.

To those "peace at any price" individuals who refuse to see any necessity for spending a shilling on our military organization so long as we are not actually threatened with invasion, I would only remark that the experience of years points to the wretched and false economy of such parsimonious ideas, and the consequent waste both of money and men which, even at the best, in times of panic and war, must result from want of wise and due provision. I would hope, however, that nothing I have already stated may lead to the conclusion that, in the reforms I have indicated, a large expenditure is necessary. Far from such being the case, a very small addition, if any, to our present militia estimates would, I believe, suffice for the end in view; for, without entering into details of expenditure—which, though all-important, are, I imagine, hardly within the scope of the object proposed at the outset of these observations—I may remark that the very abolition of the present Military Schools, with their system of bounties and extra pay, would result in a large annual saving to Government; and we stand in no need of increased barrack accommodation for the small force which even a most complete system of Military Schools would necessarily require.

In concluding these brief remarks, I would wish to disclaim all credit for originality so far as regards the general principles of the proposed reforms. The reports of the late Adjutant-General of Militia, and the opinions of experienced officers collated therein, all point to the necessity of changes in the direction indicated; and though differing, perhaps, with some in regard to the means by which our militia may be brought to a high standard of efficiency, both as regards their numbers and training, I hope that the value of its attainment may be recognized, and that at length this subject may receive that attention and consideration which its importance, taken even on the comparatively low ground of national insurance, would seem to demand.

MILES.

VIGIL.

JOY is dead, but Love doth sit,
  Faithful mourner, by his bed;
Tender grass she cherisheth—
  Weedeth out the poppies red.
They may sleep whose dreams are sweet,
Love doth watch with quiet feet:
    Fall softly, rain, fall softly.

Joy was young, but Love so old,
  He grew weary over soon;
She doth wait the evening light,
  He lay down and died at noon.
Quickly was Joy's sojourn past;
Love was first and shall be last:
    Fall softly, rain, fall softly.

SARAH WILLIAMS.

FOR KING AND COUNTRY.

A STORY OF 1812.

BY FIDELIS.

CHAPTER III.

A RETROSPECT AND A MEDITATION.

"On every mountain crest
Is rest,—
On every vale beneath
No breath
Disturbs the quietude;
The little birds are silent in the wood,
Soon, patient, weary breast,
Thou too wilt rest!"

IT was with a strong rising pain at his heart, stronger than he could have reasonably accounted for, even to himself, that Ernest Heathcote hurried away from the house where, a few moments before, he had expected to spend some happy hours in a companionship the exceeding sweetness of which, to him, he had only of late begun openly to acknowledge to himself. But it was not only the disappointment of the immediate deprivation that made his heart sink so low. A vague, haunting fear for the future, which had been dimly oppressing him, had seemed suddenly to take a definite form from the unexpected appearance of this stranger. Slight as the circumstance was, it seemed to chime in only too well with the train of thought which had been occupying his mind before. He walked rapidly on, fighting off thought by dint of exercise, and instead of pursuing his way to "the farm,"—his Oakridge home,—he turned aside towards the hilly ridge which skirted the little settlement at a short distance from the lake, and which, being well wooded with oak and other trees, gave it its name. It was rather a steep clamber up the rocky, wooded side, but the climbing helped to take the edge off the inward pain; and when he at last reached the open knoll near the summit, toward which he had been directing his steps, and threw himself down to rest and think, his mood had become considerably tranquillized.

It was a lovely summer panorama that lay spread out before him. The wide expanse of lake, as softly blue as a sleeping southern sea; the green curving shore that swept from Burlington Bay, on the one hand, round almost in a semicircle to the Newark district on the other; the heavy masses of forest, in the distance dimly blue against the horizon—near at hand showing such a variety of vivid green, interspersed with the paler hues of occasional clearings; here and there a faint curl of smoke from the chimney of a settler's cabin, denoting preparations for the evening meal; just below, the little gray church and churchyard; and a little to the left, behind the gracefully towering elms, among the apple and peach trees, the creeper-covered walls of the "big house" to which his eye turned so wistfully. The tide of thought swept in now in full force, and the familiar features of the scene before him seemed to weave themselves inextricably into the mazes of the reverie, half retrospective, half anticipative, that took possession of him. But to understand the tenor of his meditations it is necessary to glance briefly at his past history.

His father had been an officer in the revolutionary army, and had gained his captaincy by his gallant services during the war of Independence. A year or two before its close he had impulsively married a gentle Quaker maiden, the daughter of a New England farm-house where he had been nursed through a fever following upon wounds and exposure after an engagement. Her family strongly opposed the marriage, the more so that they were opposed to the war in principle, and that the other daughter was about to be married to Jacob Thurstane, a keen and sturdy Loyalist. But the young officer's ardour and the maiden's affection overcame all the opposition, reasonable and unreasonable, of the simple, kindly country folk, and the marriage took place, the young husband being obliged, shortly after, to leave his bride with her parents, while he again went to risk his life in the cause into which he had thrown himself, heart and soul. It was a sorrowful, anxious time for the young wife, whose sympathies naturally went with the side on which her husband's life was staked, while those of her own family, and, more strongly still, those of her new brother-in-law, were entirely on the other. At last the contest was decided. Captain Heathcote returned to his wife,—his life spared, indeed, but with the seeds of disease in his constitution which were to bring him to a premature grave,—and Jacob Thurstane, determined to cling to the British flag, left his well-tilled, flourishing farm, and took refuge in Canada as a United Empire Loyalist. Captain Heathcote and his wife lived on for some years with the old father and mother in the quiet little homestead, where one sorrow rapidly followed another. Children were born only to pine away and die, while their lives were reckoned by months,—the old father and mother ere long followed the little grandchildren; and then Captain Heathcote's lingering malady, aggravated by cold and exposure, developed itself so rapidly that almost before his wife could bring herself to admit his danger, she found herself a widow,—alone in the world but for the one infant of a few months old, who, unlike its predecessors, seemed likely to be spared to her. Tidings did not travel rapidly from Massachusetts to Canada in those days, but when Jacob and Patience Thurstane received the sorrowful, painfully written letter which told them of Rachel Heathcote's desolation, the strong, gentle-hearted yeoman set out at once to bring her and her baby to his Canadian home.

"It's rough enough yet, sister Rachel," said Patience, as the two sisters wept together when Mrs. Heathcote arrived; "but if thee can like it after the dear old home, we'll try to make thee as happy as thee can ever be in this world now, poor soul!"

They kept their word, and the Lake Farm was at least a peaceful home for poor Rachel Heathcote for the few years that her life, worn down by sorrow, was prolonged; and when she quietly departed to the real home, where broken bonds are united and broken hearts made whole, it was without the shadow of an anxiety for the future of the son whom she confidingly trusted to her brother and sister's faithful guardianship. That trust had not been disappointed. Jacob and Patience Thurstane would have been unkind to their own children sooner than to the orphaned nephew; and the former, seeing that the boy was not nearly so strong as his own vigorous sons, but that he "favoured book-learning," was anxious to secure for him as good an education as was possible in those days. As the settlement grew, a teacher now and then came to Oakridge for the winter months, and Ernest rapidly learned all that such not very thoroughly equipped instructors could teach him. Major Meredith, to whom steady, honest Jacob Thurstane had always been a trusty friend and ally, pleased with the boy's evident ability and love of study, presented him with a Latin grammar and *Delectus*, in which he made such progress that, by Major Meredith's advice, he was sent for a winter to the Grammar School sometimes in operation at Newark, and subsequently to Harvard College. This event was of no small importance in the boy's life, since it not only wonderfully enlarged his range of ideas and experience, and stimulated his fast developing powers, but it also introduced him to the country of his parents, and to scenes full of interest to him from the reminiscences which, boy as he was, he had treasured up from his mother's lips, of his father's campaigns. On his final return from college, being still undecided as to his future career, he had, by the advice of both his uncle and Major Meredith, undertaken to discharge the duties of grammar-school teacher at Newark while he continued eagerly to prosecute his own cherished studies.

At "The Elms" Ernest Heathcote had always been a privileged visitor. The Major had always liked to encourage the clever, studious lad, who, he hoped, would one day turn out a credit to his patronage. His early lost wife, too, had taken a special interest in the young widow, who was fading away very much as she herself was; and after Mrs. Heathcote's death, which happened shortly before her own, she had felt an intense sympathetic compassion for the poor boy left motherless, as she knew her own infant child would be ere long. This association with a beloved memory still fresh in the Major's inmost heart, strengthened the interest he would, in any case, have felt in a promising boy growing up under his immediate observation.

Little Lilias, as she grew up, became the poetry, and in no small measure the inspiration, of Ernest's quiet, thoughtful life. He was accustomed to see her often and familiarly, but he never forgot, as the sturdier Thurstane boys sometimes did, the respect due to her higher social position, but especially to her sex. Indeed, he was always, with a natural chivalry, as deferential to her as ever was knight to his liege lady. When Lilias rode over to the farm on her pony by her father's side, as she often did, and spent the hours, (while Major Meredith discussed stock and road-making and improvements with the farmer,) wandering about the farm, where she had the child-like conviction that everything, from cows and sheep down to cream and home-made buns and "Johnny-cake," was better than they had at home, Ernest was her ready and delighted escort. He it was who went with her to the shore, to watch the waves, white-crested in the breeze, come curling over the sand;—who made her tiny birch-bark canoes, and enclosed a fairy pond with stones, in whose unruffled expanse the tiny craft, with beetles and lady-bugs for crew, might float in safety;—who taught her, with infinite pains, how to make the little flat stones "skip" over the glassy waves, and in the season of the "dropping nuts," gathered stores of hickory and butternuts for her special delectation. And then, when tired with more active pleasures, Lilias liked nothing better than to sit under a spreading maple or butternut tree, while Ernest told her wonderful stories out of his Ovid, about Deucalion and Pyrrha, and of men sprung from dragons' teeth, and maidens changed into trees, and Pyramus and Thisbe, and poor Ceyx and Halcyone, from which latter he would translate whole pages, to which the child would listen with dilating, dreamy eyes, gazing at the sparkling waves before her, and imagining them the very ones which engulfed the absent, watched-for husband. These stories, laden with the poetic breath of the old heroic ages, and the strange distant lands, nourished the child's imaginative faculty, and widened a mental horizon that might otherwise have been comparatively narrow; and were—hardly less than the Bible stories that Aunt Judy used to tell her in her quaint, confused way—a vivid reality in her inner world. And she, on the other hand, was to Ernest a softening, refining influence, and to some extent an embodiment of the ideal beauty which vaguely floated before his imagination. In some indefinite fashion she always blended with his dreams of the future, though he would have felt it a profanation to let those dreams take a tangible shape, as with a less sensitive lad they might have done.

When, after each absence from home, he met Lilias, who had herself been sent away for a year to a Montreal boarding-school—a great piece of self-denial on her father's part,—and recognized her increasing beauty and the grace which enlarged social intercourse had added to her naturally frank and simple manner, he was more than ever vividly conscious, both of the difference in their social position, and of the delight which he found in her society—in her very presence. Opportunities for enjoying it were so numerous and so easy, too, in his vacations spent at the farm. The Major had a tolerably good library for the time and place, chiefly stocked with standard old-time histories, Gibbon, Robertson, Hume, &c.; and as Ernest was free to borrow and read as many as he pleased, and they formed the staple of his reading in a place where books were otherwise so difficult of access, they furnished sufficient cause for many a pleasant visit to The Elms. There was many a pleasant talk, also, during these often prolonged visits; for Lilias, stimulated by Ernest's example, generally read the books that he read, and they both found that comparing notes and opinions about them was a great deal pleasanter than enjoying them alone. The Major himself liked to join in some of these talks—they recalled old days when he had been a greater reader than he was now, and he liked to discuss the old English campaigns and victories, comparing past times with present, especially when he could do so with one so well able to form and intelligibly defend an opinion as Ernest Heathcote.

Then Lilias and he compared their respective acquirements in French, in which Ernest had been his own instructor; and as they found that, while Ernest was incomparably the better versed in the grammar and theory of the language, Lilias had acquired from her French instructress at school an acquaintance with its pronunciation to which Ernest could not pretend, they often read it together for mutual improvement during the pleasant evenings that Ernest spent at The Elms; and it was surprising how much life and interest seemed to be infused into the pages of Corneille and Racine on these occasions, and how much better Lilias could appreciate the beauty of the dramas when aided by the thoughtful critical comments of Ernest's maturer mind.

It would have been almost impossible for any young man, in such circumstances and with Ernest's ardent temperament, to have gone on enjoying a companionship that was constantly becoming dearer to him, without cherishing some fair visions of what might be, if——! Had not far greater social differences been bridged by a true and faithful and persevering love, winning by its own determination such a position as it would not be derogatory to the beloved one to share? Such dreams would rise, to be constantly checked by the feeling that Lilias, frankly glad as he knew she was to have him for a companion and friend, never looked beyond the pleasure of the present intercourse. Her mind had never been imbued with such sentimental ideas as most young ladies derive from novels, few of these having ever penetrated to Oakridge; and Corneille and Racine were too much above the level of ordinary life to suggest them. Then her life was such a healthy, happy one—so full of the innocent interests which had sufficed to it from her girlhood, that, if entire separation from Ernest would have made any deeply felt blank in it, she was as yet quite unconscious of the fact. And the Major, kind as he always had been to Ernest, genuinely pleased as he always was with his industry and success, was yet, as the latter well knew, so stanchly entrenched in his old Tory ideas of *caste*, that he would as soon have expected one of Jacob Thurstane's rough farmer sons to dream of marrying his daughter, as the "lad" whom he looked upon as a sort of *protégé*, even though,—perhaps all the more because,—his father had been one of those Republican soldiers whom

Major Meredith had never quite forgiven for "beating the English."

Moreover, Ernest was feeling discouraged of late about the realization of the strong hope he had always entertained of winning an important and useful position—one wherein the talents of which he was conscious should have more scope than in the cramping drudgery of a schoolmaster's work; the depressing monotony of which, among very rough and unpromising materials, was telling sensibly upon his strength and energies. He was feeling, even in his private studies, the want of a more definite aim to stimulate him to a more direct and vigorous course through the tempting fields of knowledge. But that definite aim it was not easy to fix. For the study of medicine he had no natural taste or aptitude. Law, with its dry technicalities, repelled him. The Church, although the preparatory studies would have chimed in far better with his mental tendencies, Ernest Heathcote was too conscientious to enter without a more vividly realising grasp of the great realities he should have to preach than he was conscious of as yet. With earnest longings after truth of all kinds, and for communion with the unseen source of truth, his heart had not yet found its centre; he knew he lacked the earnest, whole-souled faith which he saw in Lilias and in poor old Aunt Judy, and he felt too strongly the sacred responsibilities of the ministry to enter upon it as a mere profession. To equip himself for a professorship, or the calling of a *littérateur*, would have been, in the state of Canada at that time, a Utopian idea. There was nothing for him, in the present, but to go on in the work, monotonous as it was, which had come to his hand; and to hope that, by-and-by, the higher and more congenial vocation which at present floated somewhat vaguely before his inward sight might take shape and tangible reality.

Meantime the depressing influences of uncertainty and hope deferred were aggravated by the conflicting emotions which had been awakened by the hostility and antagonism daily increasing between Canada and the United States. Notwithstanding his New England birth, he was as thoroughly Canadian in feeling as his uncle Jacob. To Canada belonged all his early memories and associations,—all the silent influences of solemn forest and changeful lake and quiet dewy country fields, which had interwoven themselves with his impressible nature, and had as much to do with developing his mind and character as his eagerly studied books. All his fair youthful dreams were linked with Canada as firmly as with Lilias, and Lilias herself was an additional and a strong link in the invisible chain. For Britain, the country from which all his ancestors had originally come—the land of so many heroic traditions—the present upholder of continental liberty against tyrannical encroachments, he felt as strong and loyal an affection as Major Meredith or Jacob Thurstane. But then, the young country which, like a restless adventurous youth, had thrown aside the paternal yoke, and somewhat roughly vindicated its independence, had a place in his heart too, and he could not regard it as the Major and his uncle did—as an insolent upstart, rearing its independence on gratuitous disloyalty and unreasonable rebellion. He knew well, from his mother's lips, as well as from her expressive silence, how sacred to his father's heart had been the cause of independence, which for him had been the cause of loyalty; and, stimulated by the filial desire to find justification for his father's course, he had studied with keen attention all he had been able to learn from books or men as to the origin of the struggle. He had heard, from the lips of those who still vividly remembered those days of storm and bitterness, of the oppressions and exactions and high-handed acts which, devised by unwise counsellors, so far from and so ignorant of the real condition of the country they were undertaking to rule, had made the old British blood of the colonists boil under

TORONTO

the sense of hopeless injustice, and roused true-hearted men to rear the standard of defiance. Ernest felt that, had he been one of them, he must have done as they did—that they were actuated by a true loyalty, not to the then Government of England, but to the traditions which had made her the nation she was—to the spirit which had vindicated her liberty and freed her from kingly tyranny on the field of Naseby. And so, when Major Meredith, who had gained his promotion in the War of Independence, would unsparingly denounce those "recreant Yankees" as traitorous rebels, Ernest, who knew better than to excite his ire by useless argument, was obliged, at least by silence, to show dissent—a circumstance not unnoticed by the stanch old soldier, who would inwardly regret that his young friend had sprung from so doubtful a stock. For "blood will tell," he would say to himself; and Ernest was often painfully aware that his genuine and thorough loyalty was secretly doubted by the Major as well as by other people.

He was, in truth, in a position especially liable to suffer unjust suspicion and misconstruction;—that of one who cannot give unqualified sympathy to either side alone—who sees too much of the faults of both to be a thorough partisan of either, and who, consequently, meets the disapproval of both. For, while the unscrupulously aggressive spirit of a portion of the American people towards Canada awakened his indignation, he well knew that it was equally distasteful to the better portion of that people themselves;—that in his father's New England, especially, there were many who denounced the idea as strenuously as any Canadian could do. And he knew, too—for his intercourse with his American kindred had enabled him to look at matters from their point of view also—that Britain was not wholly clear of offence on her own part; that some cause had been given for the animosities that rankled so bitterly in American hearts; and that corresponding animosities, as bitter, and often as unjust, in many cases predisposed Canadians to unreasonable hostility on their side. He had seen enough of unfairness and violent prejudices on both sides of the line to make him thoroughly weary of the quarrel, and, at the same time, to give him good cause to fear that a fierce collision must ere long take place. If so, then he should have no difficulty as to his own course. As he had said to Lilias, he felt that a reckless, unscrupulous invasion of a peaceful country, brought about by base men for selfish ends, must be resisted to the death by every honest man. To take up arms in such a cause was to fight not only for King and Country, but for peace and good order,—for the sacred rights of man,—for home and the dear helpless ones around the hearth-stone; and against murder, rapine, crime,—all the countless villanies that must attend the success of reckless marauders. Even Aunt Patience forgot her Quaker principles, and ceased to preach peace, when her sons, and even her loyal old husband, shouldered their rusty rifles and went to drill. And Ernest, impressed with the need of being prepared for the worst, and aware that enthusiasm and determination, however strong, would not make up for the lack of previous training, had joined a Newark company of volunteers, and had devoted himself to drilling with an ardour that told considerably upon his not very vigorous strength.

It was not surprising, therefore, that in his present somewhat morbid state, even the society of Lilias should have failed to rouse him out of the painful thoughts that had been harassing him, and that the appearance of Captain Percival at the very moment when he had been inwardly chafing at the invisible barriers between Lilias and himself, should have given him a stab-like sensation, like the sudden, vivid realisation of a vague misgiving. He had always feared that the prize he so coveted might be carried off before he could even make an effort to secure it; for to make any such attempt in present circumstances would, he felt, be an ungrateful breach of trust towards the Major, which would assuredly excite his indignation, even if it succeeded so far as Lilias' own feeling was concerned. He had an exaggerated sense of his own deficiencies of manner and appearance, as compared with Lilias herself, and of many with whom she would, now especially, be brought into contact. He felt, too, as if no man capable of appreciating Lilias, and free to win her, could help being inspired with the same desire which filled his own heart. But his hold upon her regard was, he thought, painfully slight, sincere as he knew her friendship to be. He was but one pleasant element in a life that had a thousand other interests. And now, in this prepossessing stranger, who would meet her on the familiar footing of an old family friendship, and who was received with such favour by her father, he felt as if he had seen the rival decreed by fate to win the object of his own long-cherished hopes. He knew how slender was the foundation on which this idea had started up, but he could not reason himself out of it. It was one of those sudden, almost unaccountable feelings that sometimes take possession of the mind with tyrant force, and maintain their sway in spite of will and reason.

Well! it would be more in accordance with the fitness of things,—he could not but confess to himself,—than his own dream would be, could it be realised. Was it not selfish to wish to keep Lilias in this remote wilderness, shut out from the world she was so fitted to grace,—from a career that would bring her into a more vivid life and varied experience, side by side with one whom most people would pronounce a far more fitting mate? And yet, would his darling be really happier than he could make her,—in a tranquil, peaceful life of sympathetic aims? Would any man devote himself more truly—nay, as truly—to secure a happiness so precious to him, and to which he believed he knew so well how to minister, having watched every taste and preference from her childhood? It was a harassing conflict of thought and feeling, and he began to see how fruitless it all was. What could he do, after all, but leave events to take their course—nay, rather leave them to the direction of Him who, as Aunt Judy had said, must "keep the city, or the watchmen would watch in vain?" And as he looked up to the pure ethereal sky above him, now taking the soft rich tones of sunset, he tried to raise his heart, too, to that all-directing, invisible power whose essence is Love, and the thought of Whom, really believed in, must calm the most troubled heart.

His, at least, began to grow quieter, while he sat still on the rocky knoll, watching the sunset, till the soft flood of amber light in the west, melting above into the most delicate green, and the light wreaths of rosy clouds floating above, were all that were left of it; while the placid lake below lay suffused with an exquisite blending of hazy purple and amber and rose. The rich verdure of early summer and the outlines of the fair landscape were all subdued and idealised in the soft evening light. Connecting the scene before him with the thoughts that had been passing through his mind, Ernest mused regretfully on the sad perversity of selfish, passionate human nature, in bringing in elements of destruction and suffering to mar the divinely given beauty of the fair world. Should the threatened war take place, some such sweet sylvan scene as this would ere long be profaned by the horrid din of arms and deadly human conflict, suffering and mutilation, the "noise of the warrior and the garment rolled in blood." And yet it would only be adding one page more to the many blood-stained pages of the world's history! Thinking of this with the sadness which it must bring to every heart that vainly tries to solve the mysterious problem of human life, Ernest thought, too, of the "old, old story" he had heard so often, with ears but half comprehending,—of the Divine Love, which had become one with the misery that it might bring to it a full consolation,—which had descended into the darkness that it might drive it away with heavenly light,—into the evil that it might overcome it with good! And he seemed to feel, as he had never done before, how for his own troubled, burdened heart, as well as for a troubled, burdened world, there was no rest short of that perfect, highest Love. As he slowly descended, amid the deepening shadows of the maples and pines, a strange peace seemed to fall on his heart as gently as the dew; for amidst the perplexities and burdens that lay heavily upon his thoughts, that great Divine-human heart that throbbed unseen,—the very pulse of the fair "nature" around,—was drawing him to itself, to rest, with a dimly realising trust, on its own perfect, all-sufficing strength.

CHAPTER IV.

AT THE ELMS.

"Death is cold, but life is warm,
And the fervent days we knew
Ere our hopes grew faint and few,
Claim, even now, a happy sigh,
Thinking of those hours gone by."

CAPTAIN PERCIVAL had been duly introduced to Lilias, not neglecting the opportunity of paying some delicate compliments, such as, in those days, were a matter-of-course courtesy to ladies, and which Lilias had seen enough of military society to take as such, though in this case they represented the true sentiments of the speaker more accurately than was often the case. And, after a course of semi-starvation at wretched inns, the Captain was quite in a condition to enjoy heartily the hospitable meal which at The Elms was a sort of compromise between the early country "supper" and the late dinner of what the Major still called "civilized" life. It was, with him, the most substantial meal of the the day, and he enjoyed it, especially when, as in the present instance, he had a guest with whom he could converse on the congenial subjects of old England and the military news of the day. The meal was a pretty long one, retarded as it was by the flow of questions and answers, for Major Meredith's appetite was keen for all details of news from his old well-remembered county, and Captain Percival was able to communicate so much. It was by no means exhausted even when, leaving the room where they had supped, the Major led the way to the pleasant portico, where the air was sweet with the lilac blooms, dispensing their sweet evening perfume, and with the other vague wandering fragrances of a summer evening. It was very still, too, save for the occasional even-song of the birds from the tall maples and thick spruces; and the mellow glow of the sunset lay in tremulous golden gleams among the foliage, and on the unshaven grass below. Lilias, with a bit of delicate muslin embroidery in her hand, took a low seat at a little distance from the gentlemen, listening to their talk, while the aroma of the Major's fragrant tobacco stole out to mingle with the incense-laden air. The mellow cadences of the stranger's voice, and his careless graceful talk, were agreeable enough, yet Lilias thought regretfully of Ernest, and of the pleasant, quiet evening they would have enjoyed but for the unexpected guest. Agreeable and polished as he certainly was, the French reading and the talk that would have followed it—pleasant talk about a thousand things with a friend whom she had not seen for several weeks—would have been very much more enjoyable than listening to a stranger's conversation about people who were only names to her, or hearing him describe with a soldier's enthusiasm—veiled, however, by his habitually careless tone—the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, full particulars of which he had had in a letter from an old comrade. At last, when the Major's thirst for information had been pretty thoroughly satisfied, and when he and his companion had exhausted their conjectures as to Lord Wellington's probable course, and the possible results of the campaign, the talk drifted into channels nearer home, and the threatening aspect of Canadian affairs.

"It's something quite new to me," said Percival. "At home they don't seem to have any idea of such a state of things."

"Yes, they look at us through the wrong end of the spy-glass just now, and it's my opinion they're making rather a mistake. The people here are growing discontented that the folks at home seem to care so little about us, and though I always pooh-pooh such talk on principle, it's a bad habit to get into, you know, speaking evil of authorities,—still, *entre nous*, I do think some one's making a mistake, not to be more wide awake to the designs of our neighbours here."

And then the Major launched forth into an exposition of the subject, explaining how old animosities were still rankling on both sides; how the imprudent naval pretensions of Britain, and the rash, high-handed action of Admiral Humphreys, had intensely exasperated the existing ill-feeling; how American sympathy with Napoleon mingled with American ambition and anti-British feeling; how Jefferson and his party had for years been trying to provoke a declaration of war, even going the length of ordering such gratuitous acts of offence as the firing at peaceful merchant vessels dropping quietly down the Niagara river.

"The fact is," he added, "we've stood just about as much from them as we ought to stand, and a little more in my opinion. We've just about come to the point when forbearance becomes weakness, and if we don't come to the scratch soon, they will!"

"Well, I can't say I should be sorry if the rascals should give us a chance to pepper them," said Percival. "It wouldn't have quite so much *renommée* about it as fighting the French, to be sure; but it would, at least, be better than vegetating in your woods here, hunting deer and the 'coons' the people here talk about."

"Don't be afraid; you'll have enough to do before long, or I'm no prophet," was the Major's reply.

Captain Percival's speech was a natural one enough for a soldier, tired of inaction, eager for the fray, and troubling himself little with deeper thoughts. But on Lilias, whose sensibilities had been excited by having the real possibilities and consequences of war brought visibly before her imagination, it fell with a strong thrill of repulsion. Her own military ardour, which was only the romantic enthusiasm of youthful ignorance—seeing the ideal through a mist of glory that conceals the horror of the reality,—was not strong enough to prevent her from being repelled and chilled by this seemingly cold-blooded view of possible war. Captain Percival, with his graceful exterior and bearing, seemed to sink to the level of common human beings at once.

"The colonists here seem to think they have a good many things to grumble at," he remarked, as he lighted a new cigar. And he gave a condensed *resumé* of part of the conversation in the stage.

"Well! part of it is a true bill enough! Even I can't help seeing that, Tory as I am! If there had only been a little more 'gumption,' as Jacob Thurstane would say, about the Colonial Office, they might have made Canada a trump-card to Great Britain in her present troubles. If they had taken the trouble to help us with a little capital to make roads and open up the country,—offered inducements to emigration, and, in general, taken a more active interest in us,—she might have had a regular granary here, to supply her now she is cut off from the European corn-fields. As it is, the stream of emigration has drifted right past us, to add wealth and strength to our neighbours. Yankees have come in and taken up free grants, just to sell them and pocket a nice sum by the speculation; our roads are—— as you see them; and, to crown all, our Government here has exasperated the people into discontent and irritation by a grasping, selfish policy, and by unjust and despotic arrests. There's a nice state of affairs for you, with a powerful enemy watching as a cat does a mouse;—with nearly two thousand miles of frontier to defend, and about four thousand regular soldiers to do it with, and a volunteer force small enough, and not over well organised. If Mr. Pitt had lived now, things might have been different, but England won't make good his loss in a hurry. Well, here I am, talking radically enough for our worthy shoemaker himself! I am glad there are none of our Oakridge people by to hear me. They would think I had gone 'clean daft,' as Davie Watson would say!"

And the worthy Major shook the ashes out of his pipe with a vigorous knock, and got up to walk off his little excitement by pacing up and down the avenue, while Captain Percival, turning to Lilias, began to talk to her about the English relatives who were such strangers to her beyond what she could learn of them through an occasional letter.

"Your aunt, Lady Herbert, told me to be sure to persuade Major Meredith to send you to them for a while," he said. "She said they would undertake to take excellent care of you."

Lilias smiled as she replied: "I wouldn't be afraid of that, but I shouldn't go unless my father did; I could not leave him alone here. I should like very much to see them all though;—or even to know what they are like."

Captain Percival had been watching her attentively while she spoke. A faint gleam from a light within showed dimly the outline of her features and the turn of her head, as she sat half facing him. He sat silent for a few moments, as if a chord of memory had been suddenly touched, and had abstracted him from the present. Then he replied, rather abruptly and with a slight sigh—

"Your cousin Marian, at least, strongly resembles you."

Something in his tone or manner somehow struck Lilias, and brought to her mind all at once a passage from one of her aunt's letters some time before, in which she had hinted at the evident attentions which a promising young officer had been paying to Marian, and she wondered whether this could be the one meant. She said, simply, as the only reply she could think of at the moment:

"I should be glad to think so, for I believe my cousin is thought very pretty as well as very amiable."

"She is the former," he replied, with a slightly bitter intonation contrasting strangely with his usual gliding smoothness of tone. "The latter she may be, to people in general, but I am unfortunate enough not to have had any special reason to think so. Not that I mean, however, to disparage Miss Herbert's excellent qualities in the least! I have no doubt any fault there may have been was on my side."

Lilias was somewhat nonplussed at an answer so different from what she had expected, and felt relieved when her father, having walked himself into a calmer mood, came up to invite Percival to go in and finish the day by drinking a birth-day toast to his Majesty in orthodox English fashion. "And then to bed," he added, "for I am tired, and you must be doubly so, after jolting all day in that lumbering affair which we, by courtesy, call a stage."

Lilias, after seeing that the stranger's room was in all respects comfortably prepared for the guest, retired to her own, and, putting out her light, made the moon, just rising over the tall pines to the eastward of her window, do duty instead. A good many thoughts came crowding into her mind ere she slept. The new acquaintance, in particular, furnished not a few speculations as to why he spoke with evident bitterness of her cousin. But Captain Percival soon vanished from her thoughts, to be replaced by Ernest Heathcote. She felt very sorry for him, for she saw he was feeling lonely and depressed, and she knew that life was hard for him. If it could only be made easier! It was so easy for her—comparatively. Then she thought of his anxiety about his cousin Rachel, and the words he had used, " on my own account,"—recurred to her thoughts. She wondered whether it might not be a little " on his own account" that he was troubled about the possibility of Rachel's affection being gained by the young lieutenant. She was so pretty and so winning, and Ernest had been so fond of her ever since she was a baby. It would not be at all surprising! And yet Lilias could not exactly imagine Ernest, so thoughtful, so intellectual, finding a life companion in a girl whose mind, as to either ideas or information, was such a *tabula rasa*, as that of Rachel Thurstane. However, she had often heard old Nannie declare that there was "nae accountin' for the fancies men take, puir bodies." At any rate it was no affair of hers, and she was angry with herself that the thought should trouble her. If Ernest did care for and marry Rachel, she would be his very good friend still, as she always had been. And she would try to keep an eye on Rachel, and prevent her happiness being wrecked by the unscrupulous lieutenant. And, thinking thus, she drifted off into the land of dreams.

Captain Percival slept soundly and long in a bed whose comfortable softness and snowy linen presented a striking contrast to the varieties of the species with which he had made acquaintance in Canada, to say nothing of ship-board. When he awoke the full sunshine of a June morning filled the room, screened though it partially was by the white drawn-down blind, for venetians were not yet even in large houses like 'The Elms.'

Lilias had been up for a long time before Percival descended. She had been busily engaged in various domestic avocations; had paid her morning visit to her four-footed favourites, fed the chickens, given those delicate fowls, the young turkeys, her especial attention, helped in " seeing to " the breakfast, which, out of consideration for the stranger, was unusually late; and had gathered the fresh bouquet of spring flowers that adorned the breakfast-table, set out with the fine old china which Lilias' mother had brought with her as a bride, and which was still reserved for special occasions. And now, looking bright and fresh in her pale chintz morning-dress, neatly and simply fashioned, she was sitting, deep in "Marmion," by the open window, partly shaded by the young green leaves of a trellised grape vine. She was so absorbed in the poem that she did not notice the quiet entrance of their guest, until roused by his courteous "good morning."

"I hope you rested well?" she said, as she rose to ring the hand-bell to summon her father in from his morning round in the fields.

"Better than I have done since I left England" he replied, and the improved and brightened expression of his fair-complexioned English face seemed to show that he had benefited by the rest. "May I look at the book that interests you so much?" he added, taking up the volume she had laid down.

"Ah! 'Marmion;' no wonder it fascinates you! It is a magnificent thing! Even I, though no great poetry lover, can appreciate it. It helped to aggravate a good deal 'the winter of my discontent,' even while it made me forget my *ennui*,—when I was lying by, confined to one room, and even to one position. You see long abstinence has made m ravenous for action," he said, smiling.

"Yes, it must have been hard to read

anything so stirring, when you had to keep quiet. But I am afraid I don't wish you much action of the kind you want;" she added, with her characteristic frank simplicity—the frankness of one who had never known any need for disguise.

"Oh, but you mustn't grudge us a chance to show what we can do—we poor fellows who can't do much else than fight!" he replied. "Come, Major Meredith," he added, after returning the Major's hearty greeting. "You must help me to defend the noble art of war! I am afraid Miss Meredith isn't sound on that subject."

"Well, I don't know that I should like my little girl to enjoy the prospect of it for its own sake. There's enough misery about it always, to make one want to keep it away as long as possible. I haven't forgotten Bunker's Hill and Brandywine, and if I could, I'd keep it off yet, even though I should have no fears for the result; and I think the first bugle-call wouldn't leave me behind! But come, let us have breakfast!"

The well-spread breakfast-table was tempting enough, with its light, home-made rolls, fresh eggs, dried venison, and delicious "white fish" from the lake, fresh caught that morning by black Sambo's rod. Major Meredith liked to give his guests a substantial breakfast, and to see them enjoy it. He "hadn't much opinion of a man who couldn't take his breakfast," he used to say, and he set a good example himself.

Captain Percival recurred to the subject of "Marmion." "Since you like that kind of thing, Miss Meredith," he said, "you must let me send you a later poem by the same author, one just published—'The Lady of the Lake.' Some people think it even finer than the other, though I can't say I do; but there's not so much fighting in it, and that will be a recommendation in your eyes. The author, a Scotchman, has come into notice a good deal of late. His poems are becoming very popular."

"It shouldn't be such a distinction to be *facile princeps*, now-a-days, as in days I can recollect," said Major Meredith. "There are not many great lights in literature now, so far as I can see, away out of the world as I am here."

"Well, as regards poetry, there are the people they call the 'Lake Poets,'—Wordsworth, Southey, and so on. Some people think a great deal of their poetry, though, to my taste, any of it that I've seen seems very prosy and dull. And there's a young fellow called Byron has made some very clever hits. I shouldn't wonder if we heard more from him yet, if he doesn't kill himself soon by the fast life he lives. Then there's Mr. Bentham and some of his radical friends, who are bringing out all sorts of queer notions in political economy," added the young officer, somewhat scornfully.

"Ah, those were the days! the time when I was a young fellow like you," pursued the Major regretfully, and rather as if he were following his own train of thought than replying to the other. "Why, my dear sir, when I was your age, and was quartered in Kensington Barracks, one had only to take a ramble about town to get a sight of men, aye and women too, whose names have been in men's mouths ever since! Or, if you went to Parliament House, it's ten chances to one that you would hear Pitt or Fox, or Burke—perhaps Hartley—a man that could speak five or six hours on a stretch, and so was a natural curiosity, prosy as he was. Why, once he was known to speak from five in the afternoon till ten, while his opponent, Mr. Jenkinson, went off for a ride into the country, spent the evening out of town, and came back leisurely back to find him speaking still! Then you might hear Garrick or Mrs. Siddons at Drury Lane or Covent Garden; and there you might see, in one row, sitting, with tears in their eyes, listening to 'Romeo and Juliet,'—Burke and Reynolds, and Gibbon, and Sheridan, and Fox, as I saw them one night that I went there with your poor father and Ned Selwyn, of the

Navy, who went down in the Royal George, poor fellow! As for Fox, he made a point of going to hear Mrs. Siddons whenever it was possible."

"Yes, I've often heard my father speak of those times," said Percival; "and he took me once, as a boy, to hear Mrs. Siddons, who was magnificent even then."

"And if you went to Ranelagh or the Pantheon of an evening, and knew who was who, what people you might see! Horace Walpole,—Lord Keppel,—Sir Joshua Reynolds, perhaps, or Mrs. Montague, or Mrs. Thrale, with Piozzi. Or taking a walk along Fleet-street you might see old Dr. Johnson sauntering along, with Bozzy beside him, like a great hulking man-of-war with a smart corvette alongside. Ah, those were the times!" he repeated with a sigh, forgetting his unfinished breakfast in the train of reminiscences he had called up before his mental vision. "And Lilias here doesn't even know what Fleet-street or Ranelagh is like,—brought up among Indians and rustics!" he added half regretfully.

"A deficiency of knowledge which I trust she will make up ere long, when you take her over for a visit, Major. Yet I don't know but Miss Meredith is quite as well without some of the lessons she might have learned in the 'great world;'"— added Percival, glancing with a certain respectful admiration at Lilias' bright, attentive face, its innocent freshness all undimmed by the glare and excitement of London "seasons."

"However," he added, "Miss Meredith would find an abundance of things and people to interest her in London, I do not doubt."

"I should like to see Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Clarkson, and Mr. Granville Sharp;" said Lilias,—these being the heroes who loomed most largely in her imagination, seen through the halo with which the enthusiastic admiration of Ernest Heathcote had invested them.

Captain Percival smiled. They were not precisely the class of objects he had thought most likely to interest a young girl new to the world of London.

"My little girl is a devotee of the abolitionists," said Major Meredith. "She's got an old negress here who can tell something of the horrors of the slave trade, and hearing some of her stories of what she has felt and seen makes even my old English blood boil up!"

"Yes, there's no doubt it was a scandalous iniquity for a free country like England to be keeping up such a traffic, and Wilberforce and his friends deserve great credit;" replied Percival, but the faint praise sounded chilling to Lilias, accustomed to Ernest Heathcote's intense feeling on the subject.

Of course you've heard, Major, of all the wonders Watt and Arkwright have been performing with steam;" pursued the Captain. They will revolutionise all our travelling, industrial arts,—everything,—if they go on as they are doing."

"Yes, it's wonderful,—wonderful! We've one steamboat down in Lower Canada, the 'Accommodation,' between Montreal and Quebec; you came up in it, eh? Well, I took Lilias for a trip in it up and down, when I was bringing her away from school, and I felt just like a child looking at a new toy! I couldn't take my eyes off that witchcraft-looking walking-beam, going up and down, up and down, till it makes one tired to look at it, and never a sail to hoist or reef, or need to care which way the wind blows! It did seem more like black art to me than anything else!"

"Yes, it's a wonderful invention. I expect they'll be crossing the Atlantic with steam vessels before long."

"I see they're talking of it, by the papers. Though how they'll get fuel enough stowed away, I can't see. Well, if ever that time comes, Lilias, I will take you a run across! And then this wonderful project of running steam carriages;—that does seem a wild idea! Do you think they'll ever manage it?"

"I shouldn't like to say what they might not manage; they've succeeded with so many queer things;" replied Percival.

"Just think, Lilias," said the Major; "a carriage propelled by steam, puffing along our road here! That would be a change from John Wardle's lumbering stage, and I suppose it would go a trifle faster. What a commotion it would make, and how it would frighten all the horses and cows!"

And Lilias, as well as her father, laughed at the possibility.

"That objection has been urged against it at home," replied Percival, gravely; "but I suppose the creatures would get used to it in time."

The breakfast and the talk being at last ended, Captain Percival volunteered his services in opening the deal box addressed to Miss Meredith, which still stood in the lobby. Lilias very willingly accepted the offer, for she was rather impatient to have its concealed treasures brought to light. The opening of a box from England was always a pleasant little bit of excitement. Lady Herbert, who very much pitied the wild Canadian exile of her brother's daughter, availed herself of every opportunity to send contributions to her wardrobe of the latest London style, so that "the poor girl might have something fit to wear, if she did live in the backwoods;" and there were always some pretty graceful trifles, besides, from Lilias' cousins;—little odds and ends, bearing the stamp and exhaling the aroma of a world of civilization and invention very different from the rude simplicity of primitive Canadian life.

So, on this occasion, after exhausting her own and old Nannie's admiration over the delicately embroidered "frock" of India muslin, the "spencer" of rich "changing" silk, and the pretty cottage bonnet with its wreath of wild rosebuds, constituting a toilette that would have been faultless on Oxford-street or the Mall,—Lilias delightedly drew out of manifold paper and wrappers a pretty vase of the new Wedgewood ware, gracefully painted; a brightly bound "annual;" a gilt-topped scent-bottle, and last, but not least, a prettily painted miniature of her cousin, Marian Herbert. This was the crowning gift of all, for Lilias had never before seen a portrait of any of her English relatives, except the rather stiff one of her aunt, as a little girl, which hung on the sitting-room wall. As she handed the picture to Captain Percival for inspection, after a long and admiring survey, she could not help glancing at him with a little curiosity. She caught a passing expression of pain, mingled perhaps with a tinge of pique; but his rather dry expression of opinion as he praised the likeness as a good one, did not enlighten her much as to the feelings with which he regarded her cousin.

There was, however, in the box, along with the file of newspapers, a welcome sight to the Major, and the long letter from his sister, still more welcome in a time when trans-Atlantic communication was even more unfrequent and precarious than usual,—a shorter letter to Lilias from her cousin, in which, after the usual rather formal expressions of cousinly good wishes and of the desire that she would visit England, the fair writer seemed rather to dwell on the mention of Captain Percival, about whose health, she said, his family were still anxious. "If you, my dear cousin," ran the letter, "will kindly mention particularly his health and welfare when you write, it will, I am sure, be very grateful to his family while so widely separated from him, as I will take care to tell them of any tidings you may send me."

Lilias smiled to herself a quiet little smile, and resolved to keep her cousin well supplied with all the information she could give her.

CHAPTER V.

AN AFTERNOON RIDE.

"Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from
wing to wing,
Down all our line a deafening shout,—God save
our lord the King!"

MAJOR MEREDITH had planned a little afternoon excursion, on horseback of course, to amuse his guest by showing him something of the surrounding country, and what was more especially interesting to himself, to point out the gradual improvements that the settlers were making on their "clearings," and other signs of progress and development. These, as he felt himself to be in some sort grand seigneur of the district, he took a pride in demonstrating to a stranger, filling in the picture with a graphic description of what had been only a few years before.

We'll go back as far as Tom Winter's clearing, Lilias," said he, "then come out on the lake shore by the Red Cedars, and home by the Lake Farm. Mrs. Thurstane will give us some curds and cream, and will show Captain Percival pretty little Rachel and Jacob Thurstane. Oh! by the way, he was one of your fellow-travellers yesterday, Percival. There's a man would do credit to any country, sturdy, honest old loyalist that he is! He's been my right-hand man for many a year.

The little party set out, Captain Percival mounted on the best riding-horse the Major possessed, Hector being still *hors de combat;* and taking a bridle-path that led into the deep heart of the forest, rode gently along a devious way, winding mysteriously amid soft confused blendings of light and shade, now in a deep shadow through which the June sunlight could scarcely penetrate, now amid flickering sunbeams that struggled through interlaced boughs of hemlock, oak and ironwood. Sometimes the path lay along a damp morass, where mud-holes were frequent, but where the stones were covered with velvety emerald moss, and crested with clusters of immense ferns,—and where the long trailing creepers of the partridge-berry, with its snowy waxen blossoms, or the deep, dark wintergreen, carpeted the way. Now and then they came out upon a bright open bit of clearing, and fields green with the young grain; and from the log "shanty" came out the inmates, well pleased to have a visit from the Major, whose appreciation of and sympathy with their labours they knew they could count upon, and duly impressed with the honour of a visit from one of His Majesty's officers in active service. The men were eager to know from him what was said "at home" about the "Yankees," and the women listened anxiously while war possibilities were discussed,—the enthusiastic, hardy land-tillers declaring their readiness to turn out "for King and Country," to the last drop of blood.

"It will go hard with us if we don't keep the country for the King, God bless him!"—said one of the loyal old pensioners, between whom and United Empire loyalists the land in the neighbourhood was pretty equally divided. The visitors received many pressing invitations to partake of such simple hospitality as their cabins could command, and it was all the Major could do to get away from his friends without giving offence. But when Tom Winter's "shanty" was reached, the old wooden-legged seaman would take no denial. "His honour, and the Captain, and Miss Lilias too, must take a bit," or at least drink the King's health with him in a glass of the "grog" of which report said old Tom was rather fonder than was good for him. Yet, if so, its bad effect was more than counterbalanced by his laborious open air life, for his ruddy-brown complexion showed as hale and healthy under the white hair and above the white beard as when, in the West India squadron under Admiral Rodney, he had exchanged his original limb of flesh and blood for the wooden one on which he now hobbled about. His "old woman," full of old English idioms, as quaint as her mob cap, was almost as bright and "clever" as when she had danced on a village green around a may-pole, in days when such an institution still flourished. Having got a grant of land in Canada in lieu of pension, the old sailor had gone to work with his axe as bravely as he had ever helped to fire a broadside into an opposing squadron, and now his little farm could bear a good comparison with any in that fertile district. He led his visitors about it proudly enough, telling the Captain, with whom he fraternised at once on the ground of "His Majesty's Service," how many a tough battle he had had with the forest giants before his log-hut was raised, intermingling his pleased talk concerning his little crops with anecdotes, which he was never tired of ventilating, about his old commander in the West India squadron, and the various chances of the "American War," all of which were still vivid and fresh in a mind which for so many years had known little to mark the passage of time save growing infirmities and the monotonous changes of the season in the forest wilderness. When at last, much against his will, he had to let his visitors depart, he gave them a feeble parting cheer and another for His Majesty—protesting to the last that, if those rascally Yankees did come, they should find a good broadside waiting them from his old rifle, which had shot a good many wolves and deer in its day.

The forest grew more open after leaving Tom Winter's cabin, the clearings more frequent. They passed open rocky dells filled with a profuse growth of underwood, all snowy with clustered blossoms—dog-wood, elder, wild-plum and cherry, and Canadian hawthorn; and sometimes, overpowering all the other sweet scents that filled the air, a waft of luscious fragrance crossed their path from an immense wild grape-vine, which threw its almost tropical luxuriance from tree to tree in rich and graceful festoons. Here and there a squirrel or "chipmunk" darted across the path and sprang up the nearest tree, whence it sent forth its eager chattering chirp; or a bright blue-bird or scarlet tanager made a flash of coloured light as it flew into the green shadow of the forest; or the plaintive cry of the cat-bird came mysteriously out of some shady covert. Sometimes, too, what looked like long striped sticks lying in their path, moved and wriggled away into the shadow of the nearest shrub. "These are only harmless garter-snakes," explained the Major, "but you need to be on your guard, for rattlesnakes often lurk in these moist bits of woods, and may be upon you before you know."

It was not long before they had ocular demonstration of the truth of his words. At a turn in the road they came suddenly upon a solitary squaw, sitting wrapt in her blanket, on a stone by the road-side. She held a papoose to her breast, and seemed overcome with fatigue and drowsiness, for she was leaning with closed eyes, and evidently half-asleep, against the trunk of a tree behind her. Captain Percival at once recognised the squaw who had been his fellow traveller the day before, but before he could speak, Major Meredith darted forward with a shout that awoke her at once.

"A rattlesnake," said Lilias, in a low tone of horror; and almost before Percival could distinguish the creature, which, with erected head, was gliding towards the sleeping squaw with its ominous rattle, the Major had sprung from his horse and despatched the noxious reptile with one blow of his riding-whip. The squaw started up, instinctively clasping her child to her breast before she saw what the danger really was. The Major greeted her as an old acqaintance, and pointing to the dead snake, addressed her in the broken dialect, half Indian, half English, which the Indians used, asking her how she came to go to sleep in so dangerous a place. The squaw said hardly a word, only looked timidly up in his face with a half shy, half mournful smile, her dark expressive eyes conveying the thanks she could not speak. In a minute or two her husband came up, rifle in hand, with which he had been shooting squirrels. Then the squaw's tongue seemed loosed, and she explained to him in her native language, in low soft accents, pointing to the Major and the dead rattlesnake. He came up to the Major, who had remounted, and saluting him and Lilias with grave respect, spoke a few earnest words of thanks, ending with, "Black Hawk no forget white Sachem saved squaw's life."

"He's a fine fellow that," said the Major as they moved on, "I have known him from a boy, and his father before him. They belong to one of the bravest tribes of our Indian allies. Yonder is their encampment, on that rising ground half hidden by the trees, on the other side of the creek."

Captain Percival could just distinguish, across the dark glistening waters of the winding creek, the outines of several wigwams, so disposed as to be almost concealed by the trees, the white smoke curling from a fire in front, around which some dark figures were flitting.

They came out at last on the fresh breezy lake, ruffled out of its soft blue of the day before into a deeper, colder hue, on which in the distance some snowy white-caps were to be distinguished. The Captain declared that it was almost as good as the sea, as the wide expanse opened before them between the boughs of the majestic cedars that here fringed the shore, some of them bending over it in fantastic forms; and as the cool fresh breeze that curled the wavelets over on the white pebbles fanned their faces, heated with the long ride.

There was a mile or two of good road before they reached the Lake Farm, and some level stretches of beach, upon which the horses, inspirited by the breeze, cantered gaily along. They rode up the lane, fringed with low trees and bushes, Lilias talking with unusual animation after the brisk ride.

The farm-house was built of logs, like most farm-houses of that day, but was larger and more commodious than most, and about a rude porch, and over the front wall, climbed a luxuriant wild vine, filling the air with the delicious fragrance of its blossoms. The festoon of green leaves framed a pretty picture—Rachel Thurstane sitting at her spinning-wheel, her softly rounded, childish face, with its fresh peachy tints, showing clear against the interior. On the door-step Ernest Heathcote was sitting in a half-reclining attitude, apparently reading aloud.

"Ah! quite an Arcadian picture!" exclaimed Captain Percival to Lilias, in a low tone, as they approached. "Corydon and Phillis only want crooks and shepherds' hats to make it perfect! I declare the little girl has quite the face of a *Greuze.*"

Lilias hardly knew why the Captain's light, careless remark caused a slight thrill of pain, akin to that she had felt the day before when Ernest had spoken of his cousin. She was provoked with herself. Why should it annoy her that Rachel and he should make an Arcadian picture? And why should he not be reading to his cousin? What could be more natural? Yet she would hardly have thought there could have been intellectual sympathy enough between them for that, for Rachel did not care for books. Somehow, in spite of her efforts, Lilias' animation vanished, and it was with a grave, almost an abstracted manner, that she responded to the delighted greeting of Ernest, who came forward eagerly to assist her to dismount, with a ready courtesy of bearing in which even the critical Percival could find no fault.

Rachel shrank back on seeing a stranger with her old friends, while Mrs. Thurstane, in her grey homespun gown, white kerchief and cap, and her sweet, calm, patient face, came forward to do the honours of her humble home with the quiet dignity of her Quaker character as her visitors gladly sat down to rest in the cool, clean apartment which, half kitchen, half sitting-room, was the family living-room—the small windows needing no other curtains than the interlacing green leaves of the vine. The Major greeted his favourite Rachel with his usual playful friendship, and brought her forward to be introduced. The child, for she was hardly more, was really very pretty, with a soft fawn-like look, and a slight archness about the blue eyes and rounded eyebrows that gave some character to what otherwise would have been a face of mere placid contentment. But the presence of the strange officer made her shy and silent, and she was evidently very glad when Lilias—with whom she had always been a sort of pet—proposed that she should go with her for their usual ramble.

Ernest gladly availed himself of the opportunity to accompany them, relieved to have the society of Lilias, for a little while, out of reach of Percival's observant eyes, which, he felt or fancied, rested critically, if not curiously, on himself, whenever he tried to talk to her, even though he did so, instinctively, with a deference of manner greater than was usual to the frank and friendly terms of intimacy on which they stood. There are other ways than words, or even looks, in which we learn to understand the sentiments of others, and Ernest knew as well as if he had been told, that this stranger, who, without any offensive assumption of superiority, evidently considered him an inferior, would set down as presumption on his part any token of the intimacy which really existed between him and Miss Meredith. Lilias was quick to feel the difference in his manner, and it added to the slight constraint of her own, so that both breathed an inward sigh of relief when they found themselves out in the fresh breezy pasture fields, amid frisking lambs and placid browsing cows; and the influence of the sweet pure air, and the foam-flecked lake, whose pale azure waves were curling on the sandy beach below, dispersed the slight constraint and restored the old frank freedom. They sat down to rest on the up-turned old punt, now hopelessy leaky, in which Ernest had often rowed Lilias and Rachel in summer evenings when the lake lay calm as a sea of glass, and the placid water over which they floated seemed, in its rich sunset tints, a liquid commingling of amethyst and ruby, garnet and topaz. Now it was a deep, intense blue, crested with tiny snow-wreaths, and they sat watching the pure limpid green of the waves that curled at their feet, reflecting their snowy crests in their glassy bosoms ere they fell in a confused mass, to be succeeded by another and another—emblems, as Ernest was wont to say, of the ever restless tide of life.

As they sat they talked of old times with the half-regretful pleasure that is, somehow, slightly mingled with sadness, even while the "old days" are not so very old, and do not as yet seem cut off from the present by any impassable gulf.

"And do you remember, Miss Lilias," said Rachel, in the midst of their reminiscences, "the day when we tipped over the boat and fell in, and how Ernest pulled us out. And I was so angry because he cared so much the most about your getting wet, and was so afraid you would take cold, not seeming to care whether I did; and I went off crying, and told mother?"

"You were a silly child," said Ernest, laughing, but his eyes had met those of Lilias in an involuntary, half-conscious glance. She did not know what there was in the look to call forth the quick blush that, to her annoyance, rose to her cheek, and Ernest stooped to pick up a pebble to hide his own heightened colour. He changed the subject by asking—

"Have you read 'Marmion' yet, Miss Lilias?"

"Yes, a good deal, and I can't tell you how splendid I think it is! Poor Constance Beverly! How could women be so cruel as those old abbesses? And Marmion, I hope he suffered for deserting her so, though I'm sure he didn't think he was leaving her to die. Captain Percival says there's a later poem by the same author, which some people think even finer. He has it in his baggage, and is going to send it to me; and when I get it you shall read it too."

Ernest's expression clouded over somewhat. This trifling circumstance seemed to bring back his misgivings in full force; but he said nothing, and they strolled back to the farmyard, Rachel being eager to show Miss Lilias her young broods of chickens, goslings and turkeys, before she was called to partake of the hospitable repast that Mrs. Thurstane was preparing.

The Major was inspecting the farmyard and fields with his friend Jacob, and Captain Percival, who was following them about, looked so interested in their proceedings that, as "the boys" were out of the way, Ernest sacrificed his own inclination to courtesy, and, joining Captain Percival, invited him to come and see a span of horses, raised on the farm, of which the farmer was very proud. Being thus thrown upon each other for a time, the two young men were compelled to talk, and Percival found, to his surprise, that Ernest, whom he had looked upon somewhat contemptously as a "home-bred Canadian," could talk well, not only about horses, but about other things as well.

Lilias meantime managed to draw Rachel out about her new admirer, which was not difficult, as the girl was evidently glad to talk about him with a half shy pleasure which, of itself, indicated danger. Lilias fully redeemed her promise to Ernest, in warning Rachel, as gently but as earnestly as she could, not to attach any importance to such admiration as he might profess, as it was not likely to mean anything but a careless flirtation, such as young officers were only too apt to vary their idleness with. Rachel bore her moralising strain with a little visible impatience, and rather coquettishly declared that she couldn't help his coming and talking to her.

"Then never let him talk to you except when your mother is by, Rachael dear."

Rachel blushed. She knew that the lieutenant had always managed to see her apart from her mother, and that her good mother knew nothing of the extent to which he had carried his flirtation already.

"I know your mother would be vexed at your having anything to do with such a young man as that is, and so would your cousin," continued Lilias, bringing out almost unconsciously the thought that was still uppermost in her own mind.

"Ernest! Well, he hasn't anything to do with it any rate, if he did lecture me about it. I'm sure it's no affair of his who I like, or who likes me," said Rachel, with a little saucy pettishness, like a spoilt child.

The girl's tone and words communicated a certain sense of relief to Lilias' mind, not very intelligible to herself; but she continued, from a sense of duty, to repeat such words of warning as she thought most to the purpose. Rachel, whose impatience manifested itself no farther than by twisting at the folds of the blue homespun dress, bare of ornament, which yet seemed to set off her bright piquant face as daintily as Lilias' riding habit did her more *spirituelle* loveliness, was not sorry when the *tête-à-tête* was put an end to by the approach of Mrs. Thurstane, dressed in her Sunday grey gown and spotless white-frilled cap, coming to ask Lilias, in her sweet quiet tones, to come in and partake of the repast she had prepared for her visitors.

It was spread in the family living-room, the only sitting-room, in which the dresser, with its rows of dishes, and the spinning-wheel set back near the door, did not, somehow, look out of keeping with the book-shelves and flute, and cushioned armchair on the other side; such was the air of harmony which Mrs. Thurstane's neatness, and tasteful—not prim—orderliness gave to all her household arrangements. The spotless white floor was spread with several rag mats of bright colours, woven by the busy fingers of the mother and daughter, and two or three rude prints of sacred subjects decorated the walls, while an immense bunch of lilacs and May-blossoms, in a brown earthenware dish, made the whole apartment sweet with vernal fragrance.

The farmer, and his wife and daughter, sat respectfully by, not sharing the bountiful repast provided for their guests, which included, over and above the "curds and cream" requested by the Major, such other dainties as chicken salad, custard, "Johnny cake," &c., which Mrs. Thurstane was noted for her skill in preparing. Major Meredith, as usual, talked jocularly to Mrs. Thurstane as she waited upon them, pressing them to take everything set before them; and she responded with the usual gentle smile, except when he touched upon the war. Then the smile vanished, and a painfully anxious expression clouded her usually clear brow. The mother of three sons, stalwart, vigorous young men, all "training" in the volunteer miliatia, had too much at stake in any possible outbreak of hostilities—husband, property, and intense aversion to war, instilled by her Quaker training—to permit any response to playfulfulness in approaching that subject, and the Major, quietly taking the cue, with true gentlemanly feeling dropped it at once.

Earnest had disappeared, and did not reappear till the party were taking their departure. Then, somehow, he turned up, ready to assist Lilias to mount, by his promptness forestalling Captain Percival in the attention.

"Won't you come back with us, and spend the rest of the evening?" Lilias asked, as she gathered up her reins. "You can get a horse in a minute and overtake us."

"No, thank you, I think I had better not," replied Ernest, half reluctant to decline.

"Oh, do! We have seen so little of you this time; and I suppose you will return to Newark on Monday. I should think you would like to talk to Captain Percival.

"No, thank you, that is no inducement," he said, with a half smile. "I really must not."

Lilias felt a little vexed at his refusal. He had always gladly accepted such invitations. Without stopping to think, she said, half playfully, half in earnest—

"I suppose you want to mount guard over Rachel. Are you afraid Lieutenant Payne is lurking about?"

Ernest looked up at her in silent surprise. The subject of Rachel was so remote from his mind at the moment, and anything like banter of this kind was so unlike Lilias' simple, straightforward frankness, that he had for the moment no reply to make. But Lilias had repented of her unconsidered words the moment they were uttered, and Ernest's surprised look seemed to her a mute reproach, which sent a warm flush over cheek and brow. Ernest averted his glance the moment he saw her embarassment, and then said, quietly—

"I should have thought you would have known that I would be only too glad to go to The Elms at any time! But I don't feel as if I could just now. Your new friend," he continued, in a low tone, "evidently disapproves of me, and I don't care to subject myself to his criticism. I can see that he thinks me very presumptuous in talking to you now."

"What nonsense; that must be a mere fancy of yours. He is cold in his manner at first—most Englishmen are, I think; but when you know him better, I think he is very nice!"

Ernest was silent. If Lilias liked the stranger, he would not commit himself to any unfavourable opinion of him. But he checked his first impulse to say good-bye at the door, and walked by her pony's side down the lane that led to the road, Captain Percival riding on in front with Major Meredith, when he saw the young lady thus accompanied. He was not himself conscious of any special interest in Lilias, or of any particular wish to monopolise her society, But her evident intimacy with Ernest annoyed him, grating upon his fastidious ideas of the fitness of things, and he could not resist saying to the Major, with a slightly significant air, which, however, was quite lost on his companion—

"That young man seems to be a great friend of your daughter's."

"Oh, yes," he replied, with his usual good humour, "Lilias thinks a great deal of him; and he deserves it, for he's a fine lad—a diligent, steady lad—and he has made good use of his opportunities."

Percival let the subject drop, seeing that the Major was quite obtuse to any possibilities that might arise from the intimacy. The truth was that, owing to early habits and training, the invisible, social dividing lines were so clearly fixed, in his own mind, that he expected them to be as distinct and rigid to every one else; and he would as soon have expected to see the stars straying out of their courses as to find an attachment springing up between his daughter and Ernest Heathcote.

When Lilias, having said good-bye to Ernest, cantered up to her companions, Captain Percival at once started an animated conversation, keeping up a sort of bantering warfare on subjects on which they disagreed. In the course of it he ventured on one or two remarks about Ernest, with just a *soupçon* of ridicule about them, which Lilias was quick to perceive, and he was surprised at the simple dignity of manner with which, though with a slightly flushed cheek, she put down such attempts at once. He did not repeat the experiment, seeing that she was too staunch to her friend to permit any disparagement of him, and having too much gentlemanlike instinct to persist in what evidently annoyed her. Lilias' inward thought was—"Ernest was right; I am glad, after all, he did not come!"

The next day being Sunday, the people of the little hamlet, and of the neighbourhood for some miles round, collected in the little grey church. Clergymen were then so few and far between that it was but seldom what was then considered the luxury of a sermon came in their way, but the Major always had the Church of England service read by a devout old man, with white flowing hair, who had long officiated as a clerk "at home," the Major himself leading the responses. The people around, of whatever religious name—staunch Puritans, like the Thurstanes; Presbyterians, like Davie Watson; Methodists, like Aunt Judy—gladly came together, and heartily joined in the solemn service, which was their only opportunity for social worship. And perhaps, on that sweet June Sabbath, with the fragrant breeze carrying in through the small window the scent of the waving pines without; with the songs of the birds, the hum of insects, and the rustling of leaves taking the place of an organ "voluntary;" all nature breathing of peace and tranquillity, the hearts and lips of the worshippers joined with intenser fervour than usual in the words:

> "Give peace in our time, O Lord."
> "Because there is none other that fighteth for us, but only Thou, O God."

Words which repeated themselves in many a heart in the anxious times that followed, leading them to look up above the darkening horizon to the ever-present, Invissible Helper, for sorely needed strength, comfort and hope.

After the service Ernest came up to Lilias, lingering a little in the peaceful church-yard to say goodbye, as he was obliged to return to his duties at Newark next morning. Lilias did not press him this time to come to The Elms.

"And when will you be here again?" she asked. It seemed harder to-say goodbye, this time, than usual.

"That must depend on a good many things," he said. "And there is no knowing what may happen before I see you again."

They looked at each other gravely. There is not much to be said when the heart is full of vague oppressive fears that will not be put into words. But their eyes said more than they knew. For a moment Ernest was tempted to yield to his inward prompting to say something that would show Lilias his heart. But the sight of Major Meredith's grey head in the distance, the remembrance of his past kindness, of the breach of trust which he would consider such an attempt to be, checked him in time. He could not help, however, the long pressure of Lilias' little gloved hand, the long wistful look as he turned away, which haunted her for many days after. And, somehow, as she slowly turned her steps homeward by the private path, the vague weight at her heart grew heavier and heavier, till, by the time she reached her own apartment, she was fain to find relief in a burst of tears, the traces of which she had some trouble in removing before going down to meet her father and Captain Percival at dinner.

That night Lilias found it hard to go to sleep. Ernest's look had let into her mind a light which she would not have allowed herself to put into words, but which very much increased the vague anxiety and restlessness that had begun to oppress her. And as she watched, with eyes which would not grow sleepy, the late waning moon silver the lake with a sorrowful sort of radiance, she felt overcome by the sadness which besets us when any pleasant, tranquil chapter of our past life seems closed forever.

(To be continued.)

"NOT AS I WILL."

BLINDFOLDED and alone I stand
With unknown thresholds on each hand;
The darkness deepens as I grope,
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope:
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted or are laid,
By some great law unseen and still,
Unfathomed purpose to fulfil,
"Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I wait;
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late;
Too heavy burdens in the load
And too few helpers on the road;
And joy is weak and grief is strong,
And years and days so long, so long:
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That I am glad the good and ill
By changeless law are ordered still,
"Not as I will."

"Not as I will": the sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat.
"Not as I will": the darkness feels
More safe than light when this thought steals
Like whispered voice to calm and bless
All unrest and all loneliness.
"Not as I will," because the One
Who loved us first and best has gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all His love fulfil,
"Not as we will."

FREE TRADE AND PROTECTION.

AN inquiry into the nature and relations of Free Trade and Protection, will not be misplaced here. In discussing a question in political economy we will avoid all reference to the organization of government, assuming that, whatever may be its form, it stands on so solid and durable a foundation as not to be involved in a perpetual struggle for existence, nor compelled to purchase support by favouritism and partiality in legislation; but at liberty and at leisure to seek the good of the country.

What is Free Trade? It is access to the markets of the world without any *needless* restrictions. It is the right to sell the products of your industry, skill and property, wherever you can get the highest price for them; and the correlative right to supply your wants by purchasing in the cheapest and best market the world affords. Every *needless* restriction imposed on either of these rights is an infringement on your liberties. For the right to acquire, possess, and transfer property, is essential to the enjoyment of liberty, and a vital part of it. Whatever commodity a man has honestly obtained, he has a right to exchange with any other man for *his* honest acquisitions.

What is Protection? Considered in relation to the duty of a Government, protection is that vigilant and effectual guardianship for the security of his rights for which the subject has a right to look to the sovereign—the citizen to the state. This protection is the purpose for which Governments were created and exist. For human society cannot exist, much less prosper, save under the protection of a Government of some kind. The primary duties which a Government owes to those who live under it consist in the prompt and impartial administration of justice between man and man, and their protection against the violence and injustice of foreign enemies; and it will be difficult to prove that Government has any other duties than such as tend and contribute to these two ends.

We may give the most undivided adherence to this doctrine of protection, as the great duty of Government, while we maintain Free Trade to be a natural and important right, essential to liberty. For, between the enjoyment of Free Trade by the subject, and the duty of the sovereign to afford him protection, there is no collision or incompatibility. Both may co-exist in perfection.

But among the dogmas, true and false, which crowd the arena of political contest and discussion, there is a false and plausible knave, who assumes the name and guise of the true man. This self-styled " Protection," with plausible tongue and cunning devices, wins many adherents to his cause, deceiving the simple by his ingenuity, and enlisting every selfish and grasping spirit among his partisans.

We will state two or three of the more plausible grounds on which this false Protection recommends his policy to the simplicity and greed of those he addresses:—" It is the duty of Government," says Protection, " to develop the resources of the country. It is, moreover, its duty to encourage and foster domestic industry. And it should render the country independent, as far as possible, of foreign sources for the supply of the wants of the people." From these and such like *data* the " Protectionists " have devised a complex, oppressive, and unsound financial policy, urging Government to intermeddle with private interests and pursuits.

In order to show clearly the fallacy of these assumed principles of protective policy, we will ask, in order to give an answer to three questions: From what necessity do Governments spring, so that we find one in every peopled country? Whence do Governments derive their support, and the means of fulfilling their functions? What is the effect when Government brings its power to bear upon the pursuits, the industry, and the acquisitions of individuals, so as to change their direction and employment?

Governments originate from the experience and convictions of all human society, in all countries and ages, that from the propensity of many, perhaps most individuals, to trespass on the rights and acquisitions of others, no man can enjoy his rights and acquisitions in peace except under some authority which can decide disputes between individuals, and some power which can defend the community against foreign enemies. Governments were called into being not to create rights, but to defend rights already existing but insufficiently protected. There were personal, proprietary and social rights, all existing before Government, and men are acquiring for themselves, every day, rights with which the Government has nothing to do except to recognise them on proof of their existence, and to extend protection to them.

Whence does Government derive its support, and the means of fulfilling its functions? We must remember that all property, skill, and knowledge, are the results of the industry, enterprise, and ingenuity of individuals —for Governments do not produce anything. They generate neither wealth, knowledge, nor skill. All the resources a Government can have are but results of the labour, enterprise, and skill of individuals; and the only means of action Government can have are obtained from individuals; for it is only so far as it can avail itself of the strength, skill, and knowledge of individuals, that it can act at all. Men, in order to obtain security and protection to their rights, sacrifice a portion of their acquisitions and of their services to support a Government for their protection. Hence spring taxation and public service.

The protectionists confuse and obscure this matter of taxation by mixing up with it the claims of the "protective policy," and the expediency of particular modes of raising a revenue for the Government. This leads us to inquire to what extent, and for what purposes, taxation can be justified.

Taxation is always a burden. But no man has a right to complain of it so long as it does not exceed the amount necessary to enable the Government to fulfil its duty of protecting those who live under it, and so long as it is levied in a ratio proportioned to the interest protected by it. For taxation is the contribution paid for protection, and protection is the return which indemnifies us for taxation. Should the successful defence of the country against the assaults of a powerful enemy require half the property in the country, and half the services of the people, the Government would commit no excess in exacting them. But whenever it levies more than is necessary for the efficient fulfilment of its duties, or levies its taxes unfairly and unequally, it abuses its powers.

We are no advocates for a mean and false economy in government expenditure. In order that Governments may fulfil the great obligations incumbent on them (administer justice, and defend the country), they may have to undertake many subordinate duties at great cost—for example, the construction and maintenance of roads and other channels of communication with all parts of its territory, to enable the Government to extend its protection to them. The same may be said of every costly preparation for defence. Moreover, as the functions of Government involve the well-being of great multitudes and vast interests, it should enlist in the ranks of its more important and responsible agents the best talent, attainments and integrity the country affords. The labourer is worthy of his hire; and illiberality in remunerating official services tends to introduce corrupt practices among the needy officials, while men of higher character and greater abilities are engrossed by the more profitable professions and pursuits.

A Government is thus necessarily an expensive machine, costing much to keep it in effective operation. And as Government itself produces nothing, neither growing crops, nor working mines, nor manufacturing goods, nor making the profits of the merchant, it can only derive its income from the skill and industry of those who live and labour under its protection. But all the proceeds of the industry, skill, and property of individuals, excepting that fair quota needed for the support of Government, remain the absolute property of individuals.

If we have stated correctly, so far, the relations between the Government and those who live under its protection, this will aid us greatly in testing the merits of the so-called "protective policy."

"It is their duty," say the protectionists, "to encourage domestic industry, to develop the resources of the country, and to render it, as far as possible, independent of foreign sources for the supply of its wants." We will take these phrases in the lump; the same refutations of their assumptions, and the same exposition of the falseness and injustice of the financial policy they would saddle upon the country, apply to them all.

If there be any one point on which it is essential that a country should be independent of all others, it is the supply of the food necessary to the people. Under this conviction the British Parliament enacted laws which remained long in force, in order to encourage the growth of wheat and other grain in Great Britain. These laws established what was known as the sliding scale of duties on corn imported from abroad. When wheat or any other kind of corn was scarce, and the price high (the result of a bad crop at home), the duty on foreign corn fell low. But when the price of wheat or other grain fell (the result of a good crop at home), the duty on foreign corn rose in proportion, so that the importation of foreign corn fell off, and sometimes ceased altogether. Now, these famous Corn Laws, with their sliding scale, constituted the most plausible and justifiable example, in the history of government, of legislative protection to a special industry and interest.

But Mr. Cobden—a man of one idea—(in this case it happened to be the right one) made himself famous by perpetually reiterating the proofs that the Corn Laws added something to the price of the poor man's loaf. And other men, of broader views than Mr. Cobden, had proved that all such legislation was not only impolitic but unjust. Far from benefiting the country, it simply bestowed a small bounty on one class, at the cost of a burden, heavier in the aggregate, on others. No subject was ever more fully discussed than the expediency and justice of these famous Corn Laws, and they were wisely repealed twenty-seven years ago; and all the solid objections then made to the Corn Laws are quite as applicable to every other "protected interest."

The Corn Laws embodied all the great principles of the protective policy in their highest perfection. They directly tended, in the language of the "Protectionists," to develop the resources of the country, attracting capital to agriculture, increasing the area under tillage, and the yield per acre. They encouraged domestic industry, increasing the employment and demand for agricultural labourers, as directly as legislation could do; and they strongly tended to render the country independent of foreigners, on the most vital point, the food of the people. Yet who to-day is prepared to defend that famous piece of "protective legislation," the defunct Corn Laws of Great Britain?

In this recapitulation of the history of the Corn Laws, we have aimed, not so much to bring an argument to the consideration of the reader, as to state a precedent or authority which carries great weight with it.

Different countries, from differences in climate, soil, geographical and mineralogical characters, differ much in the kind and amount of commodities they naturally produce, or are capable of yielding to human industry and skill. That which, from its abundance, is cheap in one country, is, from its scarcity, dear in another. Almost every country, in this respect, enjoys, as to some commodities, great advantages over others.

From the self-providing instincts of men, their industry and ingenuity in supplying their own wants, and that vigilance which is engendered by looking after their own interests, individuals are more capable of managing their own private affairs than any Government can for them. For no Government can have that particular and minute knowledge of every man's private business and interests necessary to the successful management of them; and, moreover, it can act only through its agents, who, being men, are quite capable of managing other people's affairs to their own interest rather than that of their clients.

So efficacious is private interest in engendering foresight, enterprise, industry and vigilance in the undertakings of private men, acting as their own agents, that when individuals and Governments enter on similar undertakings, as the construction of buildings, roads, vessels, and a multitude of other enterprises, Governments, from the want of those qualities engendered by individual interest, and the necessity of relying on agents who have private interests of their own, pay more for what they get than individuals, and are more liable to be cheated.

The business and the interests of individuals are best managed by the persons most interested in them. You may safely leave to the farmer the tillage of his farm; to the smith the employment of his forge; to each tradesman the management of his own shop. The prosperity of the country is the result of the prosperity of the individuals who make up the people of the country; and the Government exists for the purpose of securing to each and every individual justice and security, while seeking his own well-being without trespassing on the rights of others.

But the protectionists teach a very different doctrine, and would charge the Government with much more complex duties—the superintendence, patronage and direction of men's private business. For instance, iron is a commodity necessary in civilized life, and it is the interest of everybody that it should be abundant and cheap. But, no! it may become the interest of certain persons that it be scarce and dear. The country may have been supplied for generations with iron imported from wherever it is cheapest and best; but some individuals in one or more parts of the country find themselves in possession of lands yielding iron ores—the facilities for smelting it and bringing it to market, however, are far inferior to those in many other countries; at once all these would-be ironmasters become quite alive to the policy of developing the resources of the country through the interference of Government, and thus rendering it independent of foreigners as to a commodity of such vital necessity as iron.

So, too, the country may have hitherto been supplied with cutlery and tools of most kinds from countries where the abundance of material, capital and skilled labour, afford peculiar facilities for their manufacture. But some enterprising persons in the country conceive that, if it were not for the intrusive interference of cheap foreign cutlery, &c., they might themselves find profit in similar manufactures.

The farmers of the country shear much wool, most of which is shipped abroad to the market where it brings the best price. In return for this, the cheapest and best woollen goods are imported into the country. But some enterprising projector has a water power and a turn for machinery, and thinks that if the farmer's wool were kept in the country, and the cheap foreign woollens kept out of the country, he himself might find much profit in the manufacture of woollen goods, neither cheap nor good.

So, too, with the man who, in digging his well, finds a coal deposit at the bottom of it. He sees at once that, if the cheap foreign coal were kept out of the country, he may make his fortune by selling dear coal to his neighbours. So the brewer and the distiller are not slow to find out that, if the cheap and wholesome products of wine-growing countries were excluded, they could sell more of their less wholesome products at higher prices. Far worse than brewer or distiller, the adulterating concoctor of mock wines, none of the materials of which were ever near a vineyard, seeks the exclusion of the genuine wines of France and Spain, that he may fill his pockets by poisoning his neighbours.

There thus spring up many selfish and scheming interests, anxious to mould the financial policy of the Government to their own purposes. Each feels about for countenance and aid, and soon a well-organized party, active, plausible and intriguing, devotes its energies to the furtherance of the "protective policy," while the bulk of the community, passive, drowsy and stupid, honestly attending to their own business, but meddling in no political intrigues, and looking to the Government for nothing but justice and security, permit it to be wheedled into a financial system which throws upon the country at large the burden of prices artificially heightened to swell the profits of certain special private interests.

While it is easy to see a part of anything, it is difficult to see the whole. Disinterested parties, seeing a special interest thrive under special legislative protection, as iron smelting furnaces under shelter of a high duty on foreign iron, are tempted to say, "this is a good thing for the country, developing its native resources." But could they compare the limited profits of the ironmasters with the immense amount paid by the whole country on even a small rise in the price of iron, they would discover that legislation has not only transferred profit belonging to one class to another which had no right to it, but that the protected class gained little while the burdened class lost much, taking the aggregate amount paid through this special legislation. Nor should it be forgotten that the ability of other nations to buy what we have to sell is proportioned to the terms on which we admit their productions.

There is no limit to the greed of the protectionists, and they are ready to push their policy to the farthest point. Within the territories of British North America are gold and silver-bearing veins and *strata*, and a crowd of speculators are eagerly prospecting those regions, and securing interests in the localities that promise so rich a harvest. In accordance with the principles of the protective policy, these men should urge the Government to lay a duty on foreign gold and silver, in order to stimulate the development of the resources of the country, encourage domestic industry in mining for the precious metals, and hasten the day of our independence of foreigners, when we can satisfy the *auri sacra fames* with the rich spoils digged from the bowels of our own lands.

In the vast laboratory of Nature we yearly see, in regions remote from the tropics, the manufacture of unlimited quantities of ice by the simple process of abstracting heat from water. There it lies ready made to the hand, and wherever it is wanted, it may be had at the cost of transportation. Men of science have devised processes by which they imitate the operations of nature, but not having at their command all the skill, capital and appliances of nature, they cannot make ice as cheaply as nature can. But ice *can* be made even under the equator. And an enterprising projector urges the Emperor of Brazil and his Parliament to impose a heavy tax on imported ice, and raise the price to a point which will enable him to produce home-grown ice to cool the fevered heads and parched throats of the Brazilians. This looks like an extreme case, but differs only in degree, not at all in kind, from others devised under the protective policy. This projector proposes, in good faith, to develop the resources of the country by adding a new article to its productions; to foster domestic industry by giving a new direction to labour and capital, and thus render a tropical country independent of the foreign supply of the most abundant and cheapest production of Arctic and Antartic regions. In this his patriotism shines forth as bright and lucid as ice itself among the patriotic protectionists of other countries.

If you look at the official returns of the imports and exports of any commercial country, you will see that the value of what is brought into the country exceeds the value of what is sent out of it. We will not stop to explain all the causes of this result. But it is known that the exports consist of the excess—beyond the wants of the people of the country—of those things which the country is best adapted to producing; and the imports consist of foreign commodities wanted in the country, and not, or at least less needed where they are produced. The excess in the value of imports over exports in each country is due not merely to the expense incurred in introducing foreign commodities, but more to the fact that each country has exchanged what it did not need for what it wanted. And this is the foundation of all trade or barter. Each party gets more value than he gives, for he gets what is of more use to him.

When the Government interferes with this free commerce by laying a duty or tax on what is sent out of the country, that act is equivalent to taking a part of the goods destined to exportation. When it lays a duty on goods brought into the country, that is equivalent to taking a portion of the goods for itself. In either case it takes a portion of the value. But foreigners will not send their goods into the country unless they are to be indemnified for any portion of the goods, or of their value, which the Government may take to itself. So that, in fact, the importing merchant, whether native or foreigner, merely pays the tax for the time, but adds enough to the price to indemnify himself fully out of the ultimate purchaser and consumer of the goods.

We will not expend the time necessary to explain all the direct and indirect effects of such taxation on the price and quantity of imports and exports. But it is obvious that every man's means of supplying himself with the foreign commodities which he may want, in exchange for such home-grown commodities as he does not want, are directly curtailed by such taxation. Under a tax on either imports or exports he gets less than he would if the exchange of commodities were burdened with no tax.

Yet a Government which duly appreciates the right of the people who live under it to the enjoyment of free trade with all the world, may still find good reasons for laying duties on imports. No Government can sustain itself, and fulfil its duties, without a revenue. Its income is properly derived from the contributions paid by those who live under its protection, who, out of and in proportion to their acquisitions, should pay a premium for insurance against those evils from which Government can protect them—the injustice of their fellows, and the violence of foreign enemies. Every tax is a burden, somewhat diminishing the taxpayer's means of supplying his own needs; but it is paid in order to secure the most vital of all needs—security to his personal, social, and proprietary rights.

Now, Government may raise revenue by taking a percentage on every man's earnings, or on his income, or on the value of his property, or by an excise on commodities manufactured or produced in the country, or by export duties on things sent out of the country, or by import duties on articles brought into it, or by all or several of these modes of taxation. But the last has been with most Governments the favourite mode of raising revenue.

There are several reasons for preferring this kind of tax; some of these reasons being very good, and some very bad.

When the duties levied on foreign goods are too moderate to lead to much smuggling, the goods enter the country only at a few points, the chief ports on the frontier; and it costs little to collect the duties. A few revenue officers suffice for this purpose, and a small percentage of the money collected pays the cost of collecting the whole. Moreover, in the case of mercantile commodities lately purchased in a known foreign market, the value of the imports can be ascertained through the technical skill of the valuers, and by the aid of the invoices, more exactly than that of any other property subjected to taxation.

There are other reasons, not so good as these, which induce Governments to prefer this mode of raising revenue. Most people have a great dislike to paying taxes, and are apt to grumble at them as extortion. Governments, therefore, prefer to raise money by import duties on foreign goods, and on excise dues on commodities manufactured in the country; for the importer and the manufacturer do not finally pay the tax, but merely advance it to the Government, and get it back with a profit from their customers—the users and consumers of the taxed commodities. The Government seeks to avoid, as far as practicable, direct taxes on the incomes of individuals and on the property they retain in their hands, as their houses, lands, machinery, shipping, teams, and other means of carrying on their business. The reason is plain. In the case of a direct tax, every man knows to a penny how much he pays. But in the case of the import, or the excise duty, the importing merchant n one case, and the brewer, distiller, or other manufacturer in the other, to the original cost of his stock-in-trade adds the duty he pays, and interest and profits on the whole amount. The government tax, somewhat swollen in amount, gets mixed up in the ultimate price paid by the consumer, who does not see, nor could Newton or La Place cypher out for him, the exact amount added to his expenditure by this indirect taxation.

In the case of a tax on exports it is easy to see on whom the burden falls. If all the wheat exported paid a tax of ten cents a bushel, every farmer would see how it affected his profits. But when the tax is laid on the foreign goods that come to pay for his wheat, he does not see how much is taken from him in the increased price of every foreign commodity. All indirect taxation is a convenient mode of making people pay, without grumbling, more then they would willingly do were it demanded directly from their pockets as their contribution to the support of Government.

The greatest objection to duties on foreign goods is, that they are apt to be, and often are, perverted from their only legitimate purpose of raising revenue to purposes quite subversive of that end.

Much confusion and obscurity is produced in men's minds by adroitly mixing up the claims of the so-called "protective policy" with the policy of raising money for the support of government by duties on foreign goods.

Let us take any particular commodity, and trace the effects of an import duty on its importation and its home production. If British iron can be brought here at £6 per ton, and the Government lay a duty of 10*s.* on it, the price rises but little, the quantity imported is little diminished, the people pay somewhat more for their iron, but nearly all that increase of price goes into the treasury, as the proceeds of the tax. But when some enterprising speculators have established smelting works, and find that they cannot make money with iron at less than £8 per ton, they induce the Government to assist them in developing the native resources of the country by putting a duty on imported iron which will raise the price above £8. The people now get less iron for their money, and have to buy chiefly from the ironmasters here, who, by this legislative forcing up of prices, can now make some profit. But foreign iron being now pretty much shut out, the Government loses its revenue from it, and the country at large pays 40*s.*, perhaps 50*s.* in rise of prices, for every 10*s.* of profit made by these enterprising men who are bent upon smelting iron under adverse circumstances, at other people's cost, in order to develop the resources of the country—and fill their own pockets.

These remarks are applicable to every commodity the production or manufacture of which lies under greater difficulties in this country than in others with which we may have commercial intercourse. The country gains most by exchanging what it has natural facilities for producing for commodities which it wants, but which are more easily produced in some other country. People have a right to buy in the cheapest, and sell in the best market they can find. The cost and risk of sending produce to foreign countries to exchange for foreign productions, brought here at similar cost and risk, is a natural and universal advantage which the workman and the manufacturer enjoy here at home, and lays open a wide and rich field for varied enterprise and industry. If any projector or speculator engages in undertakings which are not sufficiently protected by this natural bounty, it is his own fault, and the loss should be his own.

This whole matter of "protection" is not a question of policy, but of rights. What is every man entitled to demand of the Government under which he lives? It is protection in its full, but literal and exact sense; protection to his personal, social and proprietary rights. But no man has a right to demand of the Government that it take him and his interests into special favour, and make his case, his pursuits and property, more important, profitable and valuable, than nature, surrounding circumstances, and his own skill and industry have made them. For, in this sense, Government can benefit and protect a particular man, or trade, or class, only by throwing on others a burden, which, by the way, always outweighs the benefit to the first. For Government, as we have already said, being no worker or producer, has earned no fund from which to draw its bounties, and has only that obtained by taxation from the hardly won earnings of those who live and labour under its protection. It can only furnish what the protectionists call "protection," to one class, by robbing others for its benefit. When the farmer can call on the Government to fence his fields for him, then, and not till then, et us hear of "protection" in the sense of bounties to special interests.

In this matter of the artificial fostering of home enterprise and home industry by the hot-house protection of high and prohibitory duties on the productions of foreign countries, the interests and rights of both the Government and the bulk of the people stand on one side, and the interests of greedy speculators and monopolists, having no rights involved in the question, stand in direct opposition to them. It is the interest and the right of every man in the country to exchange that part of the products of his own industry or property which he does not need here at home, for as large an amount of the desirable produce of other countries as he can get in exchange. It is the interest of the Government that large amounts of foreign goods should be imported, for then even a low duty on imports yields a large revenue; but it is the interest and the aim of the protectionists to cut off these supplies from both Government and people by a prohibitory system of taxation, which will gradually ex clude foreign goods. They want the monopoly of the home market for the "protected interests," in order to compel the people to supply their wants by the purchase of inferior commodities at a higher price.

Viewing import duties as one source of revenue to the Government (the only just ground for imposing them), sound policy dictates that the Government should impose only low duties, so as to discourage importation as little as possible. Moreover, if it discriminate between different articles as to the rate of taxation, the fact that an article can be readily produced in the country is a reason for laying no duty, or a very light one, on it when imported; for a high duty tends to destroy that source of revenue. On the other hand, if a commodity, or some substitute for it, cannot be produced in the country, it is a reliable source of revenue, and a preferable object for taxation—always remembering that the equalizing of the burden of taxes on all property and interests, as far as it is practicable, is essential to every just fiscal code.

These questions of public policy are often best understood when reduced to the dimensions of a narrow locality and an individual case. The Mayor and Aldermen of our little town of Muddleford were eager to make it a great city, independent of all others. They racked their brains to find the means of promoting this policy, and the Mayor proved himself equal to the occasion. He devised, and the Town Council passed, an ordinance adding 50 per cent. to the former tax on houses and lots, with a proviso that if a proprietor could produce a certificate from some tradesman of *each* craft and art practised in Muddleford, that the proprietor had dealt at his shop, and had not supplied his wants from any source beyond the corporate limits, the town treasurer was authorized to deduct 50 per cent. from his taxes. This has put me, individually, in an awkward predicament. We are cursed in Muddleford with a conceited tailor who will follow no fashions but those of his own devising. Now I, laying some stress on well-fitting and becoming dress to set off my personal advantages, inadvertently ordered a suit of clothes from the most fashionable tailor in the metropolis. But our rascally tailor has found that out, and refuses me the certificate, to which I admit I have no right. Owning several houses and lots in Muddleford, I will have to pay 50 per cent. more taxes on them than more patriotic proprietors will on theirs. I am compelled to give in to the "protective policy" of Muddleford, and next year this eccentric tailor shall dress me after what fashion his artistic genius and selfish interests may dictate; but I still cling to a remnant of my rights, that of grumbling at the oppression of this "local protection."

Leaving this little pond and the minnows which agitate its waters, let us launch out upon the ocean of a nation's interests. The energies of a people seeking to better their condition by availing themselves of all the advantages within their reach, whether the natural advantages of their own country or their access to the enjoyment of the peculiar advantages of other countries, may be likened to an applied mechanical force acting in a straight line, and producing its full effect without waste of power. But it is a truth in mechanics that you cannot change the direction of an applied force without loss of power by friction, and the greater the change of direction the greater the loss in effective result. Legislative protection, in favour of special interests and industries, is just such an artificial and forced change in the natural direction of the industrial energies of the people, at the cost of an immense amount of friction greatly impairing the amount and value of the result.

We are tempted to indulge ourselves in a figure of speech, as the simile and the metaphor are, to many minds, the most lucid and convincing of arguments. Free Trade, then, is a railroad, built at little cost, through a level country, on the straight line between two points, at each of which is collected a vast quantity of produce and merchandise, of the kinds peculiarly cheap and good in that neighbourhood, which the people there wish to exchange for those commodities accumulated at the other end of the road. The communication is direct, unobstructed, speedy and cheap. Each party gains largely by the traffic, giving their superfluities for other people's superfluities, which they much need. But the "protective policy" is a railroad built on other principles of engineering and finance. With a view to subserve certain specially protected interests, it follows a winding and uneven course through a mountainous country. It runs on a high grade up this hill to reach the smelting furnaces of the ironmaster. It plunges down into that hollow to relieve the coal mine of its accumulated stores of mineral fuel. It meanders up the valley of this stream, which affords water power to the woollen mills. Pursuing a tortuous and undulating path, it seems to delight in finding and overcoming natural obstacles, bridging chasms and tunnelling mountains, and rambling through the country in the vain effort to reach the stronghold of every favoured son of protection, the domains and castles of the lords of monopoly. But it does very badly the work of those who originated and still control it. Although it was built, and is worked at a ruinous expense to the Government and the people, it does not pay them one per cent. on the cost.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

FROM frost-bound realms of ice and snow,
Oh Prince, bring home thy bride,
Now turning toward the sunset glow
From Neva's frozen tide;
And English snow-drops, pale and fair,
Shall rear their drooping heads—
Meet bridal offerings—springing where
The Northern Princess treads.

Not, as before, with battle-cry
And thundering cannon-peal,
And blood-stained swords, uplifted high,
And flash of fire and steel;
But by the altar's holy bounds
Briton and Russian meet,
'Mid solemn vows and sacred sounds,
And blessings pure and sweet!

We bless the magic power of love,
  We bless the 'spousal ring
As goodly gifts from God above,
  That peace and sweetness bring;
Still wider grow love's holy strength,
  Till war and hatred cease,
And the round world is bound, at length,
  In one bright ring of peace!

All precious things of heaven and earth,
  Oh Prince, be hers and thine,
But, most, the gift of higher birth—
  The life of Love Divine.
The beauty of the English spring,
  That waits your homeward feet,
Be omen of life blossoming
  Before you—fair and sweet!

Unwithered by the glare of state,
  May your home-blessing be
The same that humble brides await,
  As gladsome and as free;
And, chiefly blessed by Cana's guest,
  Be yours the purpose high,
That links this changing life below
  With God's eternity!

FIDELIS.

February, 1874.

BASIL PLANTS AND PANSIES.

BY LOUISA MURRAY.

He once called her his basil plant, and, when she asked for an explanation, said that basil was a plant which had flourished wonderfully on a murdered man's brains.—MIDDLEMARCH.

There's pansies ; that's for thoughts.—HAMLET.

Where the heart lies, let the brain lie also.—BROWNING.

SOME time ago an article, entitled "Men of Letters and Unlettered Wives," appeared in the *Canadian Monthly*,* discussing, in an entertaining way, the vexed question whether intellectual men are likelier to be happier with wives whose minds are capable of comprehending and sharing their husbands' higher thoughts and nobler aspirations, or with wives whose mental weakness and incapacity justify all that cynics and satirists have said or sung of the frivolity and unreason of silly womankind. The curious diversity of opinions indiscriminately brought together in this article, is highly amusing; but, as might have been expected, the majority appears to be on the side of the popular sentiment, as expressed by M. de Bonald,—"A un homme d'esprit il ne faut qu'une femme de sens ; c'est trop de deux esprits dans une maison."

Lord Lytton has made his favourite character, Austin Caxton, whom he paints as one of the largest-hearted and most loveable of men as well as the wisest of philosophers, happy with a wife who, though not ugly or foolish, as Molière tells us a good wife ought to be, † was unable to understand more than one word out of ten uttered by her learned husband ; and that keen student of men and books asserts that scholars, poets, and statesmen are more often than not found associated with exceedingly humdrum, good sort of women, and, apparently, liking them all the better for their deficiencies. This assertion is not very encouraging to women who may wish to cultivate more intellectual tastes, wider views and higher aims than the vanities and rivalries of a frivolous society can supply ; but, in one form or another, it is to be met with repeatedly. Superior women can smile at the neglect or ridicule of inferior men ; but they can scarcely be so indifferent to the coldness and contempt of those masters of the mind before whom all true women—being, as Carlyle says, all born worshippers—reverently bow down, and whose oracles have, perhaps, first awakened in them the love of "eternal truth and ideal beauty." Under the chill and shock of this "frost in July, this blow from a bride," what young girl of fine and sensitive nature will persevere in efforts at self-culture which must place her in the category of feminine "suspects," for whom no poet will ever weave his immortal rhyme, whom no man of genius will ever desire to make his wife ? What mother will educate her daughter for such a fate ?

But is this assertion true ? Do men of genius, as the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" informs us, find sufficient intellectual sympathy in the companionship of other men, and in books, and do they never desire the intelligent appreciation of women, and above all, of that woman who is the closest and most inseparable partner of their lives ? Is intellectual sympathy rather a hindrance than a help to a happy marriage? For the benefit of the coming generations it is to be hoped that this is not the case. The marriages that might seem to prove it assume a very different aspect when closely examined, and there are many happy unions and innumerable facts that lead to a totally opposite conclusion.

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* From "Aspects of Authorship," by Francis Jacox, in *Canadian Monthly* for March, 1873.

† "Mieux une laide bien sotte qu'une femme fort belle avec beaucoup d'esprit."

To begin with the poets, Sir Walter Scott is frequently mentioned as a man of genius who loved, and lived happily with, a wife little better than a fool. Every reader must remember the touching lament for her death in his Diary, in which he calls her "the sharer of his thoughts and counsels, who could always talk down his sense of the calamitous apprehensions which break the heart that must bear them alone." "Even her foibles," he says, "were of service to me, by giving me things to think of beyond my weary self-reflections." Yet though his large heart prompted these tender regrets for his thirty years' companion, it is most likely that, during her life, her foibles appeared to him in a less pleasing light; nor has it ever been supposed that his beautiful picture of love in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" was inspired by Lady Scott, but rather by his first love—who refused him. From her, it has been said, he drew the noble character of Flora McIvor, while, in Rose Bradwardine, he idealized the woman whose beauty and attractive manners caught his heart in the rebound, and whose responsive affection soothed his wounded vanity. All his favourite heroines, except those whose characters were drawn from real life or tradition—Diana Vernon, Isabella Wardour, Rebecca—are high-minded and intellectual, with little of woman's weakness; it is Edith Plantagenet, not Queen Berengaria, for whom he enlists our sympathy.

But, be this as it may, Sir Walter Scott was, perhaps, almost alone among men of genius in easiness of temper, serene self-possession, and that tolerant strength which generously bears with the weaknesses of feebler characters—qualities only to be found in natures of eminently masculine fibre. Though deeply affectionate, and prizing affection deeply, he was so unselfish and unexacting, so free from small vanities, and so superior to trivial vexations, that he was less dependent on sympathy and appreciation, and more indifferent to being misjudged or misunderstood, than men of imaginative genius usually are. His happy, healthy temperament and wise moderation made the best of all the circumstances that surrounded him, and, in spite of his genuine greatness, or perhaps, like Shakspeare, because of it, he made himself at home and contented in a world of conventionalities and absurdities which he was yet perfectly able to estimate at their true value. That he made an affectionate and indulgent husband to his Rose is no proof that he would not have been happier with his Flora if he had won her.

Goethe's lasting connection, and ultimate marriage with Christiane Vulpius, is generally supposed to prove that a man of transcendant powers deliberately chose an ignorant and vulgar woman to make the mistress of his house and the mother of his children. Lord Lytton, speaking through Mr. Caxton, says: "Certainly, Goethe never troubled the lady who called him 'Mr. Privy Councillor,' with his whims about monads and speculations on colour, or those stiff metaphysical problems on which one breaks one's shins in the Second Part of Faust." As Goethe sought and found intellectual companionship among an extensive circle of female friends, he was, perhaps, less likely to require it at home; but Mr. Lewes tells us that Christiane was neither illiterate nor unintelligent, and that Goethe did actually discuss with her his optical and botanical researches. For her the Roman Elegies and the Metamorphoses of Plants were written, and "it is certain," says Mr. Lewes, "that if she had shown any deficiency of scientific comprehension, or want of intelligent interest in such subjects, he would never have persisted in talking of them to her." That he did so shows, at any rate, that he desired the sympathy of the woman he loved in his deepest and most abstruse studies. If unfortunate circumstances and, most of all, the unhappy position in which Goethe himself had placed her, marred the promise of her bright youth, and developed seeds of inherited evil, or if she really never possessed those gifts and graces with which her lover's imagination endowed her, what is to be said, except that this man of genius, like many others, fell in love with a woman who only mated the lower half of his nature, and "the wretched domestic circumstances" this union entailed on him—the "skeleton in the closet of his life"—proves more strongly than any arguments that, in choosing a helpmate for life, genius cannot slight the higher and nobler elements of womanhood with impunity:

"But, oh ye lords of ladies intellectual,
Inform us truly, have they not henpecked you all?"

So sings Byron, and his own marriage with that learned young lady whose

—"Favourite science was the mathematical,"

has often been held up as a beacon to warn unwary mariners on life's sea from such perilous matrimonial rocks. But poets, above all men, require to love and be loved in marriage, and whether Lady Byron was in love with her husband or not, he most certainly was not in love with her. It will scarcely be asserted that any true sympathy or communion of thought and feeling ever existed between them, even if there be no truth, as most likely there is not, in the story told that, soon after their marriage, she asked him when he intended to give up writing verses and employ his talents to some useful purpose. He married her as a step towards retrieving the difficulties in which he was involved, intending, if possible, to tolerate her virtues; she married him in the hope of reforming his vices—half-attracted, half-repelled by his meteor fame; and, under such circumstances, how could two atoms so utterly devoid of all "elective affinity" ever coalesce and become one?

It has often been thought and said that Lady Byron's saintliness, and that goodness which

"—— grown to a pleurisy,
Dies of its own too much,"

made her the last woman in the world her erratic husband ought to have married, but no accusation of too much piety and perfection could be brought against the lady who married Lord Lytton when he was only known to the public as Edward Lytton Bulwer, the author of a small volume of poems, and of one or two novels—"Falkland," and "O'Neil the Rebel"—now never heard of. Far from being a saint or an angel, she belonged rather to that type of her sex admired by Mr. Chichely, in "Middlemarch"—"a woman with a bit of devil." She was clever and brilliant; an acknowledged beauty who thought herself a wit and a genius; vain, restless and exacting, how wanting in right feeling, delicacy, or principle she was, may be seen from her novels, the chief purpose of which was to turn her husband into ridicule and blacken his character. What wonder that his fastidious mental eye should have been wearied with the constant glare of such kaleidoscopic brilliancy, and seek to refresh itself by resting on "neutral tints and the solace of gentle dulness—the tranquillizing green of the sweet human qualities which do not make us shade our eyes like the spangles of conversational gymnastics and figurantes."* What wonder if, after his experience of such a *femme d'esprit*, he should say: "Poets need repose where they love," and bestow on the favourite hero of his novels a wife whose intelligence is solely born of love, and who, though unable to comprehend in what her husband's genius consists, looks up to him with docile and undoubting devotion.

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* The "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

> "She knows not what his greatness is ;
> For that, for all, she loves him more."

A sadder picture of an unequal marriage could not well be given than that in the passage from which those lines are taken. It might possibly flatter some man's vanity (though what man would acknowledge so puerile and contemptible a feeling?) that his wife, who knew but matters of the house, should

> "Darkly feel him great and wise ;"

and while he sat "rapt in matters dark and deep," should murmur in her loneliness

> "I do not understand, I love !"

He may prefer the companionship of

> "His own vast shadow, glory-crowned,"

to that of his wife, and find, in her worshipping ignorance, all the sympathy he desires. But how will it be with her? No tender-hearted, sensitive woman can be content to feel her life thus lone and apart from him she loves. Chilled and saddened by that dim remoteness that

> "Seems to slight her simple heart,"

will not a trouble, greater than that of the Lady of Burleigh, weigh upon her?

> "The burden of an honour
> Unto which she was not born."

And this picture of a union without that inner sympathy of mind, as well as of heart, which alone makes a true marriage, reads like a warning to doves, who have no affinity with eagles, not to wed with these royal birds, and by no means as an encouragement to eagles to mate with doves.

In real life, ignorant and narrow-minded women, however gentle their dulness may appear, are far more likely to turn out like Clive Newcome's wife, or like Rosamond Vincy, than to resemble the wife of Simple Heart, in "In Memoriam," or the Lady of Burleigh. "The subtle influence of such a wife will act as a dissolvent on a man's higher faculties and aspirations," it has been truly said, till, if he be an artist, he produces only "pot-boilers;" if a man of science, he turns "the Heavenly Goddess into the milch-cow of the field ;" and, too often, whatever his path in life may be, sacrifices honour and conscience to win wealth and worldly distinction.

George Eliot, in that masterpiece of feminine portraiture, Rosamond Vincy, shows how a shallow female mind, "inflexible in proportion to its negations," (as so many minds are,) drags her husband's higher intellect and nobler ambition down to the commonplace level of the world. Lydgate, holding the common prejudices and traditional beliefs of men on the subject of women, believed that in Rosamond's shallow, superficial amiability, he had found perfect womanhood,—"an accomplished creature, instructed to the true womanly limit, and not a hair's breadth beyond; docile, therefore, and ready obediently to carry out behests which came from beyond that limit ; one who would venerate his high musings and momentous labours, and never interfere with them." How all these hopes and expectations failed may be read in the book that tells the story of their lives. Instead of the tender devotedness and docile adoration he had dreamed of, he found a wife from whose unimaginative and unreasoning nature no appeal of his could meet with any response ; a woman whom he came at last to regard as an animal of another and feebler species, and yet one who could always frustrate his designs by falsehood and stratagem ; a burden which his best feelings compelled him to carry, but which stifled all his high resolves, and made life in its noblest sense a failure ; a *basil plant*, living and flourishing on the brains of his murdered genius. Erasmus, in a letter to Buctæus, in which he speaks with approbation of the learned education Sir Thomas More gave his daughters, says, "Nothing is so intractable as ignorance;" and Lydgate is only a type of a certain order of men who have painfully experienced this neglected truth.

It would be strange and sad indeed, if two fine spirits, touched to fine issues, could not blend in a perfect marriage, and walk the world

"Yoked in all exercise of noble end."

Those "married lovers," the Brownings, offer a supreme instance of such a happy union. Every reader must remember Browning's beautiful dedicatory poem, entitled "One Word More;" and if we may interpret some exquisite lines in "The Ring and the Book" as all true and tender hearts would wish to interpret them, the soul of the living poet still reaches towards the soul of his poet-wife, not lost, but gone before; his heart still holds her heart in its embrace. The happy effect which Shelley's love for his gifted wife, who "walked with him the paths of high intent" where, till then, he had "wandered companionless," had on his whole being, may be read in the "Dedication to Mary" prefixed to the "Revolt of Islam;" and that her worship for him, living and dead, was not lessened by her capability of sharing his thoughts and imaginations, and understanding his genius, her life and writings testify. Though not a poet in words, Robert Schumann was a poet-musician, and he, too, had the solace of an appreciative as well as a loving wife. "Won after many troubles, and the obstinate resistance of her father (Friedrich Wieck), Clara Schumann remained always her husband's truest friend and helpmate; affianced to him not only by the power of love, but also by the elective bond of genius. It has seldom been the happy lot of an artist to see his most intimate feelings and aspirations so perfectly understood, nay, even interpreted to the world by the mother of his children. Her great musical powers as a pianist, and her whole life since his death, have been devoted to the loving labour of expounding his works, and proving his claim to rank with the greatest masters of his art."*

But it is not only to poets and artists that the intellectual sympathy and enlightened help of women have been valuable: men of science, philosophers and statesmen have found their toils lessened and illuminated, their hopes kindled, and their homes made happy, by wives capable of comprehending and sharing their pursuits.

Mrs. Carlyle is known to have been a highly informed and intellectual woman, and her invaluable worth to her husband is recorded in the epitaph he wrote for her gravestone: "For forty years she was the true and loving helpmate of her husband, and, by act and word, unweariedly forwarded him as none else could in all of worthy that he did or attempted. She died, suddenly snatched away from him, and the light of his life is as if gone out." That a similar happy union existed between the great historian of Greece and his clever and devoted wife, the "Personal Life of George Grote" abundantly proves.

But the most remarkable wedded union of kindred minds—remarkable from the great literary and philosophical eminence of him who has recorded it, and the perfect blending of two existences which it seems to have been—is that of which we read in John Stuart Mill's "Essay on Liberty," on his wife's tombstone at Avignon, and in his "Autobiography," lately published. "The Autobiography," he tells us, was written to make acknowledgment of the debts his intellectual development owed to other persons, some of them of recognized eminence, others less known than they deserve to be, and the one to whom most of all was due—one whom the world had no opportunity of knowing. This *one* was his wife, to whom, a reviewer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* says, much of "The Autobiography" is a kind of hymn. His account of her perfections, this reviewer declares, cannot possibly be true of any human being, and is due to the exaggerated idolatry of a passionate lover. It may be so; but when we remember that Mr. Mill belonged to the severest of all intellectual schools of philosophy, and was universally acknowledged to be the fairest, the most impartial, and most competent of critics; that his eminence as a thinker and reasoner was so great that "even for those able men who did not accept his doctrines he determined the questions they should think about;" it would seem that his opinion as to the mental power and moral greatness of one so intimately known ought to have some weight. He and the lady he married had been friends for many years, during which, he says, her incomparable worth made her friendship the greatest source of happiness and improvement to him. Their thoughts and speculations were completely in common, and their marriage was a partnership of their entire existence. "For seven and a half years," Mr. Mill writes, "that blessing was mine—for seven and a half only. I can say nothing that could describe, even in the faintest manner, what that loss was, and is. But because I know that she would have wished it, I endeavour to make the best of what life I have left, and to work on for her purposes with such diminished strength as can be derived from thoughts of her and communion with her memory."

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* Frantz Hüffer, in the *Fortnightly Review* for June, 1873.

Goethe tells us that it is not the worth of the object beloved, but the lover's power of loving, that determines the strength of the love; but we need not deny the truth of this dictum—we need not ignore the comedy of Queen Titania and Bottom, or shut our eyes to the deep tragedy underlying such vagaries of passion and freaks of fantasy as Andrea del Sarto's infatuation for his Lucrezia, or Hazlitt's idolatry for his false goddess, and yet believe that the perfect love of a noble nature cannot, for any length of time, be given where there is not an answering nobleness. The woman who inspired John Stuart Mill with a love and admiration that lasted with undiminished fervour for nearly thirty years of her life, and with sublimed intensity for fifteen years after her death, could have been no ordinary woman; and such a love must have been something more than an illusion of passion, or "a romance, thrown into syllogisms" (as his unfriendly reviewer sneeringly calls it); certainly to him it was a great reality, and one in which he found the happiness of his life.

Perhaps even more wonderful things than her husband said of Mrs. Mill have been affirmed of another woman, who left behind her no proof of intellectual greatness that the world could recognize, though "in her lifetime she thought, did, and said many things that attracted notice and admiration, spreading ever wider and wider." A woman of whom it was affirmed that she had the head of a sage and the heart of an apostle. This singular biographic phenomenon, as Carlyle calls her, was Rahel Leven, the wife of Varnhagen Von Ense, who, "without beauty, without wealth, foreign celebrity, or any artificial nimbus whatever, had grown in her silent, progressive way to be admired, almost worshipped by all people of genius and cultivation in Germany. A woman of genius, of true depth and worth, whose secluded life, one cannot but see, had in it a greatness far beyond what has many times fixed the admiration of the whole world—a woman equal to the highest thoughts of her century, in whom it was not arrogance, we do believe, but a just self-consciousness, to feel that the highest philosoper, poet or artist, was not above her, but of a like element and rank with her. Yet her genius has passed away leaving no visible impress behind."*

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* Review of Varnhagen Von Ense's Memoirs in *London and Westminster Review*, 1838.

Mr. Mill's estimate of his wife can scarcely be called higher or more impassioned than Mr. Carlyle's eulogium on Rahel, and there may, therefore, be some reason for believing that to those with whom she came in contact—and especially to her husband—Mrs. Mill, like Rahel, was "a great silent force" that has helped to kindle and illuminate the thought of the world. At all events, while the name of John Stuart Mill lives—and while pure living and high thinking are prized in England it cannot be let die—her memory must be joined with his as his loving and beloved helpmate. Both now lie together in Avignon, where, during the fifteen years he survived her, he resided whenever it was possible, and every day visited her garden-like grave.

Mr. Disraeli has said that most great men, if they were candid, would acknowledge the advantages they owed to the sympathy and encouragement of women. A female friend, amiable, clever and devoted, is, he tells us, a possession beyond all price, without which, as few men succeed in life, so none are content. It would scarcely lessen the value of such a friend to a man if she happened to be his wife, unless home and wife were such ideas to him as they appear to have been to the famous Frenchman who would not marry the lady whose society had been his greatest enjoyment for years, because he would then have nowhere to spend his evenings.

It is, indeed, generally conceded that the moral and imaginative sympathy of women is of much worth to men: this slight paper is an attempt to show that their intellectual sympathy is of equal importance. It has been proved again and again, by numberless examples, that a fine and highly cultivated intellect, instead of being incompatible with the perfect fulfilment of a woman's proper duties, is the surest guarantee that they will be rightly performed, yet the popular prejudice against "ladies intellectual" still lingers. There are, unhappily, women who seem to regard husbands merely as an institution to provide their wives with exquisite personal adornments, the newest style of furniture, and all the paraphernalia of fashion; and worse, and more unnatural still, there are those who call themselves women, and yet are so dead to the tenderest, holiest, sweetest emotions of humanity, as to think their little children a burden instead of a joy, and with an odious scorn and flippancy sneer at loving and devoted mothers as mere "producers and caressers of babies;" but it is not in those pure regions in which the faithful students of star-eyed science and divine philosophy habitually dwell that such monsters are to be found. It is in the ranks of the heartless and empty-minded followers of pleasure and excitement they are to be seen—the will o' the wisps of a vain, luxurious and self-indulgent society born of its corruptions, and glittering and dancing their baleful lives away amidst its unwholesome vapours. If there are, or can be, any who so distort and misuse intellectual gifts and acquirements as to make them an excuse for neglecting and contemning the sweet and holy charities of wifehood and motherhood, they have their existence in some unnatural phase of a forced civilization, where a dilettante science and literature are stimulated artificially, and a display of superficial learning commands the applause of their clique, as the exhibition of lighter accomplishments does elsewhere.

The women who now-a-days write what are called, *par excellence*, sensational novels, in which the heroes are compounded from those of Mr. Lawrence and Alexandre Dumas, while the heroines have the dangerous beauty of the syren, the fatal fascination of the serpent, or the fierce fury of the panther, and over all the sumptuous surroundings are showered gems and gold with barbaric splendour and profusion—novels which, according to the critics, are all characterised by inconsequence, flippancy, bad grammar, bad taste and bad morals, can scarcely be regarded as specimens of intellectual women. Clever writers some of them are, no doubt, whose literary talents, like those of many clever men, are put to an ignoble use. "Write a book, my son," says Lord Lytton's favourite philosopher, "write a book. Not necessarily a book that is trash, but one that, whether trash or not, will be read." These ladies have obeyed Mr. Caxton's precept, for it is impossible to deny that their books are read. And not by women only. They are the favourite reading of the average male novel reader, who, while he will pish and psha at "Middlemarch" and "Romola," and declare them dry and pedantic, and throw aside Mrs. Oliphant's and Miss Mulock's tales as tame and slow, will devour the novels of Ouida, Miss Braddon, Miss Marryat and Miss Thomas with avidity, *ad libitum.* Wise men condemn these novels and the women who write them, but in doing so they ought not to forget that novels of sensation were first initiated by men, and that in this matter women are only following the example set them by the stronger sex.

Mr. Caxton, to quote Lord Lytton once more, tells us that the wisest of mankind seek in the weakest of womankind a pleasing relaxation from the austere occupations of their lives. But as it happens that women cannot be made mere objects of amusement and relaxation, and as on them devolves some of the most important work of the world, it may be doubted whether that "serene nothingness" supposed to be so restful to stronger minds, or the distinction of being the most foolish of their sex, for which pre-eminence Talleyrand professed to have chosen his wife, are the qualities that will best enable them to perform that work to the advantage of their children and dependants, the satisfaction of their husbands, and their own happiness and well-being. Every day it is more clearly seen that the future of humanity depends on the manner in which children are taught and trained in their early years; and how can women, who are themselves only children of a larger growth, teach truth and nobleness by wise training or worthy example? If women are

> —— "Small, slight-natured, miserable,
> How can men grow?"

In every way women have always had, and no doubt always will have, influence over men, not only socially but politically—often being veritable "ministers without portfolios;" and if it be true that their political influence has been generally wielded for evil, their ignorance and narrow-mindedness have been the cause. Women whose education has made them just and reasonable, and capable of knowing and feeling the burden of a great responsibility, far from meddling with such weighty matters to gratify small vanities or petty ambitions, would never attempt to interfere in them unless their position made it a duty to do so.

It is much to be deplored that so many clever men still do what lies in their power to keep women from self-improvement by dressing out weakness, folly and insincerity, with all the charms their imagination can furnish, and exhibiting this creation of theirs as the ideal type of womanhood. It would take up too much time and space to recapitulate all the instances of this to be found in the current literature of the day, but Mr. Charles Reade's books may be mentioned as the most noticeable examples. His most charming heroines have the small deceits, the cowardly subterfuges and petty contrivances which are the besetting sins of feeble and shallow natures, and never found united with a fine and clear intelligence. In his latest novel, which concludes with the apotheosis of a simpleton, he describes the heroine as volatile, capricious, cunning, with crocodile tears and shallow wiles at will, weak, hysterical, unreasoning and unreasonable; and assures us that when those qualities are united with beauty, innocence and an affectionate disposition, you have before you the girl that men, literally and metaphorically, kneel to. The harm such books do to foolish girls, and still more to foolish young men, is incalculable.

As a matter of taste, Mr. Reade and others may prefer simpletons, but as a matter of fact there is abundant proof that, among all the mistakes made in this erring world, there is none greater than the belief that a cultivated intellect, the love of noble literature, or the study of science and art, are inconsistent with "distinctive womanhood," or with those sweet and gracious qualities without which no woman is, or can be, lovable. The largest and most rational minds, in women as well as in men, are likely to be the most benevolent, patient and tolerant. Above all, it is only in such minds we need hope to find truth, justice and candour, and that willing submission and obedience to the right which is the nearest approach as yet discovered to making "duty one with beauty and with joy."

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE response to the appeal made to the country has given the new Ministry a majority fully as large as could be desired, and probably larger than will be found practically useful. There has been no parallel to the unanimity with which the country has decided—the Pacific Scandal being the main issue—since 1848, when the electorate expressed its disapprobation of the abuse of the powers and functions of Governor-General by Lord Metcalfe, one freak of whose administration was that he carried on the Government during a period of nine months with the aid of a Secretary of State, leaving all the other departments vacant. On that occasion, as on the present, there was something more than a party victory or a party defeat. Then, as now, the voice of the country was heard above the din and strife of party. Then, the issue was the vindication of Responsible Government, struggling for the final supremacy; a struggle which had been hopeless so long as the rule was to direct the whole policy of the Government from the Colonial Bureau in Downing Street. Now, the country has pronounced its condemnation of the Pacific Scandal. If any one indulged a belief in the existence of hard-and-fast party lines held more sacred than the interests or the honour of the country, he is now undeceived. The country, when there is any adequate occasion for the exertion of its power, is always found an overmatch for party. When the completion of Confederation was uppermost in men's minds, in 1867, whatever had the semblance of party opposition was doomed to inevitable defeat.

On both sides there is a disposition to treat the victory which the Ministry has just obtained as a purely party triumph. For once a ministerial and a party triumph are not in all respects identical. While the Ministry has triumphed, the triumph is due to the uprising of the nation—not to the unaided exertions of a party; and the Minister, looking to his following, can boast that, with the nation at his back, he is something more than a party leader who has just come successfully out of an election contest. A victory, national in its character, creates a necessity for a broad national policy. If any one undertook to trace out all the relations of cause and effect operating in the elections, we think he would find that the completeness of the victory was in some slight degree due to the declaration of the Premier, during the elections, that the administration of the Government would be so conducted that no one would have to fear injustice on account of his political opinions or party alliances. The worst service that any one could do to the Minister would be to advise him that a national victory can be best utilized by the adoption of a narrow party policy. A Government strong in Parliamentary support occupies a high vantage-ground. When so entrenched it has the means of doing what it deems best for the public interest. It can afford to despise petty cabals, and can look without dismay on individual desertions originating in any motive alien to the public interest; it can frame its own policy, in its own way, by the best lights within its reach, and can defy the terrors of alien dictation; it is not obliged to yield principle to pressure, or to do acts which it abhors as a condition of its official existence. All this a strong Government can do, and do without arrogance or narrowness—qualities which, more than anything else, would prove its bane and bring about its destruction.

Nothing so much conduces to an independent tone of discussion and independence of action in a legislative body as an absence of such party exigencies as are induced by the Government being in constant straits to maintain a majority, and obliged, on every important division, to make a remorseless use of the whip. It is when parties are most evenly balanced that party lines are most rigidly drawn, the Government under strongest temptation to yield to pressure which it ought to resist, and the Opposition most strongly tempted to bribe by the offer of the reversion of offices which a few votes more may place within its grasp. An independent line of action, taken under the feeling of security which a large ministerial majority induces, if followed out, may lead to secessions and a recasting of the original complexion of the House. If criticism be confined to a small and feeble minority, there will be little chance of improving any measure in its passage through Parliament. The criticism of an angry Opposition is directed to the object of damaging the Ministry rather than of improving its measures; while that which results from the natural freedom of debate and has no ulterior ends to serve is wholly corrective: its value, other things being equal, is in proportion to the purity of the motive in which it originates. If the Ministry chafe under such criticism, become at first irritable and finally lose the golden temper, well-intending and useful critics may be driven into chronic opposition. There is a tendency in all overweighted majorities to break to pieces; and in this way the very extent of the numerical success which Ministers have obtained, though it may now seem to be a thing to rejoice over, constitutes a latent danger which no degree of good fortune can be counted on to avert. If the Opposition overdoes its part, the force of antagonism may keep even an unwieldy ministerial majority nearly unbroken. It is probable that the unnecessarily large majority which the Ministry now finds at its back will, sooner or later, prove a source of danger. We mistrust all estimates which profess to give the exact relative strength of parties; but the Government members count over two-thirds of the whole House.

A party resuming office after a long period of opposition generally finds assailing the Treasury a crowd of eager and impatient expectants, whom it has no means of satisfying; for one draft on the fund of patronage which it has in its power to honour, it is obliged to let five hundred go to protest. This is a natural cause of decay common to all Ministries; and though the mischief may be aggravated or palliated by the manner in which the distribution is made, the germ will remain and the circle expand from day to day and from month to month.

The simultaneous appearance of three diffficult questions admonishes the Government that all its tact and statesmanship will be required for the emergency. British Columbia insists on the strict fulfilment of the conditions of the Treaty by which it became a member of the Confederation; Riel, backed by the whole French press of the Province of Quebec, makes a formal demand for amnesty to cover the Manitoba troubles; while Mr. Costigan, on behalf of the Catholics of New Brunswick, threatens to renew the Separate School question in a spirit hostile to the Government. The announcement that it will be necessary to extend the time for building the Pacific Railway has acted on British Columbia like a lighted match on gunpowder. In view of the waste of time that had occurred before the commencement of the work, Mr. Mackenzie, seeing the impossibility of completing it within ten years from the admission of that Province into the Union, announced the intention of appealing to the Pacific Province to recognize the fact and to alter the stipulated time so as to bring it within the possibilities of the case as now presented. Though the question in its broader aspect does not seem to have come before the local Legislature, the Government had brought in a Bill to authorize the acceptance of a money payment in lieu of the graving-dock which the Ottawa Government is under stipulation to build, and the measure was on the point of passing when a demonstration of popular feeling rudely arrested the action of the Assembly. A public meeting having been held, at which resolutions were passed against the acceptance of the proposed commutation, and protesting against relaxation of the terms of the original compact until the question could be passed upon by the electors, a petition in this sense was presented to the Legislature by the petitioners, in a body, to the number of about a thousand, which must be nearly one-fourth of the whole white male population. A demonstration of force intended to overawe the Legislature is a procedure which must be condemned as a direct blow struck at the free deliberation so necessary to the exercise of constitutional liberty. In assembling to draw up resolutions and petition the Legislature, the people were acting within the limits of their rights; but in invading the Legislature, instead of causing the petition to be presented in the regular way, they were acting in defiance of rules which exist for the general protection. Such an irregularity may, at some future time, be set up as a precedent to the injury of the present actors; and it only requires the practice to become chronic to sink the community in which it occurs to a level with Mexico and those States of South America from which all the guarantees of liberty have fled.

The candid way of dealing with the Pacific Province was that of appealing to it as Mr. Mackenzie did; a more politic way, it is easy to see after the event, would have been to commence the work as intended, on the Pacific side as well as on this, at the earliest moment, and leave the question of time to be settled when it assumed a practical shape, after the lapse of some years, when—the work being far advanced—the difficulty, if not entirely removed, would have been reduced to a minimum. The small Provinces have, so far, shown no disposition to yield any of their stipulated rights; and more than one of them has, by advancing new claims, been granted "better terms." British Columbia was not likely to set an example of abnegation which would have distinguished her by contrast from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. That she will, at present, refuse to make any formal relaxation of her stipulated rights, even on the point of time, may be taken for granted; unless some monetary compensation—to which the public journals point—be given. But when the road has been loyally commenced, and vigorously pushed forward as intended, and British Columbia finds herself in a fair way of getting what she has a right to expect, there is every reason to believe she will resume her former confidence, and be satisfied to get the railroad as soon as it is possible to build it. The election of DeCosmos, against whom, as Premier, the recent movement was principally directed, shows that the feeling is not so deep as first appearances indicated.

The irrepressible Riel has again managed to make himself a subject of conversation. Simultaneously with his re-election for his old constituency, he has issued a manifesto making a formal demand for an amnesty, which he enforces by allegations equally startling and novel. If we are to believe his statements, the rebellion he led was an act of loyalty, having for its object to give the North-West Territory a provisional government at a time when it must otherwise have been left without any government at all. For this the British Government was duly grateful, and in some undefined way recognised his services. Macdougall was an invader, Boulton and Schultz the real rebels and disturbers of the peace. Colonel Dennis breathed nothing but war against an unoffending people. Scott, a dangerous ally of Macdougall and Schultz, revolted against the authority of the Provisional Government and entered Winnipeg in the trappings of a warrior, the band he collected being guilty, among other crimes, of the assassination of Sutherland and Parisien. Bad as he was, the humane President of the Provisional Government tried to prevent his execution. In prison, Scott and McLeod conspired to overpower the keepers, forcing open the door of their room, attacking them and calling on their companions to do the same. The indignant and injured Métis took the rebel Scott outside of the building; and now it was that the humanity of the President was exerted in vain to save the reprobate. He beseeched him to remember the position he was in, and to keep quiet in his prison as the means of preventing the necessity of his being sent for trial before the Council of the Adjutant-General. But Scott, the manifesto adds, far from taking this advice, disdainfully persisted in his bad conduct. At this time Schultz, not daring to remain at Red River, went to Canada to poison the mind of the Government against Riel and his brother officials, and to prevent the delegates from the North-West being received. Scott was, under these circumstances, sent before a court-martial, convicted and condemned to death. We must here quote the words in which Riel justifies the murder of Scott. "Next day after the trial, the fourth March, 1870, the authority of the Government, which had been provisionally confided to us for the benefit of an English colony, and which for three months of bitter warfare we had used for the purpose of disarming our enemies, we at last exerted in its full severity. Scott was executed because it was necessary that public order should be made to triumph, and that we should thus do our duty in causing it to be respected." The Hudson Bay Company, of whose government Mr. Macdougall had proclaimed the *déchéance*, fully recognised the legality of Riel's authority. When he was about to be relieved by a representative of the British Crown, Colonel Wolseley, to whom the President was prepared gracefully to give way, without so much as asking further shelter in Fort Winnipeg, he learned with equal pain and surprise that the new representative of Imperial authority, instead of presenting himself amicably, as all commanders of military expeditions ought to do, "and as the law of nations made it his duty, his arrival was as that of an enemy."

We have not in this abstract exaggerated the style and assumption of Riel, when he comes forward to demand an amnesty. He ends his memoir by demanding, in the name of the inhabitants of the North-West, the loyal execution of the Act of Manitoba, as if that implied an amnesty: "Nothing more, but nothing less." Insolent as are the pretensions of this man, he is not without a strong backing in the Province of Quebec. The French press of all hues of politics—Ministerial, Opposition, National, Sacerdotal—joins in the demand for an amnesty, and it is made a matter of reproach that any one should be ever so distantly related to any one else who did not by his acts prove his friendship for Riel. The Opposition *Minerve* tauntingly reminds its confreres that there are men in the present Government who set a price on the head of the liberator of the Métis; the Opposition *Canadien* hopes he will be as well treated by the present as he was by the last Government; to which the Sacerdotal *Nouveau Monde*, in reply, expresses its belief that it will treat him much better. The Premier expresses the predominant feeling of Upper Canada—a feeling once wrought up to a white heat—when he declares his intention to bring Riel to trial whenever the opportunity shall offer. He would find it very difficult to carry this intention into effect, on account of the universal opposition of the French inhabitants of Quebec. Mr. Dorion, when he appeared before his constituents, was obliged to encourage the hope that an amnesty might be forthcoming, and an Opposition journal makes the proud boast that M. Langevin, in a Ministerial caucus at the commencement of last session, threatened to resign unless an amnesty were accorded, and that Sir John Macdonald promised "to meet the legitimate desire of the entire French Canadian population." Whether these statements be true or false, the fact that they are repeated with vehement persistence attests the strength of the feeling in the Province of Quebec in favour of an amnesty, and gives us some measure of the difficulty which would stand in the way of any serious attempt to bring Riel to trial, should he place himself in a position to be arrested.

The pretence of Riel, that the Provisional Government was a continuation of British authority, necessitated by the absence of any other organ through which that authority could be exercised, besides showing the weakness of his case, betrays a want of moral courage. It is an attempt to cover all the acts of his Government, including the murder of Scott, with the mantle of legitimacy. A Government that should have stepped into the breach in the way he describes, would need no amnesty; and the demand for one proves that he has no faith in his own statements. He does not even present the matter in the best light for himself. If, instead of denying his rebellion, he had pleaded that he placed himself at the head of the only Government there was in the country for some months, during which the authority of the British Crown was practically in abeyance, and unable to afford its subjects any protection, and raised the question whether obedience was due where protection was not given, he would not have made out his case for an amnesty, but he would at least have occupied an intelligible position. But to pretend that his rebellion against the Crown was in the interest of the Crown is, whether he intends it or not, a piece of irony far too coarse to be at all enjoyable, did the subject and the occasion permit the use of that weapon. It is not likely that Riel will present himself at Ottawa to demand his seat while the liability to be arrested for the murder of Scott is hanging over his head.

The reference of the New Brunswick school question to the Privy Council, which was made at the instance of Mr. Mackenzie, may enable the Government to parry the threatened attack of Mr. Costigan. The Premier will not have to defend a change of front on this question: all he has to do is to abide by the action which he induced the House to take when the question was previously before it. The present question is not one of legislation; it involves a choice between the exercise of the veto and a resolution of the difficulty by judicial progress. A public man who opposed the reference and demanded the exercise of the veto, is not bound to carry his opposition farther when the reference has been made: so long as he is in the minority he is bound to submit to the adverse decision, and if he afterwards takes his place among the majority, in a new House, he is not bound to attempt to reverse the decision of a previous Parliament. What he is bound to do is, in good faith, to take whatever course will best subserve the public interests in the altered position in which the question is placed.

Meanwhile, the two parties that take sides on this question in New Brunswick are buckling on their armour. The Catholics are circulating petitions calling on the House of Commons to cut the knot of the question by an assumption of legislative jurisdiction, and to decide it in their favour. On the other side, the friends of the Local Government assert that an appeal will be made to the electors if necessary, for an expression of opinion in favour of Common Schools; and the Government itself makes public its determination to stand by the law. Should the Privy Council decide that the law is constitutional, as it is almost certain to do, the most natural disposition will have been made of the question. Would the Catholics accept such a decision as final?

By the resignation of Mr. Blake the Ministry loses one of the ablest of its members. On the formation of the Government we expressed a doubt that he would long be willing to assume the responsibility of measures which he could not take a leading part in framing. Refusing to accept a portfolio, on account of the labour its possession would impose, it was evident that he could not do justice to his reputation, and meet the expectations formed of him, if he continued to spend his time and waste his energies at the Chancery Bar. It has often been noted in England, that lawyers who undertake a duality of duties, the successful discharge of which demands the attribute of ubiquity, must fail on the one side or the other; and the failure comes on the side on which they are weakest—which they have done the least to strengthen and support. Mr. Blake's failure has been on neither side, but simply in his health; and he has been unpleasantly reminded that the strongest man cannot with impunity long continue to work double tides. The event was one in which he was compelled to act. Mr. Blake has afforded some evidence that he is capable of sustaining as brilliant a career as a statesman as he has sustained at the Bar. Of all our comparatively young politicians, he is the ablest and the most promising, though probably wanting in some of the qualities that make up the successful leader. Should he determine to remain in public life—and a large majority of the population think it most desirable that he should do so—he will be no worse for avoiding the responsibilities of office for a while; and if, at some future time, he should assume office, and devote himself wholly to public affairs, we very greatly err in our estimate of his powers if he should not attain a high degree of success as a statesman. From his example politicians who belong to the legal profession may learn this truth, that they cannot do two things well at the same time, without undergoing a wear and tear of constitution incompatible with the preservation of health—if at all. No one can neglect politics till the middle of life, or anywhere near it, and then expect to master them so as to pass for an ordinarily well-informed public man, without undergoing a vast amount of special labour; and even when he has done this, the results will sometimes betray evidence of 'cramming.' We should be puzzled if asked to point to any public man who, giving attention to politics for the first time after several years' absorbing practice at the Bar, mastered the leading questions of the day, and was able to connect them with the past, in so short a period as it took Mr. Blake to rise to eminence.

Turning to the Legislature of Ontario, the

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first measure that attracts attention is Mr. Crooks' Assessment bill. In explaining this he described it as an attempt to establish an equitable relation between the payment of local taxes and the benefit derived from their expenditure. The principle on which he proceeds—that a municipality ought only to tax a man in proportion to the benefits he derives from living within it—is unassailable. Whether he is able to carry this principle to its legitimate extent is doubtful. But much is gained by having the principle clearly affirmed, and so far applied as to remove the most flagrant inequality of local taxation—the taxation of bank stock in its capital form. Mr. Crooks had obtained a basis of special facts on which to build. He ascertained the proportion of taxes, in 1870, spent on local improvements by which real estate was benefited, in several cities and towns. In Toronto and Peterboro' it was fifty per cent.; in Kingston sixty; Brockville seventy; St. Mary's seventy-seven. Of the effect on the value of that species of property produced by the large sums spent by many municipalities upon railways, there can be no doubt. Taking these into account, Mr. Crooks estimates that the expenditure by which real estate benefits is one-fourth greater than that spent upon all other objects. Besides these special and direct benefits conferred on realty, nearly all—if not all—other expenditures indirectly tend to the same result. The police expenditure is necessary for the protection of buildings, though not to the same extent as moveable property, and the same may be said of almost every other item of expenditure. These indirect benefits are not capable of anything like direct measurement. Coming to the other side of the account, Mr. Crooks finds that local taxes fall upon personal and real property respectively in the proportion of one to five. We are still far from having a positive measure, capable of being expressed in figures, of the relative burthens which the two kinds of property ought to bear; but we are convinced that personal property ought, in equity, to bear very little.

If we look to England, we find that of something over twenty-two millions raised by local taxation in 1871–2, more than eighteen millions were the product of rates — of which there were no less than sixteen, including highway, police, town improvement, borough, poor and local board rates—the rest being derived from tolls and dues on traffic and a fraction from duties on consumable articles. The question of allowing municipalities to tax income, though raised in England, was at once negatived; and public opinion here is fast settling into the conviction that local rates should be the chief reliance of the municipalities. The principal feature of Mr. Crooks' Bill is that it relieves bank stock from the exceptional taxation to which it was subject, and places the assessment on the dividend, or income, instead of the capital. The injustice of the confiscation-tax levied on bank stock last year was so flagrant that it was impossible a session should pass without relief being granted against the oppression. In the present state of opinion it would perhaps have been impossible to go further; though it would be very difficult to show why income derived from bank stock should be subjected to exceptional treatment as compared with income derived from other descriptions of stocks.. Banks derive large privileges from their charters, but they do not owe these charters to the favour or consideration of municipalities; nor do we think it could be proved that a tax on their dividends is no more than a fair equivalent for the police protection they receive. But the owners of bank stock will probably accept with thankfulness the large instalment of justice offered them in the meantime, whatever plans they may form or hopes they may entertain for the future.

The finances of the Province continue in a prosperous condition. The Treasurer stated, in his Budget speech, that at the end of the year he expects a cash surplus, after all charges are paid, of $1,632,887 ; to which there has to be added the amount of $2,699,407, now in the hands of the Ottawa Government, making a total of $4,323,000. Mr. Crooks, quoting the words of an English statesman, expressed his disbelief in a policy which would shut up the consolidated revenue in a box instead of making use of it. This protest against the policy of accumulating an overgrown surplus is timely and sensible. There is a notion, accepted by many, that the true test of talent in a Finance Minister is the ability to be able to boast the possession of an immense surplus. We can imagine only two cases in which the obtaining of a large surplus for investment should be made the aim of a definite policy : one is when there are debts falling due against which it is well to provide a Sinking Fund in this shape ; the other is the capitalization of certain annual receipts, which are not properly revenue and which are in their nature transitory. For instance, the Crown Lands and Crown Timber are in process of alienation ; and when the last acre and the last tree have been sold and paid for, the annual receipts from this source will cease. If the amount received yearly from Crown Timber and Crown Lands be treated as revenue, the time must be looked forward to when, there being nothing more to receive, this source of revenue will be dried up ; but if the receipts were treated as capital and all over the expenses invested, this source of revenue would be made perpetual. Whether it would be sound policy to treat those receipts as capital, it would at least be intelligible : a surplus obtained in this way, and employed for the purpose of making the public lands a permanent source of revenue, would have at least a definite end in view. We are not prepared to say that the proceeds of Crown Lands and Crown Timber sales ought to be converted into a special fund ; we incline to think that the policy would not be economically sound or in any way judicious. The investments would bring, say, five per cent., much less than the tax-payers could make if the money never left their pockets ; the difference, whatever it was, would represent an annual loss to the country. The fund would invite all sorts of raids on the Treasury ; and the chances are that it would soon disappear. The Government of Ontario is in the happy position of having the bulk of its revenue raised for it indirectly, through the general Government ; and there are few taxes which it has been in the habit of levying or which it has the power to remit. The fact that the first Premier of the Province found the financial system was open to attack only on one side—that he would not have to incur the odium of imposing taxes,—may have led him unduly to strengthen the side on which he foresaw all the force of the assailants of his financial policy would be brought to bear. However this may be, he made saving a policy, and made up his mind to augment the revenue by interest from the investments he was able to make. His successors have not reversed that policy, though they were under the disagreeable necessity of spending immense sums in settling the Municipal Loan Fund difficulty. The policy of aiding railways, common to both Governments, has received additional development under the present, and been chiefly instrumental in giving the Province one thousand four hundred and eighty-four miles of new railways in five years. This is only one of the ways in which the revenue of the Province has taken a capitalized form : another is to be found in a series of public institutions for the reformatory restraint of the vicious and the merciful aid of the unfortunate. The money thus employed has had a better destination than if it had been hoarded up and put out at interest. One year with another, no more revenue should be collected than suffices for the needs of the Government ; and we believe that the policy of accumulating an increasing surplus, which some would make a test of statsemanship, to be economically unsound and incapable of justification.

Mr. Mowat's Public and High Schools Bill has mainly two objects in view: the popularising of the Council of Public Instruction and giving School Trustees and corporations the option of purchasing for school libraries such books as are authorized by the Council of Public Instruction from booksellers, without being obliged to deal with the Book Depository at the Education Office. The eight members of whom the Council of Public Instruction is composed, besides the Chief Superintendent of Education, are now practically appointed for life. Under this Bill, the High and Common School teachers and the County Inspectors are each to have a representative at the Board, elected every two years. The Universities affiliated with the University of Toronto are to elect their representatives, and the nominees of the Government are to be appointed for the same period. This popularizing of the Council will give it new vigour and increased utility. If the Depository be obliged to charge all its expenses, and every year give a clear balance-sheet, separate from the rest of the accounts, a new test will be applicable to it, and one by which its future will be determined.

The Department of Education is itself an anomaly in our system of government. It is presided over by a perpetual head instead of a responsible Minister. He may be, and sometimes is, at variance in opinion on questions of legislation with the responsible Ministers; he has no voice in Parliament and is constantly in the habit of resorting, partly from necessity and partly from choice, to written appeals to the public, through reports, pamphlets and letters in the public journals. There is a general agreement that the anomaly of an irresponsible administration of the Department of Education must be got rid of; the only question is of the time when the change is to be made. No one doubts that Dr. Ryerson, as he was the first, will be the last permanent head of the Department.

England, like Canada, has just passed through the agony of a general election. The contest was attended with considerable turbulence, amounting occasionally to riot; an unfavourable contrast to the uniformly peaceful conduct of our elections. The Gladstone Government having been beaten lost no time in resigning, and Mr. Disraeli has once more to be accepted by a reluctant party as the leader of a new Tory Government. The record of Mr. Gladstone's administration contains some memorable measures. The majority of the Irish people has been relieved from the incubus of an alien church, and the Irish farmer has obtained a recognised property in his improvements; Army purchase has been abolished, and over the voter who is not free to give an independent open vote the protection of the Ballot has been thrown; the groundwork of a system of national education has been laid, though not in a way to give universal satisfaction. These objects have not been gained without a loss of support from various quarters. The abolition of purchase was distasteful to the influential part of the army; Land and Church reform in Ireland have been dreaded as a menace to two powerful interests in England; there are many who will insist on seeing in the ballot only an unmanly and un-English mode of taking votes. While Mr. Gladstone's policy alarmed the timid, it was becoming too halting to meet the views of the advanced Liberals. On the Education question the Ministry was itself not an unit; and Mr. Forster and Mr. Bright could not conceal their differences from the public. Mr. Lowe's arbitrary temper was constantly exciting irritation and fostering hostility to the Government. Mr. Bright's return to the Cabinet gave the advanced Liberals, who were fast becoming discontented, only a faint hope of a new onward movement; and the misgiving was strengthened when Mr. Harcourt came out as a champion of the Church establishment, and when he adopted a general tone which had a close resemblance to that of Mr. Disraeli. When Mr. Gladstone announced his policy to the electors, he counted too much on the effect of a declaration that the state of the finances was in a condition to justify him in pledging himself to a repeal of the income tax. This tax has always been unpopular; but it has advocates among the advanced Liberals. There is a large class of voters which the income tax does not reach at all, and which has no motive for desiring its repeal; and it is conceivable that many, to whom the repeal would have been a boon, may have thought the time of proposing it objectionable. The influence exerted by the publicans against the Government was very great. The haste with which the elections were brought on was offensive alike to friends as foes, as an attempt to gain an advantage by a surprise. The extension of household suffrage to the counties, more than half-promised by the late Premier, meant votes for the bulk of the agricultural labourers. The mere mention of such a thing was sure to arouse the opposition of the farmers, to whom the labourers are becoming formidable since they have been taught by Mr. Arch the value of organization. The farmer and the squire will not willingly consent that political power shall be shared by the labourer; and they would naturally use the votes they possess to prevent Mr. Gladstone from being able to redeem his promise. The labourer, so long as he was isolated and uncomplaining, so long as he had no means of making himself heard, was politically an object of indifference to the classes immediately above him; but the Labourers' Unions have given voice to griefs which had heretofore to be borne in silence, and Hodge begins to assert his humanity. At present the question between him and the voting class, with which he is in daily contact, is one of wages: household suffrage would make the struggle one for political power. Enfranchisement will come to his relief, but not through grace of the class to which he has hitherto been only a hereditary and ill paid servant. In the absence of the ballot, this motive for opposing the extension of household suffrage to the counties would have been made less; for then the labourer would scarcely have ventured to vote otherwise than as his employer desired. But the idea that a farmer who employs six labourers may see them outvote him in the proportion of six to one, would be scarcely less startling to farmers of the present day than it would have been to either of the two extinct specimens whom the Poet Laureate has immortalized, and with both of whom he had an actual acquaintance, while they were in the flesh. The labourers will not get the suffrage till they have shown themselves too formidable to admit of its being prudent longer to withhold it. That demonstration will be found, sooner or later,—it may be soon—in their Unions; and Mr. Disraeli, ghastly as are the images he sees in Workingmen's Unions, is perhaps as likely to be the man to call the time, when it arrives, as any one else. We do not lose sight of the provisional finality of his last franchise measure, for what was said of it can only be truly characterized by some such term of self-contradiction.

The Liberals, being now out of office, will get that breathing-spell which exhaustion and lassitude rendered desirable, and in which they may mature a new programme, to have ready for application when Mr. Disraeli has finished his term of power. By that time, if the counties be still without household suffrage, those now foremost in opposing it may have come to see that further opposition would be not only useless, but mischievous. There are a number of other questions which Mr. Gladstone was able to do little more than catalogue in his election address, but which, by the time the Liberals return to power, may be ripe for a definite treatment. He named, one after another, the game and liquor laws, the laws which regulate the transfer, descent and occupation of land, the laws which affect the relations of employer and employed, local government and taxation, as questions likely to come before the Legislature. Of all these questions, that of the Game laws is about the only one on which opinion has taken shape, and even it was the subject of no less than three different bills last session. The advent of a Conservative Government to power will scarcely be able further to postpone legislation on this question. But it cannot be said that the question of the Land laws is ripe for any but the most superficial treatment. Mr. Bright is one of the very few public men in the kingdom who have fully made up their minds on the subject; but before his definition of the term "Free Land" is accepted as the basis of legislative action, the question must be subjected to a much more thorough discussion than it has yet been. In view of the unmatured state of public opinion on several of the questions pointed to by Mr. Gladstone as subjects for future legislation, it is doubtful whether the advancement of Liberal legislation will be much retarded by the change that has taken place. The Liberals needed time to recruit and gather new strength after the exhaustion and disintegration consequent on the legislative victories of the last five years. The Gladstone administration had reached its natural term, and progress will not be the slower for the momentary halt. In the meantime, there can be no real reaction; the utmost Mr. Disraeli can do will be to refuse to move forward; and, if he arrest the stream of progress for a while, the only effect will be to give the pent-up waters additional force when he is no longer able to resist their accumulated pressure. If Mr. Gladstone persist in absenting himself from the House of Commons, the question of the leadership of the Liberal party will present a serious difficulty.

England may now be willing to pass through a period of comparative political inaction under a Conservative Government. What Mr. Disraeli will do no one knows. He has stated his readiness to do something to relieve the pressure of local taxation; in this regard following the lead of Mr. Gladstone. He is not prepared to repeal the income tax in preference to reducing duties on articles of general consumption, nor to extinguish altogether any existing source of income. He will try to ward off claims to tenant-right, by giving the tenant a right to two years' notice to quit. If he is pledged to any thing, it is to pursue a vigorous foreign policy, with a view, no doubt, of distracting attention from domestic politics. His majority is compact, and may be counted on as thoroughly reliable for two or three sessions; after which it may be expected to begin to show signs of restiveness, and gradually to fall away.

The first account received in England of the taking of Coomassie was premature, as well as deficient, in omitting all notice of a great battle, before the Ashantee capital was reached, in which the expeditionary force suffered a loss of nearly three hundred. The statement has at length been officially made that Coomassie was taken on the 4th February, after five days' hard fighting. The previous accounts of the capture of the King and his agreement to pay £200,000 indemnity, none of which gave the date later than February 2, though inaccurate, were repeated in many forms and accepted as true for three weeks, before a word about the great preliminary battle was heard. General Wolseley has won new laurels by the accomplishment of a most difficult enterprise, in which the West India regiments bore a conspicuous part.

In a speech before the Trades' Union Congress at Sheffield, Professor Goldwin Smith committed the grave offence of saying a word, in kindness and season, in favour of Canada as a suitable field for certain classes of English emigrants. In the criticism which that utterance evoked we have some measure of the hostility with which the employer class there begins to regard emigration. It is, perhaps, natural that such a feeling should exist, when emigration has come to be presented, in the agricultural districts, as the alternative of other plans for bettering the condition of the labourer. So long as there was a prospect that the quantity of labour in the market would be constant, so long would there be a given number of persons to live or starve on the wages which the labourer could obtain; but when emigration came to his relief, and showed a means of regulating the supply and demand of labour by lessening the competition for work, a feeling of alarm took possession of employers. It is impossible to revive the old restrictions upon emigration, or, as in Germany, to silence any one who says a word in favour of it. But the resource of vehemently crying down every word, be it ever so measured or cautious, said in favour of emigration to Canada, is quite in order; and it must be admitted that the daily press of England has, in the case of Mr. Goldwin Smith, made the most of it. Unless the actual occurrence were before us it would be difficult to believe that so slight a cause could produce such a widesweeping storm of vehement hostility. In the matter of emigration, Canada has long been used to receive scant justice at the hands of the English press. When the Colonies have been spoken of, Australia has generally had the preference; and when the writers turned their eyes towards America, the focus of their vision was either too contracted to embrace this half of the Continent, or it was unfavourably contrasted with the other half. If this happened when these jaunty economists were speaking of man being a drug in the market, what may we not expect when the competition is almost as often among employers for labour as among labourers for employment? We have the answer in the outburst of virulent criticism with which Mr. Goldwin Smith's qualified recommendation of Canada as a field for emigration was met.

The chief ground of Mr. Goldwin Smith's preference of Canada over the United States was that a British emigrant would naturally feel more at home in a part of the British Empire than in the United States, where his ears would be saluted by unpleasant expressions of ill-feeling towards the country of his birth. The existence in the United States of the feeling in which these expressions take their rise has been questioned and even denied. If these writers had chanced to be travelling in that country during the Crimean war, they would have found the sympathy in favour of Russia all but universal; if they had been there during the Sepoy rebellion, they would have heard expressions indicating a general wish that the insurrection would end in throwing off the authority of the British Crown. Besides the inherited antipathy, which had its spring in the unfortunate manner of the separation from England, this generation received a large increase of the feeling from the attitude of a powerful class in England towards the States during the civil war, a class which it was natural for Americans to confound with the British nation. We need not quarrel about a word; but whether we call it hatred, dislike, prejudice, or by any other name, we cannot conjure away its existence or make its expression agreeable to the ears of British immigrants.

Another offence of Professor Goldwin Smith, in the eyes of his critics, is that he failed to find in Canada, what does not exist, an exact reproduction of aristocratic and privileged England. It is unquestionable that many emigrants on leaving England go to the United States to avoid, as they wrongly suppose, an exact counterpart of England in Canada; and from the same mistaken motive, nearly the whole of the German emigrants keep clear of this country. The point is one which, where representatives of working men formed the audience, any unprejudiced speaker in possession of the facts could do Canada a real service by clearing from the misconception in which it is involved. If we look at the conditions under which the English agricultural labourer lives, there will be no difficulty in understanding why, if he makes up his mind to emigrate, he does not want to find in his new home everything he found disagreeable in the old. If he worships at the dissenting meeting-house he can well afford to dispense with the deep sense of pity, and we fear it must be added the equally deep sense of dislike, with which he knows the rector of the established church views all erring dissenters. If, when he looks out of the little window beneath the thatched roof of his cottage, and sees, by the light of the moon, a hare cropping the cabbages in his garden patch, he thinks for a moment of compensating himself for the loss by killing the animal, the thought is soon checked when he calls to mind the fate which the act might entail upon him: a fine, which he could not pay, and behind it the prison, with loss of reputation; for there is no one, in the estimation of the squire and the parson, who is so certainly on the way to the gallows and perdition as the poacher. The name is the synonym of all crimes. If this man thinks of emigrating, would he wish to remove to a country where the blessings of the English game laws would be continued? He has a vague notion that wild birds and wild animals are not the special and exclusive property of any one; he has heard it said that a special property in what God made wild is obtained by feeding it, and he knows his cabbages fed the hare; but the rule was not for him. If he resolve to emigrate, he will desire to leave this part of the blessings of English law behind him. No! Canada is not an exact counterpart of England; if it were, in these respects, it would be in vain to invite emigrants of the labouring class to come to it; and whoever points out to intending English emigrants the difference does a good service to Canada. If you expect to get at the mind of the English labourer, you must look at these questions from his point of view. While the Canadian loves England and feels proud to think that he is a partner in her greatness and an inheritor of her glory, he knows that it would have been impossible to transplant all her institutions without modification to the soil of America, and that if it had been possible it would not have been desirable.

The United States have another Indian war on their hands. Rumours of raids on cattle and assassinations at the Indian Agencies, in Nebraska and Wyoming Territory, have been rife during the month. Two or three white men being killed in these raids, General Sheridan was ordered to move against the Indians and punish their acts of violence. The Sioux and Cheyennes were represented as having exhausted the supplies of beef served out to them and as being without the means of purchasing more. If, with plenty buffalo within reach, they have come to rely on supplies of beef, these Indians must have reached a fatal stage of demoralization. The practice of paying their annuities partly in the shape of beef, would tend to foster their natural habits of indolence, to exchange self-dependence for a dangerous dependence on the white man. There would, in the progress of cultivation, come a time when the errant tribes could no longer live by the chase; but, though that time is not yet, it may be hastened by encouraging the vice of idleness and destroying their independence. It may be that these raids and assassinations are in the nature of retaliation—the hereditary law of Indian existence—for acts of injustice to which they have been subjected by lawless frontiersmen, with whom the life of an Indian is scarcely more sacred than that of one of the lower animals. Indeed, it is stated that the trouble, in one instance, arose from the fraudulent practice of serving the Indians with damaged and worthless flour. Officers of the American army, who have spent the best part of their lives on frontier service, will tell you that in nearly every dispute between the Indians and the border settlers, the white man is the aggressor, and that if the Indian be treated with common justice, life on the most exposed frontier is at least as secure as in the City of New York. The ultimate extermination of the Indians seems inevitable; and it is melancholy to think that the white man's whiskey and rifle are likely to be the most potent instruments in hastening that event.

The financial crisis is over, but it has left behind desolating traces of its passage. Though there is no lack of money at moderate rates, industry has not yet resumed its normal condition. Many manufacturing establishments reduced their productions and were obliged to part with a portion of their workmen; others preferred to go on as usual, caring only to cover expenses in the meantime. There was much suffering among the unemployed. Many classes of American goods sold in the Canadian market at from forty to fifty per cent. under their previous cost; but a rise of prices, to take place from this date, marks an improvement in the condition of the manufacturing operatives. Some of the social phenomena observable in Europe, when masses of men are thrown out of employment, occurred in the period of distress which the States have just passed through; but, except in the case of some railway employes to whom wages overdue were not forthcoming, there was no violence: the company was stopped from running trains while the wages overdue were unpaid. Bands of unemployed elsewhere did not go beyond displays of physical force and menaces which created momentary alarm. These occurrences must have impressed careful observers with the uniformity of the operation of economic laws.

That international arbitration is not without its perils, Venezuela affords melancholy proof. In 1866 a treaty was entered into between the United States and Venezuela to settle certain claims of American citizens against the latter Government. A commission was to sit in Caraccas. Mr. David M. Talmage was appointed on behalf of the United States, and Mr. J. G. Villafane by the Government of Venezuela. Colonel Stilwell was American Minister to that State, and his Secretary of Legation was a person named Murray. This Secretary of Legation arranged with many of the claimants to obtain settlements, on condition that they would give him fifty per cent. of the amount awarded; agreeing at the same time to divide the spoils with the commissioners. Some of the claims were doubled, and others trebled in amount, to furnish plunder for the Ring. A mere boy was fixed on as umpire. Awards to the amount of over a million and a quarter of dollars were made; but the Venezuelan Government, detecting the frauds, forwarded under protest to the State Department at Washington one hundred and thirty thousand dollars as interest. The exposure of the frauds was made by one of the claimants writing to Senator Sumner. It seems probable that these fraudulent awards will have to be paid. The only response to the protest of Venezuela of which the public has heard is a paragraph in President Grant's last annual Message, in which that Government is described as not realizing the character of its obligations; while the forbearance to press for payment is treated as a mere matter of expediency arising out of the financial embarrassment of the defaulting Republic. Some suits have been brought in the New York courts to recover from Talmage certificates which he had failed to hand over to the claimants; and Ben Butler being engaged as counsel, advised his client to demand one hundred thousand dollars which Talmage was to have retained under the fraudulent compact. Butler is represented as having departed from his duty as advocate and purchased this claim, which it is thought he will succeed in recovering. When the amount of the claims rejected before the Alabama Commission is remembered, England may congratulate herself on her escape from the kind of justice that was dealt out by a similar tribunal to the Republic of Venezuela.

A near approach to the prayer-test proposed by some latter-day philosophers in England is being made by an enthusiastic army of female advocates of Temperance in Ohio and Indiana. Their petition does not involve the violation of any natural law, unless it be contrary to nature to expect that the heart of the publican will be softened, in this way, into the abandonment of his calling. These heroic women, who seem to be under the influence of an effort of despair, go in a body to the places where liquor is sold and try to persuade the owners to quit their business. They hold prayer meetings inside the buildings, when allowed to do so, and when they are ordered to leave, they merely step outside and perform the service in the street. They meet many rebuffs and some success. Doctors they ask to sign a pledge not to prescribe liquors except in cases of extreme necessity, and druggists not to sell them unless on the prescription of a medical man. Ohio and Indiana both tried prohibition, and both abandoned it. Moral suasion, in its most urgent form, accompanied by an appeal to religion, is the new weapon now brought against the great, and in some places—though by no means everywhere—growing evil of intemperance. No estimate can yet be made of the probable success of the women's temperance movement.

The hatred and distrust which the late war left behind it are showing themselves both in Germany and France. The Ultramontanes of France carry their sympathy for the recusant German bishops to the extent of intimating that recuperated France will one day fly to the aid of the Pope. Bismarck chafes under these menaces, and there can scarcely be a doubt that it was at his suggestion the French Marshallate suspended the *Univers*, the most violent Ultramontane organ published in any country. An attempt has been made to prove, by reference to dates, that the act was spontaneous; but it is incredible that the French Government should go out of its way voluntarily to silence a journal which, perhaps better than any other, expressed the views of that Government. The Government of France has fallen very low when, in so purely domestic a matter, it is obliged to deal a blow at one of its most conspicuous friends at the dictation of a foreign State. Germany is strengthening her military system, with the view of maintaining a better military organization than France. When France copies what Germany had done before in that way, Germany takes a further step in advance. This motive was avowed by General Von Moltke when the new Military Bill was under discussion in the Reichstag; and he predicted that the new acquisitions of the late war would have to be guarded by half a century of military vigilance. Meanwhile, Bismarck's embroilment with the Ultramontanes goes on and may produce difficulties for the government which are scarcely yet foreseen. The imprisonment of Archbishop Ledochozski, at Ostrama, in Posen, on account of his refusal to pay fines, attracts attention where the arrest of simple priests was passed over, and the effect may be to create a strong sympathy for the victims of these laws, if they come to be looked on as martyrs. Even if Bismarck be clearly right he may find the policy he is pursuing not without danger.

While this is going on between Germany and France, the Czar comes forward with an assurance that the peace of the world will be preserved by Germany, England, Austria and Russia. It may be taken for granted that this has no reference to any formal alliance, and cannot be taken to indicate more than a good understanding between the powers. Dynastic alliances count for little in these days; and no one supposes that Russia is going to abandon its traditional policy on account of the marriage between the Duke of Edinburgh and a Russian princess.

France has a deep-rooted habit of looking forward with much interest to red calendar days. If the Napoleonic dynasty had survived, the coming of age of the Prince Imperial would have been an event, and on its celebration Paris would have been in a blaze of illumination. As it is, whatever celebration there will be on that occasion will be in exile. It is impossible that the Duc de Broglie can feel alarm at any demonstration which may then take place at Chiselhurst; but, by way of cataloguing the prominent adherents of the fallen dynasty, he orders the Prefects to keep their eyes on those who go on that pilgrimage. His correspondents may be relied on to do their work zealously.

The Government of Marshal Serrano, in spite of the vice of its origin, is doing what it can to restore internal order in Spain. The Carlists show more tenacity of purpose than could have been anticipated; and if the Government has the vigour to put them down, it will, in spite of the objectionable nature of its origin, have rendered a real service to the country. They were beaten in an engagement near Lerida with heavy loss; but this reverse was fully balanced by success elsewhere. No material change in the political situation need be looked for till the Carlist insurrection is crushed; then a plebiscite will determine whether the Government of the future is to be Republican or Monarchical. The thirty-third section of the Constitution of 1869, which reads: "The form of Government of the Spanish nation is the Monarchy," has not been formally superseded. The appeal to the nation will be made in favour of the Republic—Serrano having the Presidency in view for himself and a promise of the support of Castelar. The influence of the Government, as Louis Napoleon showed in France, is very great, when it has the power to put the question as it pleases. Spain will probably be asked to decide the question, "Shall the form of the Government of Spain be the Republic?" in which case experience would lead to the conclusion that an affirmative decision will be given.

SELECTIONS

THE SHIELD OF ACHILLES.

BY THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

(*From the Contemporary Review.*)

THE famous Episode of the Shield of Achilles in Homer is, in its conception, alike daring and simple ; in its execution alike complete and gorgeous, from the nature of the topics and the telling sharpness of outline with which they are presented. The employment of a Divine personage as the artificer of the Shield seems to show that the design went far beyond anything which the eyes of his countrymen had been wont to view, and was in effect conceived in the mind of the Poet, not founded as a whole upon experience, and not representative of, but very much more advanced than, the Art of the period in which he lived.

This introduction of the god has the advantage, too, of enabling the Poet, without extravagance, to push to its furthest limits the *vis vivida*, the living and life-giving power, of his genius, and not only to introduce successions of events into one and the same scene, but to endow the things and persons represented with other incidents of vitality; as when the upturned earth darkens behind the plough, and we are made to see the actual progress of the dragging of the slain out of the battle.

The Art of the Shield is in thorough consonance with the spirit of the Homeric Poems: that is to say, its basis is thoroughly human, thoroughly objective, and thoroughly realistic. It does not seek aid from the unseen; from the converse of man with his own spirit; from ideal conceptions; or even from history or legend. Human interest in the actual known human life, with its terrestrial abode, its pursuits, its simple institutions, its vicissitudes, is the keynote of the whole.

For us and for our time, it may seem that realistic means prosaic ; and for corroborative emblems of this proposition may be chosen some of our statues in coat, waistcoat and trowsers ; some of our highly conventional paintings ; and the large measure in which our poetry, since the days of Scott and Crabbe, has quitted this field, like an animal flying from some recurrence of the glacial period in these latitudes to seek a more congenial clime. It is the voice of humanity, no longer young, which says to us,—

> "The things which I have seen I now can see no more,"

and,—

> "I know, where'er I go,
> That there hath past away a glory from the earth."

But what is flat and stale to us was intensely poetical to the youth of our world. The cup which we have drunk was but just presented to its lips. The bloom was yet on the grape, the aroma yet in the draught. The first perception of the forms of beauty seems to have a life and force for the race, as well as for the individual, which is peculiar to itself, and which cannot be retained. We may be thankful that some of it, at least, has been precipitated into palpable and lasting forms for our behoof.

It appears to me, indeed, that the genuine realism of Homer not only is observable in this famous episode, but even reaches its climax here. Never was outward Fact so glorified by the Muse. Nowhere in poetry, to my knowledge, is there such an accumulation of incidents without crowding. The king is glad as he watches his reapers and his crop ; but with this exception, there is hardly anywhere the description of a pure mental emotion. It is sometimes well to employ statistics in aid of criticism. Let us test the Shield by the number of its epithets. I have counted them, endeavouring to separate between those which belong to the *quid* from those which belong to the *quale*. The latter alone, I apprehend, are epithets proper:

and I cannot reckon of these more than sixty-eight in one hundred and eighteen lines: a number surprisingly small when it is remembered that the whole consists of strictly descriptive poetry.

There is, however, one point in which, above all others, the Shield of Achilles is distinguished by its daring form from most, if not all, other poetical representations of a work of art. It is the degree in which it is charged with life and activity. Of the twelve pictures descriptive of scenes familiar to the eye, almost every one contains a narrative; and this narrative is made to pass before the eye with a vivid rapidity which is alike enchanting and impressive. There is but a single exception, and it is admirably chosen: the sheep at pasture give us a piece of still life, with a subject most appropriate to the mode of representation. Even the description of the heavens is animated with the spirit of movement. Orion is watched, or waited on, by the Bear. And the moon is a filling or waxing moon. So I have translated it, in opposition to Pope and to high lexicographical authorities, after consideration, and with confidence. The genius of the present participle (πλήθουσαν), to say the very least, seems to warrant that mode of rendering. But pictorially, I find it hard to believe that Homer meant to place a little round moon in competition with a large round sun. And, so far as poetry is concerned, it is surely in the spirit of this most animated episode to represent the moon as growing, rather than as stationary in figure. We cannot fail to observe how much more this is in keeping with the Poet's treatment of the Sun. Here he has no change of shape to call in aid: so he touches him with the spark of life in another form, by calling him the unwearying Sun. This phrase at once brings before the mind his daily journey, how he climbs and then descends the heaven.

Upon the whole, I would venture to submit it, for the consideration of those who have a more extensive and accurate command of poetical literature than myself, whether any poet of any age has been so hardy and so powerful as Homer in the imaginative handling of material objects of Art for the purposes of Poetry? This hardiness and power of Homer unquestionably reach their climax in the "Shield."

It has already been noticed that legend does not enter into the representations of the Shield. The short roll of nascent Greek history or tradition had already, at the epoch of the Trojan War, yielded at least two great enterprises of historical interest to posterity; the voyage of the ship *Argo*, and the War of the Seven against Thebes. But it was only thus making its beginning; it perhaps was neither rich and full enough, nor as yet familiar enough to the mass, to make it more suitable for representations like that on the Shield, than the purely unattached and impersonal representations with which it is filled.

It may be also that the Eastern character, still attaching to the god-artificer Hephaistos, would have presented an incongruity in the treatment of purely national legends, which is not felt where the delineation of life, though thoroughly Greek, is still general, and where much of the subject-matter presented was probably common to Greece and to the Syrian and Assyrian East.

Virgil, on the other hand, has with perfect propriety adopted the basis of history and legend for his otherwise derivative representation of the Shield of Æneas.

But perhaps we are warranted in saying that the entire absence of tradition from the Homeric Shield not only accords with the recency of Greek national or quasi-national existence, but also with the belief that Art had not yet become, so to speak, endemic in Greece; as we may feel certain that the intense patriotism which pervades the Iliad would at a very early stage of development have impressed upon Greek art a national character by the free use of legend for the purpose.

The materials used in the composition of the Shield deserve notice. The metals cast into the furnace are copper, tin, gold, and silver; and in one passage we find what may be a reference to κύανος, or bronze, resulting from a mixture of tin and copper; but it is a question whether the mixed metal yielding the dark colour is intended, or the dark colour only. Nowhere else in Homer is there a reference to the making of a mixed metal. In general, to say the least, the workmanship of the Shield is employed upon the several metals, single and uncombined; and it is probable that the Poet meant, by their free intermixture, to aim at the effect of colour. This likelihood is confirmed by his repeated use of the word ποικίλλω, to variegate, which seems to be taken from the sister art of embroidery, and which is applied with a peculiar propriety to the most brilliant of all the representations, that of the Dance at the close.

The reader, even in a translation, cannot fail to observe the highly archaic picture of life presented by the scenes upon the Shield. The scene of the trial respecting the fine for homicide belongs to a stage of society anterior to law, though forms of polity have begun to exist; and when corruption, by the receipt of gifts other than the acknowledged public premium for superior judgment, (*dorodokia*,) had not yet come in. That of the harvest, where the master of the reapers is also the King, is yet nearer the patriarchal stage; but some difference is to be expected between the country and the town; which are distinct from one another in the Shield as they are also in the Iliad. In no particular do the manners of the Shield appear to differ from those of the Poems generally: they are certainly not less primitive.

In the main it may be said, as to the subject-matter of the episode, that the Poet represents, upon the surface offered by the great defensive weapon of the Warrior, first, through its outline, a figure of the universe, such as he conceived it; secondly, a collection of all those scenes and events of human life which were at once the most stirring, the most familiar, and the most important.

A question may be raised, whether we ought to conceive of the form of the Shield as oblong or as round. This is not the place for a discussion on the subject: no epithet is used, in the description of the process of manufacture, which determines it; but I have taken the Shield to be oblong; and I may observe that Pope, who treats it as round, in reliance apparently upon an erroneous rendering of a word (ἄντυξ), assumes for it a diameter of no less than four feet.

It is probable that the boss in the middle was meant, in the Poet's mind, to afford space and a suitable shape for the representation of the vault of heaven.

The scenes wrought upon the Shield are as follows:—

1. The Earth, Sea, and Heavenly bodies.
2. In a city at peace, we have
    - *a.* Marriage processions and festivities.
    - *b.* A judicial suit, tried by the people, under the presidency of the Elders.
3. In a city at war,—
    - *a.* A scene before the ramparts:
    - *b.* An ambush and surprise:
    - *c.* A bloody fight.
4. The ploughing of a field.
5. The harvest, and the meal in preparation.
6. The vintage, with music, and march (or something more than march) to time of the vintagers.
7. A herd of cattle attacked by lions.
8. Sheep at pasture and their folds.
9. The Dance.
10. The great Ocean River, encompassing the whole; as, in the mind of Homer, it encompassed the surface of the Earth.

The two grand over-ruling conditions of human life, and the prevailing and elementary pursuits of human industry, are thus placed before us with a remarkable comprehensiveness. We see Peril and Safety, Stir and Calm, Toil and Pleasure; the repast prepared to reward the one, music and movement enlivening the other.

The alternations of the scenes are both skilful and studied. From the bloody fight we pass to the activity of peaceful industry; from the furious assault of the lions to the deep repose of the pasturing flocks; and from these again to the rapid and sparkling animation of the dance.

We may however remark upon what the Shield does not contain as well as on what it does. We do not find on it any scene of

1. Navigation:
2. Hunting:
3. Any domestic art or trade:
4. Religious rite or observance.

As to the first it is plain, from the Poems generally, that Navigation had not yet become a characteristic or familiar feature of Greek life. We hear nowhere of a trading ship, except in connection with the Phœnicians.

As to the second, we must bear in mind that the hunting of the Homeric times was not a pastime, but a pursuit of direct utility, intended to rid the land of a nuisance, and to provide for the safety of property. When it is thus viewed, we have the substance of hunting given us in the singularly animated scene of the lions and the bull.

With respect to the third head, we may bear in mind that the useful arts of the period were for the most part homely, sedentary, and single-handed. Even for his similes, Homer has but little employed them: much less could they come up to the dignity of these more stirring exhibitions of life. Even the combined labour of the damsels in the Palace of Alkinoos—the only instance given us in the Poem of such combination—would have supplied but a tame and poor picture for the Shield. Moreover it is rather a Phœnician than a Greek picture.

The absence of any scene representing the rites and observances of religion opens much wider questions.

The great and standing institution of ancient religion was sacrifice.

We have this in Homer as associated with particular places, like the grove and fountain of the Nymphs near the town of Ithaka; or with rare and solemn occasions, like the hecatomb to Apollo in the First Iliad, and the sacrifice of Agamemnon in the Third. Lastly, it is an incident of the common meal, as we see both in other places, and in this very description, where the Heralds had "sacrificed," that is, had killed and cooked, a great ox for the meal of the reapers. None of these three occasions of sacrifice were available for a prominent position on the surface of the Shield; the first and second, because they were occasional, not ordinary; the third, because it could not command the requisite breadth and liveliness of interest as a separate or special subject. In truth the observances of religion filled no large place in the Greek mind, even in the Homeric times. And this leads to a wider form and scope of observation. We find here, in this extraordinary poetic achievement of Homer, an early indication, an embryo, so to speak, of that principle which was to reach its fullest manifestation in the Greek of the classical period, the principle of the sufficiency of this, our human, earthly life, without any capital regard to what is before us in futurity; or what is above and around us in the unseen world. Hence the Shield contains no Birth, and no Funeral, of man. The beginning and the end of life are endowed for Christians with so intense an interest that we are apt to forget how different an aspect they offered to those beyond the pale. Both of them are swathed in weakness or distress, and the Greek had no charm in his possession which could invest distress and weakness with beauty, or infuse into them the glow of life. Sorrow had not yet been glorified. Scenes like these, he would say, do not make up the completeness of life, but impair it: they are not to be acknowledged as legitimately belonging to it; we submit to them, for we cannot help submitting; but they form no portion of our glory, and we put them out of sight.

Fulness of energy in the powers of body and mind, and fulness of delight following their exercise; action rewarded in itself, and sustained by this reward; a sphere bright, brilliant, bounded, self-contained, self-supported, full of all things glorious, beautiful, and strong; such was the aim of life for the Greek, and all that tended to break and banish the illusion was carefully kept away from thought and view. The spirit which pervades the action of the Shield is therefore the spirit of joy: joy in movement, joy in repose; joy in peace, and joy in battle: anywhere and always joy, until the day that must come shall come, and the final plunge is made into the Darkness, where a Sceptre, ruling all the dead, is not worth as much as is the mess of a labourer for hire, though the master be poor, and can give but scanty cheer, if only it be had beneath the cheerful sun and in the abode of the living.

In writing thus I am not unmindful of the Greek Tragedy. But I do not think it qualifies the general truth of my position; and I would recommend those who doubt to consult the remarkable observations of Bishop Butler, in the *Analogy*, on passive habits.

Upon the Translation I have only to say that I have aimed at great fidelity—in a word, at the representation of Homer as he is; though well aware in how slight a measure this object can have been gained; for in the effort to hold firmly by the bone and sinew of the Poet, the ethereal parts escape.

I have given to the obscure word *eirai* the sense of ramparts, which the context seems almost to require: and I have not attempted to render by any exact equivalent the expression *periclutos Amphigueeis;* even Chapman in this place recoils from the letter, and translates the phrase 'the famous Artsman.'

THE SHIELD OF ACHILLES,

WROUGHT BY HEPHAISTOS.

Il. xviii. 468—608.

I.

SO He spake, and left the goddess ;
Straightway to the bellows drew,
Fixed them fireward, set them blowing ;
Mouths a score in all they blew,
Reddening, whitening all the furnace
With their timely various blast,
As the god and work required it,
Slower now, and now more fast.
Precious gold, and stubborn copper,
Silver store, and tin, he cast
In the flame. The ponderous anvil
Next upon its block he tries ;
One hand grasps the sturdy hammer,
One the pincers firmly plies.

II.

First of all the Shield he moulded
Broad, and strong, and wrought throughout,
With a bright and starry border,
Three-fold thick, set round about.
Downward hung its belt of silver,
Five the layers of the Shield,
And with skilful mind he sculptured
Rare devices o'er its field.

III.

There he wrought Earth, Sea, and Heaven,
There he set the unwearying Sun,
And the waxing Moon, and Stars that
Crown the blue vault every one ;
Pleiads, Hyads, strong Orion,
Arctos, hight to boot the Wain.
He upon Orion waiting,
Only he of all the train
Shunning still the baths of Ocean,
Wheels and wheels his round again.

IV.

There he carved two goodly Cities
Thick with swarms of speaking men.

V.

Weddings were in one, and banquets,
Torches blazing overhead,
Nuptial hymns, and from their chambers
Brides about the city led.
Here to pipe and harp resounding
Young men wildly whirling danced ;
While the women, each one standing
By their porches, gaze entranced.

VI.

But the townsmen all assembled
In the forum thronging stood ;
For a strife of twain had risen,
Suing on a fine of blood.
All was paid, the first protested,
Pleading well to move the crowd ;
Nought was had, upheld the second ;
Each to obey an umpire vowed ;
And the hearers, as they sided
This or that way, cheered aloud.
And the heralds ordered silence ;
And, on chairs of polished stone,
Ranged in venerable circle
Sate the Elders. One by one
Each the clear-toned herald's sceptre
Took, and standing forth alone
Spake his mind. Two golden talents
Lay before them, to requite
Only him, among the Judges,
Straightliest who should judge the right.

VII.

But before the second City
Bright in arms two Armies lay.
Evil choice one gave the other :
Either half the goods to pay
In that smiling town, or see it
Given to fire and slaughter. They
Brooked it not, but armed for ambush.
Wives beloved, and stripling hands,
And with these the age-bound grey-beards,
Guard the wall. Off march the bands.

VIII.

Arès and Athenè lead them ;
Gold, and golden-clad, they gleam,
Fair, and large in aims, and towering
Right and left, as gods beseem.
Dwindled either host beside them.—
One to ambush held its way,
Where the folk was used to water,
And along the river lay
Wrapt in swarthy armour. Yonder,
Twain for scouts they set, to keep
Watch for the expected booty,
Curly-hornèd beeves, and sheep.

Soon it comes in view. Two shepherds
Mirthful music heedless play
On their pipes. Forewarned, the army
Quick made havoc of the prey,
Snowy flocks, and droves of oxen,
And the swains beside them slay.

IX.

When the hosts before their ramparts
Heard the bellowing din from far,
Mounted each man on his chariot
Drove the prancing steeds to war:
Quick they came. They closed in battle
Ranged along the river's banks,
And they hurled the sharp-tipped lances
Each athwart the other's ranks.
Strife and Tumult there were mingling,
There destroying Fate he drew;
Some alive and still unwounded,
Some she grasped, with gashes new;
Some, now corpses, through the turmoil
Draggling by the feet she bore,
And her shoulders had a mantle
Dabbled foul with human gore.
Like to living men they mingled,
Fought alive with might and main,
And, alive, to either army.
Dragged the bodies of the slain.

X.

There he set a loamy fallow,
Three times wrought, full soft and wide
Many a team, and many a ploughman
Down and up the fallow plied.
And as each, the boundary reaching,
Turned, would one that stood beside
Give into his hands the wine-cup
Honey-sweet. So each more fain,
Wheeling down the deep soft furrow,
Eager strove the bound to gain.
And the darkening glebe behind them,
All along, albeit of gold,
New wrought earth in hue resembling,
Gave a marvel to behold.

XI.

There he set a field corn-laden.
In that field the shearers reap,
Grasping close their sharpened sickles.
Down the furrows, heap on heap,
Falls the grain to ground. The binders
Sheaves, in order following, bind;
Binders three: to whom unwearied
Carrier-lads their armfuls bring.
Watching from beside the furrow,
Silent near them stands the King,
Staff in hand, and glad in spirit.
By an oak o'ershadowing,
Heralds, for the feast preparing,
Slay a weighty ox, and dress;
And the women strew thick o'er it
Barley-meal, the reaper's mess.

XII.

There he set a goodly vineyard,
Laden with its grapes of gold:
Silver-pales the pendant clusters
Glossy-black all through uphold.
Moat of bronze around the border,
Round the moat a hedge of tin;
One small path, at time of vintage,
Lets the gatherers out and in.
And the train of youths and maidens
In the wicker-baskets brings,
Blithe of thought, the luscious fruitage.
Daintily a stripling sings
To his clear-toned lyre, amongst them,
So as Linos sung of yore:
They too, frisking, shouting, singing,
Stamp the time upon the floor.

XIII.

There a herd of kine he moulded,
Some in tin, and some in gold,
Lowing they, with horns uplifted,
Rushed afield from out the fold,
Where the wavy reed-bed quivered,
Where the sounding river rolled.
Golden herdsmen four attend them,
Nine swift dogs behind. When lo!
Dread to see, a pair of lions,
Mid the kine that foremost go
Seized a bellowing bull, and dragged him
Roaring. Dogs and men pursued.
They, the huge hide tearing open,
Lapped the bowels and the blood.
While the herdsmen, void of purpose,
Chid the swift hounds to the proof,
These, as loath to grip the lions,
Bayed at hand, yet held aloof.

XIV.

There a pasture, broad, and gleaming—
  White with sheep, in beauteous glade,
And with hut, and roof-clad pen, and
  Stall, the mighty Master made.

XV.

There a Dance the mighty Master
  In the broidered metal wrought.
Such to rich-haired Ariadnè
  Daidalos in Knossos brought,
Spacious Knossos. Youths and maidens,
  Maidens grown of age to wed,
Hand on wrist, each one with other,
  Through the mazes lightly sped.
These are robed in rarest muslin,
  Those fine-woven tunics wear,
Soft with glaze of oil, and glistening,
  These are crowned with garlands fair,
Those their golden poniards, hanging
  From their belts of silver, bear.
Now with trainèd feet careering
  All the troop in circle flies,
Like the potter's wheel and gearing,
  Which for speed he sits and tries;
Now each rank in backward movement
  On the rank behind them fall.
Charmed with those bewitching dancers,
  Throngs a gazing crowd. Mid all
Harps and sings the sacred minstrel:
  Ever, as his notes begin,
Tumblers twain are wildly whirling
  Round the open ring within.

XVI.

Ocean's might, resistless River,
  Last of all, his labour sealed,
Rolling round the outmost border
  Of the deftly-fashioned Shield.

OUIDA'S NOVELS.

(*From the Contemporary Review.*)

Chandos; Strathmore; Held in Bondage.—CHAPMAN & HALL, LONDON.

I.

"CHANDOS," like "Tricotrin," takes its title from the name of the hero of the book. His "two special weaknesses were perfumes and female beauty;" and we find him breakfasting at noon in his chamber, which is fit for—

"A young princess, with its azure hangings, its Russian cabinets, and its innumerable flowers, scented and shaded, and cooled with rose-water, and his attendants Georgian and Circassian girls he had bought in the East and appointed to his household. The world had been a *little* scandalised at these lovely *slaves*" in free England; "but Chandos had soon converted his friends to his own views regarding them. 'Why have men to wait on you?' he had *argued*, 'when you can have women—soft of foot, soft of voice, and charming to look at? To take your chocolate from James or Adolphe is no gratification at all; to take it from Leilah or Zelma is a great one.' And his pretty Easterns were certainly irresistible living proofs of the force of his *argument*. They were fluttering about him now with silver trays of coffee, sweetmeats, liqueurs, and fruit, dressed in their own Oriental costume, and serving him with most loving obedience. A French Duke and two or three Guardsmen were breakfasting with him, playing *a* lansquenet, at noon, *from which* they had just risen. Men were very fond of coming to take a cup of chocolate from those charming young Odalisques. Chandos rose with a farewell caress of his hand to the bright braids of gazelle-eyed Leilah. Are you all going? To be sure!—The Drawing-Room, I had forgotten it: we shall be late as it is. Au revoir, then, till we meet in a crush."

The Court of St. James must be sadly changed from what it was in the days of the Georges; for we learn, with dismay, that it is the "hottest, dullest, drowsiest, *frowsiest*, and least courtly of courts;" and nothing would induce the slave-owning Chandos to leave his Pashalik in Park Lane for that "frowsy" abode of royalty, "if it were not for our lovely—what is her name?—Queen of Lilies."

He rolls off thither with this parting recommendation to a low-born friend, who afterwards ruins him:—"Amuse yourself with my pretty Easterns then, though, on my word, Trevenna, you never seem to know whether a woman's handsome or not." While in the mazes of the hottest, dullest, drowsiest, frowsiest, and least courtly of courts, he meets "the young Duchess of Fitz-Eden, a beautiful brunette, with whom, righty or wrongly, society had entangled his name in a very tender friendship." He catches sight of the "Queen of Lilies" "as she sweeps towards the throne."

"Her loveliness drifted across the thoughts of Chandos, to the detriment of much of the beauty that was about him, and he waited for it impatiently where he stood among the circle of princes, peers, and statesmen about the throne. His loves had been countless, *always* successful, *never* embittered, intensely impassioned while they lasted, swiftly awakened, and often *as rapidly* inconstant. The very facility with which his vows were heard made them as easily broken; he loved passionately, but he loved so many."

"'Passionless'" he says,—"'they must wrong her; they have not known how to stir her heart,' he thought, as he followed her with his glance still, as she passed onward and out of the throne-room; and through the rest of the *gorgeous* and tedious ceremony" (in the *frowsy* court);—"Chandos let his thoughts dwell on those deep gazelle eyes and those soft, silent lips, musing how easy and how beguiling a task it would be to teach the one the 'looks that burn,' and woo from the other their first and lingering caress."

We find that "her remembrance haunted him in the palace," which is not surprising, as "her form was simply perfect, and it was in its fullest loveliness too, *for* she had been some years in Rome, and successive deaths in her family had kept her long in *almost comparative* seclusion." We never knew before that the air of Rome was necessary to give the human form "its fullest loveliness;" nor that *almost comparative* seclusion—not to speak of successive deaths in the family—was likely to contribute to that result. Chandos, however, is a man of the world: "for the first time he thrust such a remembrance away. 'Bagatelle!' he thought, as he threw himself back among his carriage-cushions and drove to Flora de l'Ormes. 'Let me keep to beauty that I can win at no cost but a set of emeralds or a toy-villa; the payment for *hers* would be far too dear.'"

The man who thus hastens to the toy-villa inhabited by one of "his lovers,"—has the genius of a Goethe, and "the grandeur of a Chatham." He began his career, of "lovers" in toy-villas, and Georgian and Circassian girls in Park Lane, &c., at the age of seventeen; and when he is introduced to us, at the age of forty, no signs of the physical Nemesis generally attending such a career among mortals are visible in this "god-like" being. On the contrary, such is his "dazzling beauty," with his "magnificent brow"—"meditative enough for Plato's;" his eye, "thoughtful as might be that of Marcus Aurelius;" his "gold-hued hair, bright as any Helen's;" and his mouth "insouciant and Epicurien as the lips of Catullus," that "a painter would have drawn him as Alcibiades," or "idealized him into Phœbus Lykêgenês, so singularly great was his personal beauty."

Extremely singular: an ordinary man who had led the life of Chandos would have become something not easily described in these pages. Ouida herself is so enamoured of her hero, that after telling us how one of his many mistresses whispers in his ear that he is "the darling of the gods," she herself turns back, like a fond parent, to recall the glorious days "when he had been but a child, *in his laces and velvets;*" and when "princes had tossed him bon-bons, and *royal women* caressed his loveliness." Alcibiades has, however, somewhat nasty tastes, we think; for we find that in the toy-villa one of "his lovers" leans over him "and twists, Catullus-like, in the masses of his long golden hair a wreath of crimson roses *washed in purple Burgundy*," and he in return "bends down and kisses that Southern loveliness while he laughs under his diadem of flowers." At this time he has a Madame de la Vivarol at home, jealous of him and meditating revenge, although herself the wife of "a thoroughly *well-bred* man, who *knew the destinies of husbands*, abhorred a scene, and neither sought a duel nor a divorce."

Ouida's high-bred puppets appear to entertain great contempt for that old-fashioned institution—marriage.

"Fratres mei," says one of them, "believe me the chorus-singer whom you establish in her little bijou villa, and who, though before she came under your protection she thought it the height of good fortune to be sure of bread and cheese, now will touch nothing meaner than champagne and chicken, does not weigh you more entirely by what you are worth to her than *nine-tenths* of the *delicate high-born* ladies to *buy* whom you must barter your freedom."

Chandos, when "dryly" asked by a Duke whether he was going to marry, "moved restlessly;" "he did not like the introduction of a painful topic." "'If you do marry,' pursued the Duke, remorselessly, 'take the Princess Louise.'" Could the Duke have been so "remorseless" as to allude to a Princess of the "*frowsy* court?" It looks like it, for, a few hours later, we learn that Chandos dines at Buckingham Palace. The Duke's reason for the suggestion is, however, his excuse: he reminds Chandos that the Princess "has the only rank from which a woman could love *you* without a suspicion of interested motives."

Nevertheless, "the subject was not acceptable" to this Phœbus Lykêgenês, so, before starting for Buckingham Palace, he—

"Turned with a sudden thought to his maître d'hôtel, as he passed him in the hall. 'Telegraph to Ryde, Wentwood, for them to have the yacht ready; and tell Alexis to prepare to start with me to-morrow morning. I shall go to the East.'" Of course his "yacht was always kept in sailing order, and his servants were accustomed to travel into Asia Minor or to Mexico at a moment's notice; and the next morning the *Aphrodite* steamed out of Ryde harbour on the way to Italy, the Levant, and Constantinople, whilst its owner lay under an awning, with great lumps of ice in his golden cool Rhine wine, and the handsome eyes of Flora de l'Orme" [the same whose Southern loveliness he had bent down to kiss in the toy-villa at Richmond] "flashing laughter downward on him while she leaned above, fanning his hair with an Indian feather-screen."

Ouida is intensely un-English in her utter want of humour. Had she possessed a spark of it, she could never have invented the Munchausen-like feats and adventures of her preposterous heroes. The following specimens will suffice to prove this:—

"'He would shoot *you*, mon cher, and stand all the better with madame for it,' said the Duc, dryly: 'Strathmore is the crack shot of Europe; he can hit the ruby in a woman's ring at a hundred yards—saw him do it at Vienna!'"

This encounter with a tiger is perhaps still more ridiculous:—

"A tigress sprang out on them *as they strolled alone through the jungle*—sprang out to alight, with grip and fang, upon Strathmore, who neither heard nor saw her, as it chanced. But before she could be upon her victim, Erroll threw himself before him, and *catching the beast by her throat as she rose in the air to her leap*, held her off at arm's length, and fell with her, holding her down by main force, while she tore and gored him in the struggle—a struggle that lasted till Strathmore had time to reload his gun, and send a ball through her brain; a long time, let me tell you, though but a few short seconds in actual duration, to hold down and to wrestle in the grip of a tigress of Scinde. 'You would have done the same for me, my dear old fellow,' said Erroll, quietly and *lazily*, as his eyes closed and he fainted away from the loss of blood. And that was all he would ever vouchsafe to say or hear said about the matter. He had risked his life to save Strathmore's; he knew Strathmore would have acted precisely the same (*sic*) for him. It was a type of the quality and of the character of their friendship.'

As an illustration of Ouida's utter ignorance of human nature, we may point to the scene where Chandos, sunk to the lowest depths of poverty, lies sick of a fever at a lodging-house connected with a "gambling hell" in Paris. He is tended, after a sort, by "an old Auvergnat woman," "a hideous, brown, wrinkled, shrivelled being of nigh eighty years, with avarice in her black glance, and a horrible old age upon her," who swears "by the mother of God" that she would have "turned him into the streets long ago, if he" (this more than middle-aged debauchee) "were not as beautiful as a marble Christ," and she declines with a "darkling and evil glance," to send him to the mad-house because—

"'They would shear all *that* in a mad-house!' she said, drawing through her hard withered hands the silken fairness of his hair. 'When I was young, I would have given my life to kiss that gold—when I was young!'

"The words lingered half-sullenly, half-longingly on her lips; the memory made her touch gently, almost tenderly, the locks that lay on her horny palm. She *felt for him*—this battered, evil, savage old creature of Paris; but she would strip the linen from his limbs to thieve and sell, for all that."

Of Ouida's ignorance in other matters—less important, but in which correct knowledge is, nevertheless, desirable in a novelist of such pretensions—we might quote a hundred examples: we will content ourselves with noticing *two*; the blame of which cannot, we think, be cast upon the printer. She calls a *Berrichon* a *Berrois*, and quotes the celebrated verse of Henri IV. thus—

> "Souvent femme varie
> Bien fol *à qui se fie*."

II.

"Love," of the kind we meet with in Ouida's novels, is, unfortunately, so common in the world, that we do not need to find it idealized (!) in works of fiction. Of anything higher than the animal instinct—of love, in the sense in which the word is used by pure men and women, we find no examples in her volumes. Her first novel was written with an object, namely, "to warn young men against that *worst of all evils*, early marriages." Till they have been "steeped to the lips with delicate sensuous delights," it is better, Ouida thinks, to content themselves with "love," which can be "bought." This is the old vulgar notion of sowing aristocratic "wild oats;" a habit which education, by awakening a higher sense of human dignity in the poor, ignorant, or starving people among whom they are for the most part sown—and the deeper the shame—will ultimately put an end to in real life, as the good taste of all authors worthy the name has excluded its idealization from works of fiction. The latest novel was not published till several others from Ouida's pen had seen the light. We question whether any writer, even Ouida, would have ventured to come out with such "morality" as is contained therein, without preparation. But having educated her public down to her own level, she is able to venture even on it. The hero, Granville de Vigne, is a "dip.," which is, we find, the abbreviation used, in the highest circles, to signify a diplomatist. According to his own tale, this scion of a right noble race fell in love with his mother's maid at the age of seven, and had been in love ever since, till expelled from Eton "because he wanted to see a little of life." While rusticating on this account, he has a splendid-looking "Orientalesque-Junoesque" mistress, a certain milliner called "the Davis," a girl of seventeen. When he leaves that neighbourhood, he leaves "the Davis" too, like a cast-off coat, only offering to provide for her handsomely. She is not satisfied, scolds, and is in high passion; says he promised to marry her; and leaves him, at their final interview, vowing vengeance. The hero, after a few years of London life,—the most noble employments in which seem to be lolling about on sofas, smoking Manillas, playing cards, and talking of women and horses,—again meets the Davis under the name of "the Trefusis," but does not recognize her. She reigns the belle of the London season, floating in the *crême de la crême* of society (God help us, if there were no other cream of society than that which settles on the top of Ouida's adulterated mixture!). Her manners and conversation are good; but her jewelled hands are not the hands of a lady of race,—in fact, somebody remarks that there is no "race" in them, by way of guarding De Vigne against the mad passion for her which is rising in him. He is not to be deterred in that way, however. He marries her. The ceremony being completed, the bride signs herself *Davis*, not Trefusis, and reminds him that she is his cast-off mistress, and asks him to reflect on her promise that she would be revenged. Whereupon the hero gasps out something almost as sublime as the utterance which broke from the impassioned lips of the scion of another noble house,—"The arms of the Squeers's is tore!"—and rushes off to India to fight for his country. Ouida's own virtuous indignation rises to the boiling point at such an outrage to society; Granville de Vigne, the boast of whose race was that "the men had been brave and the women chaste" (mark the clear distinction!), to soil his name by marrying his former mistress!

Then there is a scion of another noble house,

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whose young life had also been steeped in luxury and in "a delicate sensuous delight;" he is a "libertine," "a devil of a fellow for women" (we quote Ouida), and his life had been "one long *liaison.*" He is haunted with a secret; he had been married to a voluptuous, beautiful Italian woman, while his life was still steeped in the above-mentioned sensuality. She was of poor birth, vulgar manners, and bad temper. He also suspected her of infidelity; so he left her, came to England, and continued the dissolute life already indicated, remaining, nevertheless, so noble, so high-souled, and so great a man, that his immoral habits were a mere detail. When considerably past middle age, this high-souled debauchee, hearing that his wife is dead, is on the point of marrying a beautiful, charming girl, about half his own age,—an angel who is loved and loves very much, and who, not being strait-laced, can yield to her lover's peculiarities. But, coming from the theatre in Paris one night, he is accosted by a beggar, who addresses him in sweet Italian, and begs him, for the sake of heaven, to give her a copper, as she is nearly dead with hunger. She recognizes in the alms-giver her virtuous lord; faints, and is carried to her wretched lodging, where, in the course of an hour or two, after having wrung from him a conditional *forgiveness* (!), she dies. He hurries away rejoicing in his liberty; marries the angel, and lives happily ever after.

Meanwhile the god-like hero, Granville de Vigne, having also sown a sufficient quantity of wild oats, and become a middle-aged man, condescends to fall in love with the daughter of this gentleman and his Italian wife, a beautiful, pure, fresh violet, half-child, half-woman, who adores him and looks up in his face with "the trustful love of a faithful spaniel," which is Ouida's favourite simile for a pure woman's love.

There is a *Deus ex machinâ* in the shape of a secret marriage on the part of the Davis before she had married De Vigne; but she is arrested and carried off to justice; her "delicately perfumed dress" leaving an odour behind it amongst a party chiefly composed of *demi-monde*, with which she is then picnicking, and thus the god-like hero is free to marry the pure violet, which he does; and they also live happily ever after.

III.

Ouida's heroes, notwithstanding their "god-like" qualities and genius, chiefly converse upon women and horses, in a style which, we are assured by the authoress, is brilliant and witty; but which, to our plain mind, appears unequalled for flatness and silliness by any traditional "bread-and-butter miss" who ever saw the light. Moreover, the talk of bread-and-butter misses, if silly, is at least clean: which is by no means the case with these brilliant gentlemen, as the following specimen may suffice to show. The speaker is looking at "a Daphne flying from Apollo, and just caught by him, shrouded in rose-coloured curtains." "Nice little girl this," he remarks; "rather enticing; made to look alive with that rose-light; *tantalizing* to know it's nothing but marble."

The men who talk in this refined manner belong to the *monde:* one of their chief occupations appears to be gazing out of club-windows upon women who, although they drive "their exquisite little four-in-hand cream-coloured ponies," are *demi-monde;* a distinction without a difference (unless it be to the *dis*advantage of the men) which is strictly maintained by Ouida. The men of *monde* speak of the women of *demi-monde* as if they were horses, with the definite article before their names. Love (*i. e.* desire), wealth, enjoyment,—such is the trinity these high-born heroes worship. They are vultures seeking after something to eat, and only shriek dolefully when carrion enough is not given to them;" but what of this since—being rich enough to purchase a sufficiency of "carrion,"—their lives are "steeped in a delicate, sensuous delight;" they are happy; they "enjoy."

When Ouida says anything as coarse and disgusting as the following, she is under the impression that she has not only said something smart, but done her stroke of work against existing evils: "To advance in civilization is, after all, only to perfect cant. The nude figure remains the *same* delight to the precisian as to the profligate; he drapes her discreetly in public, whilst he gloats over her *un*draped *in petto.*" The "morality" of her books is like the veneering of rotten wood. We give, as an illustration, the morality of the "high-souled" philosopher, Tricotrin. When a young "prince in his purple" has indiscreetly attempted to "kiss the ripe scarlet mouth" of the "waif" whom Tricotrin protects, that philosopher, in a burst of righteous indignation, threatens to make known to his father the fact that the "orgies" of his heir in Paris have not been such as became a youth of "race;" that, instead of making his life "an erotic *poem*," he has been so base as to content himself with erotic *prose;* and the philosopher concludes his virtuous harangue thus: "Now shall he hear the whole vile truth, or will you *purchase my silence* by leaving in peace what *I* cherish?"

This moralist had himself "known *oftentimes* the love of a man for the fair eyes and the smiling mouth and the white limbs of the woman's beauty that tempts him," but "it had ever been a gay, wind-tossed, chance-sown flower in his path."

Erotic poems, however, cannot be enacted without utter destruction to the chance-sown flowers in the path of the poet, who flings them aside to be trodden under foot in the mud of erotic prose. This is of no importance in Ouida's code of morality—which is, in this respect, alas! the world's—so long as the poet abstains from plucking flowers from the garden of men of race. We know that men of race must have ripe scarlet mouths to "kiss in lawless sovereignty, *because they are men;*" but, in the name of all that is moral and proper, Ouida would have them forbear to "poach" on the "preserves" of their fellow-*sovereigns*, or the very foundations of *Society* will be shaken! With this proviso, they are free "to enjoy."

To enjoy.

It is because these words—which aptly sum up the aim of Ouida's works—throw an evil light upon the social corruption of which they are an exhalation, that we hold ourselves justified in directing attention to them. Precisely as certain diseased conditions of the body give rise to a craving after unnatural food, so do certain morbid conditions of the mind produce an appetite for literary food which a sound mental organization would reject. Individual instances of such morbid affections are fit subjects of study for the physician only, and the fact that a silly and ignorant woman should write novels which are at once vulgar, nasty, and immoral in tendency, could not, in itself, be matter of interest for readers of the *Contemporary Review.* But that such books have a very large and increasing circulation should be matter of painful interest to every decent man and woman in England. The price at which they are published renders them inaccessible to those whom it is customary to call "the people," and it is clear that a writer who tells us that "a gaunt, bull-throated, sanguinary brigand" is "the type of the *popolares* of all time," does not address herself to them. These books are issued by one of the first houses in the trade; they are written for and read by society.

Is not the motto of Ouida's heroes—"to enjoy"—the motto of society, and every day more openly, more shamelessly avowed? We believe it is, and we believe further that the society which reads and encourages such literature is a "whited sepulchre" which, if it be not speedily cleansed by the joint effort of pure men and women, will breed a pestilence so foul as to poison the very life-blood of our nation.

JONATHAN'S SENTIMENTS TOWARDS JOHN.

[It is not our practice to insert in these columns articles from the daily or weekly press of the United States. If we make an exception in favour of the following, from the pen of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher in the *Christian Union*, we do it on behalf of a gentleman who is not here to answer for himself. It will be observed that, whilst disputing the general assertion made by Mr. Goldwin Smith, Mr. Beecher gives it all necessary corroboration in the sequel.—ED. CAN. MONTHLY.]

MR. Goldwin Smith, if he be correctly reported, has lately been telling his countrymen a great secret. It is that Americans in general hate Englishmen in general, and that they do this with a hatred that is very strong and very deep-rooted. For ourselves, we cannot agree with Mr. Goldwin Smith in this opinion; neither can we agree with those American journals that are just now covering him with reproach for having expressed it. We think that he has fallen into a mistake; but that, under all the circumstances of his peculiar experience among us, if he had not fallen into that mistake it would be something extraordinary.

At the breaking out of our civil war, Mr. Smith was residing, as Professor of History, at the University of Oxford—the venerable and serene castle of antique learning that still "whispers from its towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age;" and from the very heart of that stronghold of Toryism his voice—among the foremost in England—pronounced a strong vindication of our national cause, and an unhesitating faith in it. For that service, so rare in that land in those days, and so exquisitely sweet to our hearts, we all gave words of love to Goldwin Smith; and when, a few months later, he came among us, and passed through city and camp a studious spectator of the great strife, he was everywhere greeted, by scholars, statesmen, soldiers, and citizens, with warm expressions of gratitude. He is one of the most sincere of men, and one of the most sensitive. A recluse, a simple-hearted scholar, he accepted all these affectionate words as though they meant just what they seemed to mean. He went back to England with a delight and a confidence in our national cordiality not unlike that which at present fills the genial heart of Tyndall with sunny memories; so that, at the close of the war, giving up his chair in one of the oldest universities in England, it seemed easy to Goldwin Smith to return to us and take up his residence at the newest university in America. His relations to that university, and to many movements for popular education in this country, had all the beauty of perfect disinterestedness. He would take no compensation for anything he did. He gave his time, his invaluable counsels, his charming gifts as a teacher, his instructive services as a public lecturer—all without money and without price. Nay, he was, in the matter of money, a benefactor rather than a beneficiary. He brought over his rich private library, and gave that to the university to which he had already given himself; he aided poor students; he was the adviser of those who had doubts and difficulties; he was the quiet, helpful friend of mechanics and working men; and in ways innumerable, without the least noise or ostentation, he went about doing good. His life among us has perhaps but one precedent in American history, and that is the memorable and benignant visit of Bishop Berkley a hundred and fifty years ago.

It was in the midst of these experiences that the Alabama claims were presented against England, and by invitation of the good citizens of Ithaca, Goldwin Smith made a speech there embodying his views of those claims. His speech was, of course, from the stand-point of an Englishman. It was in good taste and in good spirit; it was courteous, thoughtful and candid—but it was the speech of an Englishman. It is needless to say that he differed from the American view of the Alabama claims; and for the atrocious crime of saying so, Goldwin Smith was at once subjected to that punishment with which we usually repay our own noblest public men the moment they dare to have an idea that is not for the moment popular. The American press opened upon him its batteries. All his friendly services were forgotten. The unselfish and devoted life that he was still leading among us went for nothing. He was taunted and fleered at, and decorated with the hardest names to be had; and with an injustice that has no other palliation than that it was the result of ignorance, he was coarsely told that while he subsisted on an American salary he must not have the impudence to hold any other than American opinions. We punished him for his intellectual independence, just as we have before and since punished other good men for the same thing—Salmon P. Chase, Horace Greeley, and Charles Sumner. But in the case of Goldwin Smith this recoil, where there there had so recently been tenderness and love, gave a wound to the heart—not anger, but grief, and a not unnatural conviction of national hatred to himself and to all his countrymen. And this is the meaning of his recent speech in England —that all Americans hate all Englishmen.

SCIENCE AND NATURE.

A THEORY has recently been started that diamonds are of meteoric origin; but it is certain that this is an error, though the mode of production of this precious gem is still very obscure. That the diamond is crystallised carbon is a fact with which everyone probably is familiar, but crystallisation implies previous fusion or solution in some fluid medium, and so far we have neither succeeded in melting carbon with any heat that we have been able to produce, nor have we been able to discover any liquid in which it will dissolve. Still, there are some facts known about the diamond which prove that it is surely a terrestrial production, and the most striking of these is the occasional presence of microscopic plants in the interior of the crystals. "As surely as flies in amber prove the presence of animal life during some stage in the formation of that singular substance, the vegetable organisms found in diamonds are proofs that these gems were formed amid surroundings not inconsistent with the presence of vegetation, perhaps in water: a supposition that finds support not only in the fact of their occasional inclusion of organic matter, but still more in the presence of *dendrites*, such as form on minerals of aquatic origin, in a diamond belonging to Prof. Goeppert. Crystals of gold, iron, and other minerals have also been found inside of diamonds; still other diamonds are superficially impressed by sand and crystals, which leads some to believe them to have been originally soft; though it is quite as probable that these foreign substances may have interfered in some way with the perfect development of the diamond crystals, forcing them to grow around or partly around the obstructions."

Mr. R. A. Proctor, one of the most charming of writers on Science, and also a most eminent scientific observer, in a recent lecture on the sun, makes use of a simile which brings forcibly before us the great distance between ourselves and the central body of our system, and also admirably illustrates the great comparative slowness with which impressions travel along the nerves, as compared with the rate of transmission of light and electricity. "Let us suppose," he remarks, "an infant with an arm of the inconvenient length of ninety-one millions of miles, who should stretch forth his hand and touch the sun. His finger, of course, would be burnt; but, so slow is the rate at which sensitive impressions are conveyed along the nerves to the brain, namely, about one hundred feet in a second, that he would be about one hundred and forty years old before he could be conscious of the fact. If he trusted on the other hand, to the sense of vision, he might discover the condition of his digit in the short space of eight minutes, so much more rapidly does light travel than nervous impressions. In any case, however, the mandates of the will are transmitted along the motor nerves even more slowly than impressions by the sensitive nerves; and hence it would be about one hundred and fifty years more before he could withdraw his finger, after he had discovered its condition."

A memoir, by Mr. D. Honeyman, in the proceedings of the Nova Scotia Institute of Natural Science, gives an interesting account of the structure of the Cobequid Mountains, which have been recently laid open by railway cuttings. The axis of the mountain chain is occupied by a great mass of syenitic rocks, which cover an area nearly five miles in width at the surface. This throws off on either side a great metalliferous as well as marble-containing series of strata, which contain numerous interstratified igneous rocks in their lower portion, and which can be shown to be of Lower Silurian age by the possession of a series of exquisitely preserved organic remains. The Lower Silurian Rocks are in turn succeeded on each side of the axis by thick deposits of Upper Silurian age, which, on the Colchester side, contain the well-known iron ores of Londonderry. The Upper Silurian is succeeded on both sides by rocks of carboniferous age, which carry workable beds of coal on the Cumberland side of the chain, but are destitute of limestone, gypsum, and coal on the Colchester side of the axis. Finally, the carboniferous beds are overlaid by strata belonging to the Trias or New Red Sandstone, and these extend along the line of railway as far as Truro, on the Colchester side, but are absent on the Cumberland side.

A paper has been published by Prof. Whittlesley, on the fluctuations of level in the waters of Lake Superior—a subject to which he has for years devoted special attention, but which he has not yet succeeded in fully elucidating. According to *Nature*, his present communication is confined to the consideration of these fluctuations which are not only transient, but which, in some instances, occur with the regularity of a wave—those low pendulum-like oscillations which are probably common to all lakes, but which, from its great size, are most noticeable in Lake Superior. Until a better theory can be found, he adopts the explanation that these undulations are caused by atmospheric movements.

If we may trust the *Medical Record*, a curious ethnological discovery has been made in Africa. It is stated that the Geographical Society of Italy has received from Alexandria, along with the news of the explorer Miani, two living individuals of the tribe of the Akka or Tikku-Tikki, whom the learned traveller had bought of King Munza, and had forwarded home for the delectation of European *savants*. These individuals—of whom one is eighteen years old and forty inches in height, and the other sixteen and thirty-one inches high—are stated by Miani to belong to the race of dwarfs described by Herodotus, and recently re-discovered by the German explorer, Schweinfurth, who described them carefully. They are very thin-limbed and knock-kneed, with globular skulls and projecting jaws, their limbs being very long, their skin copper-coloured, and their hair crisp and tow-like.

CURRENT LITERATURE

THE *Fortnightly Review* for February opens with an article, the last public utterance it would appear, of Joseph Mazzini. It is, in form, a review of Ernest Renan's work on "Intellectual and Moral Reform;" in effect it is an outpouring of despair for the future of France—despair resulting from the evident unconsciousness of its leaders that it stands in need of self-examination, repentance and amendment. The opening sentences give the key-note of Mazzini's desponding view of France and its future:—"This book, which, from the importance of the subject and the name of the author, I opened full of desire and hope, has left my mind penetrated with a sense of deep discouragement and sorrow for France. Truly has she need of moral reform! A nation alternating between an indifference which allows her inertly to contemplate the dismemberment of her soil, and a vandalism which transforms the sanctity of the Republican faith into a passion of hatred and vengeance, and the divine aim of life into an idolatry of the senses and greed of material good—is irrevocably lost if some immense effort be not made to restore her to the sphere of high thoughts, the adoration of the ideal, the lost religion of duty and sacrifice, and recall all her children to communion in love and works."

Mr. Francis W. Newman contributes an article on "Organized Priesthood,"—a laboured plea against religious organizations in general, and the endowment of the Church of England in particular. Mr.

Newman's writings are always fresh and original in tone, but we cannot say that this particular essay will add anything to his reputation.

Mr. Henry Fawcett follows with a thoughtful paper on Co-operation. One of the results of the Conservative re-action has been the exclusion of this independent thinker from Parliament. It is certainly a matter of deep regret that Brighton could find no better place for the courageous Professor than the bottom of the poll. Professor Fawcett is a man who can be badly spared at a time when mediocrities on both sides are coming to the surface. Mr. Sotheby gives a very interesting paper on Belli's Roman Sonnets, which are trenchant satires on the Papal Court during the time of the last Gregory. Mr. Tollemache criticizes Mr. Tennyson in a kindly spirit, although he finds fault with the poet laureate for his optimist views both in Church and State. He is particularly severe on the bard for his feeble views on female capacity and the higher education of the sex. Mr. Leslie's "Essay on the Incidence of Taxation on the Working-classes," is in effect a plea on behalf of the income-tax. He urges that the inequalities complained of in the levying of this tax are not peculiar to it, "being incident also to all duties on articles of common consumption." His conclusion is that "to substitute a naked property-tax for the income-tax is to tax the houses and savings of poor working people in order to exempt the income of the Rothschilds from taxation." Mr. Frederic Harrison's "Review of Public Affairs" is as fresh and pointed as usual, with the added interest of a controversy between the editor and his contributor. Mr. Harrison is a determined enemy of Bismarck's ecclesiastical legislation, and, as a consistent Liberal, can offer no apology for it. We quote a sentence or two to show the earnest spirit of the writer: "There is ground for thinking that the Catholic Church itself would willingly surrender its entire State endowment, which merely amounts to £60,000. But this is the last thing which the Prussian Government desires. Prince Bismarck, before all things, 'will not let the people go.' He has no wish to disestablish and disendow the Catholic Church. He is bent on making it a State machine. He wants a mere official body. He needs it to control the Catholic population in the interest of the State. He wants to make that bargain with it which in some slight degree it was once suspected our Government wanted to make with Archbishop Cullen. The most dreadful alternative of all to Prince Bismarck would be that the Church in Prussia should be as little of a State Church as the Catholic Church in Ireland. He will not suffer the Catholic population of Germany to pay their own priests and to maintain their own schools. His grand idea is a pliant official bureau (whether worked by renegade Catholics, Old Catholics, or common tools, is unimportant) which shall use the name of the Catholic religion to control Catholic votes, to drill the Catholic schools—in a word, to govern the Catholic population—through an obsequious priesthood." Mr. Morley replies to these strictures upon Prussian policy in a lengthy foot-note, but not, in our opinion, with his wonted vigour and effect.

Macmillan for February is an unusually lively number. The new serial, "Castle Daly," opens with promise, and the anecdotes of Sir George Rose, "the last of the great wits," are new and amusing. The reminiscences of Mendelssohn and the extracts from his correspondence are continued. The writer on Spanish life and character, in his Fourth Part, deals with the decay of faith throughout the Iberian peninsula. This is traced with singular clearness to its causes. "My religion has broken down," was the remark of a Spanish boatman, and the complaint appears to be universal in the nation. Want of faith in anything settled in faith, in government or morals, seems to be the peculiar malady with which Spain is at present afflicted. For the present, there seems no choice between the blind devotion of the women and the declared unbelief of the rest of the population—from the grandee to the peasant. There are "no signs of life" in the Spanish Church; everywhere a breaking-up, without apparent aim or concert in the movement. As the writer remarks, the Spaniard who deserts the national Church has no other refuge:—"Alone you pass out into the great darkness; yea, even a darkness which may be felt; alone must you wander upon the mountains, seeking some track to guide your weary footsteps; alone must you lie down, as the shades of your last long night draw on—confused, bewildered, baffled, deserted and in pain. It is so. He who leaves the 'one fold' in Spain has '*no* place to flee unto, and no man cares for his soul.' In his reading, in his thought, in his hope, in his prayer, in his belief, for him there is simple, sheer, utter loneliness; it is '*chacun pour soi*' in every thing." A lady contributor gives the first of a series of sketches of the Merchant-printers of Italy, opening, of course, with Aldo Manuzio, the founder of the Aldine press; and Mr. Matthew Arnold, in the substance of an Address delivered before the elementary Teachers of the Wesleyan Training College, exposes what he considers the ungrounded pretensions put forth in favour of American primary education. The article which concludes the number is on "Vivisection," by Dr. Michael Foster. It is, perhaps, one of the most specious, as well as one of the boldest defiances of all popular feeling on the subject of human dealings with the lower creation we have met with. Like "the nigger," under American slavery, the cat, the dog, or the rabbit have no rights which "the white man is bound to respect." The scientific professor may torture them, not merely for the purposes of scientific experiment, but also for mere physiological demonstration. In other words, he may train his students to take delight in the infliction of pain when it can be of no use except as a source of delight—when there is nothing to be discovered that was not established before, and nothing to be gained by the vivisection, unless the brutalizing of human hearts can be called a benefit. As a specimen of the kind of work physiology requires of its students, let us quote a few lines from the "Handbook" recently issued in London:—"Germination of the cells of bone may be induced in the long bones of mammals *by passing a red-hot needle as deeply as possible into the bone*, previously freed of the soft parts covering it, and then cauterizing the hole with a pointed stick of nitrate of silver. * * Inflammation of the tissue of the liver may be induced by passing a needle into the organ. Twenty-four or forty-eight hours after the injury, the animal must be killed." How Guinea-pigs can be preserved for repeated acts of brutality is explained in detail under the head:—"Mode of Producing Biliary Fistula in Guinea-pigs." Not to follow the sickening details, we content ourselves with the conclusion:—"When the bile duct is tied, the Guinea-pigs die in less than twenty-four hours, *but when it is not* tied, they will live for a week."

We should like to have referred to several instructive articles in the *Contemporary Review*, but our allotted space has already been exhausted, and we must reserve our remarks upon them for a future number. Meanwhile, we may commend the papers by Messrs. Grant-Duff, St. George Mivart and Lady Pollock, to the attention of our readers.

BOOK REVIEWS.

WILKES, SHERIDAN AND FOX: The Opposition under George III. By W. F. Rae. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co. 1874.

Macaulay introduced the fashion of writing Whig history; Bulwer and Disraeli replied with Tory romance; Mr. Rae has struck out the new line of writing Whig biography. His is the most honest course; and his volume, being from its form more lively and personal than any professed history of party could be, gives an interest to the chief acts of the party whose cause he believes "that of universal brotherhood and perpetual peace; whose victories are those of justice over prejudice; in which reason has acquired the ascendency; and through which the happiness of the people has been increased." His covers sport Fox's colours of buff and blue, and so thoroughly has he imbued himself with the literature of the period, that in places he scarcely resists the temptation of joining in the wordy fray as an actor rather than as chronicler or critic.

The period of time during which Wilkes, Sheridan and Fox were prominent politicians, covers the whole of the reign of George III., from his first attempts to form his own Ministries and "be indeed a King," to the Regency. Mr. Rae brings out with great success the true issues on which Wilkes so long fought and finally succeeded. Previous accounts have laid so much stress either upon the purely legal details, or upon the popular excitement of the time, that most students have vague ideas of the real issues; Mr. Rae has condensed them in a masterly manner. Sheridan's life, as a politician, was much less eventful than that of the other two, and most readers will be surprised to find that, while careless in excess of his own means, he exercised a never-failing scrutiny into the public expenditure, and his quoted speeches shew him a singularly acute critic of schemes of taxation.

"Opposing the repeal of the Receipt Tax, on the 4th of December, 1783, he said that 'in his mind the great recommendation of the Receipt Tax was that, being paid directly, and not indirectly, the public felt it, and it naturally led them to consider the state of the nation. This was the excellence of the tax, and a right principle of taxation. If he might presume to lay down a principle of taxation as fit to be adopted in an arbitrary and in a free country, taxes should be imposed as indirectly as possible in the former, and the giving alarm to men's feelings ought to be most studiously avoided. The reverse exactly should be the case in a free country; the taxes there ought always to be direct and open. The subject, when he paid any of them, should know that he paid a tax, and his attention should in consequence be provoked to an examination of the country's debts, the weight of which, being obliged to be borne by all, they necessarily concerned all in an equal degree.'"

We have all heard of Sheridan's famous orations on the impeachment of Warren Hastings, and those of us who have tried to read the printed versions have been surprised that such bombastic nonsense should have been deemed eloquence. Fortunately short-hand reports have been preserved, and Mr. Rae has done good service to Sheridan's fame and the taste of our ancestors by reproducing portions of the real addresses.

In almost every speech reported in this work we find passages bearing upon questions beaten threadbare here within the last few years. This quotation from Sheridan would have been refreshing: "These gentlemen, speaking to each other, might thus address each other: one might say, 'I supported Lord North during the whole of his administration, but left him at last, when I found he had formed a coalition with that abominable man Charles Fox.' Another might reply, 'And I joined Mr. Fox for many years in his opposition to Government; till at last I found it necessary to abandon him, when he disgraced himself by a coalition with that abominable man Lord North.' If the state of the public credit and the funds should become the subject of discussion in that House, one of the members of the Treasury Bench may very probably say, 'It was the cursed American war of Lord North that brought this ruin upon our funds.'

"This would instantly call up his friend on the same Bench, who would immediately reply, 'No; the American war was a just and constitutional war; it was the opposition given to it by the rebel encourager, Charles Fox, which caused the failure of it, and this brought ruin on the country.' Thus a Treasury formed on anti-coalition principles was itself a chain of coalitions."

Or this, from Fox: "One of these matters was in the power of the Minister, the other in the power of the House of Commons, which reminded him of a scene in an excellent comedy, wherein the father takes out a bond, and the son says, 'Let me hold it in my hand!' The father says, 'What signifies which of us shall hold it—neither of us shall hold it.' And then he puts it in his pocket. The Minister asked what difference there was between an adjournment and a prorogation? The difference was, that he had the bond in his pocket if there was a prorogation."

As the greatest politician, the leader, almost the founder of the party, the biographer of Fox brings out the enthusiasm of the author, who, though eminently fair and striving to do justice to George III., Pitt and other politicians, in the effort exalts his hero and his principles. Fox is to him what William III. was to Macaulay, or William of Orange to Motley. He says that George the Third "determined to be guided by his own opinions or prepossessions, to appoint no Minister who thought and acted in a way displeasing to him, or, if forced by circumstances to appoint any one to high office against his own wishes, to withhold from that Minister his confidence and co-operation. Many applauded his procedure. * * To this system, which had no justification according to the spirit of the Constitution, George the Third had in Fox a consistent, an indefatigable and unyielding opponent. The statesmanship of the Whig leader was antagonistic to the Sovereign's policy. Fox was ready to respect and anxious to uphold all the just and innocuous privileges of the Crown, but he was still more inclined to sustain and defend the acknowledged rights of the people. Chief among the latter he ranked the principle that, whenever Parliament advised or intimated that a Ministry ought to be changed, the change should be at once made by the King. He thought Parliament should govern and the Monarch reign. George the Third thought that Parliament ought to defer to his opinions; that, as the father of his people, it was for him to decide what was best for them; that he alone was competent to interpret the Constitution in doubtful cases; that whatever he determined and performed must be for the best, provided it had the approval of his own conscience. In practice he prudently confined his antagonism, not to Parliament as a whole, but to a section of it; he held that all who were not with him were against him; that all who voted against the Ministry of his own choice formed a factious opposition; and he knew that the ruling spirit in that opposition was Fox."

Speaking of the party, he says: "To his (Sheridan's) immortal honour, he remained true to what he believed to be the cause of liberty, which was, in fact, the cause of justice. As a member of the small minority which rightly prided itself upon being the real Constitutional party, he did a service to this country which no unprejudiced reader of our history can now recall without gratitude, mingled with regret that it never received its due reward. * * If enthusiasm, energy, and the profession of genuine Constitutional principles could have counterbalanced numerical inferiority, this little party ought to have had the ascendency on every division. * * As a general rule the majority in every community must decide for the whole, because in human affairs there was no umpire but human reason."

Glancing shortly at the most important issues of the period, we find that while the first half of Wilkes victories were over the Crown, the second half—and the chief—were over the tyranny and the usurpation of the House of Commons. The American War of Revolution was most popular through the country, and the mere fact that they were the advocates, and the Opposition the opponents, of the war, enabled the blundering and incompetent Ministries of the day to retain power. Mr. Rae candidly admits that when defeated, in 1784, by Pitt, the decision of the country was unmistakably against Fox, and that the members of his party lost their seats by overwhelming majorities; that in 1792, the oldest friends of Fox differed with him and deserted to the Ministry—that Pitt, while a favourite of the King, held office by the parliamentary tenure of majorities during his twenty-two years of power. He also admits that on many points of policy Fox was wrong and Pitt was right.

Taking all these things into account, we think that Mr. Rae unduly debits George III. with many of the evils he complains of in his volume. He says the King's policy met with tacit or open approval in Parliament and throughout the country; that the mistakes of his Ministers made that policy unpopular. But he ought to credit George III. with the fact that, after his first Minister's defeat, the King's wishes and those of the majority seem generally to to have been in accord, and that during this long reign we find a steady and regular advance. "Stop, you old fool! that's over long ago," said Wilkes to the old woman who shouted "Wilkes and Liberty!" and Fox in his old age could have uttered a similar remark.

Party government will fail to command the confidence of any people; there will be reactions against the best, and party history gives us a distorted view of facts. Who, in the United States, reads a true account of their Revolutionary struggles? Mr. Rae believes Fox was right in opposing the American War; yet in that country hundreds of thousands believed it a just and holy one. A great merit of Fox, in the author's eyes, is his praise of Washington and his country at the very time that American Tories were reduced to penury and driven into exile. The Whigs believe in peace—yet peace may be secured at the price of honour and of a country's colonies sacrificed at its shrine.

The leader of an Opposition who is reduced to criticism appears at a great advantage; the points in which he was right will be approved in time; his errors are unnoticed; but those of a Minister are disastrous.

This book, however, is by no means confined to politics. Mr. Rae's references to authorities are full, and he has brought to light facts and documents which show the care with which he has traversed this well-worn period of history. The criticisms of Sheridan's speeches and plays are acute and able. There is much to interest the general reader, and the style is one which carries him unweariedly from the first page to the last.

THE CONSERVATION OF ENERGY, BEING AN ELEMENTARY TREATISE ON ENERGY AND ITS LAWS. By Balfour Stewart, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S. Henry S. King & Co., London, 1873.

This admirable work may be regarded as an introduction to the more profound study of the great generalizations of modern science involved by the now familiar phrases, "conservation of energy," "correlation of the physical forces," and "dissipation of energy." Dr. Stewart's exposition of these generalizations, as embodied in the volume before us, may safely be said to form the best and most attractive of the volumes of the "International Scientific Series," so far as these have gone at present, and so far as we are justified in supposing that the object of this series of works is the instruction of the general public, and not the edification of trained men of science. The author's style is singularly clear and forcible; his illustrations of the various steps in his argument are so homely and so plain that they must prove comprehensible even to those who start with the disadvantage of having had no previous training in the mathematical and physical sciences; and the entire work might be taken as a model of what a treatise on any branch of "popular science," in the best sense of the term, really ought to be.

The first chapter deals with the question of what is understood by the term "energy," which is defined as the power possessed by any body of doing work. The standard adopted for the strictly scientific measurement of work is pointed out, and the relations between velocity and energy are clearly shown. At the commencement of the next chapter the student is asked to contemplate the apparently anomalous fact that a body absolutely at rest, as a stone on the roof of a house, may nevertheless possess a vast amount of energy, and the nature of "energy of position," as contrasted with "energy of velocity," is illustrated by various apposite examples. From these elementary considerations the author passes to the question as to what really is to be expected from machinery, the allowance to be made for friction, the appearance of heat when motion is destroyed, and the nature of heat itself, with the relationship between this and mechanical energy. The succeeding two chapters are of great interest and importance, and treat of the various natural forces, their correlation with one another, their indestructibility, and the law of their conservation, concluding with an excellent summary of the "transmutations of energy." The fifth chapter deals in as satisfactory a manner as can be expected in such a short compass, with the "dissipation of energy;" and the last treats of the nature of vital energy as compared with the ordinary physical forces. As an excellent example of our author's method of treating his subject, we extract a short passage in which the vital energy of the living organism is compared to the commander of an army. After pointing out that every animal is a machine of such delicacy of construction as to be practically infinite, so that there is "a transparent absurdity in the very thought that a man may become able to calculate his own movements, or even those of his fellow," Dr. Stewart proceeds as follows:—"Let us suppose that a war is being carried on by a vast army, at the head of which there is a very great commander. Now this commander knows too well to expose his own person; in truth, he is never seen by any of his subordinates. He remains at work in a well guarded room, from which telegraphic wires reach to the head-quarters of the various divisions. He can thus, by means of these wires, transmit his orders to the generals of these divisions, and by the same means receive back information as to the condition of each. Thus his head-quarters become a centre, into which all information is poured, and out of which all commands are issued. Now, that mysterious thing called life, about the nature of which we know so little, is probably not unlike such a commander. Life is not a bully, who swaggers out into the open universe upsetting the laws of energy in all directions, but rather a consummate strategist, who, sitting in his secret chamber, before his wires, directs the movements of a great army." Every biologist, not indissolubly wedded to pure materialism, will recognise, in spite of the unpretending language in which it is couched, the force, beauty, and truth of the above illustration.

In conclusion, we can very cordially recommend all students of physical science, as well as all those interested in knowing something of the fundamental laws which govern this universe, to the perusal of this most interesting and intelligible volume, the best, we repeat, of the series to which it belongs, so far as that series has gone.

ANIMAL LOCOMOTION, OR WALKING, SWIMMING, AND FLYING, WITH A DISSERTATION ON AERONAUTICS. By J. Bell Pettigrew, M.D., F.R.S. Henry S. King & Co., London, 1873.

Whilst still a medical student in the University of Edinburgh, Dr. Pettigrew raised himself by a single step to a recognised position in the scientific world by a dissertation on the anatomical structure of the heart, which displayed high original genius combined with great patience of observation, and an extraordinary aptitude for delicate experimentation. The early promise thus held forth has been sustained by a series of masterly essays on various physiological subjects, and to-day Dr. Pettigrew may fairly claim to be the first British authority upon the subject of which his present volume treats, and to which he has for the last ten years devoted special attention. As a consequence of this, however, his work is necessarily of a less popular nature than that of Dr. Stewart, being to a large extent original, and frequently demanding considerable knowledge of anatomy as well as of mechanical laws. Indeed, the chief defect of the work seems to arise from this very fact; the author showing an obvious consciousness that he is endeavouring to accomplish the difficult task of expounding a purely scientific subject in such a manner as to be intelligible to general readers, and being thus occasionally led into the employment of vague and unsatisfactory expressions.

The first portion of the work treats on animal locomotion in general, and lays down the general principles upon which progression is effected. The succeeding three sections treat respectively of progression on the land, as exhibited in terrestrial animals, progression on and in the water, as seen in the various inhabitants of a fluid medium as well as in those which only occasionally betake themselves to the water, and progression in and through the air. A special and elaborate account, in connection with this last section, is given of the wings of insects, bats and birds. Finally, an interesting chapter is devoted to the general principles of Aeronautics, and to the past, present and future of this science.

From the above bald enumeration of the heads into which Dr. Pettigrew's work is divided, it will be seen that it constitutes a treatise of necessarily greater interest to the strictly scientific reader than to the general public. There is much in it, however, to interest any well-informed and instructed reader, however unscientific, and the attractions of the work are greatly enhanced by a copious series of artistic and extremely effective engravings, most of which have the advantage of being original.

PICTURESQUE AMERICA; or the Land we Live in. A Delineation by Pen and Pencil of the Mountains, Rivers, Lakes, Forests, Shores, Valleys, Cities, and other Picturesque Features of the United States. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

No one who has travelled much in the neighbouring Republic, or who is at all familiar with photographs of American landscape, will deny that the picturesque element enters largely into the composition of its natural scenery. The wide range of territory, embracing the snows of the White Mountains and the tropical verdure of the far South, with the graduating changes lying between these extremes, gives room for that variety of character in nature so inciting to the play of the artist's pencil. The natural phenomena of landscape, in a single valley of the country, is so varied that the true artist might find occupation for his pencil for years; but with half a continent to traverse—with its watersheds, its mountains, its cañons, its coasts and its cities, how much is there to delineate, and what variety is there to portray.

Tempted by the wealth of material for illustration, and ambitious to present an appreciative public with the result, the Messrs. Appleton have taken the field, and have aimed at producing an artistic souvenir of their country which will remain an enduring monument to their enterprise, while it marks an era in the artistic culture of the Republic. The result so far before us, while it is highly creditable to American art taste, is indicative also of the excellent engraving skill of her draughtsmen and the admirable *finesse* of the printer's handicraft.

Under the general editorship of the Poet Bryant, with a staff of special writers and the best artistic talent of the country, the work has been issued as far as part 36, of a total of 48 parts, and we do not hesitate to say that few more sumptuous books have been published, and rarely has book illustrating been made more attractive.

To particularize the beauties of the work would occupy more space than we can afford: were this otherwise, it would be difficult to limit our commendation to the labours of any one artist, or to the attractions of any one locality described. Each has its features of interest and excellence. The sublimities of the Sierra Nevada, the *abandon* of the sea coast, the repose of the inland waters—all have their charms, and bespeak the spirit of the scenes they portray. Nor is the interest in the work confined to Nature's solitudes. The scenes of human activity, in its varied play—in the north, the south and the west are also represented; and the draughtsman, while faithfully depicting city and village life, has not made them devoid of artistic value. A feature not unworthy of notice is the effective display and ingenuity of contrivance in adapting the pictures to the letter-press, or *vice versa.* We have thus the most graceful effect of the pencil interlacing with the pen to adorn and enrich the page. Particularly striking also is the effect rendered by the setting given to the drawings, and the happy point of view from which the artists have chosen to produce their work. This is very noticeable in the illustrations of Messrs. Harry Fenn and Granville Perkins.

We have but space left us to add that the views of the cities are spirited and pleasing, and the steel engravings, one of which is given in each part, are well executed and exceedingly effective.

THE CANADIAN MILITIA: Its Organization and Present Condition. By Lieutenant-Col. Davis.

According to this writer the Volunteer Militia is in little better than a hopeless state of disorganization. Some of his suggestions for militia reform are sound and sensible; but we think he proposes to attempt too much, when he suggests that the whole arms-bearing population should be required to undergo a short term of military duty. If the term were annual, it would necessarily be so short that it would be of little value, while the universality of the training would be felt to be oppressive; and if it were only for once, or at very long periods, what little was learnt would be forgotten or of no value. The volunteer organization is treated as a failure, and the substitution of the system in force in England is recommended, with such modifications as the difference in the circumstances of the two countries would require. The writer, from whom we differ on many points, shows conclusively that the present military schools have not answered the purpose for which they must be supposed mainly to have been established—the education of volunteer and service militia officers. Half the number who attended them, he says, belonged to neither one or other arm of the service; and that, for want of the means of compulsion, large numbers of officers never qualified for their positions. Very few infantry officers, we are given to understand, could pass the examination required from a lieutenant in the line before he can be promoted to the rank of captain; while the artillery officers, if we exclude the two schools of gunnery at Kingston and Quebec, are for the most part ignorant of even the rudiments of mathematics, natural philosophy, chemistry, geology, drawing, surveying, field-works and fortifications; and the lieutenant-colonels generally know nothing of strategy, or those higher duties of the military profession which, from their rank, they ought to know. This is a formidable indictment; and whether it be true to the extent which the writer assumes or not, the recommendation that all officers should be required to learn their duties or to resign is a good one. There is, probably, much in the argument that, without general officers of the line, the education of Canadian officers cannot be made what it should be. The writer seems to agree with Sir James Lindsay that it is absolutely necessary to have one or more general officers in command of the militia; but if this be true at present, surely the education of Canadian officers would prevent this necessity from being perpetuated. It may be true, as alleged, that the militia is the most neglected and the worst remunerated service in the Dominion; but it scarcely serves any good purpose to compare the wages of labour with the pay of volunteers on drill, unless it be to show that the pay of those who do military duty in Canada must be relatively high. If it be true that not one volunteer out of twenty has a pair of boots fit to march in, and that half a company marched from Clifton to Niagara barefoot in 1872, the facts are not creditable to them. Some of the suggestions in this pamphlet may be useful, though we confess we do not quite like its tone, and it contains much to which we cannot give assent.

MEMORANDUM ON THE MILITIA SYSTEM OF CANADA. By Lieutenant-Colonel Fletcher, Scots Fusilier Guards.

The author of this pamphlet, the reader need not be informed, is Military Secretary to the Governor-General. The pamphlet is an argument in favour of doing thoroughly whatever is done in the training of the militia. Colonel Fletcher holds, and in this we think he is correct, "that a small force, well trained, and officered by men who have learnt their profession, has become a necessity for Canada." He argues that we cannot safely rely upon obtaining from England, in the event of war, a supply of trained officers; since at such a time the resources of England, both in officers and men, would be taxed to the uttermost. To provide educated officers for Canada the establishment of three training schools is recommended, for the details of which we must refer to the work itself. It is a wholesome, if not quite pleasant truth, which Col. Fletcher deserves credit for frankly stating, that "at present, the Dominion swarms with officers of high rank who have received little instruction, and have seldom or ever held military command; consequently, as in the case of the United States, military titles are held in little esteem." There can be no question that this style of things would be most disastrous in case of war; and Col. Fletcher deserves the thanks of the public for having called attention to the subject, and pointed out the remedy.

THE NORTH-WEST OF CANADA. By Charles Horetzky.

The reading of this brief sketch of the North-West has impressed us very favourably. The author has brought together in a few pages a great deal of valuable information. Having been attached to the Pacific surveying party, he does not favour the route of the Tête Jaune Cache, but inclines to the opinion that the Peace River Valley will afford the best crossing. Before reaching the Mountains this route would pass through a thickly wooded country, into which the roving Indians of the Plains do not penetrate. The estimates of arable land cannot be expected to present more than an approximation to the truth. The projectors of railroad connection with James' Bay will not find much encouragement in the statement that, owing to the shoal water which extends out a distance of twenty-five miles, the coast can only be approached by vessels with the greatest difficulty, and that, at that distance from Moose Factory, the annual vessel of the Hudson's Bay Company visiting there has to lighten before she can cross the bar. At this point land is nowhere visible, and the Company has erected a beacon light eighteen miles from the Factory; from which, at a distance of nine miles, the cargo has to be transferred to small craft. This being the character of the coast everywhere on James' Bay, shows that nature has put its veto on all schemes which imply the formation of a good and secure harbour there. The author contemplates the publication of a larger work on the same subject, which can hardly fail to be interesting and valuable.

A CANADIAN POLITICAL COIN. A Monograph. By William Kingsford.

The attempt to give the true reading of legend on a Canadian copper coin, of political origin, struck in 1811, which no one had previously done with success, will be interesting to the numismatist; and here we must refer to the pamphlet for the solution of the enigma. To the general reader the disquisition on the administration of Sir James Craig, from a new and independent stand-point, will be more interesting. The writer's appreciation of that episode in the history of Lower Canada seems to us to be just. The pamphlet will well repay a perusal.

LITERARY NOTES.

Native publications are represented this month by the following reprints or special editions manufactured for the Canadian trade:—Messrs. Dawson Brothers issue Captain Butler's new work "The Wild North Land,"—an exploration, in picturesque narrative, of "Higher Latitudes" to those traversed in the author's previous book "The Great Lone Land." Canada has never had a more adventurous spirit abroad in her wild domains, or a more graphic delineator of the features of her vast possessions, than she has in Captain Butler. The book, we feel sure, will have many readers. Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co., issue "The Parisians," by the late Lord Lytton; and announce for early publication two new novels and two volumes of verse. The former are "Lady Anna," by Anthony Trollope, and "Second Cousin Sarah," by F. W. Robinson, and the latter, a collection of native verse by Alexander McLachlan, and a reprint of some classical studies, "Fables in Song," from the pen of "Owen Meredith," the present Lord Lytton. Messrs. Adam, Stevenson & Co.'s contributions embrace of original publications a new and cheaper edition of Dr. W. Morley Punshon's Lectures and Sermons, and an issue of the "Canadian Monthly," for the years 1872 and 1873, in two annual volumes, in elegant bindings. The latter will be found more compact for reference than in the four single volume form. In the department of original literature, they will issue immediately a volume of choice Sermons, by the Rev. Wm. Cochrane, M. A., of Brantford, under the title of "The Heavenly Vision," &c., and an important work on Canadian Agriculture, entitled, "The Canadian Farmers' Manual of Agriculture; the principles and practice of mixed husbandry as adapted to Canadian soils and climate," by C. E. Whitcomb, Esq., late editor of *The Canada Farmer*. The special editions issued by this firm for the native market embrace Mr. W. F. Rae's interesting volume on "Wilkes, Sheridan and Fox—the Liberal Opposition under George III.," "French Home Life," a reissue from *Blackwood's Magazine*, and "Business," a volume of Essays, by a Merchant. As these will find extended notice under our Book Reviews, we simply chronicle their appearance here. Mr. Lovell's useful publication, "A Gazetteer of the British North American Provinces," noticed at some length in a previous number as in press, completes the issues of native publications for the month.

The third and completing volume of Mr. Forster's "Life of Charles Dickens" has been published. The period covered by the narrative is from 1852 to 1870—a period fruitful of literary labour.

The Colonies of the Crown are receiving considerable attention in the world of letters of late, incited, no doubt, by the desire of the emigrating classes for reliable information as to their several attractions. Recently we had a work on "The Dominion of Canada," by Mr. Charles Marshall—an interesting and faithful narrative. We have now "The Dominion of Australia," by Mr. W. H. Ranken, and a revised edition of "New Zealand," by Mr. A. Kennedy, both of which seem to express accurate and intelligent views in regard to their respective subjects.

Mr. Motley, the historian, has been continuing his researches into the material which has made the Continent of Europe so historic. As the result of his recent labours, we are promised immediately a work on the "Life and Death of John of Barneveld," including the history of the primary causes and movements of "The Thirty Years' War."

Messrs. Scribner, of New York, issue a reprint of a charming story by the author of "Mrs. Jerningham's Journal," entitled "A Very Young Couple." We have read few stories of late more delightfully written. "A Princess of Thule," the new novel by William Black, author of "Kilmeny," "A Daughter of Heth," &c., has just appeared in Harper's series of select novels. Few novels of recent years are likely to win more upon their readers than this exquisite tale. Its incidents possess a power of fascination which few will be able to resist.

The current literature of fiction is also represented this month in a new and clever novel by Miss Broughton, author of "Cometh up as a Flower," &c., entitled "Nancy;" also, in "Publicans and Sinners," by Miss Braddon.

The new volume of the International Sunday School Lessons series, has reached us from the Philadelphia publishers, Messrs. Claxton, Remsen and Co. It is a commentary on the Book of Exodus, with notes, exegetical, practical and devotional, designed for

Pulpit, Family and Sabbath-school use, by Dr. Nevin.

A new series of Mr. Hayward's Biographical and Critical Essays from the Reviews, will shortly be published by Messrs. Longman. This firm also announce a new work by Mr. Proctor, the writer on Astronomy. The subject is the Coming Transits of Venus, and will present some new views respecting the Constitution of the Heavens.

The religious world is to have another "Life of Christ," written for Messrs. Cassell, by the Rev. Dr. Farrar, the well-known Bampton lecturer. Each volume, it is said, will contain an illustration from an original sketch, made expressly for the work, by Mr. Holman Hunt.

Messrs. Longman announce Vols. 2 and 3 of Mr. Froude's work on "The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century," completing the work.

Mr. Arthur Clayden, who accompanied Mr. Arch in his recent visit to the Free Grant Lands in Ontario, is about to publish his letters to the *Daily News*, London. The volume will embrace a sketch of the rise and progress of the National Agricultural Labourers' Union, and will bear the title of "The Revolt of the Field."

An interesting account of the Glacial Epoch with reference to its changes of climate, &c., appears in a volume by Mr. James Geikie, of the Scottish Geological Survey, entitled "The Great Ice Age and its Relation to the Antiquity of Man."

The Constitutional History of the Mother Country has been enriched by a work on its origin and development from the pen of the present Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford—Professor Stubbs, M.A. A useful compend of the subject is also presented, with copious quotations on the leading events from contemporary writers, in a work prepared by Mr. H. R. Clinton, Instructor of Candidates for Public Examinations.

Messrs. A. & C. Black are about to proceed with an enterprise of some magnitude, involving vast literary labour and a large expenditure of money. We refer to the re-issue of the "The Encyclopædia Britannica," the ninth edition of which it is contemplated to send to press. All the old articles will be thoroughly revised, condensed and brought up to the present time, while in many features of the work much improvement will be introduced. The new edition is to be projected on the same scale as the last, and the same manner of publication will be adopted. It is noticeable as a feature in the growth of literary talent in Canada, that among the contributors to this work, several Canadians will figure.

Mr. Murray announces the third thousand of his recently issued "Memoirs of Mrs. Somerville," whose labours in the field of physical science have enriched the literature of that department with many important contributions.

A "History of Scottish Philosophy" is announced for early publication, from the pen of Dr. McCosh, of Princeton. It will be largely biographical, comprising notices of the lives and work of over a hundred Scottish thinkers.

Messrs. Scribner announce, by arrangement, an American edition of "The Grand Duke Alexis's Account of his Tour Around the World, including his Travels in America."

Messrs. Hurst & Blackett have just published an important biography, which will take high rank in the political and parliamentary literature of England. We refer to the "Life of the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval," by his grandson, Mr. Spencer Walpole. The biography comes late in the day to do justice to an able and exemplary statesman, but it will be nevertheless welcome now.

The expiration of copyright of the "Earlier Essays of Lord Macaulay" has brought into the English publishing field a number of shilling editions of these brilliant productions. The sale of these, however, will be somewhat forestalled by the issue, by the late author's publishers, Messrs. Longman, of an edition of the "Complete Essays," with the historian's annotations, in sixpenny parts.

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A FRAGMENT OF CANADIAN HISTORY.*

BY PROFESSOR BRYCE.

THE writer of the History of the Dominion of Canada has a great work before him. It is as great a task as the explorer of a great river has when entering its embouchure he sails up to diverge and examine one branch, to return and repeat his quest in another, and after all to leave unvisited a hundred rivulets which go to make up the stream. The History of Canada must start from such different sources as the discovery of the Prima Vista in 1497; the Nouvelle France of Jacques Cartier in 1535; the Acadie of the heroes of "Evangeline" in 1604; the Rupert's Land of the Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay in 1670, and extending westward until it embraced—from Hudson's Straits to Vancouver's Island, discovered in 1762—all the country not possessed by any other Christian Prince or State; the British Canada of the soldiers of Wolfe of 1759; and the refuge of the United Empire Loyalists from 1783 to 1812. Starting from such different sources, the History of Canada comes down to the present time, when British North America is beginning to realize her unity under the Canadian Confederation. This paper is a fragment of such history, torn from the volume that must be written by some patient and earnest investigator who can make the whole subject a life-work. It is an imperfect sketch of the history of the Hudson's Bay Company and its opponents, from their adventurous beginning to the year 1821, when all united in one great company bearing the name of the oldest, though not most vigorous partner. The embarkation of English gentlemen in foreign trade was the result of the successful voyages of Drake and his contemporaries, when, as a species of freebooters, they sailed the seas with the motto of the brave Robin

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* Sir Alexander McKenzie's Travels; Hargrave's Red River; Neill's History of Minnesota; Reports of the British House of Commons; Ross's Red River Settlement.

Hood. Among the Company of Adventurers to whom King Charles granted a charter was the fiery Prince Rupert, who is acknowledged as "our dear and entirely beloved cousin, Count Palatine of the Rhine," &c., and to him, already noted for his buccaneering life in the West Indies, and for exploits of a more patriotic kind against the Dutch, was given the honour of naming a territory which only five years ago lost the title of "Rupert's Land." His old friend, the Duke of Albemarle, familiar to the reader of English history as the brave and reticent restorer of Charles II., General Monk, died in the year of the granting of the charter; and his son Christopher stands second on the list of those to whom was given the monopoly of the country lying within the "entrance of the Straits commonly known as Hudson's Straits, together with all the lands, countries and territories upon the coasts and confines of the seas, straits, bays, lakes, rivers, creeks, and sounds." It is not at all strange to read of "old George, the King-maker," who had filled almost every office, military and civil, leaving his heir with instructions to prosecute, even so wild and adventurous an enterprise as the trade with Hudson's Bay; nor does it surprise us to see the ruling spirit of King Charles' reign, Dryden's Achitophel, Lord Ashley, the unworthy ancestor of our good Earl of Shaftesbury, taking part in this quest of the "Golden Fleece," bearing, as he did, the character:

> "A man so various that he seemed to be
> Not one, but all mankind's epitome."

Lord Arlington, another of the members of the celebrated Cabal, is found among the traders, and with fourteen others—knights, baronets, esquires and citizens—completed the corporation organized under Prince Rupert, the first Governor. The pleasure-loving king deserves well of us, when we look at his wise and generous policy of encouraging the trader and the voyageur, giving up to them the fisheries of "whales, sturgeons and all other royal fishes," and even the "gold, silver, gems and precious stones," requiring only yearly to himself and successors, as often as they should enter the territories, the payment of "two elks and two black beavers." The love of sea-adventure, which was then strengthening in the bosom of the Englishman, was but the revival of the old Norse instinct which the struggles of the barons and the Wars of the Roses had very much deadened. It was this same spirit that led Drake and Raleigh and Frobisher to make their flying visits to almost every part of the unknown world, and the explorers of the inhospitable quarters of Hudson's Bay had to incite them the additional charm of whales and icebergs and fierce wild beasts. For a hundred years the Company sent out its ships to escape, with battered keels and sometimes dismasted vessels, the dangers of a channel open only two months in the year; but, besides having their love of adventure gratified, they had the consolation of securing a very profitable cargo of the peltries of the frozen land. Not long after their establishment, it is true, their rudely built forts on the border of Hudson's Bay were visited and captured by French expeditions. The great Massacre of St. Bartholomew, 100 years before, had turned on edge the teeth of all the Protestant nations against the foes of the reformed doctrines, and war was being waged at this time between "Le Grand Monarque" and the English, who sympathized with the struggling and devoted inhabitants of the Low Countries. In these struggles the young Company received its share of trials; its forts were occupied, its trade interrupted and its energies weakened time after time until the Peace of Ryswick in 1697 put an end to the difficulties that beset the traders; yet during all this period, taking full account of losses, the proprietors comforted themselves every few years with a dividend of 50 per cent. To one who has never experienced the peculiar cold of Rupert's Land it seems intolerable to endure for several weeks together a temperature of so great intensity, and yet the traders gathering furs for their vessel, coming out in the short northern summer, passed with much cheerfulness, and even pleasure, their sojourn year after year. From far and near came the tribes of Indians inhabiting the vast region to the west, which the traders thus found it unnecessary to visit. Without leaving their so-called forts on Hudson's Bay, they could receive for a trifle of goods, or some paltry trinket, the most valuable furs; and Fort Churchill and the shores of the inland sea of the north became the centre of attraction for the many tribes of the great Crees or Algonquins of the South-east, as well as the Chippewan nations of the North-west. To the romance of the trade was added the feeling of superiority which their knowledge and their goods gave the traders over the Indian—astute enough as to honour, but simple as a child in trade. There is a grim humour in the motto of the Hudson's Bay Company: "Pro pelle cutem," (skin for skin) adopted as embodying the results of a thousand successful transactions. Yet there was evinced on the whole a sagacity and tact in dealing with the savage, even in the early days of the Company, that has been seldom equalled. Coming down with his bundle of furs upon his back, from the shores of some of the innumerable lakes stretching to Lake Winnipeg over four hundred miles, or reciting the strange stories of far-off Athabasca, the Indian hunter did not fail to return with his powder, shot and Queen Bess musket to wake the echoes of his quiet home. Had the North-west been hospitable, no doubt the influx of other traders brought by the news of the great profits would soon have made it impossible for the traders to retain their monopoly, and settlements such as those of Manhattan Island and Nouvelle France would have followed in the wake of the fur hunters. But the rigour of the climate, the sterility of the soil, the difficulties of approach and the threatenings of a monopoly, retained in a most unexampled manner the country for its first masters, who found their mine of wealth not in the soil, but in the animals which civilization banishes. Encroachments, however, came from a most unexpected quarter. New France had, from its very beginning, become the resort of the fur trader. The Saguenay, with its clear waters and its rugged banks, gave good returns to the trader; and Tadoussac, at its mouth, became the fur dépôt for many a year. The Ottawa, too, in turn yielded its share of northern wealth, and the enterprising French voyageurs continued their North-western course until crossing the watershed they reached the plateau of Red River and the Saskatchewan. Trapping and trading, the hardy descendants of the men from Norman France followed the genius of the race that left its northern fiords to carry vigour to Western Europe, and sent off the captain of St. Malo on his adventurous quest to the new world. M. de la Verandrye, a French seigneur, was the first white man who penetrated the solitudes of the North-west, and to him is given the honour of having, in 1731, discovered Lake Winnipeg and its affluents. His success was the occasion for a score of other adventurers seeking out the new land, and the Indians of the region west of Winnipeg soon found another set of traders nearer to their native lakes than Fort Churchill, on whom they looked at first with suspicion, but who at length won their confidence. For twenty or thirty years were the strangers from Nouvelle France courting the favour of the Indian hunters, and their persistent efforts were so successful that the English Company of more than a hundred years standing, cut off from inland supplies, were compelled to meet their rivals by leaving the coast and journeying westward. The French trappers had now the co-operation of such stirring spirits of the army of Wolfe as had settled in Canada, after, in 1759, it became British.

To meet the increasing force of this powerful combination, the Hudson's Bay Company penetrated inland more than four hundred miles, in the year 1774, to a point somewhere in the vicinity of Cumberland House. Now began the great struggle for supremacy between the old British combination and the Franco-British traders of Canada: the one possessed of the strength and confidence which large dividends and established transactions had produced, the other having all the energy and determination characterizing the Canadian, born amongst, and thoroughly accustomed to, the hardships of Colonial life. As being firmly established inland, the Canadian traders more than held their own, and with them five thousand employés. Crossing even to the Pacific Ocean, they increased in strength and drew wealthy men to them till, in 1783—nine years after the meeting of the two rivals—when freed from the threatenings and assaults of the new-fledged Republic on the South, which in that year, by the great Peace of Paris, secured its independence, the Canadian traders combined into the celebrated "North-west Company of Montreal." From this time the trading with the North-west loses much of its romance, and settles down into the routine work of a Company. The trade was now beginning to have its effect. Many of the wild and daring men scattered throughout the country among the ignorant and degraded Indian tribes, formed alliances with them. From these unions sprang the large class of "Boisbrûlés," "Métis," or Half-breeds, which has formed such an important element in all the events of North-western history. The traders and hunters of the North-west Company were a promiscuous collection of these Half-breeds, Frenchmen, Highlanders and Indians. They consisted of interpreters, clerks, canoemen and guides, and made up the two classes —those who did the inland trade and those who carried from the meeting-place to Montreal. The former brought their booty to the neighbourhood of Fort William, on Lake Superior, which was long the chief station of the North-west Company. They lived on the fresh meat of the buffalo on the plains, on the prepared meat called "pemmican" on their "trips," or upon the fish and game found in such profusion in the country they traversed. The voyageurs who brought the goods from Montreal by the toilsome route of the Ottawa, Lakes Nipissing, Huron and Superior were called "coureurs des bois." These, on account of their route failing to supply them with the requisite food, lived on the dried provisions they carried with them, and were regarded as less favoured than their North-western comrades; this class, consequently, comprised most of the "raw hands" of the Company. The winterers who, on account of their coming into contact with the Indians, were of a wild and roving disposition, gave the name to their associates, which still prevails for novices in the North-west, "mangeurs de lard" (pork-eaters). The departure of the voyageurs from Montreal on their long and perilous journey was a scene of great interest and beauty. Leaving Lachine, the dépôt of the North-west Company, in their slender canoes, they skirt the Island of Montreal, until they reach Ste. Anne's, within two miles of its western extremity. Laden so heavily that they sank to the gunwale, their canoes would rise on the crest of a wave and, guided by the expert Canadian, few accidents ever occurred. Their cargo was very general. For trade they carried "packages of coarse woollens, blankets, arms, ammunition, tobacco, threads, lines, cutlery, kettles, handkerchiefs, hats and hose, calico and printed cottons," and it is to be feared, a supply of the curse of the Indians—spirituous liquors. To this they added biscuit, pork and peas, for their own subsistence, and the utensils necessary for their voyage, but not a pound of useless freight. Early in May they prepared to leave Ste. Anne's. Probably few are aware that it is the scene of these brave and hardy voyageurs leaving, that Moore has described in the well-known "Canadian Boat Song." At Ste. Anne's rapid they were compelled to take out a part of their lading, and once past this, they bade good-bye to the associations of home, for at Ste. Anne's was the last Christian church, and this church dedicated to the tutelary saint of the voyageurs. The great combination working from far-off Montreal, to a point west of the Rocky Mountains, carried on their operations so vigorously that they were rewarded by the highest dividends ever made by a similar Company in America. But, as is so frequent, success and ambition brought dissension; and a small section, among whom were the Right Hon. Edward Ellice, M. P., since so famous in connection with the Hudson's Bay Company, and Sir Alexander Mackenzie, the traveller, broke off dissatisfied, and formed the X. Y. Company. Three rival companies made the country a scene of constant warfare, sometimes of bloodshed; and Indians and whites were frequently brought into collision at the imminent risk of the total extermination, should the animosity of the savage tribes become general, of the whole three companies. In 1811, matters had reached a very unsatisfactory condition, when a new element entered into the circumstances and completely changed the aspect of affairs. In this year Lord Selkirk, who is described by an American writer as a "wealthy, kind-hearted, and visionary nobleman of Scotland," joined the Hudson's Bay Company and obtained a controlling power in it. Whether he was not more shrewd than visionary is a question on which very much might be said; that his plans did not all succeed is but the experience of many a speculator. The waning influence of the Hudson's Bay Company and decreasing dividends rendered a bold and vigorous policy necessary. The North-west Company had a longer season, more active and more experienced agents, and had gained a prestige fully equal to that of the Company, which had reached an age of a century and a half. To meet the power of the rivals it was necessary to gain a stronger foothold in the country, to have numbers who might be appealed to in case of necessity, and moreover to produce agricultural supplies at a point nearer even than Canada to the great fur-bearing region of the North. The courage of a man who could take a colony of men, women and children, after a sea voyage of thousands of miles, to winter on the frozen shores of Hudson's Bay, and then proceed five hundred miles inland, to settle fifteen hundred miles from the nearest white settlement, must have been considerable, the object he had in view an important one, and the necessity for such a course very great. Moreover the willingness of a colony of settlers to leave the old world and begin life in a land that they believed was infested by "wild beasts and wilder men" must ever seem strange. At this juncture, fortunately for Lord Selkirk's scheme, an expatriated people had the choice of going abroad or of being drowned in the German Ocean. One of those harsh and selfish acts which have made many a colonist look back to the home of his childhood—in other respects a pleasing recollection—with the feeling of bitterness and retaliation, drove forth from the estates of the Duchess of Sutherland thousands of poor exiles to find homes in the New World. Lord Selkirk visited the hapless community and induced a number of them to colonize the land he had procured from the Hudson's Bay Company by purchase.

It is not the object of this paper to enter with any minuteness into the history of this colony. Suffice it to say that the privations they endured were rarely if ever equalled in the early settlement of any country. Women carrying helpless children were compelled to walk with bleeding feet over the frozen earth; strong men gave way, overcome by hunger and melancholy, and the poor settlers seemed the victims of every man and beast. The enmity of the North-west Company, the arrogance and threats of the Indians, the clouds of locusts that devoured their first hard-won harvests and the ordinary and inevitable hardships of the first settlers joined to make their condition most miserable. In 1812 came an additional force of immigrants; but with each new arrival the enmity of the North-west Company increased. The traders attacked the settlers, and drove them southward with the evident intention of compelling them to leave the country. The brave Highlander could have fought, but his broadsword had grown rusty: the inspiring notes of the pipes of his native hills would have roused his enthusiasm, but there was no heart strong enough to sound the pibroch. The North-west Company, organized and daring, were too strong, and the poor colonists found themselves compelled to leave their new home. Disguised as Indians the traders induced the settlers to take refuge at Pembina, about sixty miles to the south. The soi-disant Indians made use of their opportunities as guides to the unfortunates to despoil them of whatever articles of value they possessed. One woman was compelled to give up the marriage ring placed on her hand in her native land, and a warlike Highlander must surrender the trusty claymore his father had carried at Culloden. So the contest between the two companies increased in intensity. In 1814 an organized effort was made by the Nor'-westers to rid the country of the Hudson's Bay Company settlers. Two fellow-countrymen of the settlers were sent to gain the confidence of the Highland colonists. One of them writes, as he is going forward on his mission, "Nothing but the downfall of the colony will satisfy some by fair or foul means. So here is at them with all my heart and energy." The more crafty of the two emissaries taking advantage of the well known partiality of the Highlander for his clansman ingratiated himself with the simple-minded settlers, and by degrees undermined the allegiance of many to their absent patron the Earl of Selkirk. This work accomplished, an outbreak took place, and the fair words of an enemy were found to have severed the ties of origin, old recollections, and common interest which had hitherto made the struggling band a unit. The unfaithful settlers and their new-found friends sacked Fort Douglas, a rude stronghold of the Company, standing a mile below the present Fort Garry; possessed themselves of the few small guns stored there; shortly after attacked the Governor's house; killed several of its inmates, and carried away the Governor himself a captive to Montreal. Numbers of the unfortunate settlers, harassed and annoyed, set out in company with those who had proved false to their allegiance, determined to leave the country. It was a long and weary journey for the exiles, taking with them their women and children. For four long months their journey lasted. From Red River over what is now the Dawson Route to Fort William, along the rugged shores of Lakes Superior and Huron the wanderers toiled until at last they reached the lonely military station of Penetanguishene. In the settlements they formed in the London District and in the County of Simcoe, in Ontario, may yet be found the old men—few in number now—who accomplished this tedious four months' voyage in 1815. The fugitives, though suffering much, escaped many of the severe trials of those who remained behind; for both Companies, now that hostilities had commenced, began to put forth most strenuous efforts. At one time the remnant had not only resolved to return to Britain, but had actually gone several hundred miles on their way to Hudson's Bay. Met at this point by a representative of the Hudson's Bay Company they were induced to return; and on their reaching Red River the Nor'-wester agent, who had sown the seeds of dissension among them, was seized and sent off to

England for trial. Lord Selkirk, hearing of the sad condition of his infant state, hastened out by way of Canada to relieve the colonists. The messenger despatched to assure them of his sympathy and to promise assistance never reached his destination. The Nor'-westers scattered over the interior were, however, unwilling to leave the key of the country in the hands of their foes, and so organized an expedition of the Half-breeds and Highlanders at Qu'Appelle River, and coming eastward, they attacked the re-established colony now under the rule of Governor Semple. On the 16th of June, 1816, as Châteaubriand the French writer, who was travelling at that time in Canada, facetiously remarks, just a year after the Battle of Waterloo, French and English again met in conflict, this time on the prairies of the North-west, and this time to see the French the victors. The Bois-brûlés had passed Fort Douglas, when Governor Semple, poorly attended, sallied out to reconnoitre. After passing the Fort they captured three of the Selkirk settlers, known to them as "the men of Orkney." They hastened back to meet the Governor, when his want of tact seems to have ended disastrously; for a volley from the Nor'-westers laid low nearly the whole of the body-guard, and killed the rash and hasty man as well.

A fragment, perhaps the only fragment of Bois-brûlés' literature, unless it be the Rebellion proclamation of Louis Riel, the President of the unfortunate Red River Provisional Government of 1869, has come down to us. The fragment, with its bad French and grandiloquent strains, is something of a curiosity in its way:—

CHANSON ÉCRITE PAR PIERRE FALCON.

"Voulez-vous écouter chanter un chanson de vérité :
Le dix-neuf de Juin, les 'Bois-brûlés' sont arrivés
Comme des braves guerriers.
Ont arrivons à la Grenouillière,
Nous avons fait trois prisonniers
Des Orcanais ! Ils sont ici pour piller notre pays.
Etant sur le point de débarquer,
Deux de nos gens se sont écriés—
Voila l'Anglais qui vient nous attaquer !
Tous aussitôt nous nous sommes devirés
Pour aller les rencontrer.

"J'avons cerné la bande de Grenadiers,
Ils sont immobiles ! ils sont démontés !
J'avons agi comme des gens d'honneur
Nous envoyâmes un ambassadeur.
Gouverneur ! voulez-vous arrêter un petit moment
Nous voulons vous parler.

"Le gouverneur qui est enragé,
Il dit à ses soldats—Tirez !
Le premier coup l'Anglais le tire,
L'ambassadeur a presque manqué d'être tué.
Le gouverneur se croyant l'Empereur
Il agit avec rigueur.
Le gouverneur se croyant l'Empereur
A son malheur agit avec trop de rigueur.

"Ayant vu passer les Bois-brûlés
Il a parti pour nous épouvanter.
Etant parti pour nous épouvanter
Il s'est trompé : il s'est bien fait tué
Quantité de ses grenadiers.

"J'avons tué presque toute son armée
De la bande quatre ou cinq se sont sauvés
Si vous aviez vu les Anglais
Et tous les Bois-brûlés après !
De butte en butte les Anglais culbutaient
Les Bois-brûlés jetaient des cris de joie !

"Qui en a composé la chanson ?
C'est Pierre Falcon ! Le bon garçon !
Elle a été faite et composée
Sur la Victoire que nous avons gagné !
Elle a été faite et composée
Chantons la gloire de tous ces Bois-brûlés."

SONG WRITTEN BY PIERRE FALCON.

"Come listen to this song of truth !
A song of the brave Bois-brûlés,
Who at Frog Plain took three captives,
Strangers come to rob our country.

"When dismounting there to rest us,
A cry is raised—the English !
They are coming to attack us,
So we hasten forth to meet them.

"I looked upon their army,
They are motionless and downcast ;
So, as honour would incline us,
We desire with them to parley.

"But their leader, moved with anger,
Gives the word to fire upon us;
And imperiously repeats it,
Rushing on to his destruction.

"Having seen us pass his stronghold,
He had thought to strike with terror
The Bois-brûlés: ah! mistaken,
Many of his soldiers perish.

"But a few escaped the slaughter,
Rushing from the field of battle;
Oh, to see the English fleeing!
Oh, the shouts of their pursuers!

"Who has sung this song of triumph?
The good Pierre Falcon has composed it,
That the praise of these Bois-brûlés
Might be evermore recorded."

Such was the triumphant spirit of the Nor'-westers; but their triumph was a short one. The death of Governor Semple served to hasten on the Earl of Selkirk, who with his band of soldiers of the old De Meuron regiment took Fort William, and in due time reached the scene of the unfortunate collision. The skirmish of "Seven Oaks," which Pierre Falcon commemorates, has had its effect on all subsequent affairs in the Red River region and, while giving a prestige to the Bois-brûlés element in the North-west, has done much to encourage that lawlessness which has so disfigured the country since. The wide extent of territory, the facility this gave for escape, and the difficulty of detection have made it easy for bodies of men to accomplish, by a coup-de-main, what they might never be called to account for, and which only involved the risk of the encounter itself. It is a dangerous thing for a country when this is the case; and it is to be hoped that, under Canadian rule, a more settled state of affairs may follow, and that the conviction may grow in the popular mind that, though justice may be long delayed, yet a Nemesis is certainly and unremittingly pursuing the guilty. The few years succeeding hostilities were spent by the settlers in overcoming the natural difficulties of their situation and in gaining a foothold in the country. It will be the duty of the future historian to tell of their privations, of their betaking themselves to the chase of the buffalo and deer, and of their losses by the locust; to recount their journeyings to the United States for supplies, and to tell of the state of comparative tranquillity, if not inertia, which succeeded their fiery trials, occasionally interrupted by the floods which have alarmed or the internal dissensions which have disturbed them. Lord Selkirk, the founder of the colony, died in 1821, after which, at the instance of the British Government, the Companies, both reduced to the verge of bankruptcy, brought their tedious negotiations to an end and, uniting heartily, formed the Hudson's Bay Company, which, with all its faults, has been a respectable, energetic and honourable Corporation, and has performed the signal service to Canada and the British empire of keeping a vast extent of territory, in danger of being Americanized, true to its allegiance, and of making every Indian respect the Scotch bonnet and the trader known to be one of King George's men. The history from 1821 to the present is a subject full of interest to the Canadian.

MANITOBA.

REMONSTRANCE.

BY ALICE HORTON.

I.

PASSING onward to a better country,
Living such a little time below;
Knowing this, O soul, why doth earth's sorrow
Fret thee so?

II.

In a stage of suffering and probation,
Dost thou still desire thy meed of bliss?
Can'st thou not give o'er for Life eternal,
Life like this?

III.

Knowing that the trial is soon over,
Knowing that no pleasure can endure:
Still one seems so hard, and still the other
Does so lure!

IV.

Even on love, the truest, falls the shadow,
Shadow of turning and perchance of death;
Ah, the dead hearts! Ah me, the hearts divided,
And the lost faith!

V.

And yet, purblind, we give and take affection,
Leaning on reeds too frail for our depending,
Marvelling that they break, accusing Heaven,
And self defending.

VI.

Better to lean on nothing but God only,
Prune earthly love for fuller flowers in Heaven,
Cutting the clinging tendrils, leavening life,
With bitter leaven.

VII.

Better be weary of life than wedded to it,
Better be here forlorn than over-blest,
Better to bear the burden and then find
How sweet the rest!

VIII.

Blest who find here no place for their reposing;
Blest who bend here beneath the Chastener's rod:
Peace keeps for them which passes understanding,
The Peace of God.

IX.

These heavy-laden souls, these poor, these patient,
Shall glorified come forth from mists of pain,
And walk in light, and smile to think in Heaven,
How earth was vain.

X.

More blessed they than angels, having known
So sad a converse, and bereavings sore—
Now knowing that the tears are wept for ever
And evermore.

OTTAWA.

FOR KING AND COUNTRY.

A STORY OF 1812.

BY FIDELIS.

CHAPTER VI.

MARJORIE.

> " A chieftain's daughter seemed the maid,—
> Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
> Her golden brooch, such birth betrayed."

A WEEK or two of the pleasant June weather had glided by. The lilac-blossoms had nearly all fallen off now, and what remained were faded and withering. The spring-flowers were over, and the June roses were beginning to open their deep-tinted petals. The apple-blossoms had long ago disappeared, and the young green apples were already formed in their place. The little, blue, spotted eggs in the nests that lay snugly ensconced in the spruces at The Elms—now growing so bright a green, with their young cones—had been chipped by tiny beaks, and the nests held a callow, confused mass, from which gaped wide little mouths as the parent-birds came chirping home. The butterflies were beginning to dart in and out among the leaves, the tiny humming-birds were hanging from the opening honey-suckles, busily drawing forth their sweet, hidden treasure, and the air was full of the hum and stir and life of the rapidly maturing summer.

Lilias has finished her morning round of active duties, which, this morning, has included bread-making—for it is washing day and the other hands are full—and has taken out her needle-work to the grassy, shaded grounds in front of the house; for on such summer days the rooms within, with their small windows and spare dark furnishings, look gloomy and uninviting, compared with the glory and the beauty of out-door sunshine and quivering green shadow. So Lilias sits at her work of mending household linen, with the graceful waving boughs of a large hickory lying like a green cloud between her and the blue sky, and the flitting shadows of the leaves glimmering over the grass at her feet, and the soft warm air, full of summer scents, disarranging her soft brown locks; while she now and then exchanges a pleasant word or two with old Nannie, who is "putting out" some of her young mistress' muslins and laces to bleach, where they are not so likely to be interfered with by the profane feet of chickens or geese, as in the ordinary bleaching-ground.

Lilias is scarcely looking as bright and tranquilly happy as is her wont, and her usually serene brow is slightly clouded. Indeed, she has been feeling, during the last two or three days, while her father has been absent at Newark, more lonely than she remembers ever to have felt in her life before. For one thing, Captain Percival's departure, after his stay of about a week, left a perceptible blank. For he had shaken off his ordinary carelessness of manner, and had really exerted himself to make his visit agreeable to his kind entertainers, a thing he was quite able to do if he pleased. He rode and walked, and chatted with Lilias, who could not help finding in him a very pleasant companion: a companion, too, who knew much about many things of which she was so ignorant; who could tell her much that she wanted to know, and behind all whose pleasant flow of talk and anecdote there seemed to lie, like a misty, sun-lit atmosphere, the "home" life and "home" scenes that had haunted her imagination from her childhood. He was an accomplished rider, and, mounting her upon his own steed, as soon as Hector had recovered from his lameness, gave her lessons in the art of leaping, which she had as yet scarcely tried—Lilias finding the beautiful, perfectly-trained animal the very ideal of a spirited yet docile steed, and being obliged to confess his great superiority, even as a lady's horse, to her own pet Canadian pony. In short, Captain Percival and she had become very good friends—the more so that Lilias, pre-occupied with the idea that there was "something between" him and her English cousin, and not knowing that it was unusual with him to be so genial, never thought of recognizing—in looks and tones that might have suggested the idea to a less simple-minded girl—any special admiration of herself. She was quite unconscious that his eye sought hers more and more frequently, and she always met his glance with a frank friendliness that knew no cause for avoiding it.

But amidst all Percival's pleasant attentions, the thought of Ernest was never long absent from her mind; his earnest, wistful look at parting was continually haunting her. Unconsciously, almost, to herself, their last two interviews had, without visible cause, given a different character to her feeling for him—a certain feeling of property in him which she would have shrunk from putting into words; and of responsibility and care for his well-being which she had never known before. She never once thought of comparing him disadvantageously with Percival, when the latter was at his pleasantest. If he had more of the outward polish of a man of the world, Ernest's straightforward, unaffected simplicity seemed to bring his real inner being far nearer to her. There was a depth and strength of sympathy between him and herself which she never could feel with a man like Percival, who, with all his accomplishments and arts of pleasing, never seemed to have thought deeply about anything, or to have realised with any vividness the great spiritual realities that lie below the surface-phantasmagoria of outward life—to whom the prizes of the visible world seemed everything, and whose judgment and thoughts were bounded on all sides by the conventionalities of "society." Indeed, his code of conventional rules often chafed and annoyed her, contrasting so strongly with the free simplicity of her secluded forest home, and of a life untouched by the worldly influences which then swayed so tyrannically English social ideas and habits.

And now that his departure had left her time and thoughts more free from distraction, he would probably have been little flattered could he have known how slightly his image retained its place in her thoughts, and how completely his somewhat despised rival engrossed them. Lilias' mind, indeed, was too full of Ernest and his well-being for its own peace. Day by day, and hour by hour, instead of simply enjoying, as she had formerly done, the changing pleasantness of her daily life—the mere joy of existence in a world so beautiful—she was inwardly following Ernest with a restless anxiety, wondering whether he was well; whether he was happier, or at least more free from the depression which she had seen was weighing upon him. She thought, now, of many things that she would have liked to say to him; and she had no means of saying them, for they had never corresponded, and she could not, of course, write to him, unless some real necessity should arise. She tried to do as Aunt Judy had taught her—to carry all her anxiety to the feet of the all-loving Father, who is so much nearer and closer to all His children than any of them are to each other; but though this soothed and calmed her for the time, it could not quite dispel the vague weight of care that rested heavily on her heart, and found expression in the frequent, unaccustomed sigh. The general feeling of anxiety about public matters, too,—like "thunder in the air"—her father's absence, and the scarcity of any authentic news, added to the burden of uneasiness and suspense.

"What is the matter, Bruno?" she said, as the faithful old dog, who had been lying near her feet, half asleep, but occasionally watching her with one half-open eye, now shook himself, gave a few preliminary growls, and then barked vociferously—an unmistakable intimation that some one was approaching.

"Who is it, Bruno?" she said, wonderingly, knowing that her father could not be home before the evening.

Old Nannie set down the bowl with which she was sprinkling the delicate fabrics on the grass, and, shading her eyes, looked out towards the road, then came up to her young mistress.

"It's just black Cæsar, the Colonel's man, ridin' along, tired-like, poor fellow! I'll warrant he'll hae some word till ye frae Miss Marjorie. She'll be wantin' ye up there," said Nannie, the wish being "father to the thought." She had been wishing for something to enliven her young mistress, whose unusual depression her sharp eyes had quickly noticed. And then, more eager to know the object of his errand than was Lilias herself, she hurried away on her old feet to the gate, where Sambo, who had always a keen instinct for the arrival of visitors, had already waylaid his black brother, and engaged him in a brisk conversation, not likely soon to come to an end.

Nannie pounced upon the letter which the man had brought for Miss Meredith, and leaving the two "hoodie-craws," as she called them, to saunter up to the stables, finishing their talk at their leisure, she carried the epistle in triumph to Lilias. It was an elaborately-folded and heavily-sealed packet, such as letters used to be in days when envelopes were unknown, and when the large, folded sheets, too, used to contain a good deal more substantial reading than modern epistles do in these degenerate days of adhesive envelopes, postal cards and perpetually arriving mails. Lilias took it eagerly, for Marjorie was her especial and devoted friend, and Marjorie's letters were always worth reading—taking them even on their intrinsic merits. She smiled as she glanced at the opening lines, so characteristic of her friend's passion for the poems of Ossian, which, at that time, were still attracting much attention, and exercised a powerful influence over a certain class of imaginative minds. They ran thus—

"DEAREST LILIAS,—White armed daughter of the Lake! Bright as the moon in autumn, as the sun in a summer storm, come thou, O maid, over rocks (over corduroy-bridges) to me. Alone I am, O Lilias—alone among the pines! Come and talk with me, Lilias! come on the light-winged gale! on the breeze of the desert, come! Let me hear thy voice as thou passest, when mid-day is silent around!"

The letter then descended into a more ordinary strain, recounting how lonely the writer was feeling without her friend, and how many excellent reasons there were why that friend should come to her at once, on which account she had seized the opportunity of Cæsar's being despatched to that part of the country on business, and had sent him six or seven miles out of the way in order to carry her missive. She mentioned Captain Percival also, who had called, bringing a note of introduction from Major Meredith. Her father, she said, was delighted with his military enthusiasm, and said that he was considered quite an acquisition by General Brock, who had come over to Fort George,—called thither, it was said, by warlike rumours, and who was likely to attach Percival to his staff.

"We have arranged an expedition to show him the Falls next week," the letter went on to say, "and several of the officers—*my hero* included—are to dine with us afterwards; and, of course, I want you for both occasions; so get Major Meredith to bring you over as soon as possible—to stay as long as possible."

The epistle closed with another pathetic adjuration to the "white-armed maid—lonely sunbeam of my love," to hasten to delight the heart of "her devoted Marjorie."

Nannie was, of course, speedily made acquainted with the purport of the letter, and heartily endorsed the exhortation. "For," she said, "there's naething ava' to keep ye, an' it's but dowie for a young lassie to be here so much yer lane, wi' naebody but an auld wifie like me, when the Major's awa'! Sae, I'll just mak' haste and get up yer mull muslin there, an' the laces, an' ye'll tak' yer bonnie new perlins frae hame to wear at the dinner; for if the General himsel's to be there, ye'll need to be braw!"

Lilias was herself in no wise disinclined for the proposition, for it was no small pleasure in itself to visit Marjorie in her beautiful home on the banks of the Niagara river, not far from Queenston Heights; and it would be a great relief to unburden to her friend some of the thoughts which, through their very repression, pressed so heavily upon her heart. Then, when she was, comparatively speaking, so near Newark, she might sometimes hear of Ernest, might even see him, for he had been occasionally invited to meet her on former visits at Dunlathmon, as Colonel McLeod's residence had been Ossianically called. When Major Meredith returned, bearing to Lilias polite messages from Captain Percival, who was finding great favour at Fort George, and a small packet containing the promised poem of Scott's, with another small volume, both of which he begged that she would do him the favour to accept, the proposed plan was unfolded, first by Nannie and then by Lilias. The Major readily acceded, always glad of anything that promised to give his darling pleasure, in what he felt to be her somewhat lonely life; and he promised to remain himself to take part in the expedition to the Falls, which greatly enhanced Lilias' pleasure in the anticipation of the little excursion.

Cæsar, who had been kept all day to rest, was accordingly made the bearer of an affirmative reply, and Nannie went on vigorously with her clear-starching operations, while Major Meredith put his farming affairs in train for another absence of a few days. When he found himself able to start, Lilias' small trunk—not a "Saratoga"—was consigned to John Wardle's care, to be taken in the stage to Newark, whence it would be sent for, while Lilias and her father took a bridle-path through the woods on horse-back, a more direct route to Dunlathmon, thus saving a *détour* of several miles, and securing a much pleasanter journey than by the jolting waggon on the regular road.

They started early in the morning, just as the rising sun was dispersing the delicate opalescent hues of the dawn, and before the early chorus of the birds was over. It was a long journey for an equestrian one, but Lilias was a good horsewoman, and ladies were used to long equestrian journeys in those days, when there was hardly any other mode of conveyance. The sweet balmy freshness of the woods in the early morning was, of itself, a delight, which the horses as well as the riders seemed to feel, and they rode on as briskly as the nature of the path would allow. As the day grew warmer, they did not need to dread the burning rays of the sun, so impervious a screen was the wilderness of green leaves and interlacing boughs above their heads. Sometimes, indeed, they went, for shortness, by what was called a "blazed path," marked out merely by the trees being "blazed" or chipped by the axe; and there the wilderness sometimes became such a tangle of underbrush and fallen logs, that it presented no slight obstacle to their progress. Where now wave golden wheat-fields and rich fruit orchards, bending peach-trees and trellised vines, there then stood almost a jungle of hemlock, oak, maple and beech, crowded and massed in an inextricable maze of tall lanky trees and thickly growing saplings, waving above an undergrowth of brush and ferns and lichens, clustering over the dank soil. Here and there they came to a "clearing," with its "shanty," in one of which they readily procured an extemporised luncheon of bread and milk. Late in the afternoon they came out on something more resembling a road, which was, however, only a cart-path over the rough uneven ground, left just as it had been "cleared." One side of this "road" was bounded by the usual "snake-fence," enclosing appropriated and sometimes cultivated land, while the other was, in most places, skirted by the wilderness itself in all its tangled density, fringed by fallen logs and tree-roots, each covered with a second vegetation of moss and fern.

By the time they reached Dunlathmon, the travellers were tired enough to see with pleasure the wide gate, rude enough, as most gates were in those times, that opened into Colonel McLeod's demesne. As they rode up the long winding avenue, among the tall pines that surrounded the house on all sides, and through which the setting sun was darting long feathery lines of gold, the glimmer of a white dress was discernible among the dark sweeping boughs, and in a minute or two a tall girl, with flowing raven curls and dark animated eyes, came, flushed with running, to give her friend a warm, demonstrative greeting. In her hand she carried a small book, handsomely bound for those days, in dark brown leather and gold, at which Major Meredith glanced with a good-humoured smile, after the first salutations, and said, banteringly:

"Ossian as usual, Marjorie?"

"Of course," said Marjorie, returning his smile in kind, "And why should it not be? Do you know, Lilias, Captain Percival tells me that Bonaparte's favourite reading is Ossian, translated into Italian. So you see I have an illustrious example, Major Meredith!"

"Illustrious scoundrel!—begging your pardon, Marjorie,"—grumbled the Major, who never could see anything good or great in England's foes, even in regard to better men than Napoleon. "But there is my little kitten, Flo!" and he bent down from his saddle to give an affectionate salutation to a girl much younger, smaller and more delicately formed than Marjorie, who came bounding from the house, attended by an equally frolicsome spaniel.

The house—rather larger than The Elms—had two fronts, one with a pillared piazza, towards the river, looking down upon its green stream sweeping on between precipitous banks; the other towards the avenue, having a wide portico, on which were sitting Colonel McLeod and his wife. The former, a tall, stately, chieftain-looking man, rose on the approach of his guests, and came forward to meet them with the dignified Highland courtesy, which was one of his prominent characteristics. Mrs. McLeod, a dark, languid-looking West Indian, whom the Colonel had fallen in love with and married when stationed at Barbadoes on military duty, sat still till her husband had led Lilias up the steps—making politely minute enquiries after her health and welfare. Then she came forward, slowly and gracefully, to kiss her young guest's forehead, and to tell her how "charmed she was to see her sweet face again."

Marjorie speedily carried off her friend to her own room, that she might refresh herself and change her dress before coming down to the hospitable and substantial tea awaiting the hungry travellers. While she did so, Marjorie began at once to pour out all the flow of questions and answers which had been awaiting the arrival of her favourite companion, although it was only a few weeks since they had been together in York, whither Marjorie had accompanied her father to the sittings of the Legislative Assembly, of which he was a member. Their talk was interrupted only by a repeated and urgent summons to tea, where Marjorie's tall brothers, just returned from training-drill, and having taken especial care to make themselves presentable for the occasion, were waiting to greet Lilias, of whom one of them, at least, was a devoted admirer. And when the merry tea-table talk was over, the young people gathered upon the wide piazza, where the conversation soon drifted to the graver things —then not far from any one's mind— or ceased, hushed to thoughtful silence, while they listened to the incessant rush of the stream far below the dusky trees, and watched the fire-flies, which, like irregular flitting stars, were glancing in and out among the long dark pine and hemlock boughs.

It need hardly be added that, notwithstanding Lilias' long ride, and the fatigue which she had a right to feel, Marjorie and she found subjects to talk about till the night was far advanced, and the rest of the household had been long since hushed in sleep. The two girls were sufficiently unlike in character, and sufficiently like in their tastes and sympathies, to be very congenial companions. Their differing qualities of mind and disposition were, indeed, in many respects, complementary of each other. The somewhat reserved character of Lilias,—shrinking from expressing *feeling* freely, notwithstanding her frankness in matters of *opinion*,—felt the happy influence of Marjorie's warm-hearted impulsiveness, and the Celtic enthusiasm that flowed out unchecked by the most unfavourable circumstances. On the other hand, Lilias' more thoughtful and reflective mind was a salutary counterpoise to Marjorie's somewhat too great preponderance of imagination and romance. Both had been developed largely by the circumstances of her early life, as well as inherited with her Highland blood. Her mother, neither strong nor active, would have hardly weathered the roughness of a settler's life at all, but for her faithful negro maid, Dinah, the mother of Cæsar, who, once a slave, had accompanied her young mistress to her Canadian home, and had taken upon herself, as a matter of course, all the toil and drudgery of the new forest life. Notwithstanding this, however, Mrs. McLeod always felt herself overburdened with her household cares and her growing family; and Marjorie had been left to roam about at will, and pick up such knowledge as she could from reading whatever came in her way. A year at school with Lilias in Montreal had been the only attempt at systematic education,—with one exception. Mrs. McLeod had a naturally fine musical taste, and had been, for the time and circumstances in which she lived, a pretty good musician; and as Marjorie had a fine, rich contralto voice, her mother had taken both pride and pleasure in training it, so that she could sing the spirited Highland pibrochs and plaintive coronachs in which her father delighted, in a style which he, in his inmost heart, thought almost unequalled. The great secret of her power in singing these lay, however, not so much in mere musical proficiency, as in the intense enthusiasm with which she threw herself into the spirit of what she sang. For Marjorie, though she had never been out of Canada in her life, was as intensely Highland in her feelings and sympathies as any chieftain's daughter that ever stepped upon heather. Her long Highland genealogy, her father's pride in the traditions of his family, which had suffered considerably from its devotion to the Jacobite cause, and his frequent and fond reminiscences of his boyhood's home—an old castle on the misty shores of an Argyleshire loch—had naturally tended to imbue her strongly with this feeling. But to the influence of her favourite Ossian, also, no small portion of it was due. Those were days in which the imagination was not supplied with food so liberally as it is now. Then, the whole mass of modern fiction, good and bad, which began with Scott, was as yet only entering into existence. Tennyson, the Brownings, and all their contemporaries,

—even Mrs. Hemans and L. E. L., were, so far as their poetic fame was concerned, still in the future. And, of the poets then beginning to form so bright a constellation, little more than the names had as yet reached Canada, where the facilities for the diffusion of literature, small even in Britain in comparison with what they are now, had only a very rudimentary existence. Cowper and Pope were almost the only recent English poets that had come in Marjorie's way, and they were, on the whole, too tame for her; though Lilias and she had spent some pleasant summer days over the Iliad and the Odyssey. Shakespeare, indeed, who in a bulky volume occupied a conspicuous place in her father's small collection of books, afforded a rich pasture for an imaginative mind, and she delighted especially in Hamlet, the Tempest, Julius Cæsar and the Midsummer Night's Dream. But the great dramatist was not at all times intense enough for Marjorie. His many-sidedness, his wide range of character, his profound philosophy and deep insight into human motive and passion, she could hardly as yet appreciate, and his broad, sometimes coarse humour, often repelled her. She had studied, till she almost knew them by heart, her father's collection of old Scottish ballads, in which mingled—with simple but often striking imagery and touches of exquisite description—the clash of wild, fierce warfare, or a thread of romance, often terrible with the intensity of passion characteristic of impulsive, undisciplined natures and a half savage age.

But the small dark boards of her treasured copy of Ossian contained an almost inexhaustible store of delight. The wild northern poems, with their primitive simplicity and sublimity, enchanted and stimulated her imagination, and excited the impassioned and somewhat exaggerated admiration which an enthusiastic girl will often lavish upon some particular poet, who may have chanced more especially to captivate her fancy. Many a summer hour had been dreamed away over these poems among the old whispering pines, when the wind, "soughing" among their dark boughs, seemed to breathe the wailing tones of the ancient bard. And when the autumn gales tossed about the whirling leaves, and made the pine-branches creak and sway in wild commotion, and the clouds behind them took strange fantastic forms in the dusky evening light, and the river rushed more fiercely below the precipitous foliage-clad banks—a deeper, colder green,—Marjorie's fancy would call up the shadowy forms of Malvina and her lost lover, of Comala and Ultha, and all the mournful heroines who weep their heroes slain in battle. To her, they all had the most real existence. Whoever might dispute the authenticity of the poems, she believed most firmly that "Fingal fought and Ossian sang;" and they opened entrancing glimpses of the old, old times of her father-land—times so dim and shadowy in the far-away past. They coloured her feelings, almost unconsciously to herself, and influenced her reception of natural influences. When she visited the Falls, she used to think how the soul of Ossian would have delighted in the roar of many waters, in the snowy, tossing foam, in the misty, shadowy spray, and in the Indian legend of the spirit of the thunder crouching beneath the mist and the surging waters in the awful chasm. The Indian legends, which she delighted to collect when she had an opportunity, seemed to come the nearest of anything which she knew to the wild old songs; even, as she fancied, the grave sad Indians, with their silent, dignified ways, and their occasional grandeur of speech—when they did speak,—must resemble to some extent the warriors of Fingal and Ossian. She sometimes, too, beguiled the long, quiet hours, which she had no magazines and few newspapers to enliven, in moulding her favourite Indian legends into tolerably good imitations of Ossian, which, however, were sacredly kept from every eye save that of Lilias.

The same influences that had developed her poetical and romantic tendencies had, also, strongly drawn out her patriotic feelings. It need scarcely be said that she was, like her father, a thorough Jacobite; that she blindly adored Mary, Queen of Scots, and believed in the "divine right" of the Pretender; that she could sing all the old Jacobite songs, and envied Flora Macdonald her task of chivalrous devotion, with all her heart. She often kept up warm, though always good-humoured arguments with Lilias, whose mind, enlightened by the more thoughtful and wider views of Ernest Heathcote, could not sympathise with Marjorie's one-sided enthusiasm, fascinating as it was to her. But Marjorie's Jacobite sympathies, nevertheless, did not make her one whit the less loyal to the reigning House, or less staunch in her allegiance to Great Britain. And, as the "land of her sires," after all—dear as it was to her—was but a distant and somewhat misty idea, her patriotic feelings found a more immediate and definite object in "her own, her native land," to which, despite its comparative destitution of mountains and of traditions, her heart clung with a passionate fervour. The troublous times which had been closing around it, during these last years, and the dangers which seemed to threaten it, had only deepened and intensified this fervour, by giving it a more definite centre; and in her heart she often wished herself a man, or, at least, another Joan of Arc, that she might go forth with her brothers, donning sword and rifle, to train for meeting the invader, should he really come.

This being her state of mind, it was no wonder that when, in General Brock's noble character and high qualities, the whole country believed that it saw its deliverer—the leader who should safely extricate it from difficulty and danger,—Marjorie, who could observe for herself his high-mindedness, his magnanimity, his whole-souled devotion to duty—all enhanced by the knightly courtesy and grace of his manner, especially towards women,—should elevate him at once to the first rank of heroes in her Valhalla, and lavish upon him a large portion of the hero-worship of which her heart was so full. And, certainly, he was worthier than are most "heroes" so worshipped of the perfectly pure and disinterested devotion with which Marjorie regarded him. For though he had become the first of men to her, she had no thought of becoming anything to him. To her mind,

> "His soul was like a star and dwelt apart;"

and any approach to the affection which desires to monopolise would have seemed the greatest presumption. She was content to worship him from a reverential distance, and his kindly smile and cordial words, when she happened to be in his society, were quite sufficient return. And so it happened that, as the girls lay awake and talked, Marjorie had much more to say of "her hero" than Lilias had of Ernest Heathcote, whom she did not regard at all in the light of a "hero," but as a dear and trusted friend.

CHAPTER VII.

GOLDEN HOURS.

> "Or in the all-golden afternoon,
> A guest, or happy sister sung,
> Or here she brought her harp, and flung
> A ballad to the brightening moon."

ALL this time, though the Canadians in general knew it not, masses of American troops were concentrating in Michigan, preparing for the sudden onset on Canada, which was to test, at once, Brock's qualities as a general, and the mettle of the Canadian people. But, as yet, all was outwardly tranquil, and Lilias and Marjorie, as they paced the wide cool corridor that ran through the house at Dunlathmon — both doors thrown wide open to catch every breath of air—half persuaded themselves and each other that the storm might yet blow over, and that such horrible realities as war and bloodshed, so discordant with the fair summer scene around them, might be still averted. True, Marjorie's hopes only half pointed in the direction of peace, for though she truly dreaded the horrors and miseries of war, there was yet in her heart an under current of longing for something thrilling, something exciting—something to interrupt the tame current of peaceful everyday life with experiences more worthy of an heroic age. And that there were heroes ready to make heroic episodes, she was sure she knew.

Colonel McLeod's house was as strange a mingling of the old and the new world as were its inmates. In the hall, a stuffed wild cat and panther,—trophies of the Colonel's hunting skill,—guarded the entrance with somewhat startling effect. The large antlers of a deer did duty as a hat-stand, and a majestic stuffed eagle spread its wings above it; while, on the other side, a hunting rifle, a Highland "claymore" and an officer's sword were crossed with martial effect. In the large airy drawing-room, skins chiefly did duty as carpets, and a fox-skin took the place of a hearth-rug. An ornamental dirk set with cairn-gorms, coral and shells from the West Indies, and spar and petrified moss from the Falls, were among the table-ornaments, and two or three really good family portraits—both oil-paintings and miniatures—gave animation to the walls. Besides these there were other "curiosities" scattered about, relics of the Colonel's military experiences in different parts of the world. Lilias was never tired of looking at them when she visited Dunlathmon, and of hearing Marjorie's account of their history, and, sometimes, Mrs. McLeod's reminiscences of her West Indian home, with its intense burning sunshine, rich tropical foliage, coral reefs and still, glassy, palm-fringed lagoons. The pictures which her words called up seemed to open to Lilias glimpses of the distant, strange world without, which her imagination, bounded by its Canadian experiences, sought wistfully to penetrate.

It need scarcely be said that the new acquisitions of poetry which Lilias had brought with her were soon produced, and were eagerly seized upon by Marjorie, who devoured "Marmion" in a few hours, reading it with flushed cheek and quickened breathing, as the stirring scenes so vividly depicted in thrilling words passed before her mental vision. The small volume which Captain Percival had sent with the "Lady of the Lake" was Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," which, though it had been first published more than ten years before, was as new to the girls as were the poems of Scott; for in those days new books were few and rare in Canada, and often arrived there only by tardy and roundabout means. Both poems were enjoyed by the girls together, sitting under the shade of the balmy pines, or ensconced in some bosky nook on the steep declivity overlooking the river; till, driven in by the heat or the musquitoes, they were fain to seek shelter in the cool shady hall, or drawing-room. It would be difficult to tell whether Marjorie enjoyed most the "Lady of the Lake" or the "Ancient Mariner;" the first appealing so strongly to her Highland sympathies, and picturing so vividly the glorious scenery of her fatherland, as well as giving thrilling voice to her own love of country; and the second gratifying her passion for the weird and supernatural,—the sublimity of the vague and undefined, the suggested, rather than described. But to Lilias, the chief charm of this fascinating poem, lay—and this was owing in no small degree to the influence which Ernest Heathcote's mind had had upon her own—in the high moral feeling and purpose which breathe like a soul through the poem, not in the least injuring but rather heightening its artistic beauty. And by their talk over the poems as they read, the two girls mutually increased and widened each other's enjoyment of them.

Captain Percival had soon discovered the fact that Lilias was a guest at Dunlathmon, and had ridden over on Hector to pay a morning call, which ended in his remaining for an early dinner and staying the greater part of the day. Marjorie's watchful eyes, always keen enough in such matters, soon discovered, under his usual nonchalant and cool manner, a degree of special interest in Lilias which he evidently desired to conceal. She could see that, while he talked freely with her, yielding to the influence of her lively animation and determination to "draw him out of his shell," and while he played at flirtation with merry little Flora, it was to Lilias that he always turned for sympathy or approval of any opinion or sentiment which came really from his heart. But Marjorie, though she heartily approved of his taste in admiring Lilias, had in her secret heart, no desire to see him the successful wooer of her friend. She by no means disliked Captain Percival, in whose society she always enjoyed, to a certain extent, the sense of collision with a nature very different from her own. She liked to carry on skirmishing conflicts on subjects regarding which there was war to the knife between them, and delighted in taunting him with his ignorance of Canadian history, as well as in enlightening it somewhat; for, as she playfully told Lilias, she had given him a synopsis of it from the time when Jacques Cartier set up his wooden cross on the shore of Chaleurs Bay—her information being chiefly derived from the tales and traditions of old colonists. But she had no great admiration for Percival's character, so far as as she could see it; and for Ernest Heathcote she had a strong and faithful regard, and had long ago sketched out a little romance for him and Lilias, which she would have been very sorry to see interfered with by any interloper, so inferior to Ernest in all that in her eyes constituted real nobility, as was Francis Percival. It may fairly be doubted, however, whether she fully appreciated the latter, whose apparent lack of sensibility and enthusiasm repelled her, so that she could not discern the really fine qualities that lay under the outward shell of cynicism and seeming callousness.

But that Ernest might at least have fair play,—though she would not have dared to hint at her object to Lilias,—Marjorie arranged that one of her brothers should bring him over for a visit to Dunlathmon, and there, one "all-golden afternoon," when her father and Major Meredith were away dining at Fort George, the three — but especially Ernest and Lilias—spent some inexpressibly pleasant hours, wandering among the pines, breathing their aromatic fragrance and enjoying the shimmer of the golden sun rays on the brown carpet of "needles" below,—listening to the rush of the river, and indulging in the half-dreamy talk of past and present, which such a summer day, with its *dolce far niente*, is so fitted to promote. Lilias got Ernest to read aloud for them the "Ancient Mariner," which was new to him also, and which he read, as she knew he would do, with his heart in his voice—for which indeed he could find no fitting epithet of admiration, so completely did it chime in with the at once imaginative and reflective tone of his own mind. After it, even the spirited numbers of Scott seemed commonplace, a descent from the lofty mountain tops of spiritual insight, with their rarified atmosphere, to the woods and pastures, fair though they be, of outward material life. The spiritual problems furnished by the poem, with its exquisite close, gave them subjects for a long earnest talk, while the rich warm sunset hues of sky and landscape faded into grey twilight, and the young moon gleamed out from the pale sky above the line of dark forest on the opposite shore.

One thing, by common unexpressed consent, they kept out of their talk as far as possible, so as not to spoil the golden hours as they glided by:—the future, with all its brooding possibilities. As a recognised object of dread, yet one apparently vague and uncertain, the thought of war, so incredible and so discordant with the outwardly peaceful present, was gladly kept out of sight, that the passing moments, at least, might be enjoyed undisturbed by it. Mrs. McLeod, alone, would put Ernest through the routine of questions with which she persistently plied every visitor, as to what he thought about the prospect of peace or war,—what the Americans would be likely to do first, &c., &c., with regard to all which she never received much satisfaction. Her anxiety generally seemed to culminate in the question what they should do with their plate and valuables, in the event of a successful invasion of the frontier.

Marjorie diplomatically and benevolently managed to let Ernest and Lilias have a *tête-à tête*, while she played and sang to them as they sat in the piazza in the summer twilight. It is not to be denied that they both inwardly enjoyed it, for though they said nothing that Marjorie might not have heard, they could both speak more freely and more confidentially when alone together: especially while the rich plaintive strains of Marjorie's music floated out to them through the open windows, and seemed to break down the barriers of matter-of-fact every-day life, and to attune heart and speech to higher chords. Ernest, freed to some extent from his late reserve, talked a little of himself and his own affairs, and Lilias was glad to find that he was more at rest—less oppressed by anxiety and restless longings than when she had last seen him at Oakridge, because he had learned more the secret of laying his burdens on the one heart that can receive the soul's burden and impart strength instead.

About his cousin Rachel he was still anxious, for, from rumours and hints that occasionally reached his ear, he knew more of Payne's unscrupulousness than he cared to tell, and that he still was inclined to prowl about Oakridge. Lilias promised to keep a vigilant watch when she returned and, if possible, to shield Rachel from his influence, without disturbing her mother's peace.

But Ernest still kept absolute silence upon the subject nearest to his heart—the feeling of honourable responsibility for his use of the confidence reposed upon him still sealing his lips. There had grown up, however, insensibly, a deep mutual consciousness, underlying all their intercourse, which would not let them be quite as they once had been, and which almost superseded the need of words. And when Ernest took his leave of the two girls, who had strolled to the gate with him on his departure, his parting clasp of Lilias' hand seemed to tell her all she needed to know.

When they next met, both forgot that each had not had more definite expression of the other's feeling.

CHAPTER VIII.

A RIDE TO NIAGARA FALLS.

"The roar of waters!—from the headlong height,
Niagara cleaves the wave-worn precipice,
The fall of waters! rapid as the light
The flashing wave foams, shaking the abyss.

"There stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
In solitude, where we at *least* alone;
A truth which through our being then doth melt
And purifies from self!"

JUNE was almost over before the projected excursion to the Falls could be carried out. At last a day arrived when all things favoured the expedition. The morning broke warm and bright, and the party mustered early, that the ride might be accomplished ere the day grew oppressively warm. Captain Percival and the two or three other officers who were to accompany them breakfasted at Dunlathmon. Marjorie, Lilias and Mrs. McLeod had come down to breakfast ready equipped in their riding-habits, with blue veils to protect them from the glare of the sun; and as soon as the bright, cheerful meal was over, the horses were brought round and the party were quickly mounted. Marjorie never looked so well as when seated on Oscar—her glossy black steed,—her lithe, well-proportioned figure showing to especial advantage as, with firm seat and steady hand, she controlled the spirited beast, while her cheek took a richer glow and her eye sparkled with a brighter animation. Lilias and she presented an effective contrast for, if Marjorie lacked her friend's more delicate and regular loveliness, the animation of her bright mobile face, with its greater vividness of colouring, seemed to make ample amends for other deficiencies; and her physical strength and buoyancy seemed a true index of the strength of feeling and character within. Both girls combined with their perfect simplicity of manner a high-bred grace and refinement which were theirs by birthright, and which latter the daughters of the first colonists retained longer than did their brothers, who had to rough it among all kinds of companions. The graceful feminine dignity of bearing, the musically modulated and gentle tones—"an excellent thing in woman"—of both Lilias and Marjorie, unaffected as they were, afforded a striking contrast to the "loud" and familiar manner affected by some modern "girls of the period," which is certainly a descent from the old ideal of womanly grace, and is too suggestive—though sometimes unjustly so—of a lack of real refinement of nature.

Marjorie was in high spirits, although her glee had had a slight check in the news that General Brock could not, as she had ventured to hope, join the party. But then, it had hardly been expected that he could do so, for the unceasing engagements of his busy life—especially busy just now—left but little leisure for private pleasure or relaxation to one, who—

> "Scorned delights, and lived laborious days."

However, he had promised to meet them on their return, and accompany them home to dinner in the evening; and the prospect of this was pleasure enough for Marjorie to live on all day. So her brightness and unaffected glee made the life and sunshine of the expedition, as she cantered off briskly, wherever the road would admit of it, playfully challenging her friends to try the speed of their chargers against Oscar, of whom she was very proud, and with whom she was perfectly *en rapport*. Or, when the road would not admit of such rapidity of pace, she chatted gaily with her nearest companion of the moment, making even Percival laugh heartily as she related some amusing instance of the *contretemps* and harmless disasters of primitive bush-life.

The little cavalcade wound down among the picturesque dingles that lie around Queenston Heights, and pursued the shady road that followed pretty closely the windings of the river, as it rushed, strong and vividly green, in its deep rock-hewn chasm below. They drew up for a few minutes beside the whirlpool, to look down into its solemn depths, dark and sombre as a mountain tarn, set in the midst of dusky pines; and to trace its giddy whirling eddies, while they tossed down broken branches to be sucked into the circling vortex. It was a spot Marjorie delighted in,—one of her "Ossianic places," as she called it; and she loved to construct in fancy a "bower" for her favourite bard, among the overhanging pines.

About a mile farther on, Marjorie called a halt, and commanded Percival to listen attentively.

"Don't you hear it," she said:—"'the sound of many waters?'"

Percival listened; his ears were not quite so quick as Marjorie's. But presently he heard it—that indescribable, distant murmur which can only be compared to the voice of the sea when at its grandest—a murmur softer than fairy-bells, yet with an ineffable expression of majesty, power and sublimity—a sound that few who have heard it can easily forget. Even Percival's usually determinedly impassive face changed and softened as he listened, and a certain quietness came over the mood of the little party as they went on their way.

Niagara Falls, then visited by comparatively few, was looked upon as a greater and more mysterious wonder than now, when it is beheld annually by thousands, who emerge upon its grandeur, fresh from the shriek of the steam whistle; or catch a passing glimpse of its white surge from the windows of the train, in which they are borne swiftly through the air across the thread-like Suspension Bridge. Many of these, too, when they "visit the Falls," come not so much for the sake of really seeing and enjoying them, as because they have a vague idea that it is a right and fitting thing to do in certain circumstances. But in those days of tedious and difficult travel, few went out of their way to see the Falls, who were not impelled by a very earnest desire to behold a sight which early travellers had described in language fitted to produce a deep and, perhaps, even exaggerated impression of its awfulness and sublimity; and who thus came with their minds predisposed to feelings of awe and veneration, and were, therefore, affected accordingly.

In those days, too, the immediate vicinity of the cataract was not disfigured and vulgarised, as now, by hotels, museums, photograph-galleries and other obtrusive embodiments of the commonplace. Germans would have managed better, had their land been endowed with a Niagara Falls; and would have had nothing, within sight at least, so lamentably out of keeping. But, at that time, the comparatively humble inn was not conspicuously obtrusive amid the surrounding forest, and when the equestrians had left their horses there and walked on to get a full view of what they had as yet seen only as a veil of white mist glimmering through the intervening trees, they approached the brink of the cataract by a road which still possessed much of the beauty of unspoiled nature.

At last they stood at a point where there was no more foliage to intercept the view, and had before them the full reach of the great, wide basin, sweeping round in its magnificent curve. Opposite to them rose the rugged, deeply-scarped cliffs of the American shore, crowned with rich, green forest; then, the white wall of shimmering, ever-shifting foam, lost below in swift ascending clouds of shadowy spray; next, the shady bosquets of Goat Island, set like an emerald among the boiling surges; and then, the black, foam-sprinkled rocks and the great curve of the Horse-Shoe Fall. In the bright summer sunshine its central waters gleamed in their purest, most pellucid green, flecked with tossing wreaths of snowy foam; at its feet boiled a chaos of spray and seething foam, from which constantly ascended the white vapoury veil that sometimes concealed altogether the green depths behind, and on which, as the sunbeams pierced its edge, rested the brilliant Iris, the bow of peace. Far down below, the turbulent river, boiling and tossing, rushed foaming along, to grow somewhat calmer as it filled the full width of the basin, and then, contracting between narrower banks, to become a deep intense green, with almost the apparent solidity of malachite—this illusion being increased by its being seemingly caked and cracked into masses separated by white veins of foam, caused by hidden rocks and shallows.

The little party stood for a good while absorbed in silently contemplating the scene before them, which, whether one beholds it for the first or the hundredth time, takes despotic possession of the whole being, with a fascination as resistless as its own mighty surge, while the great, unceasing, overpowering "sound of many waters" seems to pervade and overflow every avenue of consciousness,—to fill far more than the mere sense of hearing. Marjorie forgot, for a time, the existence not only of the companions around her, but of everything else in the world except this one majestic presence, seeming almost an independent existence, or, to speak more truly, so forcible a manifestation of the Eternal Being who originates and maintains all things, whose "pavilion round about Him are dark waters and thick clouds of the skies." Percival, for the time, felt his ordinarily careless mood subdued and solemnised by the irresistible sense of a Presence of which he usually thought but little; and, in the confused maze of thought which the impressions of sight and sound seemed to evoke, there glimmered before him a sort of higher ideal of himself, an image, as it were, of the being he was meant to be, and might be yet, if he would. Lilias, too, felt strongly the intense fascination; though, unlike Marjorie, she had not lost in it the feeling of all other things, but was keenly sensible of a strong undertone of regret that Ernest, who would enjoy this so intensely, should not be here to share the delight with her. She knew he had often seen it, for he thought nothing of the fifteen-mile walk from Newark, on a holiday, to secure a few hours there; but they had never been there together, and she felt, rather than thought, how much this would have enhanced the enjoyment to both. But, as she looked and listened, the regret seemed to fade away in a blissful dreamlike feeling, in which, not only did she seem lifted nearer the Invisible Source of Love as well as of Power, but seemed to have as close a fellowship with Ernest, as though he were by her side.

But the strain of intense feeling of any kind can never last long with our composite mortal organizations, and the silent mood of most of the party was at length broken in upon by Colonel McLeod—who acted as generalissimo—declaring, in his sonorous Highland tones, that it was high time they had something to eat after their long ride; which hint was followed by the appearance of a substantial array of sandwiches, biscuits and ale, ordered down from the inn. These, the excursionists, throwing themselves down on the grass, in the most comfortable attitudes they could find, incontinently proceeded to discuss. Marjorie was the hardest to awaken from her trance; but, when once aroused, she became, by a sudden reaction, the merriest of the party, declaring that she found herself ravenously hungry, and that mortals, however they might delight in the beautiful and sublime, could not, in the meantime, live upon it. Lilias, who could not change her mood so easily and was much less disposed to talk, found it a burden to answer Captain Percival; even though he was speaking, with an earnestness not usual with him, of his impressions of the wonderful sight before them; and she felt the merriment of the party generally, rather oppressive in those particular circumstances. She would gladly have been alone—or better—alone with Ernest, free to talk, or not to talk, as she liked;—enjoying the communion of silence, which only those whose natures thoroughly harmonize with each other can share.

Luncheon over, the little party scattered in various directions—the elders preferring to rest, while the Major, Colonel McLeod, and one or two of the senior officers enjoyed, at the same time, their "whiff" of fragrant tobacco. Percival, and a young lieutenant named Grant, who was an especial admirer of Marjorie's, sauntered slowly up the river bank with the two girls, watching the wildly tossing rapids as they dashed and tumbled along, now flowing down a slope with a deceitful oily smoothness, and then leaping high into the air, tossing their snowy crests in seeming fury as some unseen rock opposed their progress. They walked on to the spot, about a mile above the Falls, where, perhaps, the rapids are finest, where they show their grandest slope and dash, foaming over innumerable black ledges of rock, in as many tiny cascades, each worthy of admiration and study as a miniature cataract.

Everywhere the same ceaseless untiring rush; the same hurrying flow of water, knowing no more ebb or stay than time itself, making the beholder wonder when the madly surging tide will be spent by the very force of its own violence—whence comes the mighty inexhaustible supply that keeps its floodgates full; and filling up the whole being with the one idea of rush and motion.

None of the party talked much; the young lieutenant, who might have waxed loquacious had he received encouragement, being rather repressed by the more silent mood of his companions. The walk would have been an oppressively hot one, at that hour, but for the shade of the tall trees which overhung the path during the whole way. But the musquitoes, which haunted the moist ground they were passing over, made such good use of their opportunities, that Percival was fain to swallow down a muttered execration, and to declare that sight-seeing in Canada was certainly subject to pains and penalties.

After strolling slowly back, Marjorie and Lilias sat down to rest on Table Rock, while the young men performed the feat, possible only to the stronger sex in those days, of climbing down the face of the cliff to the ledge below by means of a rough Indian ladder—a huge hemlock with branches partially cut off—which was then the only means of descent. It had been honoured, however, by being used by a royal prince, on the occasion of the Duke of Kent's visit to Niagara; and what the rude stair lacked in ease and safety, it made up in the excitement and hazard of the descent. The young men enjoyed it—enjoyed, too, the cooling drenching they got from the spray, as they stood below, and the magnificence of the spectacle above them—the massive descending column of water, the wreathing clouds of spray and vapour—while the girls above marked their progress by their receding voices, and, when all was still, waited somewhat anxiously for their re-appearance. They did re-appear at last, flushed, excited and triumphant, and assuring their companions that it was "magnificent, glorious," down there; that, "in fact, you could have no conception of what the Falls really were till you had seen them from below!" Captain Percival was really for once excited and enthusiastic; and Marjorie declared to Lilias *sotte voce*, as they still lingered a little on the rock, that it was almost as well worth seeing as the Falls, to have ocular demonstration that he *could* be so stirred.

"Do you notice how handsome it makes him?" she asked Lilias,—"with that flush, and his eyes gleaming out so brilliantly! He really looks almost like the Prince in the fairy tales. I should fancy he would look just like that, when leading his men into action. Come, Lilias," she added, a little mischievously, "confess,—isn't he far handsomer than Ernest Heathcote?"

But Lilias would not confess anything of the kind, for to her eye Ernest was the handsomer of the two. But she admitted that he was looking very well, and enjoyed watching his fine face, so unusually brightened by animation, as she would have admired a picture.

The young men were waiting for them a little way off, but the girls could hardly tear themselves away from their fascinating post of observation. Then Marjorie insisted on going up once more to the very brink of the Falls, and standing as close as was possible to the headlong tide. At last, she grasped Lilias' arm with a nervous shudder and exclaimed:—"Come away! That strange feeling is coming over me! If I don't go away at once, I shall throw myself over!"

And, clinging fast to Lilias, who was not unaccustomed to such manifestations of the excitable temperament of her friend, she willingly turned away from the fascination that was becoming too strong, and they rejoined the rest of the party.

Meantime, unobserved by them, the day had been growing more sultry, the air had become absolutely still, and an ominous deep blue cloud had risen rapidly above the horizon, and was already beginning to darken the sky. They found the others scanning the aspect of things rather anxiously.

"We're in for a thunder-storm, that's certain," said Colonel McLeod, who was a capital weather-gauge, "and it's no use to think of getting home before it comes. So the best thing we can all do is to get under shelter at the inn, and wait till it's over. And there's no time to lose, for it'll be down directly!"

Taking the Colonel's advice, all hastened to the inn, while, even as they went, the cloud increased rapidly, expanding into ragged-edged black fragments that spread themselves over the sky, and taking strange lurid lights on its upper masses. Hardly were they well under shelter before, simultaneously with the peal of thunder that followed the first flash of lightning, came down the heavy, pattering drops, which soon became a rushing, lashing shower.

The room of which they took possession at the inn was a good-sized, somewhat bare apartment, with windows opening out on a wide upper piazza, supported by tall hemlock pillars, rising to meet the roof. Here, while sheltered from the force of the storm, they could enjoy the grandeur of its effects, and could catch a glimpse of the river, and of the upper portion of the Horse-Shoe Fall, whose pure, transparent green had changed into dusky brownish grey, now that the storm had obscured the sunshine and churned up the sediment from below into its usually clear stream. The storm would evidently soon exhaust itself, and, in the meantime, Marjorie and Lilias, at any rate, intensely enjoyed watching it wreak its fury; the woods without bending and swaying beneath the force of the wind and dashing rain, and the jagged flashes of lightning darting from the dark clouds, while the long, rolling peals of thunder, harmonizing grandly with the hollow roar of the Falls, were yet not so long or so close as to alarm them. At last, the sky began to grow clearer, the wind lulled, the lightning ceased, the violence of the rain abated, and, in an incredibly short time, the sun broke out, re-asserting its power, and dispersing the clouds, while the dripping foliage sparkled with a thousand brilliants in the glowing sunshine.

As a good deal of time had been necessarily lost by the delay, the horses were ordered out at once, and the party were soon remounted for the homeward ride, for which, now that the air had been cleared and refreshed by the storm, both horses and riders felt much more spirit. The roads, which the rain had covered with streams of water, were drying fast under the influence of the warm sunshine, and the woods around them seemed to be rejoicing after their bath, and to wear a fresher, tenderer, more vivid green.

CHAPTER IX.

SUDDEN TIDINGS.

"Alas, must war again begin,
And must men fight and die?"

"I wis, in all the Senate
There was no heart so bold,
But sore it ached, and fast it beat
When that ill news was told!"

If Lilias could have had Ernest Heathcote for a companion on the homeward ride, it would have seemed to her, in the renewed beauty of the hour, almost like a ride through the garden of Eden. As it was, Captain Percival took care to keep his place beside her and, being himself in an unusually animated mood, he succeeded in drawing her out of the partial abstraction which she had allowed to creep over her in the early part of the day. They were, indeed, chatting very pleasantly, and "getting on" unusually well, when Marjorie threw a chance, or perhaps a mischievous missile, into the midst of their talk. Percival asked how Lilias liked the volumes of poetry he had sent her, and she was very heartily expressing her admiration, when Marjorie, who was just in front, looked round, exclaiming:

"Oh, *I* was so much obliged to you, too, Captain Percival! I don't know when I have read anything I enjoyed so much!—especially 'The Ancient Mariner!' Ernest Heathcote read it aloud to us the other evening, and he reads so beautifully that we enjoyed it doubly."

Captain Percival bit his lip, and perhaps the colour on his cheek glowed a little more deeply.

"Oh, indeed!" he said, "I wasn't aware that Mr. Heathcote was an elocutionist as well as a schoolmaster. I suppose he teaches his 'young ideas' to declaim

> 'My name is Norval, on the Grampian hills!'"

There was a sneer in the tone as well as in the words. Lilias flushed a little, but made no reply; only drew herself up more stiffly in her saddle. Captain Percival must have seen her annoyance, and perhaps it exasperated him a little. He continued after a short silence:

"There are some not very creditable rumours afloat about this black swan of yours, Miss Meredith."

"Indeed!" Lilias replied, in a tone so determinedly calm and indifferent as to completely belie the heart which the words had set wildly beating beneath.

"Yes," replied Percival, somewhat aggravated by her tone, "they talk of him as a half Yankee, which I believe he is, and say that he's playing double, having too much to do with the Yankee spies and sedition-hatchers that are hanging about."

"Then, I am sure they slander him most wickedly!" exclaimed Lilias, surprised this time into some vehemence of manner. "There is no man in Canada, I am certain, more truly loyal than Mr. Heathcote!"

"Well, I only repeat what I have heard," said Percival, with aggravating nonchalance. "You know the old saying, 'where there's smoke, there's fire.' But Mr. Heathcote is fortunate in his friends! When my character is assailed, I hope I may be as ably and warmly defended!"

Lilias, in no wise propitiated by the conclusion of this speech, vouchsafed no reply. Almost immediately afterwards, a diversion was caused by their meeting General Brock, mounted on his grey horse "Alfred," near Queenston Heights, where he had been reconnoitring with some of his staff; and she managed to change her companion in the general disarrangement that took place, taking care to prevent Captain Percival from regaining his post by her side. If he suffered in any wise by this proceeding, it added another to the little accumulation of grudges which had been growing up in his mind against Ernest Heathcote.

At General Brock's suggestion, they made a little *détour* in order to ascend Queenston Heights and enjoy the view from thence. The ascent was pretty rugged, but, once on the brow of the Heights, the scene that lay spread before them was fair enough to repay the trouble; although, from the almost unbroken monotony of the extensive forests around them, it presented much less variety of beauty than the same view does now. The opposite banks, indeed, showed a good many traces of settlement and cultivation, and the scattered hamlet of Queenston straggled around the Heights, while here and there a clearing, with its house or "shanty," might be seen. But far to westward stretched almost unbroken masses of forest for thousands of miles, where now it is replaced by the houses and spires of many a town and village, a net-work of railways, and many a fertile field and orchard. Just below them, the same as now, in all essential features, flowed the river, green and rapid in its narrow channel—long since spanned by a suspension bridge—and winding away between high, steep, or sloping banks to the distant, soft blue lake, Fort George and Fort Niagara frowning across at each other at its mouth. In the opposite direction, a white cloud of mist, brooding over one point of the high table-land that trended away to the westward, indicated the spot where the forest hid in its bosom the mighty cataract. The whole scene, lying bathed in the soft rays of the afternoon sunshine,—one or two light clouds making fine effects of light and shade in the picture,—looked so sylvan, so peaceful, so secluded from the world of action, that it would have seemed impossible to associate it with scenes of war and bloodshed. Yet, when some of that party next met on that spot, it was amid the clash of arms and the rattle of musketry; man dyeing, with the blood of his brother man, the fair innocent ferns and green forest leaves, and leaving a sad, though a noble, memory to the place for ever.

General Brock was, according to his wont, scanning every feature of the situation with his keen military eye, and remarking in a low voice to the officers about him its characteristics. "A splendid position this would be," he said, "to hold against an assailing enemy; and a desperate place to lead up a forlorn hope, if the enemy were entrenched here. There would be some rough work on both sides, in either case," he added, looking thoughtfully down at the steep, jagged, precipitous rocks which were, indeed, to be the scene of "rough work," ere many weeks had passed. Marjorie eagerly caught up what was said; everything connected with the war or warlike operations was intensely interesting to her, and, much as she dreaded it, her spirit rose at any allusion to it, with a thrill of excitement which was not altogether painful. As for Lilias, she was too much absorbed in the ideas which Percival's remarks had called up,—anxiety about the rumours he had mentioned, and their effect upon Ernest's comfort and prospects,—to take much heed of what, at another time, would have had a strong, though painful interest for her. It was with no small effort that she managed to attend sufficiently to Lieutenant Grant's not very interesting talk on the way home, to put in the expected replies at the proper places, and to prevent their being noticeably irrelevant.

As the party rode up to the house at Dunlathmon, a tall, stalwart figure, strongly built, and firm and light of limb, clad in a rough serviceable suit, which did not, however, hide a thoroughly gentleman-like bearing, emerged from the portico and came rapidly to meet them.

"Talbot! as I live!" exclaimed Colonel McLeod, springing from his saddle to give the stranger a hearty grasp of the hand. "Why, what wind blew you here from your wigwam?"

"You may well ask that," replied the other, "for the wind *did* blow me here a little faster than I should otherwise have come! The storm overtook me, and my beast and I got a pretty good ducking before I could reach the shelter of your hospitable roof; and here I've been walking about in the sun drying myself and waiting your return with what patience I could muster."

"Well, you're thoroughly welcome, my good fellow; I only wish you'd let us see you a little oftener;"—and when the stranger had paid his respects to the ladies and shaken hands with Major Meredith, he was introduced to General Brock and the rest of the party, as "Colonel Talbot." General Brock greeted the Colonel most cordially, saying that, though he had never met him before, he had often wished to do so—to which Colonel Talbot responded, with bluff heartiness, that he was the very man whom at present he most wanted to see, as he wished to find out what possibilities of assistance he might have, in case those "rascally Yankees" should, as he had heard they had some intention of doing, make a raid upon his distant and prosperous settlement.

Leaving the gentlemen to discuss politics and possibilities of attack, on the verandah, the ladies, accompanied by Flora, who had been left at home to help Dinah, and look after her brothers' comfort, retired to change their dresses with all convenient despatch; for the dinner, which Dinah had been busy all day in preparing, that it might be sumptuous enough for the occasion, was, as she declared, "spilin' itself waitin';" and, shifting her *rôle* from head cook to ladies' maid, she came up to help her young ladies to "get into their finery" as speedily as possible. She was very proud of them when they were ready, and declared that they looked "jest like two new-blown roses." Both Marjorie and Lilias, indeed, showed some traces, in their heightened colour, of the day's exposure to the sun; but to the rather pale complexion of Lilias, this was an improvement, while Marjorie's dark complexion also looked all the better for the glow that gave it an added brightness. Both girls wore white evening-dresses, for Colonel McLeod liked to keep up a little of the pomp and circumstance of old-country customs on special occasions. Lilias was most becomingly attired in the "sprigged muslin," with its delicate embroidery and Flanders lace, of which mention has been made before—its whiteness relieved by a rich blue sash; while Marjorie had somewhat fantastically brightened up her plainer India muslin, destitute of modern "protrusive disguises," with a silk scarf of McLeod tartan, thrown over one shoulder and knotted at the other side below her waist. Flora, excited and eager, looked very pretty in her simple white muslin and pink ribbons. As the three girls—having first taken a look into the dining-room to see that the table arrangements were all right, and that Flora's vases of flowers were properly placed—entered the drawing-room, where the gentlemen had now assembled, they made a prettily-contrasted group—a vision radiant enough, at least, to disturb the somewhat earnest conversation which had been going on before their entrance, and, for the time, to turn talk and ideas into a different channel.

As there were still a few minutes to wait for Mrs. McLeod, who was always slow in her movements, Captain Percival seized the opportunity to come to Marjorie for information about the new comer, who,—still of course, in the rough attire in which he had come—was eagerly talking with General Brock and Colonel McLeod—his rough, careless dress presenting a curious contrast to the faultless attire of the General and to the high-collared blue coat with bright buttons, which had been Colonel McLeod's well-preserved dress suit for many a day.

"Do tell me who that 'stranger' is, as your Yankee neighbours say," said Captain Percival. "He looks like a thorough gentleman, notwithstanding his rough exterior."

"And he *is* a thorough gentleman!" said Marjorie; "and a most independent gentleman, of very extensive accomplishments! Did you ever read of a gentleman and a basket maker who were cast ashore on a desert island, among savages; and the basket maker turned 'boss,' as the people here call it, and not only saved the poor gentleman's life by his skill but finally took him as an apprentice in basket-making. Well, Colonel Talbot could have done basket-maker as well as gentleman. He can fell trees, plough and sow, reap, milk, churn, cook, wash, brew, bake bread and clean his own boots!"

Captain Percival raised his eyebrows slightly and said, with mock humility:—"Your Highness is pleased to jest with your humble servant."

"Not at all, I assure you! He not only can do, but has done all these things and, moreover, besides all this, he performs all the marriage ceremonies in the settlement."

"Has he practised on himself then, in that line?"

"No," said Marjorie, smiling, "I believe he doesn't care to have a woman about him, not even a female servant. People say that it was a love disappointment that brought him out to bury himself in the woods; but I don't know whether there's anything in that! It was, I believe, thought very odd that he should leave the army and society, (he's of a noble family, you know), and should choose to come and live in the woods with none to speak to but the Indians and the rough men who helped him to clear his land. But he seems to like it. He's been there ten years now, and he very seldom comes even as far as this. It's more than two years since he has been here before, although my father is one of his most intimate friends, and goes to see him about once a year."

"How did he come to take up the idea?" asked Percival, interested in the singular phenomenon.

"Oh, he first came out with Governor Simcoe as his aid-de-camp, about twenty years ago; and went with him on a surveying expedition all through the great western district, when Governor Simcoe was looking about for a site for a new capital. So he took a fancy to found a colony in the great wilderness, on the shore of Lake Erie, where there were then only a few wandering Indians. He says he believes what first put it into his head to come, was his reading in Charlevoix that that country was the paradise of the Hurons, and, as he was determined to get to Paradise by hook or crook, he came. But, at any rate, he resolved to found a colony, and he has done it, through tremendous difficulties and hardships. He has cleared farms, cut roads, and settled numbers of emigrants, and he reigns as a sort of king among them, in his log palace, on his cliff. Indeed, I believe he's a regular despot, although he has a great deal of generosity and kindness of heart. It's about ten years, now, since he first took possession of a grant of a hundred thousand acres that he got from the Home Government, and my father says it's wonderful what a change he has made since then."

"Why, it sounds like one of the old stories I used to read as a boy! I didn't know you had such adventurous paladins out here," said Percival, both amused and interested by the recital. "I must see if I can get him to tell me some of his experiences by and by."

"I have no doubt he will, if you show him proper respect;" replied Marjorie, gravely. "Remember he is used to a great deal of deference in every one he meets."

"Thank you! I shall remember your hint. May I have the honour of taking you in to dinner?"

For Mrs. McLeod had made her appearance by this time, and the move to the dining-room had begun. Colonel McLeod, of course, offered his arm to Lilias, and General Brock followed with his hostess. Percival found himself almost opposite to Lilias, but the position was of little use to him, as he could rarely manage even to catch her eye; for Colonel Talbot, who sat on her right hand, and who could wear even a courtly grace when he pleased, in talking with ladies, seemed willing to take full advantage of his present privileges—so great a contrast to the voluntary isolation of his ordinary life; and managed to carry on a lively conversation with her and Flora, in the intervals of the more earnest talk that circulated at the table.

Percival consoled himself as well as he could by watching the peculiarities of this remarkable man, in whose history he had become a good deal interested.

Colonel McLeod, as usual, did the honours of the table, with the dignified Highland courtesy for which he was noted, even in that age of old-fashioned politeness, beside which our modern manners often seem rough and careless. He was, himself, a distinguished looking man, and the rest of the party were a very favourable representation of the best colonial society of the time. But the honoured guest of the evening was, of course, General Brock, whom all, by unexpressed consent, united in treating with special deference, and whose commanding, graceful figure, and calm, noble face conferred on him a natural distinction and pre-eminence; although his own gently courteous manner, unaffected modesty and simplicity of bearing seemed to ignore any pretension of the kind. Such careless observers, indeed, as are in the habit of associating assumption with power, would hardly have imagined that this man, so nobly simple in his mien, held in his hands the destinies of a province. Yet, though as yet hardly bearing the marks even of middle age, he had already bravely served his country in the West Indies, in Holland and in Denmark, and had been called, not to the military administration only, but also to preside for a time over the government of a colony which he had found divided, and to some extent disaffected, by injudicious management; but to which his wise and firm rule, free from party bias and interest, seeking with enlightened zeal the union and prosperity of the Province, had restored order, harmony and hearty co-operation. And now that a threatened storm was lowering around them, thousands of peaceful people scattered through an almost defenceless territory were looking to him as the guardian hero who would safely pilot them through a crisis so fraught with imminent peril to life, to property and to interests dearer than life itself.

But General Brock was far too much occupied with the duties and responsibilities that lay upon him to have any room in his mind for thoughts of his own consequence—too much absorbed by his anxiety to do his duty well and faithfully, to dwell upon the thought that *he* was the man called to a work of no ordinary responsibility and importance. When, as now, the prospects of the war became the theme of conversation, it was his habit rather to listen than to talk;—to receive the ideas and suggestions of others, rather than to express his own sentiments;—not so much from any intended reticence, as from a desire to learn all that could be learned on the subject under consideration; and in this way he often gleaned most valuable information.

From the threatened war at home to the existing one abroad was a natural transition, and Captain Percival, as the latest arrival, was plied with questions concerning the Peninsular campaign, in which he had several friends and comrades engaged. Colonel Talbot was the only man at table who seemed to care nothing about it, in whom even Ciudad-Rodrigo awakened little or no interest. He had long, by force of the habit of isolation, settled down into an almost total indifference as to the course of European events in one of the most stirring periods of European history. His ambition as a soldier, his home sympathies, had, in the pursuit of his one absorbing idea, almost faded away; and Canada, and, above all, his own little territory, blotted out to his mental vision the whole world outside. But when Canadian politics were touched upon, when, his favourite theme, British mismanagement of Colonial affairs was alluded to, he became all alive at once, and brought a shade of redoubled gravity to General Brock's earnest, thoughtful countenance, by relating, with great animation, one of his favourite anecdotes in reference to the blunder which he believed had been made in the cession of Detroit and large tracts of the adjoining territory to the Americans.

"Why," said he, "I was talking one day with one of the English Commissioners, and I just took the map and showed him the foolish bargain they had made, and the extent and value and resources of the ceded territory. When the light did break in upon him at last, the man covered his eyes with his hands and fairly burst into tears!"

But the conversation soon passed to pleasanter subjects, for the dinner had reached the stage when men prefer to avoid painful thoughts and topics. As the soft rays of the fast descending sun stole in through the western windows, penetrating the dusky pines with long lines of golden light, and seeming to bring with them the sweet pine odours, while the guests enjoyed the mellow flavour of the Colonel's old wine,—brought from home and reserved for special occasions,—the talk drifted away to the memories of the dear old land, so dear and so close, despite all official delinquencies, to every true colonist's heart. Major Meredith and Colonel McLeod had each their memories of "merrie England" and "bonnie Scotland," which seldom found expression except on some such occasion as this; and then Colonel McLeod, as he often did at such times, reverted to his favourite poet, "the Harp of Cona," through whose strains still comes down the wailing voice of the wind sighing on the heath-clad hill-side, breathing a lament for departed beauty or fallen valour. He was soon in the midst of an eager discussion as to the genuineness of the poems, warmly defending the affirmative, and praising their power and beauty.

"Where," he said, "will you find a finer expression of a fine thought than this, in almost the closing lines?" and he repeated, first in Gaelic and then in English, in tones whose sonorous cadences fitted well the simple majesty of the words, the following passage: "The chiefs of other times are departed. They have gone without their fame! The sons of future years shall pass away. Another race shall arise. The people are like the waves of ocean, like the leaves of the woody Morven, they pass away in the rustling blast, and other leaves lift their green heads on high!"

Just as he uttered the concluding words, the tramp of two horses was heard rapidly galloping up the avenue to the door. Somehow the sound seemed to indicate hasty tidings; and this idea was confirmed when black Cæsar appeared to say, that Colonel McDonell—General Brock's Aid-de-camp—and another gentleman, wished to speak with the General. He rose at once and left the room, and an expectant stillness crept over the party during his absence, which lasted for a considerable time. No one seemed able to start a new subject or continue an old one except Mrs. McLeod, who talked on to her neighbours unflaggingly, in her soft mixture of West Indian languor and vivacity.

At last the door opened and General Brock entered alone, paler than when he had left the room, as if touched by some recent emotion, and grave with the look of responsibility which every thoughtful man must wear when called to act in some new and momentous crisis, even though it may have been expected and prepared for. He stood for a moment silent, his hand resting on the back of his chair, the last rays of the setting sun lighting up his moved but calm and resolute face; and it was with a solemn impressiveness of voice that told how deeply he felt the weighty import of the tidings he had to communicate—tidings which he knew had their special and intense interest for each one who heard him—that he said, at last, in low but distinct tones that thrilled through the stillness on every expectant ear:—"I have just had private intelligence from Washington. *War was declared there on the eighteenth!*"

(To be continued.)

LOVE'S LONGING.

BY CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

COME to me in the silence of the night;
  Come in the speaking silence of a dream;
Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright
  As sunlight in a stream;
          Come back in tears,
O memory, hope, love of finished years.

O dream, how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet,
  Whose wakening should have been in Paradise,
Where souls, brimful of love, abide and meet;
  Where thirsty longing eyes
          Watch the slow door
That opening, letting in, lets out no more.

Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live
  My very life again, though cold in death:
Come back to me in dreams, that I may give
  Pulse for pulse, breath for breath:
          Speak low, lean low,
As long ago, my love how long ago!

THE MASSACRE AT THE CEDARS.

BY SAMUEL E. DAWSON.

NEARLY one hundred years have elapsed since the Declaration of Independence announced to the world that all hope of reconciliation was over between Great Britain and her revolted colonies, and that the war, which had in reality existed for a year, could cease only by the utter defeat of one of the contending parties. Since that time England has been engaged in deadly strife with more than half the continent of Europe; but even in France the old traditional hatred as well as the memory of more recent conflicts has died out, while in the United States the smouldering embers of strife have been sedulously fanned by the writers of school-books, and grave historians even have compiled weighty octavos—not with that careful sifting of evidence which becomes the judge, but with the heat of an editor writing leading articles for an election contest, and fearful of conceding one small point to the credit of his adversaries.

As for the English writers upon this period, they have, with few exceptions, adopted the statements of the American histories. If they knew of original authorities, they have not taken the trouble to consult them. Earl Stanhope alone seems to have based his work on original documents, and has thus been able, in some measure, to dispel the cloud of assertion which had so long obscured the truth of history. His sober style is not attractive to the general reader, from the absence of those rhetorical flights which enliven the pages of more popular historians.

It has thus come to be taken generally for granted that, in this struggle, truth and justice were entirely with the Congress; and that, moreover, the war was waged, upon the English side, with ferocity and perfidy, but, upon the American side, with calm and forbearing valour. The well-meaning King George has been a butt for the sneers of many who would not understand his sincere and honest character. That which in others was firmness and perseverance, in him became stupid obstinacy, and upon him has been sought to be placed the responsibility of a war, which was as popular throughout England at the commencement as any war has ever been.

In matters political, truth is not a necessary condition of success. A certain amount of plausibility is required; but, when the popular mind is in a condition of expectant excitement, a small proportion of truth goes a long way. The manifestos put forth from time to time by Congress had that plausibility, combined with the hardihood of assertion which is so invaluable in partisanship. The Declaration of Independence is a document admirable in its literary style. It mingles its modicum of undoubted colonial grievance with a rhetoric so mournful, rising through many flights of imagination to a height of injury so great, that it remains a model of political composition unequalled to the present day.

There are some counts in that long indictment which, as they are connected with Canada, are specially interesting to Canadians. Among these is the clause, "that he (the King) has endeavoured to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes and conditions." On reading this, who can fail to conclude that the King was the first to resolve upon the employment of Indian allies, and that the colonists revolted at such an enormity? Nevertheless, it is the fact that the colonies were the first to invoke the aid of the Indians, and it was not until they found that the weight of the Indian alliance was going against them, that they discovered the merciless nature of their "known rules of warfare."

While none but the New England leaders dreamed of war, and long before a shot had been fired, efforts had been made to enlist the Indians on the side of the colonies. This will appear from a comparison of some of the documents published in the "American Archives," with the dates of the early events of the war. At Lexington, on April 19th, 1775, the first blood was shed. On June 17th, 1775, was fought the battle of Bunker's Hill. In September of the same year the continental army invaded Canada. St. Johns was captured two months afterwards, and Montreal was occupied until the middle of June, 1776. On July 4th, 1776, appeared the Declaration of Independence, and only five weeks previously occurred the event stigmatised as the "Massacre of the Cedars."

There was at first, upon the English side, some hesitation about enlisting Indians. The Earl of Dartmouth, under date, London, Aug. 2nd, 1775, writes to General Gage, that "the steps which you say the rebels have taken for calling in the assistance of the Indians leave no room to hesitate upon the propriety of your pursuing the same measure." A letter, signed "A Soldier," which appeared in the London papers on October 22nd, 1776, refers to General Carleton's aversion to employ them, and urges their enlistment. Among the colonists, General Schuyler alone seems to have hesitated; no suspicion of wrong in the matter appears to have existed in the mind of any one else. The alliance of the great Iroquois Confederacy was eagerly courted, and for a long time the colonial party thought that all the Indians, even the Mohawks at Caughnawaga, would side with them.* Eventually the Mohawks, Senecas, Cayugas and Onondagas sided with the Crown, but the Oneidas and Tuscaroras espoused the cause of the colonists. In the east, so doubtful was the conduct of the Micmacs, that the settlers at Halifax were forbidden to sell them powder, and they were obliged to resort to the Massachusetts Commissariat. The first Indians who took up arms for the British were the Abenakis.† A small number of that tribe formed part of the garrison of St. Johns, and in Sept., 1775, joined, not in an attack upon the frontiers of the United States, but in the defence of a frontier town of Canada against an invading enemy.

Long previously, as early as the winter of 1774–5, the revolutionary party had been tampering with the Indians of Canada. One of their emissaries, writing from Montreal, gives full details of his visit to the Caughnawaga Indians, and informs the Massachusetts' Congress that those Indians had received overtures from Israel Putnam, and had assured him in reply that, if they took up arms at all, it would be against the King.‡ During the whole of the winter of 1774–5, and the following summer, emissaries from the colonies were busy among the Indians of Canada and Acadia. In the Colony of Massachusetts the Indians of Stockbridge were enrolled as minute men, and each received from The Provincial Congress a blanket and a ribbon for "taking up the hatchet" against Great Britain.* This people were not, from the fact of their being in Massachusetts, more civilized than others of their race, because, in their reply to President Hancock, they† ask only to be shown their enemy, and hope that no regulations may be made to prevent them "fighting after the manner of their forefathers." This policy of arming the Indians was therefore adopted even before Lexington. In an Address of the same Congress to the Mohawk tribe, dated April 4th, 1775, it as clearly appears. The Address is long, but, as it is typical of the style of many others, a few extracts are given:

"BROTHERS—Our fathers in Great Britain tell us our lands and houses and cattle and money are not our own—that we ourselves are not our own men but their servants. * * * * Brothers—We used to send our vessels on the Great Lake, whereby we were able to get clothes and what we needed for ourselves and you, but such has lately been their conduct that we cannot, they have told us we shall have no more guns nor powder to use and kill our wolves and other game nor to send to you. * * * How can you live without powder and guns? * * * Brothers—We think it our duty to inform you of our danger, and desire you to give notice to all your kindred, as we fear they will attempt to cut our throats, and if you should allow them to do that, there will nobody remain to keep them from you. We, therefore, earnestly desire you *to whet your hatchet and be prepared with us to defend our liberties and lives.* Brothers—We humbly beseech that God, who lives above and does what is right here below to enlighten your minds, &c., &c."

There is throughout all these Addresses to the Indians a strain of devout aspiration, which, although misplaced as regards the writers, testifies that the people addressed possessed some moral qualities corresponding thereto. This Address surpassed the rest, however, in containing a theological clause. "Brothers: They have made a law to establish the religion of the Pope in Canada which lies so near you. We much fear some of your children may be induced instead of worshipping the only true God to pay his due to images made with their own hands."

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* Col. Ethan Allan to the Massachusetts Congress, June 9, 1775.

† Mauralt—Histoire des Abenakis.

‡ J. Brown to the Committee of Correspondence, March 29, 1775.

* Address of Congress to the Indians of Stockbridge, April 1, 1775.

† Address of the Stockbridge Indians to Massachusetts Congress, April 11, 1775.

In the whirl of excitement just preceding the first actual hostilities, so tender a solicitude for the souls of youthful Mohawks is really touching. It is a relief not to meet it in the other Addresses in so painful a form; although the same vein of subdued piety runs through all. The Micmac Indians, in one of their Addresses, dated Feb. 5, 1776, are very grateful to this same Congress for "having provided them with ammunition and provisions and having permitted them to have a Priest to pray Almighty God to make them strong to oppose the wicked people of Old England." At first sight such a permission seems hardly fair to the Micmac children; but, upon closer examination, it appears probable that the love for Mohawk souls arose from the circumstance that the emissary who carried the Address was the Rev. Samuel Kirkland, missionary to the Oneidas. He worked zealously among the Mohawks in an underhand way; but, to do him justice, not without qualms of conscience. He writes in the following strain. He is complaining that Col. Johnson, the resident Commissioner, interferes with him.* "He," Col. Johnson, "is unreasonably jealous of me. All he has against me, I suppose to be this: a suspicion that I have interpreted to the Indians the doings of the Continental Congress. * * I confess to you, gentlemen, that I have been guilty of this, if it be any transgression. The Indians found out that I had received the abstracts of the said Congress and insisted on knowing the contents. I could not deny them, notwithstanding my cloth, though in all other respects I have been extremely cautious not to meddle in matters of a political nature. I apprehend my interpreting the doings of Congress to a number of their Sachems has done more real service to the cause of the country, or the cause of truth and justice, than five hundred pounds in presents would have effected. If you think proper you may acquaint your Provincial Congress with the contents of this, but you must be cautious in exposing my name." Mr. Kirkland concludes by "wishing them the blessings of peace, and that we may all be disposed to acquiesce in the Divine Government." He does not wish his name divulged at a place so near to Col. Johnson as Albany, but during the two months previous he had with him the Address of the Massachusetts Congress who were clever enough to insert in the clause about the Pope and the images to quiet his searchings of heart. Later on he writes in depressed spirits: "The pretended friendship and boasted fidelity of these Mohawks seem to turn out mere delusion and perfidy."* He still has hopes, however, that the Caughnawagas and Oneidas will remain firm. His schemes eventually failed among the Mohawks and Caughnawagas; three hundred dollars, however, were voted to him by the Continental Congress for his expenses,† and he was appointed as missionary and political agent among the Six Nations, on a salary.

The efforts of the Massachusetts Congress among the Eastern Indians were equally early, equally promising at the commencement, and equally futile in the result. On the 15th of May, 1775, an Address was sent to the Penobscot, St. John and Micmac Indians,* (the latter living close to the back settlements of Nova Scotia,) offering them "such clothes and warlike stores as they might need" and, as a matter of course, "praying that God might bless them and prevent their enemies from hurting them;" informing them at the same time that the Stockbridge Indians had enlisted on the side of Congress, and offering to enlist them. Deputations from these tribes promising aid were received by the Provincial Congress on June 15, 1775, and by General Washington on January 31, 1776. The General addressed a letter to the Micmacs in February of the same year. Eventually all these efforts failed; the Massachusetts Congress were informed by one of their emissaries in the East, under date of July 27, 1776,† that he had worked all summer in vain, and that the tribes would remain neutral; whereupon he was ordered to pay back into the Provincial chest thirty pounds which had been given him for distribution among the Indians.

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* Rev. Samuel Kirkland to the Committee of Correspondence at Albany, June 9, 1775.

* Rev. Samuel Kirkland to Gen. Schuyler, March, 1776.

† Vote of Continental Congress, Nov. 11, 1775.

The Congress of New Hampshire adopted the same tactics. On June 23, 1775, Colonel Bailey issued an Address to the Northern Indians (among whom were the St. Francis and other Canadian Indians living north of that colony), offering them inducements to enlist, reminding them, after the style common in the Indian Addresses, that "they must all meet before God," and telling them that the "British do not think there is a God in Heaven to punish them." The Addresses of Washington and Schuyler are, as might be expected from their open and manly character, free from these affectations of religion; still all are striking commentaries on the Indian clause of the subsequent Declaration of Independence. In fact, in New England there never seems to have been a symptom of hesitation as to the propriety of engaging the Indians. The Congress of Massachusetts had a special committee on Indian affairs,* which was instructed to keep its business secret. When, on May 12, a proposition to raise two companies of Indians was before the House, it was referred to this committee as a matter of course. Before a blow had been struck in the North, some Canadian Indians who applied were enlisted by them into the Continental Army, and a month's pay in advance voted by the House of Representatives, who notify General Washington of the fact, without any special explanation.† The Oneida Indians, while informing the New Englanders of their intention to remain neutral, add their opinion that the New England Indians ought not to be swept into the conflict; but, whatever doubts might have existed elsewhere, there were none in Massachusetts or Connecticut. Col. Ethan Allan, who had just taken Ticonderoga by surprise, writes an Address to the Canadian Indians, from which the following is an extract:—

"Head Quarters of the Army,
"Crown Point, May 24, 1775.

"By advice of council of officers, I recommend our trusty and well-beloved friend and brother, Captain Abraham Nimham, of Stockbridge, as our ambassador of peace, to our good brother Indians of the four tribes. * * * Loving brothers and friends: I want to have your warriours come and see me, and help me fight the King's regular troops. You know they stand all along close together, rank and file, and my men fight so as Indians do, and I want your warriours to join with me and my warriours like brothers, and ambush the regulars; if you will I will give you money, blankets, tomahawks, knives, paint and anything there is in the army, just like brothers; and I will go with you into the woods to scout, and my men and your men will sleep together, and eat and drink together and fight Regulars, because they first killed our brothers and will fight against us; therefore I want our brother Indians to help us fight; for I know Indians are good warriours and can fight well in the bush."

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* Address of Provincial Congress to the Eastern Indians, May 15, 1775.

† Thos. Fletcher to Massachusetts Congress.

* Votes of Massachusetts Congress, April 12, 1775.

† Vote of House of Representatives, August 21, 1775.

A copy of this precious production was sent by the Colonel to the General Assembly of Connecticut, for he "thought it advisable that the Honourable Assembly should be informed of all our politicks." It elicited no special remark, yet more than a year after these very men join in denouncing King George for being about to employ the "merciless Indian savages."

Early in May, 1775, the Second Continental Congress met. It also soon appointed a Committee upon Indian Affairs, which was instructed to keep its proceedings secret. On July 1st a public resolution was passed, "that in case any agent of the ministry shall induce the Indian tribes or any of them to commit actual hostilities against these colonies or to enter into an offensive alliance with the British troops, thereupon the colonies ought to avail themselves of an alliance with such Indian nations as will enter into the same, to oppose such British troops and their Indian allies." This resolution is very conclusive proof that up to that time the British had made no Indian enlistments or alliances. Upon Oct. 23rd, 1775, a delegation from the Continental Congress met General Washington at Head Quarters at Cambridge, and it was then "agreed that those Indians (of the St. Francis, Stockbridge, St. John's tribes) or others may be called on in case of real necessity and that giving them presents is both suitable and proper." This principle was affirmed by resolution of the Congress in the same words on Dec. 2nd of the same year, nor was any reproach even then hinted at the British commanders. On Nov. 8th 1775, Arnold writes to Washington from his camp at Point Levi, that "he had been joined by forty savages." On May 25th, 1776, "a number of deputies from four of the Six Nations" were reported to Congress as "arrived in town." On the same day a resolution was passed "that it is highly expedient to engage the Indians in the service of the United Colonies." On May 31, the number of Indians to be taken into pay was fixed at 2,000. On June 10, Congress "authorised General Washington to offer the Indians a reward of —— dollars for every commission officer, and —— dollars for every private soldier of the King's troops they shall take prisoners in the Indian country or on the frontier." And yet with all this before them, that same Congress had the hardihood to charge against the King, upon the 4th of July, "that he has endeavoured to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian savages whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes and conditions." The failure to reduce Quebec, the dissatisfaction of Canadians under "free institutions" and the consequent certainty of an invasion from Canada, had completely altered their views as to their dusky "Brothers."

Returning now to the summer of 1775 we find that Congress had prepared an army under Schuyler, and resolved upon the invasion of Canada. This would have been an impossibility had the great confederacy of the Six Nations been hostile. New England had in vain attempted to gain their assistance, the next best move was to secure their neutrality. Colonel Guy Johnson was Royal Commissioner to the Confederacy and made no secret of his profound contempt for the self-constituted "Committee of Safety," of Tryon County, in which he lived. He was suspected by all the Revolutionary Committees of inciting the Indians against the colonists. In those days men were seized and imprisoned by improvised political bodies for very slight offences against the dominant party, and rumours were very rife of plots to secure the person of a man who wielded so enormous a power over the Indians. Of such conspiracies

Johnson affirmed that he had the most certain information, and the Mohawks who lived near kept watch over him until he left for Canada. He declared, moreover, that he had used his best efforts to keep the Six Nations neutral. This is probable in itself, because in 1775 most of the middle colonies were confident of a final reconciliation with the King, and this feeling was especially strong in the Province of New York. It was moreover confirmed by the Mohawk Sachems in the grand council at Albany on August 23rd, where the chief men of all the Six Nations met Schuyler and the Commissioners of Congress, and pledged the whole Confederacy to neutrality. Johnson had convoked a meeting of the tribes at Oswego during the month of July, out of the reach of colonial politics, and Schuyler was anxious to know what hostile influences he had exerted there. But the Sachems assured him with all the dignity of Iroquois Chiefs that Guy Johnson had advised them to be neutral as the quarrel did not concern them, and that the council at Oswego was a council of peace. Johnson's first authority from the King to employ Indians was dated in London on August 2nd, and enclosed in a despatch to General Gage at Boston. It could not have reached him before the end of September. Whatever faults moreover of fickleness and cruelty may have been charged against the Indian nations they have never been charged with public falsehood in solemn councils. After the council at Oswego Johnson went to Montreal. An American emissary, the well-known Major John Brown, with four assistants, was then in Canada obtaining information about the disposition of the Canadians and Indians. He writes to Governor Trumbull on August 14th that Johnson had arrived at Montreal with a party of 300, mostly tenants, and some Indians. It is not likely that Johnson attempted to engage the Indians in any alliance before he arrived at Montreal. He was a king's officer, and had no authority from England to do so for many months after. The skirmish at Lexington had irritated more than aroused the English Ministry, who supposed the insurrection was nothing more than an exacerbation of the chronic insubordination of the Boston people. If Johnson had attempted to stir up an Indian war in the back settlements of New York and Pennsylvania, he would have interfered with the negotiations with the other colonies and would have done serious injury to the King's cause among the many loyalists who resided there; and besides he would have run serious risk of being disowned by the British Government. Arriving at Montreal, however, he found the Governor in great straits from the refusal of the Canadians to assist in defending the country against the invasion which began to threaten. Then he convened a council at Caughnawaga at which he solicited Indian aid; but the Americans had been before him. The Caughnawagas would not stir, or receive the war belt. It was at this council that an ox was roasted whole and a pipe of wine drunk, sometimes figured in American histories under the heading "the Indians at Caughnawaga feast on a Bostonian and drink his blood." The Indians from the West who remained with Johnson were few in number. Carleton, moreover, positively forbade them to cross the border and his commands were obeyed.

Schuyler had scarcely finished negotiating with the Indians when a circumstance occurred which gave him much anxiety. With his troops at Crown Point was a Captain Remember Baker, of the Green Mountain Boys, whom he had frequently employed as a scout. This man, with four others, started off on a scouting party into Canada without orders of any kind and, having disembarked, he saw from the shore a party of five Indians in a boat.* He attempted to fire, but his gun missed fire and he, putting his head from behind a tree where he stood to hammer his flint, was instantly shot. His party then fired into the boat, and killed two of the Indians. The remainder escaped. This was the first blood shed upon the Northern frontier and, as it turned out that the Indians were friendly Caughnawagas, messengers were at once despatched to the Six Nations to explain, and a deputation from the Six Nations was sent at Schuyler's request to Caughnawaga to apologize. This caused a few from that village to join, for a short time, the garrison at St. Johns.

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* Schuyler's despatches, August 31.

Schuyler's mind being released from all apprehension as to his rear he was able to move for Isle aux Noix upon the 31st August and 1st of September. Upon the 2nd he issued his proclamation to the Canadian people in which he recounts his treaty of friendship with the Six Nations, apologizes for the killing of the Indians, and announces presents for the Caughnawagas and other Canadian tribes. He writes to Washington that his spies inform him that Carleton is endeavouring to incite the Indians, but that he will have no success with the Canada tribes though he may be joined by some of the more remote nations. He also informs Washington that he has some Indians with him and will have no hesitation in employing any more who offer.

All the despatches and reports of the American officers testify to the good understanding between them and the Canadian Indians. Ethan Allan writes on July 12 "that they are all friendly;" Schuyler is "sure that Carleton cannot move them." Washington writes at a later date, "that the Caughnawagas promised to join Schuyler's army whenever wanted." Major Brown finds them everywhere friendly. Lewis, a Caughnawaga Chief, gives evidence before the Massachusetts Congress to the same effect. The various reports of Livingston and other Canadians in correspondence with Schuyler bear the same testimony. They inform him that Carleton has only 40 Indians at St. Johns, and afterwards that even these have left him. Some of the St. Francis Indians were already enrolled in the Continental army. In order to understand this it must be considered that there could be very little sympathy between regular soldiers, such as Carleton and his red-coats, with the style of campaigning practised by the Indians. Men like Ethan Allan who could "ambush and scout," who could eat and drink and sleep with them were much more likely to influence them than a proud and strict disciplinarian like Carleton, and so it happened that excepting a few Abenakis and some Ottawas and Algonquins from the North, the greater number of Canadian Indians in 1775 were either openly hostile to the British flag or neutral in the struggle. And yet, although these things were well known, that tissue of misrepresentation had commenced which partisan historians have woven into the web of history. An officer of the Continental army writes of the Indians on the English side,* "they appear barbarous to the last degree, not content with scalping, they dug up our dead and mangled them in the most shocking manner." This is only hearsay; but he adds with the confidence of an eye-witness, "*I had the pleasure to see two of them scalped as a retaliation.*" It depends only upon the side he takes whether the Indian is, as Col. Allan endearingly calls him, "a loving brother and friend" or a "merciless and remorseless savage."

The American army, which had been compelled to retire to Isle aux Noix, commenced its final advance on the 17th of September. The chief command was transferred to Montgomery, and with a force of 2,000 men and a number of field guns and mortars, he proceeded to invest St. Johns.† Detachments were sent out to seize the communications, and for such purposes the Indians were found useful.

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* Letter from Isle aux Noix, Sept. 17.

† Schuyler to Continental Congress, Sept. 19.

While success was crowning all the enterprises of the colonists, Carleton met with nothing but reverses and disappointments. Many of the Canadians joined the American army, but few, and these almost exclusively from among the Seigneurs, gave him any aid. Ethan Allan had 250 Canadians on the Richelieu.* Livingston and Duggan, two Canadian sympathisers, had a force of 300 men co-operating with Montgomery,† and Colonel Timothy Bedell, of New Hampshire, commanded a considerable body of Canadians and Indians with which he guarded Longueuil and Laprairie.‡ As Bedell had charge of the outposts to the north, nearly all the Indians were placed under his command. Carleton's only reliable force was 800 regular troops including the garrisons of Quebec, Chambly and St. Johns. The British inhabitants of Canada were few in number and, although some volunteered as militiamen and did good service in capturing Ethan Allan in his rash attempt on Montreal, they were not sufficiently numerous to give important aid. At Lachine was Colonel Guy Johnson with a mixed force of about 500 men consisting of 300 of his own tenants, who had left New York to join him, some Canadians, and a few Indians. Brant, who had acted as his secretary, some of his own personal retainers and a few Mohawk young men, who had refused to obey the commands of their Sachems, were with him. The rest of the Indians were from distant places, mostly Ottawas and Algonquins. With so small a force at his disposal, and hearing of the departure of Arnold's expedition for Quebec, Carleton could make no stand against the enemy. Abandoning Montreal, he started in a small boat for Quebec, just in time to secure that fortress, the last hope of British rule, and narrowly escaping capture on the way. Small garrisons of British troops yet remained at Oswegatchie, Niagara, Detroit, and some other posts in the West but, with these exceptions, the whole of Canada was in the possession of the Continental army.

In order fully to understand this sudden reverse, it is requisite to remember that an attack upon Canada in force was never anticipated by Carleton. Even as regards the Continental Congress, it was the result of a very sudden change of purpose. Congress had resolved on June 1st, 1775, "that no expedition or incursion ought to be undertaken or made by any colony or body of colonists against or into Canada." This resolution was come to in order to allay the apprehensions of the middle and southern members, who were exceedingly opposed to any course which would prevent that reconciliation which they ardently desired. With this view a resolution was passed, that "this Congress has nothing more in view than the defence of these colonies." The New Englanders knew well where they were going, and were glad to obstruct openly or covertly every path which might lead to a compromise; but the middle colonies, and especially New York, were forced step by step along the road to revolution by the astuteness of the eastern delegates and the blundering pride of the British Ministry. Consequently Carleton was taken by surprise when, five weeks later, the northern army began to gather. Then in July he began his efforts among the Indians, only to find that he had been outmanœuvred. The Indians, even of Caughnawaga, would not join him, and we must bear in mind that the previous resolve of Congress on July 1st would completely justify him in soliciting their aid in the defence of Canada.

It is not the object of this paper to recount in detail the doings of the American army in Canada. The peasantry were badly treated, often compelled to furnish supplies at the point of the bayonet, and then to receive continental paper in payment; the clergy were neglected and ill-used, and property was continually taken by violence in exchange for unsigned or illegible orders on the Commissariat, which were refused payment even in paper. Arbitrary arrests were made, which still further disgusted the higher class of the inhabitants. "The licentiousness of our troops," says Schuyler, in a dispatch to Washington, "is not easy to be described."* Colonel Hazen, in command at Montreal, sums up the whole conduct of the army by stating in one of his despatches, "We have brought about ourselves by mismanagement what Governor Carleton himself could never effect."

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* Ethan Allan to General Montgomery from St. Ours, Sept. 20.

† Schuyler to Congress.

‡ Col. Bedell to New Hampshire Committee, Oct. 27.

During this winter the employment of the Indians was very frequently discussed in the despatches between the Generals and Congress, as well as between themselves. "The Caughnawaga Indians now here," writes Washington, "are embarrassing. My embarrassment does not proceed so much from the impropriety of encouraging these people to depart from their neutrality (accepting their voluntary offer rather) as from the expense which probably may follow."† A little later he writes, "I have now the pleasure to inform you that our Caughnawaga friends have put the matter upon the footing I wished, that is to join the forces in Canada whenever you shall call for their assistance."‡

It will be seen at once that there is no question of principle; it is one of expense simply. Schuyler writes in reply "that, since Montreal was taken, the hauteur of the Indians is much diminished, for they see they can get their supplies only from the Americans." He has no need of their services, and adds, "the expense we are at in the Indian department is amazing." Writing to Hancock, President of Congress, on Feb. 23, he repeats the argument as to expense, and adds, "that the expense will be much more when they consider themselves in our service, nor would their intervention be of much consequence, unless we could procure that of the other nations. I am very confident that we should be justified in employing the savages, since the Ministry have made attempts to engage them against us, and if no other consideration prevented, I should be for it, but besides the reasons I have given General Washington, I may add that they will consider our employing them is of necessity, and they will look upon themselves of more consequence than they really are, and rise in their demands upon us." Here then is the real reason of the resolve of Congress of March 8, 1776: "That Indians be not employed as soldiers in the armies of the United Colonies before the tribes to which they belong shall, in a National Council, held in the customary manner, have consented thereto; nor then without express approbation of Congress." Everything then looked quiet in Canada. The Commissioners had gone on to Montreal to complete its union with the colonies, by forming a Provincial Congress, and quieting any uneasiness which might have arisen. There was no need of Indian aid, and to enlist them would be to give them regular pay. What Congress desired was the alliance of the United Six Nations, and not the enlistment of a portion of them to be paid as continental troops, and to that end their emissaries still laboured.

While such negotiations were going on around Lake Champlain, Col. Butler, at Niagara, was moving the minds of the Six Nations from the extreme west, where dwelt the Senecas, always favourably disposed towards the King. At Detroit also similar influences were at work. The influence of the Canadians began also to be felt among the Indians more and more as they experienced the exactions of the American army; and as it became evident that Carleton would be reinforced and the seige of Quebec raised. The Indians themselves were neglected by the American commanders in Canada, who considered it certain that Quebec would fall before relief could arrive, and the services of the Indians would not be needed. As the spring opened Congress saw the necessity of further exertions, but the winter passed in apparent security.

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* Lieut.-Col. Hazen to General Schuyler, April 1, 1776. Franklin, Chase and Carroll to President of Congress, May 5, 1776.

† Washington to Schuyler, Jan. 27, 1776.

‡ Washington to Schuyler, Feb. 1, 1776.

Early in the spring, in order to guard against any attack from the west, the Americans had built a fort at the village of the Cedars, a spot better suited than the Coteau for commanding the whole channel of the St. Lawrence. The river there is very narrow and, the islands being small, the whole stream can be watched from the Cedars to the Cascades, so that not even a canoe could pass unnoticed. Here was posted an important detachment under Col. Timothy Bedell who, from his experience of the autumn previous at the outposts of the invading army, and in command of the Canadians and Indians, seemed to be a suitable commander for such a post.

Early in May the British garrisons of the west began to move. Obedient to orders from Carleton who, having been reinforced on the opening of navigation, was commencing to act upon the offensive, Capt. Forster, in command of the British post at Oswegatchie (now Ogdensburg) started upon the 12th of May to attack the post at the Cedars. The American version of the subsequent events is given thus by Bancroft :—

"The detachment from Detroit, under Capt. Forster, composed of forty of the eighth regiment, a hundred Canadians, and several hundred Indians, from the North-west, appeared in sight of the Cedars. Bedell, its Commander, committing the fort to Major Butterfield, deserted, under pretence of soliciting a reinforcement. On his arrival at Montreal, Arnold, on the 16th, detached Major Henry Sherburne, of Rhode Island, with one hundred and forty men, to relieve the fort; but before he could make his way through the enemy to the Cedars, Butterfield, on the 19th, though he had two field-pieces and sufficient ammunition and officers and men willing to defend the post, cowered like a craven under a dread of the Indians, and after sustaining no other attack than from musketry, surrendered himself and his garrison prisoners at discretion.

"The next day, as Sherburne, ignorant of the surrender, came to the entrance of a wood, which was about five miles from the fort, he was attacked while still in open ground by an enemy who fought under cover of trees. After a skirmish of an hour, the Americans were intercepted in their attempt at a retreat, and more than a hundred were taken prisoners. The savages, who lost in the battle a great warrior of the Seneca tribe, immediately stripped them almost naked, tomahawking or scalping the wounded men, so they lost twenty-eight wounded and killed in battle or murdered afterwards in cold blood, in violation of the express terms of surrender as well as of humanity.

"At the news of the double disaster, Arnold moved with about seven hundred men to recover the captives by force; but as the British officer declared a massacre of the prisoners, four hundred and seventy-four in number, would be the inevitable consequence of an attack, he consented to obtain the release of them all, except four captains, who were retained as hostages, by promising the return of an equal number of British prisoners. The engagement led to mutual criminations; the Americans preferred a counter-claim for the punishment of those who had massacred some of the prisoners." *

It may be well to observe that this transaction took place wholly in Canada, in defence of our invaded frontier, not in attack

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* This passage may be found in the Index of the English edition of Bancroft, under the heading, "The Indians of Canada defeat and butcher the Americans."

upon any of the colonies. Bancroft could not have consulted many original authorities upon the real facts, or he would not have stated that the British force came from Detroit. He has evidently contented himself with the report of the Committee of Congress upon the matter, which makes no mention of the place whence Forster started, and with the garrison gossip at Montreal, which magnified Forster's force to one thousand Indians and all the troops of Niagara and Detroit.

The indignation in Canada at the action of Congress in refusing to ratify the cartel signed by their General was very great, but Sir Guy Carleton felt especially aggrieved at the charges made by the Committee of Congress which inquired into the matter. The Committee, after recounting the facts as given by Bancroft, charge Capt. Forster with putting the prisoners under the care of the savages, who plundered them, stripped them, shot some, roasted others, and abandoned several upon an island to perish of cold and hunger. For these causes Congress refused to give up British prisoners in exchange for those sent home from the Cedars, adding, as a further reason, that the prisoners General Arnold had promised to exchange, were not in his possession but in the control of the Congress, who might ratify or confirm his acts. They stated, however, that if the British Government would deliver up Capt. Forster, with all the aiders and abettors of this "horrid murder," and would make restitution for the plunder, they would then release an equivalent number of prisoners.

This charge of perfidy and murder was published on the 10th of July, 1776, four days after the proclamation of the Declaration of Independence. It was exceedingly useful in keeping up the fever of hostility to the Crown, and, although entirely false, did duty extremely well in the place of truth. On the other hand, Capt. Forster and all the British officers published a detailed statement of the facts as they really occurred. This statement was corroborated by Rev. Father Detarlaye, the Priest at Oka, who had charge of many of the prisoners, and by the hostages detained for the fulfilment of the cartel, who all by letter solemnly denied that any such outrages had taken place and, on the contrary, affirmed that the terms of the cartel had been honourably fulfilled by the British officers, and that the prisoners had been treated with great consideration.

It happened that, at the very time these events were occurring at the Cedars, a committee of five of the Continental Congress at Philadelphia were engaged in conference with General Washington, Major-General Gates and Brigadier-General Miffgin. They made a report to Congress on the 25th of May, and this report could not have been in any way influenced by the transactions at the Cedars, for the news of that disaster reached Montreal on the 27th of May and, as expresses went slowly in those days, the letter of the Commissioners giving the first imperfect information of the affair did not reach Congress until the 6th of June. The opinions of the chiefs of the American army and an influential Committee of Congress, upon the proper mode of conducting warfare, cannot fail to be an instructive comment upon what Captain Forster was at that very time, unknown to them, actually engaged in doing. Among many other recommendations occur the following :—"That the Commissioners at Albany be directed to use their utmost efforts to procure the assistance of the Indians to undertake the reduction of Niagara, and that as an inducement so to do, they engage, on behalf of the Congress, to pay them £50 Pennsylvania currency, for every soldier of the Garrison they take and bring to Head Quarters or to the said Commissioners, *and the free plunder of the Garrison*," and "that the Commissioners in the Middle Department be directed to use their best endeavours to procure the assistance of the Indians under their care; that they prevail upon them, if possible, to undertake the reduction of Detroit upon the same terms as the Commissioners at Albany are directed to engage the Indians against Niagara.

These recommendations by officers of such high rank were singularly enough carried out in Canada, the names only being changed. On the 12th of May Captain Forster left Oswegatchie.* He took with him the whole garrison consisting of 2 lieutenants, 2 sergeants, 2 corporals, 1 drummer and 33 privates of the 8th Regiment, 11 English and Canadian volunteers and 160 Indians. The Indians who were under the immediate command of the Chevalier Lorimier, consisted of Iroquois, Missisagues, and a number from the village of the Lake of Two Mountains (now Oka), who were hunting in the neighbourhood of the Fort. On the 14th he arrived at St. Regis where 54 Indians of that village joined the expedition. On the 18th he arrived within a few miles of the fort at the Cedars, then held by Major Butterfield with 390 Continental troops. The same morning a detached party of Indians brought in a prisoner and the scalp of a soldier whom they had killed; and the whole party appearing before the fort summoned it to surrender. The Americans, after taking three hours for consideration, demanded to be allowed to quit the fort with their arms. This was refused and the attack commenced. Some houses affordding cover, the attacking party approached within 150 yards of the fort, but having no cannon were obliged to content themselves with a scattering fire at whatever appeared. On the morning of the 19th Mons. de Montigny with 30 Canadians joined Captain Forster; but, as at the same time information arrived that a reinforcement from the American garrison at Montreal was approaching, Mons. de Montigny with his 30 men was ordered back to harrass their march. In the meantime, on the 19th at 4 o'clock, Major Butterfield surrendered, stipulating only for the lives of his soldiers* and the clothes upon their backs. These terms were obtained with difficulty by Captain Forster, for the Indians (to use the words of the Select Committee of Congress) thought they had a right to the "*free plunder of the garrison*" and the ransom of their proportion of the prisoners. When they saw the garrison marching out with packs they were much discontented and in the evening, before the prisoners could be lodged in the barracks, some few lost their watches and money.

While these events were occurring at the village of Cedars news arrived that a detachment was advancing to relieve the fort. This was Major Sherborne's party, which having retreated was again marching forward, and had landed at Quinchien, now Vaudreuil. Upon the morning of the 20th Monsieur Lorimier with 80 Indians and Mons. Maurer with 18 Canadians started to reinforce De Montigny; but, falling in about noon with Sherborne's party, attacked it with great vigour. The Canadian party being under cover the smallness of their numbers was not suspected, and after a short skirmish having outflanked their adversaries and killed some of them (about 5 or 6), they made prisoners of all the rest but a few who took to the woods and were afterwards captured. The surrender was very unexpected and sudden. De Montigny had not arrived to take part in the fight. No stipulation or capitulation of any kind was made, but the detachment surrendered themselves unconditionally as prisoners to this small party consisting of 98 men, 80 of whom were Indians.

It is necessary to distinguish clearly between these two events. First, the capitulation, with stipulations, of the garrison at the

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* Authentic narrative of the facts relating to the exchange of prisoners at the Cedars, signed by the officers of the 8th Regiment and of the Volunteers. London, 1777.

* Articles of Capitulation in American Archives.

Cedars to Captain Forster, on the 19th; and second, the capture on the following day without stipulation of 97 prisoners in an engagement fought six miles away by a party consisting nearly altogether of Indians.

During the skirmish a false report of the defeat of their detachment arrived at the Cedars, and it required all the energies of Captain Forster and his small party of regular soldiers to keep the Indians quiet. There were more prisoners than men to guard them, and the Indians feared that during the attack, which they expected every moment, the prisoners would revolt. In spite of Forster's exertions some few were stripped and threatened, but not one was injured. The parties under Lorimier, Maurer and De Montigny soon arrived and relieved him of all anxiety for the surrendered garrison.

New difficulties however arose concerning the prisoners taken at Quinchien. These the Indians claimed as theirs, taken in battle by themselves, and as they had lost a leading chief of the Senecas in the engagement, they were set upon putting some of their prisoners to death. This the British officers resisted, and they succeeded at last in buying at a high price nearly all the prisoners. The few remaining were afterwards ransomed by Captain Forster at St. Regis, on his retreat, with the exception of two who remained of their own accord with the Indians. Those captives, however, which they took at Quinchien, the Indians would and did plunder and strip; but the murdering and the roasting were pure and simple fabrications for the purpose of stirring up the resentment of the American people against the King.

Forster now extended his plan and resolved upon securing a footing on the Island of Montreal, and upon advancing from thence perhaps to Montreal itself. He, therefore, on the 22nd, sent De Montigny forward with 50 Canadians and 20 Indians as far as St. Anne's. There De Montigny took possession of his own house upon the end of the Island. Two hundred and fifty prisoners were placed in his charge. All the officers were sent over the lake to the little village now called Oka; where they were placed under the care of the priests, who took the wounded into their own Presbytery, and fed and lodged the others with all that the village afforded. It would not, even at the present day, be a very luxurious abode for a large number of men. It was simply an Indian village, but the prisoners did not want for food, and were secure from insult under the care of the priests. The circumstances were unprecedented. Usually the number of prisoners is small compared with the number of captors, but here were nearly 500 prisoners upon the hands of a party of 41 regular soldiers and a variable number of Canadians and Indians, at no one time exceeding in the aggregate 500 strong. The situation was the more difficult, as Capt. Forster's plan was to press on for Montreal, which he did, leaving De Montigny to look after the prisoners.

Arrived within three miles of Lachine, Forster found a body of six hundred Continental troops under Arnold entrenched, and with six pieces of artillery. Friendly advices arrived from Montreal that the enemy were calling in their outposts, that 200 men were already on the march, and that before twenty-four hours Arnold would have 1,500 men. Although Forster's party had by that time been joined by volunteers, and amounted to 500 men, he decided, upon hearing such news, to retreat as far as the Cedars, but he could not leave all his prisoners to be recaptured by Arnold, so they were all collected and taken over to Vaudreuil. De Montigny had for greater security moved a number of them to a small island in the lake, and when Arnold arrived at St. Anne's he found every boat carried away, and had the mortification of standing helplessly on the bank and seeing the prisoners moved from the island to the mainland, while his own batteaux with cannon and reinforcements were far behind on Lake St. Louis.

Busy were these early summer days of '76 on the quiet Lake of the Two Mountains. After a winter's experience of "freedom," the inhabitants rejoiced at the sight of the red coats of the King's soldiers. Canoes darted to and fro, and batteaux laden with prisoners and their guards thronged the still waters of the lake, and gave more than full employment to the boatmen at the portage. Old Fort Senneville, now so picturesque, its ruined masonry clothed with twining green, was then in full activity, guarding the lake and the swift river in rear of the Island with equal vigilance, the spring floods bringing the crowded boats almost to its gates. Opposite, under the shadow of Mount Calvary, was the little Mission Village of the lake, the usual resort of the staid Sulpician or of the silent savage, then thronged with strangers clustering under the trees which overhang the quiet walk sacred to meditative ecclesiastics. The village of Vaudreuil, which has long since resigned its less euphonious name of Quinchien to the little stream which flows near it, was then a place of some consequence, with a church and presbytère, but to the west, the unbroken forest came down close to the banks of the Ottawa, whose solitary waters, since the downfall of the Huron nation, had ceased to be frequented save by the Indians who lived near the distant post of Michilimackenic.

Arnold's arrival at St. Anne's altered the aspect of affairs, and upon the 25th of May De Montigny rejoined Capt. Forster at Vaudreuil. All the prisoners were with them but the officers, and all the anxieties of the Cedars returned. Arnold would shortly attack and the Indians grew very restive and threatening. Acceding then to the requests previously urged by the American officers, Forster concluded with Major Sherborne a cartel of exchange, the second condition of which was, that none of the prisoners should serve against Great Britain during the war. The cartel was signed by the two Majors Butterfield and Sherborne and by four Captains, of whom two were among the four afterwards retained as hostages.

Upon the 26th, a party of Arnold's men attacked the British camp at Vaudreuil and were repulsed. Capt. Forster, still fearing for his prisoners, sent the cartel with a flag of truce to Arnold, requesting his signature to it and permission to send away the prisoners through the American lines. Arnold objected to the second clause, which Forster then cancelled. The cartel was then signed and a truce of four days agreed upon, during which time the prisoners were sent away, the most of them to Caughnawaga but many to Montreal. Capt. Forster then continued his retreat to Oswegatchie.

The Americans were excessively chagrined at this whole affair, as indeed they had reason to be. The officers had behaved badly, for the long winter of garrison life had destroyed the courage and discipline of their army. There was no lack of bravery among these Revolutionary troops, but reverses were required to teach them discipline and reliance upon each other. There was too much of the "public-meeting-of-citizens" sentiment among the men, and the officers were afraid of the constant criticism. That all men are free and equal is a very pretty sentence for a Declaration of Independence, but, in the neighbourhood of an enemy, even of Indians, sentimental politics are better avoided, and those troops will win whose thoughts are only of obedience and duty. This the Americans learned before the war was over. It is a lesson which should be instilled into all militia in time of peace.

The Commissioners of Congress were still in Canada, and to them the idea of breaking the cartel first occurred. General Thompson, then in chief command of the army, writes to Washington, under date June 2nd: "Mr. Chase is of opinion we may with safety break the capitulation made with General Arnold. It is extremely hard to give up all the fruits of the last year's campaign in Canada. *But if engagements of this delicate nature are broken without the fullest testimony to support us, we shall be forever undone.*" The instinct of the soldier is often more true and even more humane than the politics of the civilian.

Having thus narrated in detail the real circumstances of the so-called "Massacre of the Cedars," it will be well to recount some of the assertions of the Committee of Congress to whom the cartel was referred. Their report was long and full of declamation. We have space only for the more important points. After recounting the facts of the investment and surrender at the Cedars mainly as stated by Bancroft they make the following assertions:—

1st. That it does not appear whether the capitulation was verbally or in writing. 2nd. That it was a condition that the baggage should not be plundered. 3rd. That the garrison were stripped of their clothes besides being plundered of their baggage. 4th. That two of Sherburne's party were put to death on the evening of the capture, and four or five others at different times afterwards. 5th. That one of the garrison who surrendered was killed on the eighth day after surrender. 6th. That the four hostages who were delivered as security for the fulfilment of the cartel were immediately plundered and stripped by the savages. 7th. That one prisoner was first shot and then, when alive, was roasted, as related by his companion now in possession of the savages, who himself saw the fact. 8th. That others, worn down with famine and cruelty, were exposed on an island naked.

The statement of the British officers and Canadians was drawn up at Montreal in detail, upon the 6th of September. It contains a copy of Captain Forster's letter to Major Butterfield, embodying the terms of surrender in full, and expressly granting only the lives of the garrison and the clothes on their backs. It was never denied that the baggage was plundered. As for the ill-treatment of the prisoners, the Rev. Father Detarlaye, Priest at the Indian Village, had the best of opportunities of knowing the real facts, for the Indians of that village had a large share in these transactions. He writes:

"I can say in praise of the Commander, that he kept the savages in such order that I never saw the laws of humanity better observed. Two or three watches, with as many coats taken, could not be objects of such strong complaints. Did it ever happen among the most civilized nations that the conquered lost no part of their baggage? Did the officers who were at the Lake want bread, fresh meat and fuel. It is true they were not given beds and clothes, because there were none in the place, but the officer who was wounded in the thigh was taken into the house of the missionaries, who furnished him with every comfort."

It has been related that four Captains were retained as hostages for the fulfilment of this cartel. One of them was a brother of General Sullivan, of the Continental army. Indignant at the action of Congress, he writes to his brother, under date, Montreal, August 14th, 1776, in the following strain:—"I am much surprised to hear that the Congress, instead of redeeming us according to the cartel, have not only refused to do it, but have demanded Capt. Forster to be delivered up to answer his conduct in what they are pleased to term the Massacre of the Cedars. I would fain flatter myself that the Congress would never have thought of such unheard of proceedings, had they not had a false representation of the matter. Do not think that I am under any constraint when I say and call that God who must judge of the truth to witness that not a man living could have used more humanity than Capt. Forster did after the surrender of the party I belonged to."

Another of the hostages was Captain Bliss.

He writes,[*] at the same date and place, to the Rev. Wm. Emerson, at Concord, in the very warmest praise of Capt. Forster, whom he styles a Christian and a gentleman. He says the reasons of Congress in breaking the cartel are known to none but God and themselves. The third of the four hostages writes to Colonel Morey, in New Hampshire, that ever since he was a prisoner he has been used well, and that there was no massacre or ill-treatment.[†] He confirms the British account of the purchase of the prisoners from the Indians, and says the cartel was a sacred thing, and was fulfilled by the British.

These letters prove conclusively the falseness of the charges of ill-treatment; but there is no need of them—the very words of the report bear their own testimony to their falsehood. The report states that as soon as the hostages were delivered up they were handed over to the Indians and plundered and stripped. This painstaking Committee actually thought that the four hostages were new men handed over fresh from the army, whereas they were not *delivered* over, but *retained* in the hands of the British. They were among the captives at Oka, as the signatures of two of them to the cartel witness. If they were "plundered and stripped" when taken, they could not have been "plundered and stripped" a second time.

The Committee were equally unfortunate in their roasting story. "A man," they say, "was first shot and then roasted"—a thing unheard of among Indians. The roasting of captives was always for purposes of torture, and the victims were kept alive as long as possible; they add, moreover, that the cruelty was seen by his companion, *who was still with the Indians.* Upon this hearsay report, through no one knows how many mouths, the Congress were willing to base so horrible a charge. No name is given, no place, no details. No letter or direct message from this unnamed "man with the Indians" is given. Upon its face it is mere rumour or wilful invention.

The narrative of Bancroft follows the report of Congress in artfully confounding the two events—the capitulation of the Cedars and the capture of Sherburne's party at Quinchien. He says, "28 were killed in battle or murdered in cold blood, in violation of the express terms of surrender." How could there be "terms of surrender" on a battle-field even if the truth of the charge of murder were conceded? If it be true, as he states, that the battle lasted an hour, and the Americans were in the open, 28 is not a large number to be killed in fair fight. Some fighting there certainly was, for there was a wounded officer at Oka, and a Seneca chief was killed, but there was not nearly so much fighting as Major Sherburne desired to make out. He got credit in Philadelphia for much bravery, but such was not the opinion in the Northern army.[‡] As for Butterfield and Bedell, they were cashiered.

Major Butterfield, on his examination, stated that the British officers did what they could to redeem the prisoners. He states that one of his party was murdered the eighth day after they were taken, but can give no name. Captains Estabrook and Wilkins state generally that three or four were murdered, but they cannot tell their names or even the companies they belonged to. It is remarkable that no names were elicited of these murdered men. The whole evidence is vague in the extreme.

Major Sherburne wrote a full account of the proceedings of his detachment, under date New York, June 18. It is evidently upon his authority that Bancroft gives the number at "28 killed in action or murdered in cold blood." He states that he left Montreal with 140 men, but that some were left as guards on the road; "*others were taken sick by the hardships they underwent in cross-*

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[*] American Archives.

[†] American Archives.

[‡] Col. Greaton to Major-Gen. Heath. Ticonderoga, July 31.

ing the lake," so that his detachment was not more than 100 strong when it was attacked. What hardships he might have encountered in fine weather at the end of May in crossing in batteaux from St. Anne's to Vaudreuil, it is hard to say. But if he had, as he says, 100 men, and lost 28, it is very surprising that Capt. Forster accounted for 108 living prisoners of his detachment. The ladies and children who amuse themselves in summer rowing in skiffs on the lake may possibly know of hardships, but the other point is one of simple arithmetic, and admits of no solution. Capt. Forster gives the number of Sherburne's force as 120, and he is probably nearer the truth, for it is certain that Sherborne had 140 men when he left Montreal. He would require to leave at least 10 men at St. Anne's and 10 at Vaudreuil to take care of his boats and communications. These would have escaped. One or two might have been taken sick on the road, or he might have left more than 20 to guard his boats. He could not have had more than 120 men in the action, and may have had a few less. When he states that he had barely 100 men he is relating his own gallant deeds and his long resistance of one hour and forty minutes. He says that the enemy (under cover) lost 22 killed and wounded and he lost only 28 *in the open*—killed, wounded and murdered. It may be that some others among the British, Canadians or Indians were killed, but if so, no mention is made elsewhere of them, excepting of the Seneca Chief. If the Indians had lost so heavily Capt. Forster would probably have reported it to account for their turbulence. As it is, he states their loss as this one Chief killed and three Indians wounded.

It is impossible in the face of the clear and precise narrative of the British officers, confirmed by the testimony of the American hostages, to believe the exculpatory and contradictory statements of men who behaved so badly as the officers in command of the American troops. Some points are, however, certain. It is admitted by all that Butterfield had 390 men. Sherburne could not have had more than 120 men, probably he had a few less. The total number of American soldiers of both parties could not have exceeded 510. Of these one was killed at the Cedars on the 18th of May, as previously related.

In the statements drawn up at Montreal, in September, where all the circumstances were known and fresh in everyone's memory, the total number of persons taken is given as 497. These are accounted for in the following manner:—

Indorsed upon the Cartel of Exchange:

Majors	2	
Captains	9	
Subalterns	21	
Privates	443	
	——	475
To which must be added,		
Hostages retained—Captains (afterwards released by Carleton)		4
Canadians found in the garrison and released		8
Prisoners afterwards bought from Indians and then at Montreal		8
Remaining with the Indians		2
		——
		497

Let this number be deducted from the extreme total of 509 and it will be seen that the total American loss could not have exceeded 12. In all probability Capt. Forster's statement that 5 or 6 were killed is correct. Sherburne had probably 114 men when he went into action, which would allow for 6 men falling out sick, 10 at St. Anne's and 10 at Vaudreuil, as guards. But if it really be the case, as stated by Sherburne and Bancroft, that an obstinate engagement was fought for one hour and forty minutes with an unseen foe, then 12 is a very insignificant loss, and no theory of murdering or roasting is necessary to account for it; and again if, as Sherburne states, he had detached so many men that he had only 100 when he was attacked, he must have fought all that time and surrendered with 8 men more than he had at the commencement.

This, then, was the "Massacre of the Cedars," which did duty for so many years in inciting the American mind against the British Government, and which, with many other stories as mythical, has jaundiced the hearts of the American people towards England from earliest infancy. As a political stratagem the story was triumphantly successful. The Declaration of Independence had just been issued when the resolutions of Congress appeared concerning this affair. Many in the colonies, who were cleaving still to their allegiance, turned in horror from a Government which could tolerate such barbarities. Had there been in the colonies a free press, it would not have been possible to have started such a slander. But *Rivington's Gazette* had been stopped by the riotous action of an armed mob from Connecticut, which invaded the city of New York,* sacked his office, and melted his types down for bullets, and there was no other printer who dared to publish anything displeasing to the popular party. At this remote period however, the publication of the original documents renders it possible to ascertain the real facts as they occurred, and Canadians, the more narrowly they enquire into the doings of their forefathers, will have the more reason to be proud of the early history of their country.

SONNET.

BY JOHN DENNIS.

ALAS! sweet Life, that thou must fly so fast!
Is there no breathing-space for thee and me?
So much we have to say, and learn, and see;
So late it seems since Spring's glad moments past.
And now the leaves change colour at the blast,
And the chill mists come creeping up the lea,
While one by one friends pass me, silently,
To the strange rest that ends this coil at last.
With them depart the splendour and the glow,
The fervour caught from meadow, mount, and river;
The lovely light, purer than unstained snow,
That filled dear eyes and made the pulses quiver;
Ah! let me, then, call back the word I said,—
'Tis better life should fly since friends have fled.

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* Letter from the New York Congress, Dec. 12th, 1775, to Governor Trumbull, of Connecticut.

BERNARDIN DE ST. PIERRE.

BY W. D. LE SUEUR.

ON the verge of the outbreak of that revolution which was destined to let loose the most terrible passions of human nature, and deliver France over a prey to every lawless ambition, there was given to the world one of the most touching pictures ever drawn of the delight and happiness to be derived, amid the narrowest circumstances and in a sphere far removed from all scenes of worldly glory and struggle, from a life spent in accordance with nature's laws, and devoted to the cultivation of those domestic and social affections the germs of which are implanted in every human heart. A stranger prelude to 1789, and the events that followed it, than "Paul and Virginia," published in 1788, can hardly be imagined. Yet the work was not only published, but widely and eagerly read; in fact it was the great literary success of the day, not less than fifty pirated editions, if we may trust the author's biographer and editor,* having made their appearance in the course of a year. The whole French nation, in fact, was hanging with delight upon a work that summoned men to live together in peace and brotherly love, at the very moment when long pent-up social hatreds were about to break forth in revolution and civil war. Surely, whatever else Bernardin de St. Pierre's delicious idyll may have been, it was not one of the signs of the times.

Every one has read "Paul and Virginia," yet to this generation the author of the narrative is little known. Many have read his work who know not his name, and many who know his name associate it only with this one tale; yet he was a man whose career and character are worth calling to mind, and whose works contain much that can, to this day, be read with great pleasure and profit. Science has made wonderful strides since the "Études de la Nature" were given to the world, and much of the author's reasoning as to design in nature is wholly out of date; but there is something in his writings that keeps them fresh, and that makes their errors, whether of statement or of reasoning, seem of little account. We do not go to the "Études" or the "Harmonies" for instruction in science. To what work of the same age do we go? But we cannot turn over the pages of the former, at least, without finding ourselves transported to the scenes so amiably and truthfully described, or without a quickening of our enthusiasm for the beauties and wonders of the world in which we live.

Jacques-Henri-Bernardin de St. Pierre was born at Hâvre on the 19th January, 1737. His father seems to have occupied a respectable, but by no means distinguished, position in society, though he was extremely proud of his lineage, which he traced, by ways and means better known to himself than to any one else, up to the celebrated Eustache St. Pierre, who was Mayor of Calais when that city surrendered to Edward III. of England, in the year 1347, and who so nobly offered to devote his life for that of his fellow citizens. He was never tired, we are told, of talking to his children about their illustrious descent, and the effect upon more than one of them was very injurious. Bernardin himself, who had a soul above such things, and who learnt afterwards to rate them at their true value, was, as a young man, very sensitive on the subject of his birth. Having no coat of arms he determined to make one for himself, so he caused a seal to be prepared which, according to M. Aimé-Martin, "*il enrichit de tout se qu'il savait dans l'art du blason.*" But, says the same writer, "all these precautions, though intended to give him greater confidence, had a directly opposite effect. If any one spoke of his family he vaunted its nobility; but, if the interlocutor were disposed to dwell upon the subject, he stopped short, blushed, became embarrassed, dreading every moment to be called upon for proof of his ancestry. In a word, the most indifferent questions would sometimes put him into a state of agitation, and show him plainly enough that he was not born to be a successful liar."

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* M. Aimé-Martin.

In his childhood he was of a very affectionate and winning disposition, and was particularly remarkable for his interest in, and love of, animals. Upon one occasion his father took him to see the cathedral at Rouen. The child gazed upwards for a long time, apparently contemplating with astonishment the lofty towers of the edifice. "Well, Henry," said his father; "what do you think of that?" "*Bon Dieu!*" replied the child, who, all the time, had been looking at a flock of swallows circling round the spires, "*qu'elles volent haut*!" 'How high they fly!' The father thought him next door to an idiot; "but," says his biographer, "he was just such an idiot all his life, for he saw more to admire in the flight of an insect than in the colonnade of the Louvre." A noble trait in the child's character was his disposition always to side with those whom he regarded as unfortunate or oppressed. He would engage a troop of his companions, single-handed, to rescue any poor animal they might be maltreating; and, in truth, no form of suffering ever failed to appeal very strongly to his sympathies. He was more or less of a dreamer from his infancy, and this tendency was increased by his eager perusal, at a very tender age, of the "Lives of the Saints." One day he thought he would try the experiment of living like a hermit; so, instead of going to school, where, it seems, he had the prospect of a whipping if he did not know his Latin lesson thoroughly, he betook himself with his lunch to the woods. Here he seems to have fully expected angelic succour, such as was extended to the hermits of old, so soon as his earthly supplies should be exhausted. Up to evening, however, no angels had appeared and he was about composing himself to sleep at the foot of a tree, when he was discovered by his faithful "bonne," who had been seeking him, with great distress of mind, in every direction.

The failure of heavenly intervention on this occasion did not shake the boy's faith in Providence. This faith seems to have been almost an instinct with him, for he manifested it in his earliest childhood, and through life it continued to be an uppermost sentiment in his mind. To promote this faith in others would appear to have been the chief aim of all he wrote: whatever we may think of the reasonings by which he supported his peculiar views of Providence, the fact that Providence was to him something very real, that he recognized a *præsens Divus*, to whom individual, no less than general, interests were a concern, can scarcely be doubted by any attentive reader of his works. The weakness of all arguments for Providential intervention in human affairs, drawn from personal experience, is that only to the person immediately concerned do the facts which impress his imagination so strongly seem in the least miraculous. Bernardin de St. Pierre would have it that he owed to Divine intervention nearly all the good that ever befel him in life. If he made a friend, obtained an unexpected supply of money, or escaped from a difficulty by unforeseen means, it was to Providence entirely he was indebted, not to men. *Où le secours humain défaut Dieu produit le sien* was his favourite maxim; but since men were at least the instruments in all the benefits he received, it must have been a delicate matter to decide up to what point the succour they afforded was merely human in its character, and at what point it began to be Divine. This consideration, however, was never a difficulty in the way of M. de St. Pierre; he could recount without hesitation all the "*coups de Providence*" that had happened to him, and would have regarded as an *incrédule* to anyone who had expressed a doubt as to the wholly exceptional character of each particular occurrence.

It was with difficulty that the young Bernardin was brought to apply himself seriously to any regular course of study. He was passionately fond of reading, but the books to which he devoted himself were not adapted to give him very practical views or very settled aims. We have already mentioned his predilection for the "Lives of the Saints;" in connection with these highly trustworthy narratives he began to devour books of travel, and his head was nearly turned by Robinson Crusoe. The height of his ambition, at little more than twelve years of age, was to have an island of his own and found a community. This notion did not pass with his boyhood; on the contrary, as years rolled on he became more and more convinced that the position of Solon to a new society was precisely the one that nature had designed him to fill. Good laws, such as he could frame, were to quell entirely the violence of human passions, and to turn that portion of the earth where they prevailed into a paradise. It is hard to believe that this notion haunted him until he was thirty-three years of age, and that at twenty-six he actually set out for Russia to present to Catherine II a memorandum he had drawn up on the subject, and to ask her for a grant of territory somewhere near the Caspian Sea where he might put his theories to a practical test. Later in life he contented himself with putting his speculations on paper, persuaded that the time had not yet come for such a perfect system as he had imagined to be practically realized.

After placing him under a variety of masters with no very satisfactory results, his parents sent him to the college at Rouen, where he developed a strong taste for mathematics, carrying off the highest prize in the year 1757. To his proficiency in this science he was indebted for the first appointment he received, which was a commission in the French Engineers. After a brief period of service, during which he had a very close view of the miseries and horrors of war, he lost this appointment through some misunderstanding with his superior officers. In the spring of 1761 we find him again in Paris soliciting employment. About this time a French expedition was being sent to Malta, and M. de St. Pierre received some verbal instructions to repair thither, a promise being made him, at the same time, that he would be furnished with a commission in due form. The commission should have been received by him at the port of embarkation, Marseilles; but as it had not arrived when the expedition was ready to sail he took passage without it, expecting it to be sent on to him at Malta. The commission was never sent, and the poor, deluded young man endured an infinite amount of mortification in connection with the whole matter, the officers of the expedition, with a malice peculiarly French, making him a mark for all kinds of ill-natured raillery. Returning to France in great depression of spirits, he seemed to find every avenue of honourable employment closed to him; it was an age, in fact, in which the great and their protégés monopolized everything; and, as St. Pierre was almost wholly without influence, he had little chance of a career under his own Government. For a time he tried teaching mathematics, but failed to make a living; then it was that he thought of trying his fortune in foreign countries, and took the extraordinary resolution already referred to, of proceeding to Russia, and unfolding to the Empress his plans for founding and governing a republic. How to get there was at first a serious practical question; but, upon application to a few private friends, he contrived to raise a small sum, sufficient, at least, to start him on his way. After what adventures he arrived at Petersburg we have no space to narrate. He did arrive there, however, with precisely six francs in his pocket, and not a friend or even an acquaintance in the whole empire. A pleasing incident is here related by his biographer. As soon as the vessel on which our traveller was a passenger had got to the wharf, a Mr. Thornton, an English merchant, residing at Petersburg, advanced and gave a general invitation to all the passengers to come and take tea at his house while they apprized their friends of their arrival. Poor St. Pierre! The others may have had friends to apprize, but his, alas! were yet to make. Who can wonder that he was the last of the guests to leave Mr. Thornton's hospitable abode. Here we must quote a few lines of M. Aimé-Martin's interesting and admirably written narrative:

"Not wishing to appear embarrassed he resolves to take leave of the master of the house; and, placing his sword under his arm, pursues his course along a granite quay on which the sun was shedding its last golden rays. On his way he could not but admire the long-bearded men of the city as they walked along with grave and pre-occupied air; and, turning his thoughts inward, he began to reflect with bitterness upon his own isolated condition. In all this multitude passing incessantly before him there was not one individual who had not house, friends, relations—who was not loved by some one, awaited by some one. He, he alone, was homeless, neither loved nor looked for by any one. Solitary in the midst of the crowd, he might die and no one would feel a regret, no one would shed a tear."

It does seem extraordinary that this forlorn stranger should, within a few months from this date, not only have found friends, protectors and an honourable position in the Russian service, but have been mingling, on a footing of social equality, with the most considerable persons in the Empire, and have even been favourably noticed by the Empress herself. Yet this is precisely what happened; and, more remarkable still, he achieved all this success without any sacrifice of his personal dignity or independence. He was always willing to receive assistance from his friends—from those with whom he lived upon terms of familiarity and confidence—but the gifts of the great he invariably declined, no matter with how much delicacy they might be tendered. It was, no doubt, a frank and open bearing, in harmony with these honourable sentiments, joined to quick sensibilities and warm affections, that enabled him to form those close and lasting friendships it was his good fortune through life to enjoy. At Petersburg he fell in with a jeweller named Duval who conceived at once the warmest interest in him, and supplied him with all the money he required until he obtained an appointment. St. Pierre never forgot this kindness. It was to Duval and another friend, of whom mention will be made hereafter, that he addressed the letters that were afterwards published under the title of "Voyage à l'Ile de France."

It was through the commandant of St. Petersburg, General Mennich, who had by some means or other been made acquainted with his circumstances and had kindly sent for him in order, personally, to test his qualifications, that he obtained his first commission—a sub-lieutenancy in the artillery. General Mennich sent him to Moscow with letters of recommendation to M. de Villebois, "*grand-maître*" of the artillery, one of the most influential persons in the empire, and General du Bosquet, a Frenchman by birth, who also held an important position in the Russian service. M. de St. Pierre was not long in securing the friendship of both these officers, and, in due time, he was presented, where his appearance and manners attracted general attention, and won for him, as already stated, a flattering amount of notice from the Empress herself. Catherine II. was then at the outset of her career, having lately disposed of her unhappy husband Peter the Third; and Count Orlof was the reigning favourite of the hour. It must not be supposed that the success he found himself achieving caused M. de St. Pierre to forget the principal object for which he had left his native country. On the contrary, it was his intention to have seized the golden moment of his presentation to the Empress to lay before her his complete scheme for the regeneration of a portion of her dominions. What the effect would have been, if he had had boldness enough, or presence of mind enough, to carry out this purpose, it is hard to say; but the Empress put him a series of questions about France, and talked with such vivacity as to drive the notion that shortly before had occupied his mind almost exclusively, completely out of his head. Thus the opportunity slipped away, and there was no knowing when another such might occur. The next best thing, it seemed to our enthusiast, was to go and lay his plans before Count Orlof, whose influence with Catherine was paramount, and who, he thought, might easily incline her to take a favourable view of the project. Accordingly he called upon the favourite in his cabinet. The conversation ran for a long time upon various questions of science, until Orlof, taking a book off his desk, handed it to St. Pierre, remarking: "Here is a book that does not contain much science, but can do a great deal for our happiness; you had better take a few leaves out of it." On opening the covers St. Pierre found it to contain nothing but bank bills. Whether the offer was made in kindness or in craft, the young Frenchman felt bound in honour to refuse it: he had no intention of making himself the creature of a creature by accepting such favours. The previous course of the conversation having been thus broken, St. Pierre was able to bring forward his scheme. Orlof, it is needless to say, treated it with profound indifference, merely observing that it was contrary to the laws of the empire and the interests of the aristocracy. A few minutes after he was sent for by the Empress, and the interview ended.

Our traveller was not destined to find a permanent home in Russia. He soon became disgusted with a country that counted, as he afterwards remarked, millions of inhabitants and not one citizen. The masses were sunk in apathy and superstition; the upper classes pursued their own aggrandizement with a selfishness and want of principle such as could hardly be witnessed in any other country in Europe. The Court of Catherine, we are told, "presented nothing so remarkable as the multitude of men who had sprung so rapidly from obscurity that it was impossible to find out anything about their origin: gold, ribbons, orders had transformed them suddenly into great lords, the idea seeming to be to disguise the criminals by covering them with the proceeds of their crimes." What at last determined St. Pierre to quit the country was the unmerited fall and disgrace of his friend and patron, M. de Villebois, who was deprived of his high position in order that it might be conferred on the favourite Orlof.* It was not without difficulty, however, that he carried his determination into effect. General Du Bosquet, who had conceived a really paternal affection for him, besought him with tears not to go, promising him, if he would remain, to give him his niece in marriage and make him heir to his property, which was of considerable amount. It required no little firmness and constancy on the part of a young man like St. Pierre, poor and without influential connections, to refuse such advantageous offers; still, feeling that it was impossible for him, with his exalted ideas and aims, to live in such a country as Russia, he adhered to his resolution and bent his steps towards Poland, where a revolution was in progress, and where he hoped to aid in the establishment of a republican form of government.

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* A very good picture of the condition of Russian society under Catherine II. is to be found in Vol. 1. of the "Diaries and Correspondence of the first Earl of Malmesbury." "The interior of this Court," says that sage diplomatist, "is one continued scene of intrigue, debauchery, iniquity and corruption."

Here, no less than in Russia, cruel disappointments awaited him. "Instead of the high-minded republicans he had come to seek, he found," says M. Aimé-Martin," "nothing but factions led by women, a confused mingling of an impoverished aristocracy and brutalised serfs, the latter enslaved, rather than governed, by a score of great nobles who, possessing all the public domain, made an insulting display of splendour in the midst of the general distress." In a word, there was nothing to be done for this unhappy people, who were drifting rapidly on to the fate that overtook them a few years later, when the first division of their country was made by Russia, Prussia and Austria. All that was left for M. de St. Pierre to do was to fall violently in love with a native princess, which he did with results by no means favourable to his peace of mind. Altogether he was about two years in Poland, gaining no doubt some knowledge of the strength of passions that his ambitious views had previously kept in check, but in no way improving either his fortune or his position. One of the advantages that he never failed to derive from residence in a country consisted in the vivid impressions he carried away of its scenery, peculiarities of climate and physical characteristics generally. Unlike Jean Jacques Rousseau and certain other writers, he could only describe what he had himself seen, and when, some years later, he wished to describe the scenery of Arcadia for the great work he had projected under that title, he had to fall back for part of the sketch upon his recollections of spring-time in Poland, other portions being drawn from his experiences elsewhere.

The next country he visited was Saxony, whence, after a brief stay, he betook himself to Prussia in the hope of obtaining a Major's commission in the Prussian infantry. This, it seems, the regulations established by Frederick the Great placed out of his reach; and a commission that was offered him in the Engineers, he in his turn refused. His stay in Prussia would probably have been of very short duration had it not been for an acquaintance that he formed with a M. Taubenheim, a man of very admirable character, who gave him a most cordial invitation to make his house his home. Taubenheim, we are told, was a man *à la vieille marque*, all his habits and ideas, though he was not over fifty years of age, having something patriarchal about them, so that his life seemed like a continuation of that of his ancestors. His house was charmingly situated amidst gardens, at some distance from the city; and the peace and harmony that reigned within it were quite in keeping with the quiet and beauty of its surroundings. The system of moral education pursued in the family was very simple: the father showed the example and the children followed it. Nothing could have afforded more grateful refreshment to the spirit of our traveller, vexed with numerous disappointments and struggling with a secret passion, than the atmosphere of innocence, contentment and charity that pervaded this calm retreat. He could not help exclaiming to his friend from time to time: "What an enviable lot is yours. You know nothing of the anxieties of fortune or ambition; you live a natural life and enjoy perfect contentment. How glad I should be if similar felicity were mine!" On one of these occasions the good Taubenheim took him at his word. "Stay with us then," he said, "and help us to cultivate our garden. We have corn, vegetables, eggs, milk, and my daughters know how to spin the flax that grows in our fields. Virginie, the eldest of the family, is a dear child; I will give her to you, so that you may be my son, and you will see how easy it is to be happy."

In spite, however, of all its charms, this was not the kind of happiness that, as yet, he was prepared to accept. Invigorated by some months of rest, he felt all his old aspirations stirring within him, and bidding him go forth once more in search of a field of action in which his genius for organization and command might find suitable employment. Taking an affectionate and reluctant farewell of his friend Taubenheim and his interesting family he, therefore, directed his steps towards his native country, which various circumstances and, amongst others, the news he had lately received of his father's death, made him desirous to revisit. He arrived at Paris in the autumn of the year 1766, richer in experience and knowledge, but just as poor in worldly means as when he had started on his travels four years before. The chief advantage that he now possessed was that, having made some acquaintances in political circles during his residence abroad, he had a certain hold upon the bureaus at home, and was recognized as a person whose claims to an appointment would have to be considered some day or other. The men in office resort to all the usual evasions and keep him waiting wearily for a whole year; but at last he is offered the post of Engineer to an expedition that is being sent to the Isle of France and Madagascar: the Minister, who had known him in Russia and heard of his plans for founding a society, whispering in his ear that in Madagascar he will have a splendid opportunity for carrying his views into effect; that he can unite all the tribes of the island into one community if he likes, and make them all unspeakably happy by the potent influence of wise legislation. M. de St. Pierre takes it all seriously, and is delighted to find that the officer in whose charge the expedition is to sail is a man of most philanthropic and philosophic views, just the man, in fact, to countenance and assist him to the utmost in the execution of his benevolent projects. Alas! how rudely were all these visions to be dispelled. No sooner had the expedition sailed than he discovered that the admirable gentleman just referred to was principally intent upon doing a large business in slaves upon the Island. Further observation of the men around him tended more and more to convince him that his enterprise was one in which he could hope neither for assistance nor for sympathy. On arriving at the Isle of France he received some sage advice from the Governor, M. Poivre, who told him that he must take the world as he found it, with all its corruption, its prejudices and its selfishness, and that if he wished to act upon high principles and preserve a course of strict rectitude and honour, he must withdraw altogether from politics and betake himself to contemplation, and to exercising a beneficial influence in a private sphere. Conviction seemed at last to seize upon the mind of the theorist, and we hear of no more schemes for creating ideal societies out of the raw material supplied by average human nature. It was during his residence on the Isle of France that M. de St. Pierre first applied himself to the study of natural history. He knew at this time but little of systems or classifications; but, regarding nature itself as an open book that any one might study, he set himself to work to observe closely the various products of the island, animal and vegetable, and to commit his observations to paper in a series of letters addressed to his friend Duval. He was the more impelled to this mode of employing his time, by the fact of his relations with some of his fellow officers, and even with the Governor himself, in whom he thought, at first, he had found an invaluable friend. Not being of a very cordial kind, it must be confessed that if, on the one hand, he had a peculiar faculty for making friends, he had on the other a very considerable aptitude for making enemies; and when we remember how large a part imagination played in all his judgments and opinions, and how little account he took of common experience, we cannot regard this as at all extraordinary. His was a character that the multitude were sure to misunderstand.

Having returned to France in the year 1771, after an absence of somewhat over three years, M. de St. Pierre obtained, through his official friends, an introduction to some of the most brilliant men and women in the literary society of Paris. He soon found, however, a great want of sympathy between himself and these celebrities. The somewhat cynical scepticism then in vogue roused his whole nature to opposition, and called for the most open and uncompromising avowals of his own philosophical and religious views. The tone of the best society at the time was decidedly atheistic, while St. Pierre was a sincere and fervent believer in Divine Providence, and in the general truth of the Christian religion. "Your metaphysics," he said to the philosophers of his day, "may be the groundwork of *your* virtue, but the virtue of the mass of mankind hangs upon hope and fear. Destroy these two motives, and you will have nothing left but crime. Thus the falseness of your doctrines is demonstrated by their results. When you meet only evil at the end of your path, that path, be sure, is not the path of truth, which can only lead to good." These were old-fashioned opinions in St. Pierre's day, and seemed little likely to promote his success either in a social or a literary point of view; but, with a full consciousness of this, he never faltered, never consented for a moment to lower his tone or pay homage to what he regarded as a false and pernicious philosophy. It is not for us to enter into the quarrels of the eighteenth century—quarrels that unhappily are still far from settlement—but we must express our admiration at the constancy with which a man, whose whole soul was athirst for applause, refused to seek it by any other means than the advocacy of what he regarded as the truth. He may be said to have anticipated an important re-action that was about taking place in the sentiments of his countrymen; and the "Études de la Nature" may be looked upon as the precursor of the "Genie du Christianisme."

It was not long before M. de St. Pierre was forced to feel that the fine people he met in the world were all more or less laughing at him and his principles. The publication of his "Voyage à l'Ile de France," won him a certain amount of consideration, but not enough to place him beyond the reach of those impertinences that society loves to inflict upon any one who is audacious enough to be peculiar. So favourite an amusement did it become to treat him as a simpleton, that, in order to put a decisive stop to that kind of thing, he fought two duels in succession, giving his adversary, on each occasion, such a handling as he had never counted on. This was the last sacrifice, says his biographer, that he made to the prejudices of society; finding that he had nothing but the most ungenerous opposition to look for from the men of his day, he betook himself to retirement, and to the contemplation and study of nature.

Nothing was more calculated to strengthen him in this purpose than the acquaintance he formed about this time (June, 1772) with Jean Jacques Rousseau, then living, in his own shy way, in a small house in Paris. The circumstance that led to the formation of this acquaintance is worthy of being recalled. When about to return to France, Bernardin de St. Pierre wrote from the Cape of Good Hope, whither he had gone from the Isle of France, that one of the chief pleasures he looked forward to was seeing a second spring in the same year; and this being reported to Rousseau, he expressed a desire to see the man who, returning to France after a period of colonial service, seemed to think more of the joys of spring-time than of any schemes of worldly ambition. A bond of union was thus established, in advance, between the two men; for Rousseau, as is well known, was a passionate lover of nature, and found in it his only solace for the numerous vexations and sorrows it was his lot to encounter in the world. At first Jean Jacques was disposed to treat his new friend in the same capricious way in which he had been accustomed to treat everybody; but St. Pierre, by a prudent mingling of patience and firmness, prevented any interruption to their intimacy taking place. They used to take long walks together in the country round Paris, choosing by preference the less frequented paths, and discussing, as they went, those deeper questions of morals, of politics and of literature, the interest of which, for superior minds, is inexhaustible. M. Aimé-Martin is disposed to think that these conversations, could they have been reported, might have taken rank with the Platonic dialogues. In some respects, no doubt, they might; for no circumstances are better adapted to bring out a man's best and highest thoughts, and develop whatever there is in him of originality or force, than those in which the two friends found themselves, as they talked face to face in the most unrestrained confidence, their minds lightened of care, and all their faculties stimulated by air, exercise and scenery. They seldom discoursed of literature without falling back on two or three authors who, as it happened, were the chief favourites of both—Virgil, Plutarch, Montaigne, Fénelôn. Neither the one nor the other was what would, strictly speaking, be called a scholar; but they had both that kind of taste and literary enthusiasm that comes of the habitual and loving study of a few great originals. They seized upon the kind of intellectual food best suited to their own minds, and happy were they in doing so; the poetry and philosophy of which they possessed themselves have been transmuted by them into works that will live as long as high aspirations and tender sentiments have any charm for mankind.

It is needless to dwell at any length on the further career of M. de St. Pierre. His great work, the "Études de la Nature," which he published in 1784, was the fruit of twelve years of retirement and study—not study of books so much as of nature. In the Preamble to his "Arcadie," he states that the vexations and persecutions he encountered in society, during the first year after his return to France, had a most injurious effect upon both his bodily and his intellectual health, and that his recovery was due to the counsels of Jean Jacques Rousseau. "I had read," he says, "in his immortal writings, among other natural truths, that man was made for work, not for meditation. Up to that time, I had exercised my mind and rested my body; so now I reversed that system and allowed my mind to rest while I exercised my body. I cast aside nearly all books, and bestowed my attention on the works of nature, which, through all changes of time or clime, spoke the same language to my senses and my heart. My histories and my newspapers were the flowers of the fields and the meadows. My thoughts had not to go out painfully towards them, as in studying the arbitrary systems of men; but peacefully, under a thousand agreeable forms, thoughts came from them to me." The character of the "Études" is quite in harmony with this account of their origin. Of the true scientific spirit, as understood now-a-days, the author was, it must be confessed, wholly destitute. He had no hesitation in making man the centre of the universe, and considering everything in relation to him. We read in "Paul and Virginia" that the family whose life is therein described "reasoned but little on the sacred books, their theology being all in sentiment;" and, in like manner, we may say that the author reasoned but little on the works of nature, his science being all in sentiment. His love of nature was very real and very strong; he had a keen eye for the beautiful in form and colouring, and that still more delicate vision which seizes upon all harmonious combinations and effective contrasts; above all, he had that intensely human feeling that establishes a kind of intelligence between nature in its various aspects and the sentient mind of man. But in all his investigations he was guided by one dominant purpose, namely, to find everywhere illustrations of Divine goodness and wisdom. Wherever he discovered a "convenance," that is to say, a relation between one thing and another, he had perforce to pause and admire the skill that had produced the adaptation.

It is needless to say that, working in this spirit, and under the guidance of so arbitrary a conception, he fell into numerous blunders of a more or less ridiculous kind: many of the "convenances" he professed to discover were no "convenances" at all, and many of the illustrations he brought forward might easily have been turned to a directly contrary purpose to that for which he employed them. "Why," he asks, "do some trees shed their leaves and others not?" "It is difficult," he says, "to explain the cause, but easy to recognize the purpose. If the birch and the larch of the north cast their leaves at the approach of winter, it is to furnish a bedding for the beasts of the forest; and if the cone-like fir-tree preserves its foliage all the year, it is to furnish the same beasts with shelter amid the snows." Shelter and bedding at once, it is evident, would have been too good for these poor animals; so it is arranged that their bedding shall be under bare trees, and shall be all covered up by snow, when the time comes for them to fly to the hospitable shelter of the evergreens. Again, he tells us that the reason why cocoa-nuts grow on high trees is that by the noise of their fall they may attract the animals whom they furnish with food. It apparently did not occur to him that the cocoa-nut on the ground was quite as visible an object as the acorn, which also serves various animals for food, and yet falls without noise. Again, we learn that the phosphoric glimmer of the fire-fly is intended to guide it through the dark to the leaves and fruits on which it regales itself. It makes no matter to M. de St. Pierre how many different constructions any established order of things may be capable of bearing, so long as there is one out of them all that suits his purpose; the fact that it suits his purpose is quite enough to prove that it alone is the true interpretation of the phenomena. Thus, on the same page, he tells with admiration how some trees are so fenced round with thorns, that the birds who lodge in them are protected from all attacks from below, and how other trees, that are fenced round in the same way, have long rope-like growths depending from their branches, so that monkeys and other animals that devour birds' eggs can climb up and take the citadel by surprise. So, whether the birds escape their adversaries, or whether they fall a prey to them, there is equal reason to admire the wonderful designs of the Creator, who is now on the side of the birds and now on that of the monkeys.

This kind of thing, of course, gave abundant reason to the enemy to blaspheme, and the enemy did not fail to improve the opportunity. Still, in spite of all criticism and attack, the "Études" achieved a marked success, and established the author's position among the great writers of the age. He had at this time in manuscript a work that he was afraid to give to the world, lest it should injure the reputation he had acquired. This was "Paul and Virginia." It had been completed for some years; and before the publication of the "Études" he had ventured upon reading it, in the *salon* of Madame Necker, to a select audience comprising such men as Buffon, Thomas, and the Abbé Galiani, as well as M. Necker himself. Its reception was most unfavourable and discouraging, and so profoundly was the author affected by the failure of what he was conscious was as good a piece of work as he could hope to produce, that he almost resolved to destroy everything he had written. Fortunately he took no such desperate step; but not even the subsequent success of the "Études" could bring him to the point of publishing the romance which the rulers of literary opinion had so cruelly slighted. Not until four years later did he sufficiently conquer the fears inspired by the high disdain of Buffon, the ill-disguised mockery of M. Necker, and the insulting indifference of Thomas—who had slept or appeared to sleep during the reading—to give this, the greatest of all his works, to the world. No sooner had he published it, however, than he found himself one of the most celebrated men, if not the most celebrated man, in France. As a result of the reputation he thus acquired, he was appointed, in 1792, Intendant of the Jardin des Plantes, but the office being abolished in the year following, he retired to a modest little country seat he had purchased at Essone, where he began the composition of his work on the "Harmonies." He was not allowed to remain long in quiet; for in 1794 he was summoned to fill the chair of Moral Philosophy in the École Normale. He retained this appointment but a very short time, for the school was done away with in the same year. In the year following he received an honour that he could well have dispensed with, namely, a seat in the Moral Science section of the newly-established *Institut.* Most of his colleagues seem to have been of atheistical opinions, and as St. Pierre was, above all things, a fervent believer in Providence, his position soon became a very difficult and painful one. On one occasion, in the year 1798, a violent scene took place in the Academy, in consequence of his appending to a report he was called upon to make upon a number of competing essays, an avowal of his own belief in the existence of a God. As soon as his auditory became aware of the line of argument he was pursuing, they drowned his voice with their indignant protestations, and he was forced to retire from the place.

There is little else to recount in the life of this eminent man. A few years previous to the date last mentioned he had married a Md'lle Didot, by whom he had two children, a boy and a girl, whom he named Paul and Virginia. Virginia was but eight months old when her mother died, and M. de St. Pierre, returning to Paris from Essone, with a view to the education of his children, married after a certain interval a Md'lle de Villeporc, a young girl who seems to have conceived a romantic passion for him on account of his writings. This union appears to have been an extremely happy one (as indeed his first was also), the young stepmother devoting herself with the greatest zeal and affection to the interests of her husband and his children. The last years of his life were in many respects his best. With powers of mind and a faculty of enjoyment still unimpaired, he found himself in circumstances of ease, comfort and tranquillity such as in earlier days he had never known. He had a little revenue of his own of 6,000 francs, the result of his literary labours, and to this was added a pension from the Government of 6,000 more. Here was wealth enough to crown all his wishes, and a good deal more than he cared to spend on himself: a considerable portion of his income found employment in relieving the necessities of others. Thus, amid peaceful enjoyments and works of beneficence, death overtook him on the 21st January, 1814, just as he was entering upon his seventy-eighth year.

It is not a very eventful career that we have traced, yet in many respects it is an interesting one. In his essay on Jean Jacques Rousseau, Bernardin de St. Pierre wrote: "Les grands hommes se trouvent parmi ceux que leur siècle n'a point entrainés, et qui ont conservé du naturel." There is a great deal of truth in this remark, and it applies with even more force to St. Pierre himself than to Rousseau, who, by the cynical tone of his writings, as well as their only too frequent impurity, belonged to his age far more than he was willing to allow. St. Pierre once said: "Quelque hardies que soient mes spéculations, il n'y a rien pour les méchants." And it was true: not one line can be pointed out, in the twelve volumes of his collected works, that is adapted to stimulate or gratify any evil passion. A certain natural innocence of mind seems to have been his gift from birth, and to have remained with him through all vicissitudes to the end of his days. The portrait that we have of him expresses this characteristic very strongly, showing us a capacious mind united with a child-like soul. There is, we are inclined to say, too much softness, almost too simple a benignity, in the face, but just because he was tender and simple and good, is he so refreshing a figure to encounter among the host of men, eminent for very different qualities, who were his contemporaries. M. Aimé-Martin compares St. Pierre, traversing the Revolution without losing any of his love for humanity, to the fountain of Arethusa working its way under the sea without losing its sweetness. "*Vous êtes doux et bon,*" said Md'lle de L'Espinasse to him, with an accent of mockery, at an early period of his career; yet not even the turning of his best feelings and highest principles into ridicule could avail to corrupt his nature, or make him seek to resemble the men around him. Once more we see it illustrated that "the meek shall inherit the earth." When men have ceased to burden their memories with the clever things of Fontenelle and Grimm and Beaumarchais, yes, and of Voltaire himself, they will still recur with delight to "Paul and Virginia" and the Chaumière Indienne. These works will endure, not on account of the classic beauty of the language in which they are written, but because they deal with what is most abiding and fundamental in human nature, bringing into relief, not the vices of society, but those personal and family affections that lie at the base of all social order and virtue. Take the literature of the eighteenth century generally—perhaps we might say the nineteenth too—and the idea it conveys is that the social fabric is kept standing by the balancing of opposite interests, that society in fact is a great reservoir of internal forces and agencies, that fortunately nullify one another's actions to some extent, or at least hold one another in check. Is this so? we ask ourselves; and, in spite of much confirmatory evidence, and the strong impression left upon our minds by the skilfully drawn indictments of poets, novelists, satirists and philosophers, our hearts refuse to believe so desolating a representation. We turn to Bernardin de St. Pierre. He takes a unit out of the social mass—a single family—and bids us see how easily, when corrupting influences have been removed, human beings can grow up pure in mind and heart, and bound to one another by ties that neither life nor death can sunder. "Ah, yes," it will be said, "he chooses carefully the members of his little society, and separates them from all contaminating influences; he is writing a fiction, and can dispose of persons and events according to his good pleasure, but society is none the less corrupt because in a charming romance we read of people who were entirely good." All this is very true, but the merit of Bernardin de St. Pierre lies in this, that by his touching tale he has made us feel that virtue is not a rare exotic in human souls, but that in a certain measure it is *natural* to people to be good. This is a gospel indeed to a world wearying of its own iniquities, and yet on the point, in its despair, of pronouncing evil the soul of all things. Who shall ever number the souls to whom the simple narrative—told without a single touch of rhetoric—of Paul and Virginia has brought refreshment, consolation, life? For, let reason suggest what difficulties it may, the heart says: "Why should it not be so? Why should we not live as children of one Father, rejoicing in His works, and doing good to one another?"

Apart from the sentiments they convey, the works of St. Pierre will always be worth studying for the purity and perfection of their literary style. A Jesuit once asked Jean Jacques Rousseau how he had acquired such a gift of eloquence. "J'ai dit ce que je pensais," replied the author of "Emile." Outspoken sincerity is no doubt friendly to eloquence, or, at least, to a direct and simple style of discourse; and in the writings of Bernardin de St. Pierre we may constantly trace its influence. He is one of the least ingenious, and at the same time one of the most felicitous of writers. He gives his thoughts the most appropriate dress, and presents them in a form that Pascal or Fénelôn need not have disowned; yet does it in the simplest and most ingenuous manner, hardly ever seeming conscious of the good things he says. "*Rem tene, verba sequentur*," says the Latin adage. St. Pierre, acting on this principle, seems wholly occupied with his subject, and the words of which he stands in need marshal themselves in the happiest order to his bidding. As has often been remarked, there is in his style a peculiar archaic flavour, which we must attribute to the tone of his mind and the general cast of his ideas. The distinguishing characteristic of modern writing is subtlety; the accomplished penman of to-day aims at expressing many shades of meaning which our forefathers would have confounded under more general notions. Now St. Pierre, as we have seen, was the reverse of subtle; a few broad ideas constituted the whole of his philosophy, and these he gave expression to in a style large, facile and harmonious—a style less *nuancé* than that of some of his contemporaries, but full of life, movement and charm. As a writer, he has sometimes been compared with Fénelôn and with Rousseau; and in certain respects he may be said to occupy a middle position between the two. He has less *abandon* than we see in Fénelôn, and less concentration of thought and purpose than we see in Rousseau. The style of Fénelôn is sometimes diffuse to the point of weakness; that of St. Pierre is seldom or never so. The language of Rousseau is sometimes forced, and contains terms of expression which up to his time had not been accepted as classic: that of St. Pierre, on the contrary, is alway easy, natural and free. One gift St. Pierre lacked that both Fénelôn and Rousseau possessed in an eminent degree, namely, humour; and this no doubt is an explanation of the great aversion he manifests in more than one place in his works to comedy and satire. These three great writers, however, may be regarded as carrying on a certain tradition in French literature, the tradition that finds the sources of beauty in nature, and the sources of truth in the uncorrupted instincts of the human heart.

Two or three leading ideas, we have said, run through the whole of St. Pierre's writings. The first and most important is, that life is void of meaning and nature bereft of all charm, unless the Being and Providence of God are accepted as fundamental and necessary truths. Upon every two or three pages of his works, sentiments like the following occur:

"Avec le sentiment de la Divinité tout est grand, noble, beau, invincible dans le vie la plus étroite; sans lui tout est faible, déplaisant et amer au sein même des grandeurs."

"C'est la méchanceté des hommes qui leur fait méconnaître une Providence dans la nature; ils sont comme les enfants qui répoussent leur mère parcequ'ils ont été blessés par leurs compagnons. Mais ils ne se débattent qu'entre ses bras." (But it is in the arms of Providence they are struggling all the while.)

Closely connected with this firm, emotional belief in Divine Providence was his conviction of the insufficiency of reason alone to sustain man amid the trials of life. All the counsels of the Stoics and their imitators he compares to a staff placed in the hands of a sick man.

"Toutes vos belles dialectiques disparaissent précisément quand j'en ai besoin. Mettez un roseau entre les mains d'un malade: la première chose qui lui échappera s'il lui survient une faiblesse, c'est ce même roseau; et s'il vient à s'appuyer dessus dans sa force, il le brisera et s'en percera peut-être la main."

There is something in this thought and in its expression that reminds us forcibly of Pascal.

He finds great fault with the systems of education in vogue in his day for making self-interest the one spring of human action, and teaching every youth in particular that his happiness lies in excelling every other. The whole burden of scholastic training might be summed up, he says, in three words, "*sois le premier.*" Remarks like the following occur frequently throughout his writings, and particularly in the third volume of the "Études."

"Je ne balance pas à attribuer à nos éducations modernes l'esprit inquiet, ambitieux, haineux, tracassier et intolérant de la plupart des Européens."

"Quand on a bu, dès l'enfance, dans la coupe de l'ambition, la soif en reste toute la vie."

"Je ne sais pas comment des royaumes, soi-disant Chrétiens, ont pu adopter l'ambition pour base de l'education publique. * * * Ecoutez comme Jésus sévit contre les ambitieux: Malheur à vous, scribes et pharisiens! * * * Voyez comme il réprimande ses apôtres lorsqu'ils lui demandent lequel d'entr'eux doit être le premier. Il prend un enfant et le met au milieu d'eux. *Sans doute ce n'était pas un enfant de nos écoles.*"

In an instructor of youth he thought far more of moral qualities than of scholastic accomplishments. The questions to ask regarding such a man are not: "Est-ce un bel esprit, un homme brillant, un philosophe?" but: "Aime-t-il les enfants? est-ce un homme sensible? a-t-il de la vertu?"

As regards the education of women he was a good deal behind the notions of to-day. "Les livres et les maîtres," he says, "flétrissent de bonne heure, dans une jeune fille, l'ignorance virginale, cette fleur de l'âme, si charmante à cueillir pour un amant."

Towards the vices of society he was severe without being cynical. Scattered through his pages are many vigorous denunciations of wrong-doing, but not one sentence that could lead a man to form an uncharitable or contemptuous estimate of his fellow-men generally. "Le règne des méchants passera" he was fond of saying; and when, in his dialogue of the Death of Socrates, he makes the sage predict a glorious future for the human race, it was his own most cherished convictions to which he was giving utterance. The passage to which we refer is worth extracting entire, but we can only give a sentence or two:

"Le globe et le genre humain sont encore dans l'enfance. Dieu n'opère qu'avec nombre, temps, poids et mesure; il perfectionne sans cesse ses ouvrages. Semblable à un laboureur infatigable, il laboure sans cesse ce globe avec les rayons du soleil, et l'arrose avec les eaux de l'océan. Il le pénètre de lumière et l'améliore de siècle en siècle."

Bernardin de St. Pierre is to be reckoned among the illustrious Frenchmen to whom the Academy never opened its doors. There is no need, however, to attribute to this circumstance the great dislike he manifests to the formal "éloges" periodically pronounced in that illustrious assembly; for the whole set of his nature, if we may so speak, was in strong opposition to such unnatural performances. The following remarks on this head are deserving of attention: "La postérité" se méfiera autant des éloges que des satires.

D'abord le mot d'éloge est suspect de flatterie: de plus ce genre d'éloquence ne caractérise rien. Pour peindre la vertu il faut mettre en évidence, des défauts et des vices afin d'en faire résulter des combats et des victoires. Le style qu'on y emploie est plein de pompe et de luxe. Il est rempli de réflexions et de tableaux souvent étrangers au sujet principal. Il ressemble à un cheval d'Espagne; il fait dans sa marche beaucoup de mouvements, et il n'avance point. Ce genre d'éloquence indécis et vague ne convient à aucun grand homme en particulier, parcequ'on peut l'appliquer, en général, à tous ceux qui ont couru dans la même carrière."

It is not however so much for the separate thoughts they contain—striking and original as these often are—that the works of St. Pierre are worthy of being read at the present day, as for the pure unworldly tone that characterizes them from first to last. We find ourselves reading St. Pierre in very much the same spirit as we read Plato, for while he stirs up our minds to activity he seems to disarm, by some happy influence, not only hostile criticism, but all those interested feelings that tend to check the free exercise of thought. We may express our meaning in another way by saying that the works of St. Pierre are in a truer sense *literature* than those of almost any of his contemporaries; for literature does not mean simply fine writing or forcible writing, but that kind of writing—whatever its secondary characteristics may be—that refreshes the soul while it refines the taste. An eminent French critic * has said that nearly all the literature of the eighteenth century deals too much with still unsettled questions of politics, philosophy and theology, and consequently appeals too strongly to our passions and interests to exert upon our minds the true literary charm; but St. Pierre, living apart from his generation, scorning the livery of parties and sects, courageously pursuing the path marked out for him by the constitution of his mind, and doing the thing he found himself fitted to do, has won a distinction denied to the mere seekers of popularity or fame, and is already as much a classic as though his works had received the sanction of centuries. In literature the old is young and the young is old: the story of "Paul and Virginia" takes its place beside the "Georgics" and the "Odyssey," among those treasures that must of necessity be counted whenever the world comes to make up its jewels.

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* A. Vinet.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE net result of the general election, which Mr. Gladstone brought on with a suddenness that startled and surprised almost equally friend and foe, has been to give the Conservatives a majority of fifty in the new House of Commons. Some double returns left room for a slight modification of this figure, and it is generally conceded that the temporary retirement of Mr. Gladstone from the leadership of the Liberal party will be followed by a transfer of some votes to the Conservative side. Since the battle, the combatants have been busy accounting for results which nobody foresaw or pretends to have foreseen; but, as might have been expected, they do not agree as to the causes of the catastrophe to the Liberal party and the unexpected magnitude of the Conservative success. On one point there is a general agreement: the attempt of Mr. Gladstone to snatch an advantage from a surprise, by which his opponents might be paralysed, is universally held to have been unjustifiable; and instead of gaining by the artifice he lost largely. It is compared to abolition of purchase by a resort to prerogative; and while both acts are admitted to have been legal, neither was such as would be likely to create confidence in their author. But the whole extent of the disaster suffered by the Liberal party is far from being attributable to this one cause. We incline to the opinion previously expressed, that Mr. Gladstone had, for the time being, done his work: got to the end of all that part of his programme which the public was, at the time, willing to accept. A new Liberal policy will have to be matured in opposition; for the present, the *Spectator* admits, the country has had enough of Reform. It will allow Mr. Disraeli to do nothing, or as little as possible, for a session or two. It does not follow that the rate of progress will, in a given series of years, be slower for this halt: the body politic, not less than the natural body, requires repose after unusual exertion for the recuperation of exhausted energy. In four or five years Mr. Bright, or some one else, may have elaborated a scheme of land reform such as the nation will be willing to accept, and Mr. Locke King will find that, in spite of his exclusion from a Parliament not disposed to listen to a proposal to abolish primogeniture, he can employ himself not less usefully in assisting to put into a presentable shape those ideas about "free land" which he holds in common with Mr. Bright, and produce a definite plan ready for presentation by such time as it is likely to obtain general acceptance. Nearly all the questions raised by the advanced Liberals require time to mature, and their growth will be more rapid in opposition than they would have been if Mr. Gladstone had retained power. Regarded from this point of view, the defeat of the Liberals will be no real loss.

In another respect the Liberals may possibly gain by the loss of power. Mr. Gladstone had for some time been at the head of a more or less divided party; of that division traces could be seen in the Cabinet itself. There is a wide difference between the political views of Mr. Bright and of Sir Vernon Harcourt. Mr. Bright would be ready any day to make disestablishment in Ireland a precedent for application to England; Sir Vernon Harcourt, while expressing a very unexpected admiration for Mr. Disraeli—before there appeared any prospect of the latter coming into power it must be said—volunteered the declaration that he would never consent to the English Church being dealt with in that way. If Mr. Gladstone could not hold the Liberal party together, still less will the double-headed leadership, which is itself a proclamation of disunion, —the Marquis of Hartington and Sir Vernon Harcourt—to which it is to be handed over during the year which he is to devote to the recruiting of his health, be able to do so. Mr. Disraeli assumes power at a time when the Liberals are not merely in a minority of fifty, but when there are no strong elements of cohesion to hold them together, and when the disorganization is destined to be carried still farther by a temporary change of leadership. He has no unwieldy majority at his back to tempt his friends to free criticism of Government measures, but a majority only large enough to feel the necessity of keeping close together to maintain its position and that of the Government. Mr. Disraeli is not a loved and trusted leader—he is merely accepted because there is no help for it. If his followers form a compact party, it is not from devotion to their chief, but because a long course of opposition has accustomed them to discipline, and inspired them with a common feeling of hostility to the Liberals. Their common political sentiment is of that negative kind which rests satisfied with the defence of existing political institutions, and is not capable of evoking much enthusiasm; while in the natural course of things it becomes increasingly feeble in proportion to the force brought against it, and which it will at last become incapable of resisting. The Liberals will gain something of cohesion by learning to act unitedly in opposition; but a complete fusion of the two sections can probably never be effected. The Radicals, as the advance-guard of Liberalism, start the game which the rear-guard will one day run down. This division of employment, to use an economic term, answers very well so long as there is no danger that the advanced and the rear-guards will get separated. That danger had begun to threaten Mr. Gladstone; and so little certain was he about his ability to keep both sections well in hand, that he declared publicly, during the elections, that he would not undertake to lead a divided party.

While the Conservative reaction has done much to overthrow Mr. Gladstone, too little account is taken of that large unattached mass which adheres permanently to neither side; which sometimes casts its votes for one party and sometimes for the other, and which Lord Macaulay considered powerful enough to turn the scale either way at any time. Of this mass a large part has evidently gone with the Conservatives. The causes of its doing so may be such as arise from independent judgment or caprice; from a particular view of public questions at the time, or a resolution, for which no particular reason could be given, to let the Conservatives try their hand at governing for a while.

The effect of the ballot, which has just now unusual interest for us, has been much discussed, but, owing to the inability to count votes, the discussion has been carried on mainly in the dark. What is known beyond a doubt is, that the ballot has not decreased the number of votes cast. The number of voters is larger than it was in 1868, but not sufficiently larger to account for the fact that the Liberals, while receiving as many votes as they received at that date, are defeated by a large majority. The ballot, it seems unquestionable, largely changed the character of the electorate, by transforming dependent voters—practically obliged to exercise the suffrage in a way to please somebody else—into independent voters, at full liberty to vote as they liked. Under the ballot political attachments may be expected to lose much of their force, and party allegiance to become attenuated; while engagements and promises, into which men are entrapped by a coercion which cannot follow them to the polls, will be ill-performed. It requires some moral courage for a strict party-man to change sides even under the strongest conviction. The fear of coming under the imputation of improper motives, and being set down as a renegade, deters many from doing what they believe to be their duty. Party names become hereditary and, given a family name, one may often guess with almost absolute certainty the politics of its owner. A man voting on a side to which his father and his grandfather have always been opposed might incur forfeiture of a large share of the family regard. Men who do not care to face disagreeable consequences by open voting would take a special pleasure in getting their own way in secret. The act would have all the sweetness which it is usual to attribute to stolen fruit, besides the consolation of feeling that the fruit is your own. But the moral deception exercised must have a deteriorating effect upon character. If a man promises, or causes it to be understood that he intends, to vote one way and then votes another, his conscience must accuse him of deception. If all promises be binding, no matter under what circumstances they were made, the asking of promises to vote must be held to be inconsistent with the ballot. Adam Smith was inclined to agree with those moralists who hold that if a foot-pad puts a pistol to your ear and extorts from you a promise to ransom your life by the payment of a thousand pounds on a given day, you are bound to keep the promise, since it is better that all promises should be kept than that any should feel licensed to break them. But leaving out of the account the subtleties of casuists, all will agree that the breaking of a promise is a very serious matter. It is equally certain that if votes be canvassed for, under the ballot, promises will be made; and to exact a promise may be to coerce the conscience and to defeat the object of the law. Still canvassing for votes cannot be prevented. A practice sprang up at the late election in England of inviting promises, by sending a circular to the voters, with a request that they would sign the paper enclosed and return it. If this plan were at all general, the moral evils resulting from it would be an ugly account to off-set against the political advantages of the ballot.

The long list of titular distinctions distributed by Mr. Gladstone as political rewards, after the Government had met a defeat on which it felt it its duty to resign, has passed unchallenged, or with no more than a remark that the practice, though established and thought allowable, is the reverse of commendable. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, a journal one part of whose mission may be said to have been to assail Mr. Gladstone, finds it quite natural that "when a Government has received its death-blow, it should, in the interval before surrendering its last breath, distribute among the more faithful and meritorious of its followers a fair proportion of those rewards which are reserved for political service;" and assures us that not even the "most rabid Tory fanatic would dispute the title of those gentlemen "—Mr. Cardwell and Mr. Fortescue (called to the House of Lords)—"to their new honours." But a practice that is admitted to be demoralizing is very inadequately defended by a remark that practically every one is willing it should be indulged in. There was one appointment made at the eleventh hour, which required for its accomplishment the revival of a condemned office, to which exception has been taken. When the Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer, Dublin, died, a short time before, it was intimated that the vacancy would not be filled, as the work could be performed by three judges; and Lord Spencer informed a deputation, in effect, that a re-arrangement of the judiciary by a new Judicature Act would render the appointment unnecessary under the circumstances. The appointment of Mr. Palles, lately Irish Attorney-General, to the office of Chief Baron, is nearly equivalent to the creation of a new office for the benefit of a political friend. An excuse is, of course, conceivable, and is not without some force. It may be said that the contemplated abstention from appointing a new Chief Baron implied the passing a new Judicature Act; and that all guarantee that such an Act will be passed having vanished with the Ministry by which it was proposed, there was nothing to do but to complete the old machinery. And in this light the inconsistency is not great, though the appointment shows a disposition not to throw away any piece of available patronage.

As in the working of our Government we draw largely upon English precedents, the time is sure to come when the circumstance of Mr. Disraeli, in 1868, and Mr. Gladstone, in 1874, resigning in face of an adverse majority, produced by a general election, before the meeting of Parliament, will be appealed to as a guide for Canadian statesmen. The advocates of a resignation being made before the House meets rested their case mainly on the argument of convenience, to which, in this latest instance, were added reasons of emergency arising out of the Bengal famine. Another reason, standing in the background, was probably more active than either of these: that it would tell in his favour if Mr. Gladstone were as prompt to act upon a defeat in the constituencies as Mr. Disraeli had been on a previous occasion. The argument of convenience, it may be admitted, ought to be allowed some weight. The time was short in which the new Government would have to meet the House, and the Bengal famine constituted a very special case of urgency. If the resignation of Mr. Gladstone is to be taken as a precedent, it cannot be wrested from its attendant circumstances. If Parliament had not been on the eve of meeting; if there had been no special necessity for an early meeting; and if there had been no Bengal famine to deal with, the arguments which, in the actual circumstances, told powerfully in favour of immediate resignation, would have had little force. The inconvenience would then have been limited to the formation of a new administration after the opening of the Session, and the deferring of arrangements which it would have been convenient to make before. These inconveniences, whatever they may be, have been encountered a thousand times. But, as far as they go, they are not the less real on that account.

But, as Mr. Edward Freeman has observed, "no one argues that for a Ministry to resign without meeting Parliament, because it is practically known that a majority of the new House of Commons will be against them, is absolutely the best course in itself." Confessedly the necessity of resignation rested on special grounds. Of these we may admit or deny the validity—it matters not; all that is necessary is to point out that, in the absence of special reasons why a resignation should take place under like circumstances, this particular resignation cannot be fashioned into a precedent. The appeal to the precedent of 1868 carries no weight. The promptitude of Mr. Disraeli on that occasion, which some writers wish us to regard as a valiant thing, was more like the act of a general who retires in face of the enemy before a shot is fired. The course he took had not before been held to be constitutional; and there is more dignity in a Minister, under ordinary circumstances, taking his dismissal from Parliament than in resigning before formal judgment can be pronounced. It is a sound rule that the voice of the nation is constitutionally to be heard only in Parliament. A Parliament may, if it lasts long, cease to represent the nation; but then the voting on measures of legislation cannot be managed by popular assemblies or the public journals. No one doubts that the French Assembly, called for a special purpose, has ceased to represent the wishes of the French people; the isolated elections that have taken place from time to time afford unmistakable proof of the fact. But the prolongation of the life of that Assembly is a political fraud, which could not be perpetrated, in the same shape, under our form of government. In the last resort, and at the proper time, the constituencies may always be appealed to against the decision of Parliament; but while the authority of Parliament lasts it is the supreme power in the legitimate sphere of its action. Mr. Gladstone has been all but universally censured for what is called submitting the budget to the popular vote, and his resignation before the meeting of Parliament was claimed as a necessary corollary of his telling the constituencies his views on the disposal of the surplus and the abolition of the income tax. But except in so far as his proposed dealing with the income tax can be regarded as the offer of a bribe to a particular class of electors, the objection to the Minister discussing a question of finance before the constituencies cannot be sustained. It was far more candid and straightforward in him to state his views on that question, than it would have been to withhold or dissemble them. If he intended to make an issue of the income tax, it was only fair to the electors that that issue should be before them. It does not follow that his having made that issue, and being beaten on it, made immediate resignation necessary, and the assumption of such a corollary can create no precedent for us on this side of the Atlantic.

Mr. Disraeli is admitted by his opponents to have formed a Government of considerable administrative power, if weak in debating talent. There are two or three individuals of whom this cannot be said, including Lord John Manners, the last rose that grew on the Young England bush by which the whole land was to have been overshadowed. The minor offices, not less than the chief departments, are filled in a way to make the Government a very complete representative of Conservative opinion. The Conservative press is congratulating the new Ministry on the prospect of dignified repose and freedom from carking cares. And this condition of things, we are told, Mr. Disraeli and his colleagues will owe to the acts of the late Government, by whom the Irish Church and land measures were passed and purchase in the army abolished. The new Government can disclaim all responsibility for a policy which its members opposed in Parliament; but they have no idea of reversing that policy. Nevertheless it may not be pleasant for Mr. Disraeli to be reminded of the famous Glasgow speech, in which he spoke as if the Irish Church question ought to be re-opened. The army, the troops of persons who lost their places or employments by Mr. Gladstone's economies in Dock Yards and elsewhere, all the "harrassed interests" in a word—and we have Mr. Disraeli's word for it that the late Government harrassed every interest—look to the new Government as their natural protector. A do-nothing policy means ultimate disappointment in every direction, and out of that will come the demon of opposition to disturb the blissful state of tranquillity which the leaders of the victorious party are promising themselves.

But it is already felt that even a Conservative Government cannot long be absolutely inactive. A little more Law Reform might be tried, if there were any body to do the work; but the health of the functionaries from whom the initiative and working out of the measure would naturally be expected — the Lord Chancellor and Attorney-General — does not promise much in this direction. There is the subject of local taxation, on which Mr. Gladstone had promised something, and the Conservatives had held out hopes which they begin to admit are not likely to be realized. It remains to be seen whether this Government will strike out any thing new in the shape of a Colonial policy, or even retrace the steps taken by Mr. Gladstone, and distribute once more a considerable part of the army over the surface of the globe. It is probable that the federation applied to British America will be repeated in Australia. This would be to build on lines already marked out—not to establish a new policy. Of Imperial federation nothing is said; and if brought up in Parliament a languid debate of a couple of hours would at any time probably be sufficient to dispose of it.

Meanwhile the new government find it necessary to nibble at the land question, without attempting anything beyond aiding the facility of transfer. "The delay and expense attending the transfer of land," we read in the Queen's Speech, "has long been felt to be a reproach to our law." When Mr. Disraeli has done all he intends to do, the land question will not be materially altered. Public attention will have been fixed upon it, and this may facilitate the elaboration of a more comprehensive measure by a future government. In the proposed re-arrangement of the Irish judiciary the new government will deal with a question on which its predecessor was pledged to act. Another Royal Commission has been appointed to enquire into the working of the law regulating the relations of employer and employed. If the Commissioners differ as greatly in their conclusions as the last commission did, when it branched off into three different reports, the question may be elucidated by their labours, but a near approach to unanimity of opinion will not have been reached. How greatly the action of the publicans contributed to the recent Conservative victory, may be gathered from a quiet promise made to them in the Queen's speech. Having done their work, they are to get their reward in the removal of the recent restrictions on the hours during which they may keep their houses open. This prompt acknowledgment of the value of their services may be regarded as an investment of political capital to secure votes at a future election, and to give the alliance between Toryism and beer an offensive and defensive character.

Sir Garnet Wolseley having conquered the Ashantees, succeeded in making what is generally considered a favourable treaty. Of the money indemnity stipulated for—fifty thousand ounces of gold — ten thousand were paid down, but the general himself expresses doubts whether the whole of the balance will ever be obtained. It is difficult to understand what is to be gained by making the amount agreed upon larger than can be collected. If King Koffee had any reason to hope that a heavy payment could be avoided by a renewal of hostilities, the amount in which he is mulct would operate as a strong incentive to him to take up arms again. But it is very improbable that he will ever be in a position to do so, the notion of his invincibility, which awed subject tribes into obedience, having been destroyed, and the tributary tribes having given in their submission to England. King Koffee renounces all claim to disputed territory, and undertakes to withdraw his troops from the parts of the coast which are under English protection. Treaties suddenly drawn up on the conclusion of the war, and dealing with territories the extent and limits of which are imperfectly known, generally leave ample scope for future disputes over the true boundaries intended to be designated, which were only referred to in vague general terms. It will be lucky if no such dispute should arise out of Sir Garnet Wolseley's diplomacy. The prohibition of human sacrifices, if fully carried out, will be incomparably the noblest object achieved by the expedition. To prohibit completely sacrifices which belong to a deep-rooted superstition implies either the supplanting of that superstition by a better religion—even though it be only a reform of the old—or the infusion into the population addicted to the abomination of a salutary and omnipresent awe of the power which insists on the abolition of the practice. If the most objectionable feature of the Ashantee superstition can be blotted out by the march of an army, some one will be sure to claim that proof has at last been given to the world that the sword has opened the way for the missionary.

The attempt has often practically if not designedly been made—always or nearly always with ill success. It is one thing to restrain indulgence in a bloody superstition, and quite another to change the religion of a semi-savage people. The stipulation that the Ashantees are to keep up a good road between Coomassie and the Prah river, and to protect merchandise, touches the vital interest of the British occupation—the question of trade. It is to protect British commerce that British forts exist on the Gold Coast; and the only question is whether the trade could not have been carried on without the forts. Mere traders are in little danger of hurting the national susceptibilities of the semi-savage potentates; but the moment a foreign nation sets up forts on the coast, it brings to bear the menace of a military power against the enemies of its allies. It is determined, it appears, to maintain a British garrison at Prahsu. The future must be left to determine the wisdom of this policy. England having conquered the Ashantees and obtained the submission of the subject tribes, could have withdrawn from Cape Coast as a military power. The conquest created the opportunity of enabling her to change her policy, and avoid all future entanglements in that quarter. But in that case what would have become of the treaty stipulation exacted by General Wolseley from King Koffee? In that question must be found the chief if not the only reason for continuing the military occupation.

General Wolseley, who did not burn Coomassie till all hope had failed of bringing the king to terms without resorting to that extreme measure—and it would certainly not have been justifiable if he had done so—inclines to the opinion that the Ashantee power is utterly broken. If this be true, the advantage of having a treaty with a power that has ceased to exist must be very doubtful. If the authority relied on to enforce obedience to its provisions is at an end, what is there to look to? Who will be responsible for the abolition of human sacrifices? Where is the authority that is to extort the indemnity from the unwilling and uncontrolled Ashantees? If chaos is to succeed King Koffee, the treaty must prove a delusion, and the expedition will be found not to have secured the advantages expected from it. General Wolseley admits himself to be at a loss to know what is to take the place of the Ashantee authority, if that be at an end; but even if something else should be found to supersede it, would the execution of the treaty be thereby assured? The tribes which have been tributary to Ashantee, if left to themselves, would not only not feel bound by the treaty, but new means of restraining them would have to be sought; and if nothing but British troops could be trusted to perform that service, England's troubles on the Gold Coast would be far from being at an end. The burning of Coomassie was an unfortunate necessity; for the example is little calculated to mitigate the ferocity of the semi-savages on whom the vengeance was wreaked. It is an act which, if it could be proved not to have been prompted by the clearest necessity, would have to be called by a very ill-sounding name. The entry of the British forces into the town merely caused the king and the people to take to flight; the necessity of making a treaty, which the king was trying to evade, and the urgent reasons for immediate return to the Coast, apparently left the General no choice between committing an act which would strike terror into the fugitive monarch and reducing the result of the expedition to a barren march to Coomassie and back. If there was really no other way out of the difficulty than through the burning of the town, the necessity of the act must be admitted. The sparing of the royal burying-place may cause the superstition of the natives to ascribe it to some protecting power too strong for the white man to cope with; but however sacred the ashes of the dead kings may be thought, the lesson that the living king is not invincible is one they will never forget.

To nine readers out of ten, we fancy it would be a happy relief to be assured that they would not hear a word more of the Tichborne trial. But it is uncertain whether the conviction of the claimant will be the end of the wearisome story; an appeal for a new trial, on the ground of misdirection, being among the possibilities of this unparalleled case. If the succession to great estates could be seized by aid of a joint stock conspiracy, making use of the machinery which exists for the administration of justice, the security of property would receive a fatal blow, and successful villainy raise its head high among honest men. The claimant was quite imperturbable under the hectoring of the court and the passing of the sentence. He may, without any signs of contrition, have been rendered calm by a deep sense of the justice of the sentence. It must sometimes be a relief to a mind oppressed with a sense of guilt to know that formal punishment is at last pronounced, and the great struggle to conceal a whole legion of crimes is over. The two trials have been conducted in a way that has slightly tended to lower the deservedly high respect and esteem which the whole world feels for the English judiciary. It cannot be denied that feelings were shown, in the course of these trials, which ought to have been suppressed; though making every deduction, it cannot be said that the claimant has not had a fair trial, or that the jury by whom he has been convicted was not composed of the most patient dozen of men ever placed in the box to assist in the administration of criminal justice.

Whatever fate may be in store for France, the restoration of the empire is at present out of the question. If the Prince Imperial had been surrounded by discreet advisers he would have refrained from making his eighteenth birthday the occasion of demanding an appeal to a plebiscite in his favour; for the inopportune obtrusion of claims, which no considerable section of the French people are willing to grant, could only injure any cause on behalf of which they were advanced. The Septennate is avowedly in the nature of an interregnum or stop-gap, and is nothing less than a confession that France requires seven years to consider what form of government she may desire finally to choose. During that period, if the Septennate last out its time, the country will be a prey to the intrigues of all the rival claimants to monarchy or empire. McMahon believes his seven years' lease of power, during which the government is to have a provisional character, to be good against all intruders; and if he look forward to an extension of the Marshallate after the expiration of that time, he is probably the only man in France who takes that sanguine view of probabilities. The Duc de Broglie, to whom the Marshal owes his present position, is working for the restoration of the Monarchy; but the long time he thought it necessary to give himself in which to mature his projects, when Henri Cinq became impossible, rendered his plans liable to a thousand accidents. If Napoleonism be not beyond all hope of future resuscitation, who can say but the Prince Imperial may stand as good a chance, seven years hence, as the representative of the younger branch of the Bourbons, in whom the Duc de Broglie is now disposed to place his hopes? The Duc has himself, at his age, no guarantee of life for seven years, and still less of office. Strange things have been done by the aid of the plebiscite, but success in these cases has followed the possession of power; and just now France is thoroughly Republican, if the election of Republican candidates be any test. The attempt to repress the republican spirit will be persisted in as long as the Duc de Broglie and McMahon share power between them, but it may prove the very means of keeping that spirit alive. At the end of the Septennate, Royalist and Imperial intriguers may find the Republic more than a match for their arts, especially as their rival claims must always continue to be irreconcilable. A plebiscite now, putting the alternative of the Republic against any other claimant, would certainly result in favour of the Republic; and if the appeal which the Prince Imperial rashly demands were granted, it would be fatal to his hopes. Nothing could exceed the folly of the demand if there were any chance of its being accorded; but nobody knows better than M. Rouher and M. Ollivier, the chief advisers of the Prince Imperial, that there is not the least chance of its being granted. In these circumstances, the declared readiness of the Prince Imperial to submit his claims to a popular vote can only be intended to pass for a show of confidence in the strength of his cause and the affection of the French people for a dynasty they have just displaced. No refinement of irony could go beyond the challenge thrown out by the central figure in the recent burlesque of budding statesmanship at Chiselhurst.

De Broglie had not long to wait for an opportunity to use the power with which the Assembly invested the Government over the appointment and removal of the mayors. Some of these officials, having had the indiscretion to attend the Chiselhurst demonstration, forthwith received their *congé*. These decapitations form the logical consequence of the bill arming the Central Government with power over these local authorities.

In Spain, Carlism is scarcely holding its own. Serrano has taken the field in person, and a series of battles have been fought before Bilbao, with considerable loss to the national troops, by whom, however, an advantage had been gained. If Bilbao fell, Don Carlos would go through the ceremony of having himself crowned, in the cathedral, King of Spain, and asking Foreign Powers to acknowledge the Carlists as belligerents.

The Legislature of Ontario has accomplished its annual task. Let us review some of the principal measures. The License Bill of Mr. Crooks will greatly alter the conditions under which liquor can be sold. At present every house having four bed-rooms in addition to what the family requires, is eligible to receive a license: this bill increases the number of rooms which a house must contain, available for the use of travellers, to eight. The Bill as introduced had the old number of four inserted; the change was made in committee. One result will be that many houses now licensed will fail to meet the conditions of the new law; but that this raising of the qualification will materially reduce the number of taverns is far from certain. That taverns are houses of public entertainment where the traveller can obtain board and lodging, may or may not be true under the existing law; but that this is the chief purpose to which taverns are put, especially in cities, is not true. Many of them are resorted to solely for the purpose of obtaining drink. And it is very doubtful whether there is any real advantage in trying to conceal the fact. If we suppose an eight-roomed tavern to have its beds occupied by boarders, the supposition may accord with the fact, but if we assume that these boarders are travellers we shall be guilty of self-deception. Is it better that men should board at taverns than at private houses? For this is the question we must face if we compel every tavern to have eight spare bed-rooms instead of four. If the number of taverns be diminished the result will be salutary; but if the effect be to diminish the number of boarders in private houses by drawing off a portion of them to better appointed taverns, the proximity of the bar will have mischievous results. The fiction that all taverns are places for the entertainment of travellers, or that while licenses continue to be granted they can ever be made so, may as well be got rid of. Intemperance is not to be combated by false assumptions any more than by petitions against the multiplication of taverns, signed by men who get their wine without the necessity of visiting such places. The less the lower class of city tavern is used as a boarding-house the better, and the fewer bed-rooms they have the smaller will be the number of men brought constantly within the range of their evil influence.

The public has recently been enlightened as to the quality of the liquors usually served in Canada. The popular notion has been that they are largely adulterated with noxious substances. Professor Croft has proved this impression to be erroneous. Of thirty-three samples of wine, beer, brandy, gin, rum, obtained in various places, from first-class hotels to the lowest groggeries, in several different towns and cities, he found all free from poisonous adulterations. Some of the beer contained a little salt; some port wine was of more or less suspicious quality; some gin was but slightly flavoured; and nearly all the spirits were weak. Water seems to be the chief addition made to spirits before they reach the consumer. As to quality, good brandy was found in the most unpromising places. It may seem surprising, in the presence of this analysis, but it is not the less notorious, that highwines and proof spirits form the basis of numbers of drinks bearing all sorts of names. The labels and corks of celebrated European houses are regularly fabricated, and the articles in connection with which they are used are passed off as genuine. The truth is, these counterfeits are not made up of poisonous materials; and that though a brandy bearing the name of Hennessy may be false, it is yet a good spirit, of perhaps not much more than half the proper strength. We may congratulate ourselves that the adulterators who cheat the public have not yet become wholesale poisoners.

The Marriage laws have been the subject of a new Act introduced by Attorney-General Mowat. The new measure abolishes the license to which there are some ecclesiastical objections, and substitutes a certificate to be issued by the licenser. The effect, measured in money, is to reduce the cost connected with the marriage ceremonial from six to two dollars on this item. Six dollars was a heavy tax on a poor man; and no better use can be made of the surplus than to make it the ground of lowering or repealing obnoxious taxes. This bill has a retroactive effect, in legalizing marriages which were defective from such causes as the omission to obtain a license, or from some irregularity in the publication of the banns. Some disputes over the succession to property have been before the Courts, arising out of marriages having been performed by Catholic priests without a license. We are not aware whether judgment was ever pronounced in these cases. In arguments on them the alleged right of Roman Catholic priests to perform the marriage ceremony without a license was grounded on the assumption that they derived it from French laws prior to the conquest, of which they were guaranteed the possession. This claim, resting on the articles of capitulation and the treaty of cession, cannot, we think, be sustained. But the policy of the new law, by which the knot of a difficulty extending over many years and proving a serious stumbling block to at least one Administration, has been cut, must be judged on its merits; and, apart from judicial questions about the succession of property, there can be no doubt that it is at once expedient and judicious.

The question has been raised whether the municipalities should be allowed to expend on other than permanent objects the capital sums they become entitled to under the Municipal Loan Fund Adjustment Act of last session. The Attorney-General deprecated the re-opening of the question at present, and with reason. A capital having been created by saving, it would be mere squandering to apply it to objects which, being in the nature of annual expenditure, ought to be provided for out of annual revenue. We do not think it should be invested with a view to yielding an annual revenue, for it can be put to a better purpose; but as capital it ought to continue to exist in some form of permanent value. It is a lamentable thing when legislators think they do their whole duty in saying this or that application of the money would be popular, when the appeal should be to fixed principles of political economy, for popular notions may mean the destruction of a capital which can never be replaced.

Whatever difference of opinion there may be on some of the details of the Attorney-General's Judicature Bill, there can be none as to the necessity for providing for the appointment of an additional number of judges. The present judges are overworked to an extent that has injuriously affected the health of some of them; and yet with all the exertions they can put forth they cannot keep up with the work, which is constantly falling more and more behind, to the great inconvenience, annoyance and loss of suitors. The throwing of the trial of contested elections on the courts will temporarily increase the difficulty. This would of itself not constitute a reason for increasing the numerical strength of the judiciary; for the ballot is found in England, and the same result will be produced here, almost entirely to put an end to election protests. Instead of about every twentieth seat being contested, nearly every member elected under the ballot will hold his seat undisturbed. Whether the secrecy of the ballot will always cover up the trail of corruption, if corrupt practices take place under it, is a question that cannot yet be answered. What is certain is that the members of the first House of Commons elected in England under the privacy of the ballot, will be almost entirely free from election protests and judicial scrutiny into the conduct of election management. It is to be regretted that the Judicature Bill could not have been introduced at any earlier stage of the session; but its submission to the judges, for their opinion on the proposed provisions, caused delay, and the urgency is such that it was better to run the risk of imperfection in detail than to incur the evil of another year's delay. Once let the judicature be numerically increased till it is equal to the work required of it, and imperfections in the details of the new law, if such there be, will become all the more pronounced by experience, and the necessary remedy can be applied hereafter.

The publication of the papers connected with the reservation of the Orange Bills, last year, throws no new light on the subject. One of the bills was introduced again this session; when the Government, taking its stand on the general measure under which all lawful associations can be incorporated, opposed incorporation under special legislation, and the measure was lost by a majority of eleven. If incorporation under the general measure be refused, a new feature in the political side of the movement will present itself; and we may expect next to hear of the strangled bills at the polls, each side pressing its own view of duties done or neglected, and obligations avoided or fulfilled.

An indiscretion, whether thoughtless or calculated, of the Minister of Public Works, raised a storm of censure out of all proportion to the magnitude of the thing. Mr. McKellar allowed the men employed by the Government in the construction of the Central Prison to attend the nomination of candidates for the House of Commons for West Toronto, on the occasion of the Moss-Bickford contest, without stopping their pay for the time during which they were absent from work. The objection was raised that a double wrong had been committed, in a waste of public money—a trifle over $200—and an implied desire to coerce the voters. Mr. McKellar fully admitted the facts before the Committee of Public Accounts, and stated that he had written a letter authorizing the half-holiday without deduction of pay. This in effect completed the case, and though the letter itself was lost, its substance was stated by the writer, and there was no substantial disagreement on the facts. Though this is not a great scandal or a great public crime, the indiscretion was enhanced by the circumstance that the half-holiday was obtained by the intercession of an active election agent of the candidate whom the Minister of Public Works might be presumed to favour, and whose election he did undoubtedly desire. At one time it appeared as if the accused Minister might be pressed hard; and in this somewhat critical state of the question, Mr. McKellar took the straightforward course of placing his resignation in the hands of the Premier. The resignation was not accepted, and the Ministry was sustained on a vote of censure, directed personally against Mr. McKellar, by a majority of 17. During the discussion some one stumbled on the fact—and it was a fact that helped Mr. McKellar very materially—that during the recent election in England the Woolwich Dockyard hands had been allowed a half-holiday, to enable them to vote, without deduction of pay. If the precedent was not quite in point, it was not the weaker on that account. Neither Mr. McKellar nor the Ministry had anything to gain directly by the result of the West Toronto election; a vote more or less, in the Commons, was a vote for or against the Ottawa Government, whom it could neither have made nor marred: it was not a vote that would have counted in the Ontario House, while in the case of the Woolwich Dockyard workmen, the existence of the Government under whom they served was thrown into the issue. Still the error, such as it was, was of the nature of those produced by party zeal, which on all sides display so much strength and tenacity.

The assessment rolls, from which the list of voters is taken, have long been liable to be tampered with for partizan purposes. Complaints of foul play have been heard on every side, the assessors generally being the parties against whom the accusation is made. Electors have often been illegally deprived of the franchise through these designed irregularities. If the revision of the lists had been possible, as in England, there would probably have been only accidental irregularities to correct; for it is improbable that any one would deliberately commit frauds which were almost certain of detection. Mr. Mowat has now made provision by which the lists can be revised, not by Revising Barristers, as in England, but by the County Judges, most of whom, unlike the Supreme Court Judges, have sufficient time at their disposal for the extra work. If this change be carried out in such a way as to get at the root of the evil, a great scandal will have been removed.

Income franchise, on the basis of a four hundred dollar qualification, will modify the complexion of many constituencies quite enough to make it possible for the polling to produce results the opposite of what were attained under the old and more restricted franchise. In the absence of the ballot, the effect of this new addition to the electorate would have been to increase the strength of the dependent class of voters: under the ballot the new class of voters will be nearly as independent as any other. The two measures dovetail well into one another; without the ballot income franchise would have been a doubtful good either to its possessors or the commonwealth. This measure does not come into force till 1875.

Manitoba has presented to the Government at Ottawa a formidable programme of proposed "better terms." An extension of boundaries so as to embrace about ten times the area of the Province as at present constituted, is claimed. Reference is made to a map which shows the proposed new boundaries, and which we have not seen, but we suspect the scheme would encroach extensively on the territory of Ontario. The expansion of territorial area being granted, Manitoba proposes to make it the basis of an assumption that the population of the wider area is two hundred thousand—a figure which sounds like a monstrous exaggeration—and to base on it the right to eight representatives in the Commons and five in the Senate. Though the Dawson road would be wholly or chiefly within the limits of the extended Province, the general Government would not be denied the privilege of keeping it up. The other demands are the immediate construction of the public buildings; a well chosen mounted police of not less than fifty, towards the maintenance of which the Province would contribute; a differential tariff in favour of the Province of only four per cent., except on spirits, to which the general tariff might apply; free passage for emigrants from Collingwood to Fort Garry; the appointment of emigration agents at Duluth, Windsor, Collingwood, Sault Ste. Marie, and in Europe. We must stop here, for though the list is not much more than about half exhausted, the reader is entitled to some consideration. The Manitoba Government appears to have gone on the principle of asking every conceivable thing; and it has done enough to raise the question whether "better terms" are to be granted to any Province that asks them to an extent hitherto unheard of and practically unlimited? While such questions are seriously raised, the union is in too plastic a state to allow one to feel quite comfortable about the difficulties it may still have to encounter. There remains the question of amnesty, which overrides every other, and which is sure to crop up during the Session just commenced at Ottawa.

The constitutionality of the election court has become a subject of judicial enquiry in the Province of Quebec. The doubt was first suggested by one of the Judges; and the question has since been the subject of an elaborate argument. The question arises on the power of Parliament under the Act of Confederation, having the same privileges as the English House of Commons, can the Confederate Parliament not delegate its right to decide contested elections to the courts? The mode of nominating the judge to preside in this court has been brought in question, a secondary authorization by the local government being declared to be of doubtful legality. In reply, it is said that the election court is only an extension of the jurisdiction of the Superior Court; and that the judges act in the election court under their commissions as superior court judges. One objection is very farfetched—that the new duty imposes on the judges the acceptance of a forbidden salaried employment under the crown. The question of constitutionality has been raised in only one Province, but once raised it may possibly be extended to others, in spite of the affirmative decision rendered in Quebec. It is within the bounds of possibility that it should be decided one way in one Province and another way in another Province; and if this were to happen, the gravest inconvenience would result. In that event Parliament would have to cut the knot of the difficulty by an explanatory Act, if it had the power. The possibility of the question being decided in different ways in different Provinces, shews how necessary it is to establish a Supreme Court for the whole country, which should have sole jurisdiction in such cases.

Few public men present a greater contrast than the two American statesmen who have been called to their account during the month, Mr. Fillmore, a late President, who had survived his reputation and passed the last years of his life in obscurity, and Senator Sumner, who died in harness, in the zenith of his fame. No man did more than Mr. Sumner to break the force of that slave power of which Mr. Fillmore, in and out of the presidency, was the upholder. When Mr. Sumner broke the traditions of the Whig party by striking out a course for himself on the slavery question, the wrath of the old leaders waxed hot against him, and he was met by formal ostracism. Both parties courted the alliance of the slave power; and though the Democrats outbid their rivals, the Whigs were not prepared to strike for freedom. It was as a non-party man that Mr. Sumner first directed his attacks upon slavery. If he, and Hale and Chase had been content to square their conduct with the then settled rules of either of the old parties, the slave power might still have been triumphant, though its reign could not have been greatly prolonged. If the work had been neglected by them, it would have been undertaken at no distant day by others breaking the trammels of old party ties. Against the Free Soil party, which Mr. Sumner did so much to bring into existence, the traditions of Whiggery and the violent hostility of the Democrats went for nothing. Mr. Sumner rose on the rising tide of liberty, but not into the presidential chair: that distinction fell to respectable mediocrities—one after another, Polk, Pierce, Fillmore; but the position achieved by Mr. Sumner was far higher than anything which official success had to offer. To him belongs the noble distinction of having been foremost in that little band of philanthropists to whom four millions of people were ultimately to owe their release from slavery. Mr. Fillmore, in serving the slave power, may have sincerely believed that he was doing his best for his country; for with him it was a question of preserving the constitution with its compromises, and taking the bad for the sake of the good. Timid conservatism of great wrongs was his guiding principle. Mr. Sumner's radicalism overleaped the bounds of the constitution and looked only to secure the right.

The Women's Temperance Movement, while extending in area so as to embrace additional states, has developed very grotesque extravagances, in which the emotional side of the female character shows her to great disadvantage when divorced from the native modesty of the sex. The temper of the movement is hysterical; and the little respect which these women show for the rights of others does not impress us with the idea that they possess the qualities which make safe political agitators. When the character of the men they have to deal with is considered, it is plain that their proceedings were calculated to lead to a breach of the peace; in more than one instance the franctic women have been roughly handled by brutal men. It is the old story of being temperate through intemperance; and when the means are so out of harmony with the end in view, every degree of anomaly becomes possible. There is probably no other country in which a temperance movement could take so exceptional a form. That any permanent good, even to the women themselves, can come of it, is hard to believe. The first fruit of the movement, and perhaps the only permanent one, is to develope a fierce, unwomanly fanaticism, in which all female reserve is thrown off. If these unamiable characteristics remain when this crusade has died a natural death, the actors in these strange scenes will have been permanently deteriorated.

There is another side to this picture. American women are not themselves free from the vice of inebriety. There are said to be three confirmed inebriates to every hundred women. The proportion is smaller than that of men; but the descent of the women who drink is more rapid. The excitement of the civil war increased the craving for stimulants, by the use of which destructive metamorphosis is retarded. Before this the Americans may have been accounted a sober people. The excitement which the women who have undertaken the new temperance movement go through will be followed by a reaction in which medical men may find it necessary to prescribe stimulants for many of them, and some of them may in time become victims of the evil they so frantically deplore. The women's war on whiskey is too spasmodic to be permanent, and too exhausting to be even moderately durable. In the street riots which it has already provoked, these praying women are no match for brawny men released from restraint by the influence of intoxicating stimulants.

Flagrant abuses have arisen out of a provision by which the seizing officer receives a moiety of the goods confiscated for a breach of the Customs law. It has been proved before a committee of Congress that the practice has led to blackmailing on a large scale. The law permitting arbitrary seizures of importing merchants' books and papers will probably be repealed. Many cases of wrong-doing on the part of the Custom House officials have been brought to light; and in some instances the government has repaid large sums in compensation of the injustice done. It is a choice of evils, for where dishonest collectors cannot rob importers, they join dishonest importers and make the government a prey. The unjust seizures, by officers who desired to secure a moiety of the goods, have caused a degree of resistance and remonstrance on the part of importers that will stamp out the wrong.

The celebration of the Centenary of the Republic by a great international exhibition, is a project that dates two years ago. Private subscriptions to the amount of three millions and a half of dollars, in aid of the enterprise, were obtained or promised; but still the larger part of the whole amount necessary was wanting. The President recently called on Congress to give the demonstration a national character by means of a public appropriation; and it is now certain that in no other way can the necessary funds be obtained. Up to the beginning of March, when the time for receiving replies from foreign nations to invitations to take part in the exhibition expired, only four had signified their intention to become exhibitors. The scale on which the exhibition is projected is larger than that of any that has taken place in Europe; but the distance of Philadelphia from most of the nations that may be regarded as possible exhibitors will probably prevent their conception from being realized.

SELECTIONS.

MY RECOLLECTIONS OF FENTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

(From Belgravia.)

CHAPTER I.

DR. SAB, HIS HOUSEHOLD AND HIS PUNISHMENT.

At the age of ten I was sent to Fenton Grammar School, kept by Dr. Sab, and I will venture to say that no school in this world—not even Squeers's—could compare with this school at the time to which I allude. My father took me a journey of 130 miles to this castle of learning, and I thought I should have cried my eyes out, for I had never been so far from home before. Indeed that was the first day I had ever seen a train. What blackguards many of the boys were ! Winchester 'tunding' is a trifle to the 'tunding' I underwent. I dared not, however, complain to my father, who would never hear any but good reports from a boy on the subject of his school.

What I suffered in body and mind during those three years at Fenton, Heaven knows ; still, I always looked well and healthy, and my general spirits were good. In fact I began at an early period to accept the inevitable, and to console myself by looking at the ludicrous side of men and things ;

> 'when my heart,
> As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain,
> I have, as when the sun doth light a storm,
> Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile.'

I arrived at Fenton late in the evening. Dr. Sab seemed a kind man, as I believe he was. His niece Miss Catson and her mother were staying in the house ; also Capt. Jumble, J.P., who was courting and destined to marry Miss Catson. Mrs. Catson was very kind, showing me pictures, &c. ; but her attention was lost on me. Miss Catson looked a beautiful piece of waxwork, and Captain Jumble seemed old enough to be her father.

It was hard that the doctor should always be inflicted with the company of these two people ; but he was very fond of the former, who used—so the boys said—to tie up his birches with blue ribbon. Sab had given up birching in my days. My schoolfellows told me that in his study was a chair, carefully screwed down, between the bars of which the victim would place his head, and then be breech-loaded by the doctor, sitting over him on the chair. This style of punishment, they added, had been discontinued ; and when a case of birching occurred, the doctor would leave the school, and, going out into the street, engage the first foot-passenger who would undertake a hoisting job for the fee of one shilling. The unfortunate was then bared in the usual way, and received an elevated castigation.

Tradition, however, has it that on one occasion, just as the operation was about to commence, the boy bit his hoister's ear so violently as to cause that functionary to deposit his burden with ejaculations other than scriptural.

"—— the young —— he has bit my ear !"

"Tut ! tut ! my good man, do not swear."

"But, —— the young ——, he has bit my ear !"

Though Sab continued to say, "Tut ! tut ! my man, do not swear," the man never varied his reply, "—— the young —— he has bit my ear !"

The matter ended by his paying a fee of half-a-crown, and then requesting the hoister to depart.

The usual mode of punishment in my day was as follows :

Opposite Sab's desk was a post. If a boy offended the second master, the Rev. Mr. Fizzy (who was also mathematical master), or the writing and French master, Mr. Jonas, he was met with the words, "Go up."

Taking his stand at the post, the offender (generally without being questioned) would receive five cuts on the hands and three on the back. The strokes were generally harmless, for Sab was getting old. Sometimes the boys would send themselves up, or would go up for a bribe of a fig, or a nut, or anything else. One afternoon I sent myself up four times. The third time Sab said, "This is really too bad. You must be a very troublesome boy ; and doubled the dose. The fourth time he asked :

"Who sent you up ?"

"I did, sir."

"You sent yourself up, sir ?"

"Yes, sir."

Then the infuriated doctor jumped out, and lathered me till the cane broke.

"Now, sir, perhaps you will send yourself up again."

CHAPTER II.

OUR MASTERS.

THE Rev. Mr. Fizzy (whose predecessor, I believe, was in prison) was a comparatively new master, and, seeing the absence of anything like work in the school, had taken some pains to teach the boys. This was surely revolutionary ; and, like all moral reformers, Fizzy was doomed to suffer. Fizzy was to be "booked" on the first occasion. The opportunity soon presented itself. At dinner Sab was heard to say, "I shall not be in to-night, Mr. Fizzy ; will you kindly read prayers ?"

The fellows at once set to work to collect potatoes, ink-bottles, rotten eggs, &c. At eight o'clock in the evening two pupils arranged to bar the door stealthily. To another was intrusted the task of blowing down the gas-pipe from the room above, which—on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle—was called the study. Fizzy had not got half-way through the first prayer when all was utter darkness, and the fiends discharge their missiles with such effect that Fizzy, escaping with great difficulty, showed up next morning with eyes almost closed, and with his head and face plentifully coated with plaster. Somehow or other, the rebellion being general, all escaped punishment. Fizzy was really a good man, and an efficient teacher—when his pupils were teachable. He was intellectual, good-natured, simple-hearted, and hospitable, but terribly green in the matter of boys' sports and pursuits, though he afterwards strove to make up this deficiency.

"Truth is the daughter of Time," and Fizzy, after no long period, became very popular. It were ungrateful of me to speak an evil word of him. "Come for a walk, Ajax?" he would say (Jonas had given me this name); and I enjoyed a walk with him. He would botanise on the road, and was always glad of my practical knowledge of plants. He loved flowers, and so did I: and how he envied me when I gave him the popular equivalent for his scientific terms! He would say how much he preferred knowing a plant as "goose-grass" to knowing it as "potentilla anserina."

Then he took to learning swimming by means of a belt, and soon became expert. Many a time have we swum together, with the simple delight of children, for I believe his heart was as young as mine. Later in the year he learnt whist, and eventually became a skilful player, though I am bound to say that I frequently held such extraordinary cards as to baffle all his science. The hardest lesson he set himself was certainly riding. He had been in the habit of driving nine miles every Sunday to his curacy, but suddenly he seemed to think riding was more manly. If ever he was at home in the saddle, I can testify it was only after much pain and labour.

His love for Shakespeare and the poets was intense; and here we differed, for how could I appreciate Shakespeare?

One evening Fizzy asked me to his rooms, which were over a barber's shop in the town, and requested me to read *Macbeth* while he finished a sermon. I turned over the leaves mechanically, backwards and forwards, for a couple of hours.

"Now, Ajax, have you read it?"

"Yes, sir."

"You thoroughly understand the outline of the play?"

"Yes, sir, thoroughly."

"Now, hear me read it."

Good heavens! Would the earth kindly open, and swallow up Fizzy and Shakespeare?

I soon fell fast asleep, without Fizzy's noticing me apparently. When he had finished—I learned afterwards he had finished—he woke me up by exclaiming,

"Why, Ajax, Ajax, you are fast asleep?"

"No, sir, only closing my eyes. Heard every word of it."

Then he put me through my facings, and discovered, after my stating that I considered Macbeth and Lady Macbeth very nice people, that I was ignorant of what he had been reciting and of what I had pretended to read.

Fizzy bore me no ill-will, and never inflicted a recitation from Shakespeare on me again, though his conversation never ceased to be poetical as he wandered with me and others over the country.

When I was promoted to his class, I found him a zealous teacher. He infused spirit and interest into all his lessons, though he was never rigid in exacting the lesson, or even attendance at class. It is true he was not a "gerund-grinder," or a "grammatical cinder;" but still, when he taught I think some virtue went out from him, even though we might acquire no facts.

Mr. Jonas was a Welshman of the fiery type. He pronounced his *r*'s lik *w*'s, and left out and put in his *h*'s with the most comical effect.

He was the most passionate man I ever saw. His wrath, however, endured but "the twinkling of an eye."

If he lost a game of fives, he would, if chaffed, throw the ball away, and then give us two new ones. When taunted with "fudging" at marbles, he would confiscate the ring, and shortly afterwards replace double the quantity of marbles confiscated.

Once I chaffed Jonas; and, running for my life, hid myself under the bed.

"Come out, Ajax. I am not going to touch you."

I came out.

"I daresay you think I am going to kill you, Ajax."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I am not. I would if I had caught you a minute earlier."

When I was at Fenton, Jonas was courting a lady's maid, and would look daggers when I happened to meet him and his love in my long wanderings from the school.

A "booking" was in store for Jonas within a fortnight after my arrival. The boys had destroyed some bedsteads, and resented Jonas's interference. Next day, as he was walking on the common with a big boy, who was considered a sneak, the troop of blackguards, armed with sticks (William Catson, the doctor's nephew, had a pistol) attacked the two sneaks, as they were called. The boy, acting on the advice of his master, took to his heels, and the pistol was fired at him without effect. Jonas stood firm, and we looked very foolish. The attack, however, was led by an American boy, who hit Jonas on the arm. I cannot explain the fact, but the blow was followed by a tremendous stream of blood. We were all frightened, and the battle ended. Jonas went home, dressed his arm, and appeared in the school with two policemen. We were prisoners. Sab, knowing Jonas's temperament, talked till the latter cooled and softened, dismissed the policemen, and shook hands with us all round. After this event, no people could be on better terms than Jonas and the boys of Fenton Grammar School. There would, it is true, be momentary exceptions to the mutual truce; as, for instance, when he dipped my head into a large dish of rice because I expressed a contemptuous dislike for that article; or again when, one Good Friday, he nearly strangled a boy over the table for chaffing him.

So far as the smaller boys were concerned, the real deities of the place were John Leger, Mary Blowsey, and Miss Hibbert. They were all servants. Dr. Sab trusted everything, even the carving at dinner, to Leger; and John, knowing our tastes, could always pay off an old score.

I may here mention that while the masters had meat we had pudding, and *vice-versâ;* so that there was no inconvenience about the sequence of the courses. In Sab's presence John had broken a plate over my head; and out of the doctor's sight he would inflict the most exquisite torture. He rewarded his favourites in this way. On Sundays, or on washing-days, when there was a large party in the kitchen, he would make the few cups of tea left into ten or twelve basins of that beverage, (we never used cups,) and distribute them to his friends.

In passing I will state that, as a rule, we drank milk at breakfast and at tea, and water at dinner.

Then John went to "Young Men's Christian Association's meetings," and it was deemed an honour to go out and be seen with him.

Mary Blowsey was the cook, and would occasionally give us lumps of bread when we were hungry—which, if I may speak for myself, was always. She was very vain; and if a boy chaffed her about her wig, then good-bye to prospective lumps of bread. Though she could neither read nor write, she would go to church with prayer and hymn books, which of course she often kept open in the wrong place or else held upside down.

Miss Hibbert was upper-housemaid, and kept our clothes. She called herself Miss to distinguish herself from a younger sister, Lizzie, in the service of the school. She was a veritable tyrant, and woe betide her enemies! Miss Hibbert left in my time; and shortly after my leaving the doctor took the extreme step of dismissing Leger and Blowsey, when he discovered how they were fattening themselves and starving the boys.

CHAPTER III.

THE UNFORTUNATES OF FENTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

WITHOUT going into Sab's character, which, I think, may be evolved from the chapters which I shall devote to the manners and customs of Fenton Grammar School, let me say something about the three unfortunates--Robert Eels, James and John Rodger. The former was "cock" of the school. He certainly was clever, and though I have seen him thrash fellows—especially the bigger ones—unmercifully when they deserved a licking, yet he was not, relatively speaking, a bully; nay, he often helped the weak and the oppressed. I observed that Eels had no relations, and always spent his holidays at the school. His parents, as the account ran, had left him at Fenton, and emigrating to Australia, had never since communicated with him. It was generally believed that Sab educated, clothed, and fed him gratis.

Eels was lame. His lameness was due to some bullies having thrown him, when he was a little boy, down the study-stairs. The effect of the fall was a broken leg, which the bullies thought merely crooked, and tried to hammer straight with wickets. To anticipate Eels' career, I may mention that he was rather fond of running away. He thought if he could only get to London, he might work his way out to Australia. He would travel to town without a ticket, and when the tickets were being collected, would hide himself under the seat; but was always either detected by the collector or else betrayed by his fellow-passengers. Then he was brought back by a railway official. How Sab managed to settle these matters I do not know; but he was a "smooth-tongued chieftain," and probably arranged them comfortably. One October evening, at tea-time, Eels came round very mysteriously, and begged one piece of "bread-and-scrape" (we were allowed two pieces) from each boy. Next morning he was missed. The fire-work money, about £5, was missed also. Detectives were at once set on his track, much against the doctor's wish; but Eels was never heard of until some months afterwards, when he wrote to Sab from Australia, and said he had found his parents and was prosperous. I hope he gave some tangible proof of his prosperity to his benefactor. Another boy, named Lenny, absconded with Eels, and was apprehended in the London slums with half a pound of tobacco about his person; but the kind-hearted Sab managed to save him from prosecution. Lenny's only excuse was, I believe, an uncomfortable home; but when I think of Eels, I remember that Thackeray somewhere observes that, after seeing the Lord Mayor in procession, and then Tyburn Jack being led to the gallows, he reflected that circumstances might have placed him in the position of the one or the other.

James and John Rodger were sons of a clergyman who had taken high honours, and who, after being a successful tutor at the University, was presented with a living in the country. Rodgers' father was also an author, but, I understood, a great drunkard. At the time to which I refer he was living in London, Heaven knows how; for he was suspended from his living.

Who paid for Rodgers' education I never discovered: if any payment was made, I think it was by a clerical society. The Rodgers had some influential friends; and I remember a distinguished nobleman once or twice gave the poor boys a complete outfit—not, however, so often as required; for they would go about for months together in rags and tatters and soleless slippers. How often have I seen these poor but well-born boys standing for hours with their backs to the wall because they were not presentable in any other position!

On Sundays they were better off, for the boys week-day clothes would be at their disposal; but then every one, down to the street cad, recognised the fact. *In extremis*, they would accept a friend's cast-off garments. If I were to live a thousand years, I do not think I could efface from my memory the impression produced by the sight of these Rodgers.

Let us anticipate their career. A few years ago, I read in the paper a letter from a man who was in a London hospital, stating how he had been carelessly ridden over in the streets and had his leg broken, without being able to get any redress. A few weeks afterwards, I received a letter (directed to my old address, but forwarded to me in London), written in a familiar hand, which, however, I had not seen for ten years. The letter, dated from the north of London, ran something like this:

"My dear Ajax,—If you will refer to a letter in the —— paper, signed ——, you will understand my position. A friend of my late father, the Rev. —— [a distinguished clergyman, since dead,] has kindly assisted me out of the hospital, and has enabled me to take these rooms. If you care to know how you may help an old school-fellow, please write, or call here next Tuesday, if you should chance to be in town. —Ever yours, JAMES RODGER."

I called on Rodger, who looked several years older than he really was. Care, sorrow and toil had marked his face. I spent a long evening, and gathered the progress of his history since I left Fenton. For years he had been an usher, or assistant-master, and had worked hard after his teaching and other duties were finished. By thrift and labour he had enabled himself to qualify for the medical profession. In the November of the year to which I allude he had arranged to be married in the following spring, and was to have taken a promising practice in January. In December he had come up to town to start his youngest brother—not John—to the colonies, which he did with the last £70 in his possession. On returning from the Docks he met with his accident. How, after leaving school penniless, he could, within ten years, have enabled himself to walk the hospitals, educate his brother and equip him for the colonies, was a problem I did not attempt to solve. I have heard him speak of his maternal grandmother, (the widow of a French marshal,) and understood that he might possibly succeed to a little money at her death. John Rodger, I knew, had enlisted with another boy shortly after my leaving Fenton; but I could learn nothing of his subsequent history. In due time James returned to the north, but never wrote to me after the first month of his arrival.

Let us, however, judge Misfortune's child charitably. I gathered that he was alive in the following year, from a paragraph in the paper, which described how a victim of highway robbery and violence had been rescued by my old schoolfellow.

CHAPTER IV.

DOMESTIC ARRANGEMENTS—DORMITORY DISCIPLINE—STUDIES—RECREATIONS.

THE school was a building separate from the house. The arrangements of the house, so far as they affected the boys, were peculiar. On going to the bedrooms, you first entered the kitchen, which opened into a lavatory. In the lavatory you observed two steps leading to a door, which, on being opened, revealed a flight of stairs by which you ascended to the bedrooms. On the first landing you turned aside to the right, and entered a small dormitory, in which you saw a door, on one side, leading to Jonas's bedroom; facing you was a door which opened into another small dormitory. If you turned to the left on the landing, you entered a dormitory called the "brown room," occupied by the bigger boys, which communicated with the "long room," occupied by the "tag-rag and bobtail" of the school. My bed was in the "long room," on the right hand side nearest the door. By an extraordinary fiction, all noise was supposed to proceed from the "long room" alone. Sab would come up once or twice with the warning—afterwards so familiar to me—"I will lay into the first boy I come across."

Any one will see why the two newest boys always occupied the bed on each side of the door. The tenants of these two beds were often thrashed when fast asleep; indeed, there was often a conspiracy to get them licked.

Before getting into bed I knelt down to say my prayers, but was soon disturbed by a volley of boots at my head.

"What the —— do you mean by saying your prayers? No boy is allowed to say his prayers here."

Will any casuist kindly tell me how far I sinned in adopting the custom, after this event, of saying my prayers in bed!

After this there was blanket-tossing, and I was "tunded" against the ceiling until I had no sound spot on my body. Some weeks later on, on a Sunday, some of the big fellows in the "brown room" had a tremendous bolstering match in the "long room." Sab appeared just as one bolster burst, amid a perfect snow-storm, and welted every occupant of my room. On making his exit by the smaller room, I heard him pause for a moment, and say to one of the bullies:

"What, Smith! smoking in bed! Disgusting habit!"

The doctor retired, and Smith continued his pipe.

Running the gauntlet took place in the morning. All the boys, from the various dormitories, assembled with their bolsters in the "long room," and stood on the beds. The congregation would be thickest near the ends of the bedroom. Then the victim had to run six times up and down, and at each end was literally dashed against the wall. I have often thought whether, on these occasions, I touched the ground at all, except at the end of each course—one seemed to be lifted along,

In the morning the occupants of the "long room" went down to wash in the lavatory, though, it is true, the process of ablution was often dispensed with. The boy who washed every day was considered abnormal. Those who went in for a complete wash passed, stripped to the waist, through the kitchen, where the servants were at breakfast, with their basin to the pump outside, to get the water for ablution.

As an instance of absence of mind, I may mention that I have more than once gone to the pump without my basin; or, having taken the basin, have returned without the water.

For breakfast we had a basin of bread-and-milk, or else a basin of milk, cold or hot, according to our choice, and two lumps of bread. Every Tuesday we were given rolls and butter. For dinner there was pudding every day, and rice occurred three times in the week. After pudding came meat, which, however, I rarely touched. For tea each boy was allowed a basin of milk and two pieces of bread-and-scrape. Instead of the latter article, one might have two lumps of bread and two little bits of cheese.

Our fare was every way simple. On Saturdays, when the dinner consisted of rice and boiled beef—my pet abominations at that time—I kept away from the table, and indulged in a penny twist; or if my pocket-money would not run to a penny, I would seek my dinner on the hedgerows. De Quincey says this mode of procuring his dinner ruined his stomach, and was the cause of his first taking opium. My stomach, however, was good-natured, and did not rebel against the food supplied by the hedgerows.

When I was at Fenton it was customary for boys, when very hard up, to sell their rolls, treacle, and apple-pudding for the half-year. When they were in immediate want they would, like Esau, part with all their prospective possessions, for a trifling consideration, to some long-headed investor.

When I first entered the school I was struck with the air of freedom which seemed to pervade the place. The boys sat where they liked, and did almost what they liked. Each learnt his piece for Sab, as the head boy arranged who should begin, and how much each boy should say. For the other masters the work seemed chiefly voluntary. Jonas was engaged in making mysterious memoranda on the wall by his desk. I discovered afterwards he was learning Latin and Greek, with the assistance of some of the scholars. Many times he would say to me, "Ajax, just hear me say τύπτω"—pronouncing the *u* as we do in the word "up."

The doctor occasionally shouted, "Gentlemen, w-o-r-k is the order of the day."

Fizzy appeared buried in Spenser or Shakespeare. Occasionally I observed a boy would call on Fizzy or Jonas, sit down by his side for half an hour, and enjoy an apparently animated conversation.

Many of the fellows were up in the study, making fireworks or fives-balls, or tearing up the small boys' books for a paper chase.

"Come up, third class," Sab would say; and then boys emerged from the strangest places, as if by magic.

Many of them were under the floor, beneath which they had been exploring, having taken as their point of departure two planks which they had torn up beneath their desks.

"Come up, French class," shouts Jonas, who taught French like a sword-blade. "Now, Druggs"—a day-boy, son of a chemist in the town—"votre mère comment se porte-t'-elle?"

"Mon mère est marmalade."

A general laugh was raised, and then Jonas let fly into all the boys but the one who caused the laughter.

Then followed a little geography and history; though I do not remember to have been taught a single fact in either of these subjects.

In the afternoon we did arithmetic in the following way: boys took out their books and slates, and Jonas would come round about five minutes before the time was up.

"Show me your work. All right. Rub it out."

The work which I did on the first day lasted me all the time I was in Jonas' class.

An event occurred on the first afternoon which prevented many boys from going to sleep.

William Catson having fastened an enormous cracker to a piece of string, lighted it, and placing it carefully on the coat-button of Mr. Fizzy—who was leaning over a desk—asked leave to go out. In half a minute bang, bang! went the cracker, and played fantastically by the string all round Fizzy. Sab went round and asked everybody to take his oath that he had no part in this event—a request which was readily granted. Then Sab made a speech, with the usual preface:

"Thirty-and-five years have I sat in this seat," &c. "Some boy in this room is a blackguard and a liar." (Groans and hisses.) "Thirty-and-five years have I sat in this seat, and have never seen such a disgraceful thing." (Groans and hisses.)

After school the big fellows sat round the fire, and at my expense smoked bad tobacco, and drank worse beer, which I had to fetch from the Fox and Hounds.

At tea-time the milk was bad, and a general order was given to upset it on the table. This hint was sometimes taken, but more frequently pocketed by the school deities.

In the evening the boys paid Sab out by stopping up the jet of his gas, by putting a small pig inside his desk, and by placing on the top of the desk the large gates which had been unhinged from their usual position in the field.

The man-servant Leger, and two or three friends whom he called in from the street, removed the gates; but what was Sab's surprise to see a live pig jump out of his desk and misconduct itself on his black breeches! Of course the usual speech was delivered—"Thirty-and-five years have I sat in this seat, and never," &c., &c. (Groans.) Sab could see tolerably well by the gas which was lighted in the school, but when he tried to light his private burner he observed the trick played upon him. "Thirty-and-five years," &c., &c. (Groans and hisses.)

"Dear me! why do you annoy me? I never annoy you." (Laughter.)

Evening study lasted from seven to eight, but attendance did not seem compulsory on the bigger boys, who might be seen at this time emerging from pot-houses and ready for any devilry.

One day the key of the kitchen clock was missed. Of course Sab said we had taken it, and when we individually protested that we were innocent, he replied, as he alway did on such occasions:

"Well, if you did not, somebody else did. I will stop the pocket-money."

I became alarmed, but my schoolfellows said, "Never mind, we will bring Sab to his senses," and went to work in the following way:—

They first removed the bust of Homer (by which I afterwards learned the doctor set great store) and then drew, in charcoal, representations of clocks and keys on the whitewashed walls. All over the place could be seen the words—"The key of the kitchen clock we have not got. No pocket-money; no Homer."

Sab, on coming to afternoon school at once missed Homer.

"Gentlemen, where is Homer?" he said, more in sorrow than in anger.

On observing the charcoal drawings and writing on the wall, he exclaimed,

"Gentlemen, bring back Homer, and I will give out the pocket-money."

Homer was replaced, but insult and eventually annihilation were in store for him.

Homer was opposite the fire-place, and boys would fling coals at him, until at length they knocked out his eyes. Sab was deeply affected, but attempted a grim joke. "Well, Homer was blind; but please, gentlemen, do not damage him any more."

For some time Homer escaped; but as the fifth of November approached, fireworks were plentiful in the school, and just as the doctor was coming into school one young devil put through Homer's eyeless orbits two squibs, which sank down into the hollow bust. Sab observed the sparks ejected by Homer, and presently an explosion by which the blind bard fell shattered to the ground. Poor Sab cried as he stood over the ruins, and preserved the poet's crown, which I believe he kept as a treasure until his dying day. His face of sorrow I shall never forget.

(*To be continued.*)

SCIENCE AND NATURE.

IN his interesting work entitled "The Great Ice-Age," Mr. James Geikie comes to the conclusion that the Glacial Period took place about two hundred thousand years ago. At this time the earth was so placed with regard to the sun that a series of physical changes was induced, which eventually resulted in conferring upon the northern hemisphere a climate of more than Arctic severity. "All Northern America and Northern Europe disappeared beneath a thick crust of ice and snow, and the glaciers of such regions as Switzerland assumed gigantic proportions. This great sheet of land-ice levelled up the valleys of Britain, and stretched across our mountains and hills down to low latitudes in England. Being only one connected or confluent series of mighty glaciers, the ice crept ever downwards and outwards from the mountains, following the direction of the principal valleys, and pushing out far to sea, where it terminated at last in deep water, many miles away from what now forms the coast-line of the country. This sea of ice was of such extent that the glaciers of Scandinavia coalesced with those of Scotland, upon what is now the floor of the shallow North Sea, while a mighty stream of ice flowing outwards from the western sea-board obliterated the Hebrides, and sent its ice-bergs adrift in the deep waters of the Atlantic. In like manner, massive glaciers, born in the Welsh and Cambrian mountains, swept over the low grounds of England, and united with the Scotch and Irish ice upon the bottom of the Irish sea. At the same period the Scandinavian mountains shed vast icebergs into the northern ocean, and sent southwards a sheet of ice that not only filled up the basin of the Baltic, but overflowed Finland, and advanced upon the plains of Northern Germany; while from every mountain-region in Europe great glaciers descended, sometimes for almost inconceivable distances, into the low countries beyond. Ere long this wonderful scene of Arctic sterility passed away. Gradually the snow and ice melted and drew back to the mountains, and plants and animals appeared as the climate ameliorated. The mammoth and the woolly-coated rhinoceros roamed in our valleys, the great bear haunted our caves, and pine-trees grew in the south of England; but the seasons were still well marked. * * * By slow degrees, however, the cold of winter abated and the heat of summer increased. As the warmth of summer waxed, the Arctic mammalia gradually disappeared from our valleys, and sought out northern and more congenial homes. Step by step the climate continued to grow milder, and the differences between the seasons less marked, till something like perpetual summer reigned in Britain. Then it was that the hippopotamus wallowed in our rivers, and the elephant crashed through our forests; then too the lion, the tiger and the hyæna, became denizens of the English caves. Such scenes as these continued for a long time; but again the climate began to change. The summers grew less genial, the winters more severe. Gradually the southern mammalia disappeared, and were succeeded by Arctic animals. Even these, however, as the temperature became too severe, migrated southwards, until all life deserted Britain, and snow and ice reigned in undisputed possession. Once more the confluent glaciers overflowed the land, and desolation and sterility were everywhere."

So far as material support goes, the people of the United States may with right boast of a generosity and magnificence in the assistance of pure science, such has as yet not been ever approached by any other civilized nation. It is proposed to found a memorial monument to Agassiz, and it has been justly decided that no more appropriate method of carrying out this object could be devised then that of completing the noble and almost unrivalled museum of which he was the founder and creator. Knowing the vast sums which have been already expended in raising this museum to its present condition, one cannot, therefore, without wonder and admiration, read that the citizens of Boston have determined to give three hundred thousand dollars to the Cambridge Museum, in order to complete its endowment—no less than sixty-five thousand dollars of this sum having been contributed during the first preliminary meeting called together to consider the question.

Some exceedingly interesting observations have been made by Mr. Thomas Belt upon the habits of various of the animals of Nicaragua in Central America. Amongst the most interesting of these are his discoveries as to the habits of some of the ants, of whose customs and instincts he must have been a most attentive observer. With regard to the well-known but little understood leaf-cutting ants, which spend most of their lives in storing up vast collections of leaves in their immense subterranean dwellings, Mr. Belt for the first time advances a theory which would reasonably explain the habit. The older observers imagined that the ants either used the leaves as food, or employed them for the purpose of thatching their nests, but this view is rejected by Mr. Belt. He maintains, on the contrary, that the ants live to a large extent upon a minute fungus which grows upon decaying leaves, and that they diligently collect and store away the leaves for the sole purpose of growing this fungus, and thus of providing themselves with a supply of food. In this case, we must add the practice of agriculture to the numerous other accomplishments which ants are already known to possess. It need hardly be added that, with this peculiar taste, the leaf-eating ants are amongst the most frightful of all imaginary pests of the garden. Mr. Belt, during a somewhat prolonged stay in Nicaragua, seems to have made vigorous attempts to cultivate a small garden, and he gives an amusing account of his endeavours to extirpate the ants by pouring buckets-full of diluted carbolic acid down the broad tunnels leading to their subterranean abodes.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE Elections in England have not been without their effect on the Magazines. The non-political monthlies are hardly up to the mark—the literary spirit, pure and simple, having been apparently confounded by the din. On the other hand, the excitement of the contest seems to have imparted unusual vigour even to the literary contributors of the party periodicals. *Macmillan*, for instance, which excludes political topics, although it contains one or two attractive papers, is, on the whole, uninviting. The interesting articles are unfortunately of the "to be continued" class. The first article, on "Endowed Competitions at the Universities," by Sedley Taylor, M.A., is an attack on University Fellowships and upon the system of competitive examinations, as at present existing, particularly in Cambridge. The writer gives some practical suggestions on University Reform. Prof. Williamson, of Owen's College, Manchester, contributes what appears to be the substance of a lecture on "Coal and Coal Plants," the first part giving an account of the newest theory on the formation of coal, is of general interest; but the remainder, which discusses at length the points of difference between the writer and Prof. Huxley regarding *Sporangia*, is scarcely suited to the pages of a popular magazine. Dr. Hiller's collection of Mendelssohn's letters, strung together on a sketch of his life, increase in value. This instalment covers the first year and a half of the great composer's married life with his beloved Cécile. "The Prince-Printers of Italy" is continued. The three generations of the Manuzii, the efforts of the Popes and Cardinals on behalf of the typographical art, the establishment of the Vatican press by Sixtus V., and the munificent aid given by the houses of Medici at Florence, and Este at Ferrara, form the subjects of a very instructive paper. Lastly, we have "An Elephant Kraal," describing two elephant hunts in Ceylon, in which the Duke of Edinburgh took part. Two little stories at the end are short and pointed enough for quotation. The demands upon a planter's hospitality had, on one occasion, been so excessive, that when two officers drew up at his bungalow, he found that his larder was empty. Addressing his boy in pigeon-English, he said, "Boy, try get something to eat for officer-gentlemen." The boy managed to serve up a most excellent curry, and after lunch the guests departed. Two days after, the cat was missing:—"Boy, where is the cat?" "Oh, pardon, master; other day nothing to eat for officer-gentlemen, me curry the cat!" The other is a garrison chaplain's grace before meat, pronounced when H.R.H. dined at the mess at Colombo. The reverend gentleman wished to be equal to the occasion, and yet was in a hurry for his dinner, so he delivered himself *ore rotundo,* as follows:—"God save the Queen and bless the dinner—white soup, boy," all in the same breath.

Blackwood is, of course, in high feather. The way in which Maga unwraps the flannels from his gouty old limbs, flings away his crutch and dances a jig on the grave of the Liberal party, is "a caution;" but of this presently. The initial chapters of a new story, "Alice Lorraine," are very promising—the legend of the Astrologer opening the prospect for no end of possibilities. The second and concluding part of "The Two Speransky" is given, and we think our readers, if they have the Magazine at hand, will agree with us that a more interesting and pathetic story has seldom been told than that of Michael, the father, sometime Secretary of State to the Czar, and Elizabeth Speransky-Bagréeff, the Russian novelist, his daughter. If the Royal Marriage, which is sure to introduce a flood of translations and other forms of literature on Russian subjects, will secure for us a good English version of "Une Famille Tongouse," we shall be thankful. The paper on Queen Anne's reign is light, sketchy and entertaining. "Disorders in Dreamland" is not yet concluded. It is one of those choice bits of serio-comic story-telling for which *Blackwood* is famous. We only wish the writer would not drag his heroine, Miss Fulford, through so many troubles. She is a most lovable creature, and the public will expect the author, who has charge of her destiny, to see that she is amply rewarded when the curtain falls. The suddenness of the dissolution cut Maga off with only two political pages last month; he takes ample revenge now by giving an article for each of these pages. The Conservative cock certainly "does" some "pretty tall" crowing, as our neighbours would say. The great victory is turned over and examined in all its aspects; figures are manipulated in a bewildering fashion, and it is satisfactorily shown that things could have been better and yet could not have been better than they are. Maga told the public five years ago, and has been telling them ever since, that this success would result; but nobody listened to the prophet. Who is right now? And the old chap chuckles over the evidence of his own prescience. We are sorry to see, however, that he is not as generous to Mr. Gladstone as he can afford to be. If the ex-Premier had been Arthur Orton, picking oakum in Newgate, it could scarcely have said anything much more severe than it does say. Its party has managed to "subdue the proud," but it shows no disposition "to spare the vanquished." However, it is not often that magnanimity waits upon success. Let us give a sample of the first article. After styling the dissolution a "night attack" and an "Ashantee ambush," the writer proceeds:—"The Radical party have been utterly routed. They have lost their seats, they have lost their places, they have lost their heads, and they have lost their principles." We begin to think that the Liberals are not the only people who have lost their heads.

The *Fortnightly* opens with a manly and common sense view of "The Conservative Reaction," from the pen of Frederic Harrison. Those who have been in the habit of reading the notes on "Public Affairs" from month to month, will know what to expect at his hands. There is no attempt to belittle the disastrous defeat of the Liberal party—it is admitted to the fullest extent. Mr. Harrison acknowledges the operation of minor causes, but contends that the great cause of all is that "the middle-classes have gone over bag and baggage to the enemy." In another place he says: "The hard-and-fast party of the strictest sect of Liberalism or Radicalism has been wont to smile at the vision of the Conservative working-man. Perhaps he smiles no longer. He has had a good deal to do with the making of the Conservative working-man, who, in all the measures which directly affect his interests, has found the Radical economist his stiffest opponent." On the whole, Mr. Harrison views the position of affairs with regret, but not with dismay:—"The tone of the nation has become distinctly Conservative," and that there is every probability it will continue so perhaps during this generation. Amongst the other articles, we note as eminently able and instructive, Mr. Morison's "Age of Louis XIV.," Mr. F. W. Newman's "Parliamentary Government," and Mr. John Morley's appreciative criticism of Victor Hugo's new romance on the Vendéan War and the Revolution of '93. To some of these we may return, and we must again leave the *Contemporary,* which contains several important papers, for a future occasion.

BOOK REVIEWS.

FABLES IN SONG. By Robert Lord Lytton, Author of "Poems by Owen Meredith." Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co., 1874.

The present possessor of Knebworth has here sought to revive a species of literature which had fallen somewhat into abeyance. Beasts and birds and inanimate objects are brought on the scene, talking in human strain, in the old familiar way. The matter and style are everywhere apt and simple, but raised a good deal above the level of mere juveniles. Each little story is thoughtfully and ingeniously constructed and made the vehicle of a salutary moral. As a fabulist, Lord Lytton will probably not attain to the popularity of Gay or Lafontaine; but his book will be appreciated by all loving observers of the habits of animals, and the phenomena of nature generally, for the sake of its many graphic touches and descriptions as well as for its formal lessons. Couched in verse, and prefaced in several instances by a pleasant introductory narrative, these fables remind us of Phædrus rather than Æsop. The monotony of Phædrus has however been avoided by the adoption of a variety of metres, some of them curious and unusual. "Bos locutus est" said Prof. Huxley the other day, referring with some bitterness but much humour, in his inaugural address at Aberdeen, to the result of the English elections. "Bull hath spoken!" (and put a stop, the professor intimated, for the present at least, to several contemplated advances in the march of national improvement). At the moment of this remarkable deliverance, Professor Huxley was possibly fresh from the perusal of the work before us. The typography, paper, and external aspect of "Fables in Song" are highly creditable to the spirited printers and publishers, Hunter, Rose & Co. In Canadian schools of both sexes the volume will form an appropriate and acceptable prize. A short Allegory entitled "Contagion," will require no interpretation:—

"A brooklet, born above a mountain moor,
Down to the level of the world below
Perforce descending, past a dyer's door
Foul with pollution thro' the plain did flow.
The waters of this brooklet from on high,
Still pure and splendid as the spotless snow,
Beneath them could their sunken sisters spy
All soil'd and spoil'd, as when spilt wine doth stain
A pot-house floor. Whereat they bawl'd out 'Fie!'
"A traveller who had climbed the hill with pain,
And knew the world beneath it far and wide,
Smiled at the inexperienced disdain
Of those immaculate waters, and replied,
'Wait, pretty fools, until down there you get.
Had they not passed the dyer's door, undyed
And white as you would be those waters yet.'"

THE LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS. By John Forster. Vol. III., 1852–1870. London: Chapman & Hall. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1874.

Mr. Forster has at length completed the arduous task imposed upon him by his departed friend. In our opinion he has performed it faithfully and well. The work, in itself, was no doubt a labour of love; but it has been attended, during its progress, by some unpleasantness, not to say soreness—the result of unfriendly criticism. There was a two-fold objection taken to the biography, as soon as the first volume made its appearance. The character and genius of the novelist, and his proper place in English literature, were made the subject of warm dispute. Nor was this all or even the worst. Mr. Forster himself was charged with desiring to gain personal capital out of the fame of his friend, and with thrusting himself too prominently forward in the course of the biography. We can easily understand that this accusation was exquisitely painful to him. That, in the conscientious endeavour to lay before the public the facts of Dickens' life, as nearly as possible in his own words, the biographer should have met the reproach of vanity and self-seeking, must have touched him nearly. Whatever his censors may say, the great English-speaking peoples on both sides of the Atlantic will, we believe, acquit him without a moment's hesitation. If it be the function of biography to present to the world a faithful portraiture of its subject, that is to exhibit him as a living being, with all his merits, all his faults, all his hopes, anxieties and fears, all his triumphs and all his failures—Mr. Forster has succeeded in his undertaking, and offered a fitting tribute to the memory of Charles Dickens. If to this we add that the letters which occupy so prominent a position in the Life were consciously and deliberately written that they, or the thoughts and facts contained in them, might fall into their places there—in short, that the novelist unfolded his inner self—a few family letters, perhaps, excepted—nowhere else, and the complaint of the critics will seem more unreasonable still. No one would have questioned the right of Dickens to leave an autobiography behind him; why should complaint be made when his Life is written from materials he himself designed for the purpose?

The volume before us comprises the period from the publication of "David Copperfield" to the sudden death of its author. The narrative is a pathetic, almost a melancholy one; but it is instructive also in the highest degree. It details the steps by which a man of genius who, by sheer force of intellect and breadth of heart and feeling, had gained the world's ear and occupied the foremost rank in the affection and respect of all classes of society, at last overtasked his powers and entered prematurely into his rest. Thus the life of Dickens is at once an incentive to hopeful energy and unfaltering perseverance, and a warning that nature has fixed limits to mental activity which not even the subtlest and most facile of minds may pass with impunity.

Still, notwithstanding the vein of sadness which runs through the concluding volume, it is not uniformly, or even often, depressing. The touching story of exhausted faculties and frame is constantly enlivened with flashes of humour and downright fun. The feeling of pain and the terrible unrest which at times possessed him were often resisted and overborne for a time by the native buoyancy and cheeriness of the novelist's nature. At such moments the pent-up flood of his humour broke forth in a stream of joy, bounding forward and eddying here and there in circlets of sportive fancy. In this busy activity, this unconquerable appreciation of the incongruous and bizarre, the reader often forgets the ever-impending catastrophe, so delicate is the study of light and shade through the course of his later life.

We cannot pretend to follow the biographer over the eighteen years covered by his concluding volume; it must suffice if a few of the salient points of the story are lightly touched upon within the limits of the brief space at our command. "Bleak House" followed "David Copperfield, to which it was, with all its merits, undoubtedly inferior. In this novel Dickens had the misfortune to wound unintentionally the feelings of a friend. In Lawrence Boythorn Dickens sketched his friend, Walter Savage Landor, but the likeness was not offensive. Unfortunately, in attempting to catch some of the mannerisms of Leigh Hunt, and invest the lively but unprincipled Harold Skimpole therewith, he was unwittingly led into trouble. It is probable that Hunt would never have noticed the points of resemblance had not some good-natured friend called his attention to it. Some alterations were made by Dickens, and the matter was compromised—let us hope to the satisfaction of both parties. It was during the progress of "Bleak House" that the first symptoms of that restlessness appeared which soon became frequent and at last chronic with Dickens. For the moment the mischief seems to have been temporary, and may easily have been regarded as one of the humours of a mercurial temperament. Yet we find ominous hints of failing inventive power. He complains of his inability to "grind sparks out of his dull blade" for "Bleak House." In another letter he says, "What with 'Bleak House' and 'Household Words' and 'Child's History' and Miss Coutts' Home, and the invitations to feasts and festivals, I really feel as if my head would split like a fired shell if I remained here." After a flying trip to the Continent, Dickens, for the first time, read two of his Christmas stories in public—the fatal inception of an exciting and lucrative life which finally ensnared and destroyed him. These first efforts were purely eleemosynary and, of course, there were no end of applications for his aid. Happily, for the moment wiser counsels prevailed. As we have hinted already, there are many pleasant glimpses of joyousness in this volume; one of these we may briefly refer to—the performances of "Tom Thumb" and "Fortunio," at Tavistock House, "when Thackeray rolled off his chair in a burst of laughter" at the unconscious drollery of the child-actors. "Hard Times," which Mr. Ruskin has highly praised, was the next work of Dickens. After a brief criticism of this work, with which we certainly concur, placing it in the second rank, notwithstanding some peculiar merits of its own, we have the record of Dickens' visits to the Continent. The keen power of observation, which never failed him, found fresh fields for its exercise in France, Switzerland and Italy; its results are given by the biographer in a fund of anecdote and quaint remark. "Little Dorrit" was the next serial written by Dickens. In writing it, he tried the plan of jotting down incidents and fancies as they occurred—another proof that the freshness of his imagination had been seriously impaired. Mr. Forster will not admit any real decay of imaginative power. "He had, however, lost the free and fertile method of the earlier time. He could no longer fill a wide-spread canvas with the same facility and certainty as of old; and he had frequently a quite unfounded apprehension of some possible break-down, at which the end might be at any moment beginning. There came accordingly, from time to time, intervals of unusual impatience and restlessness, strange to me, in connection with his home; his old pursuits were too often laid aside for other excitements and occupations," allof which "expressed but the craving which still had possession of him to get by some means at some change that would make existence easier." During the years 1856–7 this nervous irritability gradually grew upon Dickens. His words to Mr. Forster, during these years, are affecting in the extreme. In one letter he says, referring to a climbing excursion:—"Too late to say, put the curb on, and don't rush at hills—the wrong man to say it to. I have no relief but in action. I am quite incapable of rest. I am quite confident I should rust, break and die, if I spared myself. Much better to die doing." In another letter:—"The old days—the old days! Shall I ever, I wonder, get the frame of mind back as it used to be then? Something of it, perhaps—but never quite as it used to be. I find that the skeleton in my domestic closet is becoming a pretty big one."

The last sentence was the foreshadowing of an event which took place in the following year. That painful subject Mr. Forster has touched with a delicate hand; to have omitted all reference to it was impossible, after the publicity given to a matter in which the world had properly no concern. It is to be regretted, and his biographer shares in the regret, that Dickens should have rushed into print to vindicate himself against a slander which had not the slightest substratum of truth to rest upon. It seemed unjust also to one who, with himself, was chiefly concerned in the matter. The impulsive nature of the man, however, must be taken into account and the irritable and restless state of his whole being. Besides all this, he dreaded the loss of English affection and respect. He knew perhaps, better than any other public man, the high place the domestic virtues occupy in the hearts of his countrymen and countrywomen; and he felt constrained to vindicate his good name. The separation was unquestionably the result of uncongeniality of nature, aggravated, no doubt, by his growing irritability and sensitiveness. That this should have been the case is to be deplored; still more is it to be regretted that "the domestic skeleton" should have been exposed to the world.

A forcible passage from Mr. Forster which occurs at this period may be quoted here: "Not his genius only, but his whole nature, was too exclusively made up of sympathy for and with the real, in its most intense form, to be sufficiently provided against failure in the realities around him. There was for him no 'city of mind' against outward ills, for inner consolation and shelter. It was in and from the actual he still stretched forward to find the freedom and satisfactions of an ideal, and by his very attempts to escape the world he was driven back into the thick of it. But what he would have sought there, it supplies to none; and to get the infinite out of anything so finite, has broken many a stout heart." At this time Dickens entered upon his career as a professional reader of his own works. His ruling motives were—first, that he might satisfy the spirit of restlessness which possessed him by constant labour and excitement; next, that he might ensure a provision for his family. It was not love of money which prompted him, for he was not avaricious in any sense; and even the artless vanity which he at times displays was only the outward expression of an eager craving for sympathy.

It was during these readings that the first symptoms of paralysis began to appear in the left foot. The trouble was aggravated by the fatigues of his visit to America, in 1868, till after his return it occasionally attacked the left arm, rendering it almost uncontrollable by the will. The "last readings," which were entered upon in spite of the advice of his physicians, no doubt completed the havoc on his overtaxed brain. The rest is known to us all.

Mr. Forster devotes a large portion of this volume, not the least interesting part of it, to the personal characteristics of Dickens and his place as a novelist. In this chapter he replies at length to M. Taine and Mr. G. H. Lewes. So far as the latter is concerned, we fear there is a personal element in Mr. Forster's acerbity. "One to whom the relations of the writer and his critic, while both writer and critic lived, are known," may have a special *animus* in making a reply to the critic with which the public have nothing to do. Mr. Lewes' strictures, although we do not agree with him, were anticipated in a much severer form during Dickens' lifetime, and, whether justified or not, must stand upon their own merits.

To the charge of caricaturing made against Dickens, Mr. Ruskin's words quoted in the early part of this volume seem a sufficient reply:—"The essential value and truth of Dickens's writings have been unwisely lost sight of by many thoughtful persons, merely because he presents his truth with some colour of caricature. Unwisely, because Dickens' caricature, though often gross, is never mistaken. Allowing for his manner of telling them, the things he tells us are always true."

It is unnecessary to offer, in conclusion, any general estimate of the novelist's genius. This has been done so often and from so many points of view that we could hardly hope to strike out a new path. We believe it is mainly, if not solely, as a humorist that the name of Dickens will go down to posterity. In his department of literature there is no name equal, or even second, to his in the first three-quarters of the nineteenth century. His proper monument is, as he wished it to be, his works; but it was fitting, after all, whether he would have approved it or no, that he should sleep his last sleep with kindred dust beneath the stones of Poets' Corner, in the great Abbey.

LITERARY NOTES.

Messrs. Rivington have just issued the long expected "Dictionary of Sects, Heresies, Ecclesiastical Parties, and Schools of Religious Thought." Edited by the Rev. John Henry Blunt, M.A. A work of great value to the Student of Divinity.

A volume of "Essays on Various Subjects," contributed to the *Quarterly Review*, by the late Bishop Wilberforce, is announced by Mr. Murray.

Messrs. Longman announce among their forthcoming works a new collection of "Essays, Critical and Narrative," by Mr. William Forsyth, Q.C., author of the "Life of Cicero," &c.

Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. will shortly publish Mr. Leslie Stephens' contributions to the *Cornhill* entitled "Hours in a Library."

A New Edition of Mr. Darwin's early work on "The Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs" is announced.

The celebrated author of "The Eclipse of Faith," Prof. Henry Rogers, has just issued an important work on "The Supernatural Origin of the Bible Inferred from Itself." It forms the Congregational Union Lecture for 1873.

The Rev. Paxton Hood, the editor of some Homiletical Series, has published a work on "The Villages of the Bible; Descriptive, Traditional, and Memorable."

A new work by Hesba Stretton is announced entitled "Cassy." It is of the class of short religious stories, of which "Lost Gip," "The King's Servants," and "Jessica's First Prayer," were the forerunners.

Messrs. Isbister have just published a work on "Health and Education," by the Rev. Canon Kingsley, at present on this side the Atlantic.

Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, make the important announcement of an entirely original work upon the "Birds of North America," prepared by Professor Spencer F. Baird, Assistant Secretary of the Smithsonian Institute, with the co-operation of Dr. T. M. Breven, and Mr. Robert Ridgway. The work is to consist of four quarto volumes, three on the Land Birds, and one on the Water Birds, and the price to be $10 per volume, or coloured by hand, $20 each.

Messrs. Harper Brothers have published an interesting volume of travel, by Mr. Frank Vincent, under the title of "The Land of the White Elephant; a Personal Narrative of Adventure in Further India, embracing the countries of Burmah, Siam, and Cochin-China, in 1871-2." The Complete Report of the recent Evangelical Alliance Conference in New York, with all the speeches, lectures and addresses, &c., appears from this house.

The author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," Mr. Edward Eggleston, has a new novel ready, entitled "The Circuit Rider." The work illustrates what is termed the adventurous "Saddle-bag Era of Methodism" among Western Settlements some sixty years ago.

Messrs. Harper Brothers have reprinted an English version of Victor Hugo's new romance "Ninety Three," now appearing in the London *Graphic.*

A new illustrated paper is about to be started in London, under the title of the *Pictorial World*, at the price of three pence weekly.

The popular edition of Thomas Carlyle's works, the publication of which has just terminated in the issue of "Frederick the Great," in ten volumes, is to be extended so as to include the author's translations from the German. "Wilhelm Meister" is just ready, and the other specimens of the "German Romance" will speedily follow.

Messrs. Longman announce the publication of two works on Roman Antiquities, one, "Roman Imperial Photographs," a selection of forty enlarged photographs from Roman medallions and coins, and the other, "Roman Imperial Profiles," a series of one hundred and thirty lithographic profiles of Roman Emperors, Empresses and Cæsars, enlarged from Roman coins and medallions. The works are to be edited by Dr. John Edward Lee, author of "Isca Silurum."

Messrs. Scribner & Co. announce, "What is Darwinism?" by Dr. Charles Hodge, of Princeton, a contribution to the literature of this subject which will be acceptable as coming from the ablest living theologian of America; also, a new work by Dr. Horace Bushnell, entitled "Forgiveness and Law," which it is understood is intended by the author to retire the last half of his earlier work on the "Vicarious Sacrifice," in which he has given an Exposition of the Atonement doctrine which he conceives less scriptural and satisfactory than the views now substituted.

The literature of fiction is represented this month by the publication of Mr. F. W. Robinson's New Story, issued by Messrs. Hunter Rose, and Co., "Second-Cousin Sarah," and Mr. Hardy's "Far from the Madding Crowd." Both of these novelists have taken a high rank among English writers of fiction, and we doubt not their new productions will be read with avidity by the ever-widening circle of novel readers.

Messrs. Scribner make the announcement of a new library of books, entitled the "Bric-a-Brac Series," which is intended to include volumes of personal reminiscences of famous poets, novelists. artists, actors, musicians, wits, and the like. Each volume will be complete in itself, and will form a condensation of one or more biographies. The first issue will be the "Personal Reminiscences of Chorley, Planche, and Young,"—a musician, a dramatist, and a tragedian well known in London circles. The editorship of the series has been entrusted to Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard, the American critic.

The announcement is made of a reprint of the "Literary Remains of the late Emanuel Deutsch," the memoir of a singularly-gifted writer, whose articles to the English reviews on The Talmudd, The Roman Passion Drama, &c., attracted so much attention.

"The Aldine" for March is a capital number of that famous periodical. The subjects illustrated are of exceeding interest, and the engraving and printing the perfection of engravers' and printers' art. The number contains, moreover, a large amount of reading matter, embracing tales, sketches, poetry, &c. We are glad to notice that an agency for this publication has been opened in Toronto, and as it can only be obtained through the agent, we append the address :—W. H. Fitts, 50, King Street, East.

The eventful period in the history of the Indian Empire, while under the rule of Lord Ellenborough, has just been illustrated by the publication of that administrator's correspondence with the Duke of Wellington. The civil and political state of the empire at that period, 1842-44, was very critical, and we are glad to have the help these letters afford in understanding more clearly the position of affairs in Affghanistan under his Lordship's regime.

The new volume by Mr. Motley, on the "Life and Death of John of Barneveld, Advocate of Holland," will be found an interesting sequel to his previous histories. The work deals with the primary causes and movements of "The Thirty Years' War,' and the momentous period of that conflict can be but little understood without the knowledge which an insight into the labours and life of Barneveld affords.

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THE OLD FORTS OF ACADIA.

BY J. G. BOURINOT.

THE tourist will find many memorials of the days of the French régime throughout the Provinces which were once comprised within the ill-defined and extensive limits of *Acadia*, and are now known as Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. These memorials must be sought among a few communities speaking a language sadly degenerated from the Norman and Breton French of their ancestors, in a few grass-covered mounds, or in the names of many of the bays, rivers, and headlands of the Acadian country. Port La Tour, on the western coast of Nova Scotia, recalls the time when the high-spirited, courageous Frenchman, the rival of the treacherous D'Aulnay, was labouring to establish himself on the peninsula. The Gaspereau was the name given to a rapid stream, which winds its way through the very garden of Nova Scotia, by the ancestors of that hapless people whom a relentless destiny, and the mandate of an inexorable Government, snatched from their old homes in "the sweet Acadian land." The island of Cape Breton, which once bore the proud name of "Ile Royale," still wears the more homely and also more ancient name which was given to its most prominent Cape by some of those hardy Breton sailors who, from the very earliest times, ventured into the waters of the northern Continent. Louisbourg still reminds us of the existence of a powerful fortified town, intended to overawe the English in America and guard the approaches to the Laurentian Gulf and River. The Boularderie Island is a memento of a French Marquis, of whom we would never have heard were it not for the fact that his name still clings to this pretty, green island which he once claimed as his seigneurie. The Bras d'Or yet attests the propriety of its title of "the Golden Arm," as we pass through its lovely inlets and its expansive lakes, surrounded by wooded heights and smiling farms.

The French had at best but a very precarious foothold in Acadia. At a few isolated points they raised some rudely constructed forts, around which, in the course of time, a number of settlers built huts and cultivated small farms. The rivalry between England and France commenced on the continent as soon as the British Colonies had made some progress, and prevented the French ever establishing flourishing settlements all over Acadia. At no time was the French Government particularly enamoured of a country which seemed to promise but a scanty harvest of profit to its proprietors ; for the history of Acadia shows that the Kings of France and their Ministers left its destinies for years in the hands of mere adventurers and traders. In the course of time they began to have some conception of the importance of Acadia as a base of operations against the aggressive New Englanders, and were forced at last, in self-defence, to build Louisbourg on the eastern coast of Ile Royale. But then it was too late to retrieve the ground they had lost by their indifference during the early history of the country. Had the statesmen of France been gifted with practical foresight, they would have seen the possession of Acadia was an absolute necessity to a power which hoped to retain its dominion by the St. Lawrence and the great Lakes.

I. PORT ROYAL.

The history of the first fort raised by the French in Acadia illustrates the difficulties which the pioneers of France on this continent had to contend against from the very outset of their perilous experiment of colonization When the adventurers came to Acadia with De Monts—the feudal lord of half a continent by virtue of Henry's royal charter—there was not a single European settlement from the frozen Pole to the ancient Spanish town of St. Augustine, among the swamps of Florida. When the rock-girt islet of the St. Croix was found altogether unsuitable for their first settlement, the French with one accord sought the lovely basin, surrounded with well-wooded hills and a fertile country abounding with game, which is now known as the basin of the Annapolis, one of the inlets of the Bay of Fundy, so noted for its "tides" and " bores." Two hundred and seventy years ago, the first timbers of the fort were raised on the banks of the Equille, now the Annapolis River, by the command of Baron de Poutrincourt, who was the first seigneur of that domain. The French were enchanted with the scenery and their new settlement. " It was unto us a thing marvellous," says the first historian of America, " to see the fair distance and the largeness of it, and the mountains and hills that environed it, and I wondered how so fair a place did remain desert, being all filled with woods. * * * At the very beginning we were desirous to see the country up the river, where we found meadows almost continually above twelve leagues of ground. among which brooks do run without number, coming from the hills and mountains adjoining. The woods are very thick on the shores of the water."

A chequered history was that of Port Royal from the day of its foundation. Men who have borne a prominent part in the colonization of this continent were among the first inhabitants. Champlain, the founder of Quebec ; De Poutrincourt, the chivalrous, zealous chief of Acadian colonization ; L'Escarbot, the genial, chatty historian, are among the men who throw a bright halo around the history of the first fort. L'Escarbot has left us a pleasing description of the trials and successes of the pioneers, in which we see illustrated all the versatility and vivacity of the French character. When we read his account of the doings of the colonists, we must regret that there had not always been a L'Escarbot in aftertimes to describe the varied incidents of the career of the fort, until the *fleur-de-lis* was lowered for ever on its bastions. Let us briefly describe three scenes which show the varied features of Acadian life more than two hundred and fifty years ago.

Let us go back, in imagination, to a winter day in the beginning of the seventeenth century. The hills and valleys of the surrounding country are covered with snow, but the pines and spruce are green as ever. The water is frozen around the shore, but the tides still rush in and out of the spacious basin, and keep it comparatively free from the icy bonds which fetter the rivers and lakes of the interior. On an elevated point of land, near the head of the basin and by the side of a river, we see a small pile of wooden buildings, from whose chimneys rise light columns of smoke in the pure atmosphere, to speak of bounteous cheer and grateful warmth, but a very unpretentious pile of buildings to hold the fortunes of ambitious France on a wilderness continent! A quadrangle of rudely constructed buildings surrounds a courtyard, and comprises the stores, magazines and dwellings of the French. The defences are palisades, on which several cannon are mounted. Stumps peep up amidst the pure snow, and a log hut here and there tells us of some habitant more adventurous than the others. Above one of the loftiest roofs floats the banner of France.

When we think that these rude works are almost alone in the American wilderness, we can have some conception of the ambition and courage of the French pioneers. If we enter the spacious dining-hall, which is situated in one of the principal buildings of the quadrangle, we find a pleasant and novel scene. A huge fire of maple logs blazes on the large, hospitable hearth, and as the bell gives the summons for the noon-day dinner, we see a procession of some fifteen or sixteen gentlemen march gaily into the hall, and lay a goodly array of platters on the table. At the head is probably Champlain, the steward of the day, according to the rules of "*L' Ordre de Bon Temps*," with his staff of office in his hand, and the collar of his office around his neck: Each guest bears a dish, perhaps venison, or fish or fowl, which has been provided by the caterer for the day. The faithful Acadian Sachems, old Memberton, and other chiefs and braves, sit squatted before the fire, and nod approvingly as they see this performance repeated day after day. A bounteous feast is enjoyed, and many witty jokes, songs and stories go around the board, for the company numbers men of courtly nurture, heroic daring and scholarly culture, who know well how to console themselves during their banishment to this Acadian wilderness.

The next scene is one often witnessed in the early times of French colonization. Wherever the French adventurer found himself, he never failed to show his Christian zeal. One of the first acts of Baron de Poutrincourt, after he had established himself at Port Royal, was to have old Memberton and the other Indians admitted within the pale of the Roman Catholic Church. On a fine June day the converts, to the number of twenty-one, assemble on the shore in front of Port Royal, and then follow the religious ceremonies under the directions of Priest La Flêche. The "gentlemen adventurers," the soldiers, the *habitans*, appear in all their finery. The rites are performed with all the pomp of that Church which, above all others, understands so well how to appeal to the senses of the masses. A *Te Deum* is sung, and the cannon send forth a volley in honor of the first baptism of the savages of Acadia. The Indians receive the names of the first nobility in France, and are rewarded by presents from the zealous Frenchmen, who were mightily pleased with their religious triumph. Similar scenes were often enacted in later times, at Hochelaga, on the Ottawa, by the western lakes and rivers, and on the border of the Gulf of Mexico.

The next episode is one of gloom and misfortune. On a bright summer's day, in 1613, a ship sailed up the basin, to the astonishment of the *habitans* who were busy in the fields. Was it the long expected ship from France? Had their friends beyond the seas at last recollected the struggling colony, and sent soldiers and supplies to its assistance? No! The Red Cross of England floated from the masthead of the stranger. The farmers fled to the forest, to warn the Commandant and his soldiers, who were absent on some expedition; and the fort became an easy prey to Captain Samuel Argall, a rough sea-captain, authorized to destroy the French settlement by Sir Thomas Dale, the Governor of Virginia, then rising into importance as the first English plantation on this continent.

When Argall destroyed Port Royal, both France and England were fairly entering upon the contest for supremacy in the New World. Port Royal again rose from its ashes, but its history thenceforth affords few episodes of interest except sieges; for a L'Escarbot never again lived within its walls, to enliven its inmates and hand down to future times the story of its adventurous career. The *fleur-de-lis* or the Red Cross floated from the fort, according as the French or the English were the victors in the long struggle that ensued for the possession of Acadia. In 1710 the English colonies, which had suffered much from the depredations of the French, sent an expedition against Port Royal, under the command of Francis Nicholson, who had been Governor of several of the Provinces. The French Governor, M. Subercase, endeavoured to defend the fort, but his garrison was in a very pitiable condition, and unable to withstand the attacks of the besiegers for any length of time; consequently he capitulated towards the latter part of October. The fort had been considerably strengthened, and was on a much larger scale than the one erected by De Poutrincourt, but, nevertheless, Port Royal was only an insignificant port compared with Quebec or Louisbourg. Considerable settlements, during the past century, had grown up in the vicinity of the fort, and throughout the rich country watered by the streams that flow into the Bay of Fundy. The details of the surrender prove the neglect with which the French Government treated Port Royal in common with all other posts in America. Not only was the fort in a dilapidated state, but the garrison, some 250 men, were *delabrés*, all in rags and tatters, and emaciated from hunger.

From that day Port Royal remained in the possession of the English, and Acadia may be said to have passed away forever from the French, who had so long gallantly struggled to retain it. The name of Port Royal was changed to that of Annapolis, in honour of the Queen of England. For many years it was the Seat of the Government of Nova Scotia, until Halifax was founded towards the middle of the eighteenth century. Then the oldest town in America—excepting of course St. Augustine—was consigned to obscurity, and was only remembered by the historical antiquary. It is needless to say the people of Annapolis are proud of two facts—that they have an historical past, and that General Williams, of Kars, was born within their quiet precincts. Railways now run into the town, but still the verdure of antiquity clings to the place, and the old folks will rather take you to some relic of the past than talk of the locomotive which snorts and puffs as if in derision of old times. Relics of the French occupation have more than once been dug up by the plough during the past quarter of a century in the vicinity of the town. The "Old Mortality" of the settlement will tell you of a large stone, marked in deep rude Arabic figures, 1604, and also showing masonic emblems roughly chiselled. Like other interesting memorials picked up in Nova Scotia, this stone disappeared, and its whereabouts is not now known. None of the old French buildings remain standing in Annapolis, but we can still see the evidences of French occupation in the remains of the fort, which was long occupied as a barracks for the British troops. The tourist who has antiquarian tastes and is a true lover of nature, will find himself well rewarded by a trip from Windsor through the fertile valleys of Kings and Annapolis. Here he will see gardens, and meadows, and orchards not surpassed by the Niagara district or the most fertile portion of Ontario. Here is the country first reclaimed from the sea by the old Acadian farmers, and yielding a most productive crop from year to year. In the Township of Clare, and other parts of the western counties, we meet with the descendants of the Acadians, a sleepy, thrifty, and religious people, clinging obstinately to old customs, but nevertheless rapidly merging with the more energetic Saxon element, which presses upon them from all directions, and forces them out of their isolation.

II. Fort La Tour.

None of the French forts of Acadia has a more interesting history than that erected on the banks of the St. John River, by one of the most courageous "gentlemen-adventurers" who ever sought to establish homes for themselves and family on this continent. As we review the incidents of the eventful career of Charles de St. Etienne, Seigneur de la Tour, we see him often a wanderer with the savages in the depths of the forest—anon determinately defending the French posts on the Atlantic coast and on the River St. John—anon arraying his retainers and battling for his rights like some bold chief of feudal times. When Biencourt, Baron de Poutrincourt's son, died in 1623, he bequeathed to La Tour his rights in Port Royal, and nominated him as his successor. La Tour, however, for some reason or other, removed to Cape Sable, where he built a fort which he named St. Louis. Subsequently he deserted the fort at that point, and moved to the entrance of the River St. John. The new fort was built under his directions during the year 1627, on the extreme end of a long point of land on the western side of the harbour. It was an earthwork of some eighty paces in diameter, with four bastions, on each of which six large cannon were mounted. By this time the colonies of Virginia, New York and New England were making rapid headway compared with the French settlements in Acadia. The indomitable commercial enterprise of the early British colonists was already bearing rich fruits throughout New England particularly. The total population of Quebec did not exceed 500 souls, and it was still a very insignificant place. The towns, or villages rather, next in importance, were Three Rivers and Tadousac, both of them extensive trading-posts. In Nova Scotia, Port Royal and the St. John fort were the only posts occupied by the French, while Cape Breton was inhabited by a few fishermen.

The history of this fort, for many years, was the history of the feud between Charles de la Tour and Chevalier D'Aulnay Charnisay, both of whom claimed the same rights in Acadia, and fought out the dispute to the bitter end. Then La Tour's wife appeared on the scene, and proved herself, all through that critical period in the history of the country, a fit helpmate for her husband, for she displayed an amount of courage and resolution of character of which we have few instances on record. She undertook important missions to England and Massachusetts, and did her husband good service; but she will always be best remembered for her heroic defence of the fort on two occasions against D'Aulnay, who attacked it during his rival's absence. On the first occasion, Madame La Tour rallied the defenders and succeeded in beating off the assailants. At a later time, however, D'Aulnay was successful, and Madame La Tour was forced to agree to terms of capitulation. D'Aulnay then sullied his reputation by breaking his pledge in a most disgraceful manner, for he ordered all the garrison to be hanged—with the exception of one man, who acted as executioner—in the presence of the unfortunate lady, who was forced to stand by with a halter around her neck. These occurrences naturally broke the poor lady's heart, for she died a few months later.

La Tour subsequently received a new commission from the King as Governor of Acadia, and—alas for human constancy—married the widow of his old rival, who was drowned in the Bay of Fundy sometime during 1650. Then, Acadia having fallen into the possession of the English, in 1654, La Tour succeeded in obtaining from Cromwell a grant of considerable land, and retired from the fort.

The history of Fort La Tour, under its English masters, affords us no such interesting episodes as characterised its career during its occupation by its founder and his heroic wife. When, in 1670, the posts in Acadia were restored to the French, Fort La Tour appears to have been in a ruinous state, and was deserted for some time. For many years, till the close of the 17th century, it was occupied by a small garrison, but in the summer of 1701 one of the French Governors ordered it to be razed to the ground. Henceforth its history as Fort La Tour may be said to end. In 1758 Col. Moncton was sent by the British Governor at Port Royal to take formal possession of the River St. John. The work was very soon accomplished, and the English flag now waved triumphantly over the whole river territory from the Canadian boundary to the sea. Then the old fort began to wear a new aspect, for the ruined ramparts were renewed, and cannon again mounted on its walls; but, while it obtained another lease of existence, it became, not Fort La Tour as of old, but Fort Frederick, in honour of a prince of the nation to whom it now belonged. Thenceforth its history is monotonous, and we need not trace its career up to the time when it fell to pieces, or was swallowed up by the encroaching tides of the Bay of Fundy. It is still possible, however, to distinguish some of the old embankments of the fort, notwithstanding the fact that it is now to some extent covered by houses and gardens. One of the most enterprising cities of the Dominion has sprung up around it, according as it has decayed and disappeared. Great ships, freighted with the merchandise of every land, come to anchor within a few yards of the spot where the *fleur-de-lis* once floated in the breeze, and the wealth of a fine province comes down the River St. John and passes the graves of the old pioneers who once saw in Fort La Tour the germ of an empire under the rule of France. The older and more pretentious settlement of Port Royal is only a small town; Louisbourg is a mere sheep pasture; but around Fort La Tour has sprung up a wealthy city, to illustrate the wisdom of the old adventurers who chose it as the site of a settlement which was, under favourable auspices, to grow in the course of time into a large and flourishing community. A city has indeed grown up, but its people are not the descendants of the race who first noted the natural advantages of the harbour of St. John, and hoped to see it eventually the rival of Quebec.

III. Forts Lawrence and Cumberland.

Now let my readers accompany me to that narrow neck of land which connects New Brunswick with Nova Scotia, and is known as the Isthmus of Chignecto. When Port Royal and La Tour were first erected, the settlements of France and England were very insignificant, but now we come to a time when Quebec and Montreal were towns of considerable importance, and the English colonies were rapidly increasing in population and wealth. In the middle of the last century the French had a fort at the mouth of the Missiquash, one of the streams which empty into Cumberland Basin. These were times when there were many apprehensions entertained by the British authorities in Port Royal and Halifax as to the good faith of the large settlements of Acadian French which had in the course of a hundred and fifty years established themselves in the most fertile section of the Province. Under these circumstances the erection of Fort Beau Séjour, in the vicinity of Beaubassin, one of the most important French Acadian settlements, near the site of Amherst, induced Major Lawrence to send a British force to the Isthmus of Chignecto and build another fort on the opposite side of the river, and which was named after the Governor himself. Then, in the course of a few months, ensued a series of hostilities between the French and English, but the final result was the destruction of the Village of Beaubassin and the capture of Beau Séjour, which was then named Fort Cumberland—a name which has since been given to a large and prosperous country. With the history of every French fort in Acadia the name of some famous Frenchman is intimately associated. The heroism and perseverance of De Poutrincourt and La Tour threw a halo of romance around the early annals of Acadia. The name of Le Lontre, for some years one of the French missionaries, can never be forgotten in any sketch of the history of Beaubassin and Beau Séjour. His enemies describe him—and no man in Acadia had more enemies among the British—as a compound of craft and cruelty, and it is quite certain that he hated the English and resorted to every means, whether fair or foul, to prevent their successful settlement of Acadia. That beneath his black robe beat the courageous heart of a soldier, the following incident of the siege of Beau Séjour shows full well:—When the commandant, Vergor, was almost driven to despair by the perils which threatened him, Le Lontre alone appears to have preserved that composure which, to do him justice, never deserted him in the hour of danger; and day after day he walked on the ramparts, smoking his pipe, and urging the men to renewed exertions, though the bullets whistled all around him. It is truly said, had the spirit of the *habitans* been always equal to that of their priest, Beau Séjour would not have fallen as soon as it did.

The country around the old forts presents a charming combination of pastoral and water scenery. Here, too, is a large expanse of marsh land, where some of the fattest cattle of America find a bounteous pasture, and the farmers grow rich in the course of a few years. The landscape presents a vast sea of verdure, relieved by the Cobequid mountains in the distance, by glimpses of the sea, by clusters of white houses, and by placid rivers which wind through a country where nature has been most lavish of its gifts. No traces now remain of Fort Lawrence; a little cottage is said to stand on its exact site; but we can still see ruins of Fort Cumberland a short distance off, across the stream. It is in the shape of a pentagon, or fort of five bastions, which once mounted thirty or forty guns of large calibre. We can see the remains of the old barracks, and the cannon which did service for both the French and English in old times. The casemates are still in a good state of preservation, for they were made of solid brickwork. The magazine is outside of the walls, on the seaward side, and is a substantial building. Every spot of ground has its historic associations. As we passed, a summer ago, into one of the casemates, we recollected the story of the havoc made by a British shell which came directly through the opening and killed several French officers, as well as an Englishman, whilst they were seated at breakfast. Treachery, according to tradition, was at the bottom of this tragedy. The tradition is that a Frenchman, having some design of vengeance to carry out against his officers, had directed the British in the fort opposite how to aim directly into the casemate, and gave the preconcerted signal with a handkerchief when all the officers were at breakfast. The shell was aimed, as I have shown, with unerring precision.

On a free-stone slab near the site of Fort Moncton—the name afterwards given to Fort Gaspereau, which had been erected by the French at Bay Verte so as to command the whole isthmus—can still be seen a rudely chiselled, and not very grammatical inscription, which recalls the perilous times of Acadia.

> "Here lies the body of Sergeant Mackay, and eight men,
> Killed and scalped by the Indians, in bringing firewood, Feby. 26th, 1755."

This fortification contained an acre of ground and was well built. The ancient turnpike and causeway, across a tract of marsh, as well as the contour of the walls, can be ascertained without difficulty by the curious tourist. The flourishing town of Moncton, an important station of the Intercolonial Railway, is named after the captor of the Gaspereau fort.

IV. LOUISBOURG.

Now we must leave the peninsula of Acadia and turn our attention for a few moments to Ile Royale, or Cape Breton. The cape, from which the Island takes its name, is a low point of land jutting out into the Atlantic; and I have heard it said that, so firm are the materials of which it is composed, it seems scarcely worn by the waves of the ever restless Atlantic. Cape Breton, whilst held by France, was highly valued as an entrepôt for the shipping engaged in the French, Canadian and West India trade, as well as for the large fleets which have been fishing in North American waters ever since the Basque and Breton sailors discovered the value of the fisheries. So important did the French consider the position of the island—a sentinel, as it were, at the approaches of the River St. Lawrence—that they erected a formidable fortress on one of the noblest harbours of its Atlantic coast, to which they gave the name of Louisbourg, in honour of Louis Quinze.

The harbour of Louisbourg, which is two miles in length and half a mile in breadth, with a depth of three to six fathoms, communicates with the open ocean by a channel, only half a mile in length and one-third of a mile in width, the average depth of water being seven fathoms. The great facility of access from the ocean was probably one of the principal reasons why the harbour was chosen in preference to others, which are larger and otherwise preferable. Approaching the harbour from the eastward, more than a hundred years ago, the stranger would see the city surrounded by massive walls bristling with cannon. Standing out like sentries in advance of the fortress are three small rocky islands protecting the harbour from the swell of the Atlantic. Upon one of these, called Goat Island, there was a battery mounting thirty 28-pounder guns. On the north-west shore, directly facing the entrance of the harbour, stood the Grand or Royal Battery, armed with twenty-eight 42-pounders and two 18-pounder guns. This battery completely covered the entrance of the harbour, as its guns could rake the decks of any ship attempting to force the passage. The town itself was situated upon the tongue or promontory lying between the south shore of the harbour and the sea, and occupied, including the walls, an irregular quadrilateral area of 100 acres. The walls or defences were constructed according to the "first system" of the celebrated French engineer, Vauban. All the authorities agree that in the circuit of the walls there were embrasures for 148 guns, though they differ widely respecting the number of guns actually mounted. The most prominent building within the walls was a stone structure called the citadel, standing in the gorge of

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the King's bastion, with a moat next the town. The entrance to the citadel was over a drawbridge, with a guard-house on one side and advanced sentinels on the other. Within the citadel were apartments for the Governor, barracks for the garrison, an arsenal, and a chapel which served as the parish church. There was also under the platform, or *terre pleine*, a magazine well furnished at all times with military stores. The other public buildings within the walls were a general storehouse, an ordnance storehouse, an arsenal and powder magazine. The nunnery and hospital of St. Jean de Dieu were situated in the centre of the city—the latter was connected with a church and was an elegant stone structure. The town was well laid out in wide regular streets crossing each other at right angles, six running east and west, and seven north and south. Some of the houses were wholly of brick or stone, but generally they were of wood upon stone foundations—the materials in many cases having been purchased from New Englanders, then, as now, always ready to trade with anybody who could pay well. Between the years 1720 and 1745, Louisbourg cost the French nation the enormous sum of nearly $6,000,000, and still, as a French historian informs us, the fortifications were unfinished and likely to remain so, because the cost had far exceeded the estimates, and it was found that such a large garrison would be required for their defence that the Government had abandoned the idea of completing them according to the original design.

This formidable fortress, the American Dunkirk, sustained two sieges, both of which have been fully described in the histories of this continent. It was first taken by the New England colonists, led by Pepperrell, who received a baronetcy for his eminent services, and was otherwise distinguished by the British Government. Cape Breton, by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, again became a French possession; but only thirteen years after its capture by the colonists it fell once more into the hands of the large naval and land forces under Boscawen and Wolfe; subsequently the English Government, fearful that Louisbourg might again be seized by France, ordered that the fortifications should be razed to the earth, and all the cannon and valuable building material distributed in Halifax or elsewhere. Old houses can still be seen in Nova Scotia whose foundations are made of stone brought from the French fortress a century ago. Some huts now stand on the site of the old city, whilst a few trading schooners or fishing boats are the only tenants of the harbour where the Canadian and West Indian fleets anchored in old times.

It is very easy now-a-days, with the assistance of a map and a guide, always to be found on the spot, to trace the line of the old fortifications and the site of the principal buildings. The most prominent objects among the ruins are some bomb-proof casemates, which serve as a shelter for cattle in stormy weather. The roofs are covered with stalactites of the colour of oyster shells — at least that was the case when the writer last visited the place. The guide is sure to offer you a drink out of the well said to have belonged to the Governor's mansion.

The battery on the islet at the entrance of the harbour has long since yielded to the encroachments of the waves, and no signs now remain of the hulls of the French frigates that were sunk during the second siege, and the ribs of which were plainly visible on a calm day not very many years since.

The visitor can always purchase relics of the days of the French régime—old locks, keys, gun-barrels, shells, for instance—as they are being constantly dug up from the cellars or washed ashore by the waves. In the course of the past summer a Boston tourist discovered an interesting memorial, which is now in an American museum, like most of the relics which have been found in Acadia.

This relic consists of "a wrought-iron bar, an inch and a half in diameter, nearly four feet long, attached at one end to an iron joint, with strong attachments to fit solid stone masonry. Near the hook end of the bar is fastened a chain consisting of several strong links, which led to a lock which had also been attached to the masonry." The chain was still fast in the lock when it was discovered. Every part of the structure was made in the strongest manner, capable of great resistance, and weighed some hundred pounds. Although somewhat wasted with rust, its shape was as perfect as it was the day it was made. This lock evidently belonged to the Queen's Gate, near the eastern or sea-end of the walls of the fortification.

As the tourist stands upon the brow of the ruined ramparts and surveys the present aspect of Louisbourg, he cannot fail to be deeply impressed by the intense loneliness and desolation of the scene. The contour of the grass-covered walls is boldly outlined, and the huge casemates look like so many black ovens rising out of the green fields. To the south-west stretches the ocean; to the north rise the cliffs amid which the light-house flashes forth its beacon of warning from eve to day-break. The land towards the interior is low and covered with a small growth of firs, while the houses are small and scattered. Early in the morning and late in the afternoon the harbour presents an animated spectacle, as the fishing-boats, of which there is a large number, dart merrily through the water; but at noon of a summer's day, unless there are vessels in port, the scene is inexpressibly lonely. The tinkle of a cow-bell, or the cry of the circling gull, alone startles the loneliness of the ruined fortress. Our thoughts naturally fly back to a century ago, when a stately pile of fortifications and buildings stood on that low, green point now only covered by a few grass-covered mounds to tell the story of the past. Port Royal, La Tour and Beau Séjour, were but comparatively insignificant forts while Louisbourg for years was one of the strongest fortified towns in America; but all are now alike in their desolation and ruin. Nothing but historic tradition remains of the old buildings in which the Frenchman of the last century talked with his comrade—

> "Of sallies and retiring, of trenches, tents,
> Of palisadès, frontiers, parapets;
> Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
> Of prisoners, ransoms, of soldiers slain,
> And all the currents of heady fight."

Yet the time may not be far distant when we shall see another city rise above the ruins of Louisbourg. The harbour is one of the most accessible on the Atlantic coast of the Dominion, for a vessel can reach its shelter in a very few moments, while it is always remarkably clear of ice during the winter. It has been already urged in Parliament and in the press that it should be made the Atlantic terminus of the Canadian system of railways; and the writer has no hesitation in placing himself among those who believe that, in the course of a very few years, Louisbourg will have entered on a new era of commercial progress, and will more than realize, under British-Canadian auspices, the idea of those who founded the old town more than a century ago.

SPRING–TIME.

"The winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth."

WHAT subtle presence the air is filling,
Our pulses thrilling
With a strange, mysterious sense of gladness,
Half blent with sadness;
Trembling in opal and purple hues,
That quiver and melt through the azure on high,
And in the sunbeams that suffuse
With the light of hope the fields that lie
Quiet and grey 'neath the sunset sky.

"Thor's thunder-hammer" hath waked the earth
To a glad new birth—
The birth of the fresh, young, joyous Spring,
New-blossoming,
Bidding the south wind softly blow,
Loosing the tongues of the murmuring streams,
Sending the sap with a swifter flow
Through the bare, brown trees; and waking dreams
Of summer shadows and golden gleams.

Down in the budding woods, I ween—
Amid mosses green—
The fair Hepatica wakes to meet
The hastening feet
Of the children that soon, with laughter sweet,
Shall shout with glee to find it there,
And bear it homeward—the herald meet
Of the countless bells and blossoms fair
That shall ring sweet chimes on the balmy air.

And tiny ferns their fronds unbind,
By streams that wind—
Singing a song in soft undertones,
O'er the smooth, brown stones.

And pure white lilies,[*] and purple phlox,
And violets yellow and white and grey,
And columbines gleaming from lichened rocks,
And dogwood blossoms and snowy "May"
Shall wreathe with beauty each woodland way.

Soon, in the shadow of dewy leaves,
About our eaves,
The chorister-birds shall their matins sing,
Sweet carolling,
While through the bowery orchard trees,
All sprinkled with drifts of scented snow,
Comes the fragrant breath of the morning breeze,
And over the long, bush grass below,
Soft wavering shadows glide to and fro.

But when shall the better Spring arise
Beneath purer skies?
The Spring that can never pass away
Or know decay;
Sending new joy through the stricken heart,
Waking new life from the silent tomb,
Joining the souls that have moved apart,
Bidding earth's winter forever depart
With incompleteness and evil and gloom;
Till ransomed, at last, from its sin-wrought doom,
It shall blossom forth in immortal bloom.

FIDELIS.

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[*] The name commonly given to the white *Trillium*, one of the earliest wild flowers.

FOR KING AND COUNTRY.

A STORY OF 1812.

BY FIDELIS.

CHAPTER X.

TO ARMS!

"The harvests of Arretium
This year, old men shall reap;
This year, young boys in Umbro
Shall plunge the struggling sheep;
And in the vats of Luna
This year, the must shall foam
Round the white feet of laughing girls
Whose sires have marched to Rome!"

It is as unnecessary as it would be impossible to describe the varied emotions which Gen. Brock's communication excited in the minds of those who heard it. Such a crisis, involving an upheaval of the general order and stability of things, so many possibilities which the mind almost refuses to receive, always comes, however long it may have been expected, with a certain shock and suddenness and a stunned difficulty of realization, somewhat like that which attends death itself. The momentary silence that succeeded the announcement was soon broken by exclamations of various kinds, and expressions of condemnation of the American Government, more or less strong, according to the temper of the individuals from whom they emanated. American writers of the present day assert, supported by Jefferson's own letters, that he, at least so long as he remained in office, had done all in his power to restrain "the torrent of passion" that was directed toward war, and to bring in "another umpire than that of arms," *i. e* the embargo; that he had been firm and sincere in warding it off as long as possible—only desiring that, if it must come, it should come at a time "when England has a Bonaparte upon her hands." But the Canadians of that time did not see it exactly in this light. To them, and even to such keen and careful observers as Gen. Brock,* it had seemed that so far back as 1808, the American Government had been scheming to provoke a war which, as regarded Canada, appeared to them the wanton and rapacious invasion of an unoffending country at a time when their natural protector was crippled in her power to aid them by hostilities at home. When, therefore, the declaration of war by Congress was really placed beyond a doubt, it seemed to them only the climax of a long continued policy, especially marked in President Madison—designed to aggravate hostile feelings and to excite the popular mind to the point of invasion. And it can scarcely be wondered at that those who had to bear the brunt of the contest without having done anything to provoke it, who saw their peaceful homes exposed to be ravaged by a formidable enemy close at hand, without almost a reasonable hope of effectual defence, should at times have found it impossible to repress the tide of indignant feeling and bitter words.

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* The following passages, extracted from letters of Jefferson and General Brock, will show how differently the same things appear from different points of view:—

Jefferson (in 1812).

"If ever I was gratified with the possession of power, and of the confidence of those who had entrusted me with it, it was on that occasion when I was enabled to use both for the prevention of war, toward which the torrent of passion was directed almost irresistibly and when not another person in the United States less supported by authority and favour could have resisted it."

General Brock (in 1808).

"We have completely outwitted Jefferson, and all his schemes to provoke us to war. He had no other object in view in issuing his restrictive proclamation; but failing in that, he tried what the embargo would produce, and in this he has been foiled again. Certainly our Administration is deserving of every praise for their policy on these occasions. Jefferson and his party, however strong the inclination, dare not declare war, and therefore they endeavour to attain their object by every provocation," &c.

The ladies took the first opportunity of retiring from the dining-room and leaving the gentlemen to what naturally resolved itself into an informal council of war. Possibilities and plans of operation were discussed with much eagerness; Colonel McLeod and Major Meredith rousing up at the definite prospect of real action, as an old war-horse does at the sound of the bugle-call. Meantime Mrs. McLeod sat in the drawing-room with Flora, her rich, stiff damask disposed in graceful folds, on which her eye complacently rested, while with a languid loquacity she lamented the situation to Dinah, who had come up eager to hear what the sudden news had been. Marjorie and Lilias wandered up and down in the bright moonlight without, talking occasionally in undertones, but for the most part thinking silently of possibilities that had long dimly floated before their minds, but now seemed to menace, so much more closely and definitely, the welfare of their nearest and dearest. Marjorie's thoughts were too much engrossed with "her hero," on whom lay the load of responsibility—the necessity for instant action—to think much of the more personal aspects of the impending conflict. But Lilias was thinking of her father, who she knew would rush foremost into the danger with all the English heartiness and fearlessness of his nature; and of Ernest, with enemies, as it seemed, on all sides of him, and before him the serious chances of war, in the faithful discharge of the duties to which he would assuredly be called, and from which she knew, and was glad to know, he would not shrink.

They went into the drawing-room at last, and to divert Mrs. McLeod from the gloomy forebodings in which it seemed to give her a sort of pleasure to indulge, Marjorie sat down to the small, old-fashioned piano, a rare luxury in Canada in those days, and sung one of her father's favourite Jacobite songs, vibrating with the thrill of national enthusiasm and devotion, yet with the sadness of a hopeless cause underlying its plaintive chords. The music seemed to act as an attracting force, for in a short time the gentlemen entered the room, and Col. McLeod, who was very proud of his daughter's voice and of the enthusiasm and feeling with which she sang, charged Marjorie to sing some of her best songs for the General, who had not long to stay, and wanted some music before he left. General Brock himself courteously and heartily endorsed the request, and took his station beside the piano, looking down with kindly admiration on the expressive face of the young singer, changing with the changing emotions of her music, until the music itself seemed to transport him into a different sphere, almost beyond the consciousness of what was passing around him. He asked for the "Flowers of the Forest," one of his favourites. Marjorie would rather not have sung that song to-night; it touched too painfully chords that were just then most tensely strung. But she would have made a much greater sacrifice of feeling to gratify any wish that General Brock might have expressed, so she sang it steadily through, though her voice would waver a little on the words—

"Dule and wae for the order sent our lads to the
border,"

and it was with a more plaintive sadness than usual that she brought out the pathetic refrain—

"For the Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away."

Scarcely allowing herself a pause for thanks, however, she passed quicky to another song, not so old or so hackneyed then as it is now, in which her voice rang out with the martial ardour worthy of a daughter of the McLeods, in the immortal strain,—

"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed—
Or to Victory!"

Every one in the room felt the electric influence of the words and the music, thrilling at any time, but doubly so in the peculiar circumstances of the moment; and when the last resolute notes of the closing line—

"Let us do or die!"

sank into silence a perfect storm of applause rewarded the fair singer, of which General Brock's bright beaming smile of approval was of course the most appreciated token.

"And now," said he gently, "As I shall have to go almost immediately, may I beg for my favourite song as the last, "The Land o' the Leal?"

It is a remarkable instance of the varying adaptability of the same musical notes that the air of "Scots wha hae," so expressive of ardent, resolute courage and devotion when sung more slowly and differently accentuated, expresses so beautifully the longings of a soul—done with this world and at rest concerning its future—for the more lasting joys and unbroken peace of the "Land o' the Leal." The exquisite song, sung by Marjorie in subdued tones but with distinct utterance and true feeling, seemed after the other like the peace of heaven poured upon the troubled waters of earth. Gen. Brock seemed to feel it so, as he stood by with folded arms, his calm eye fixed in its gaze as if piercing through the shifting clouds of "things seen and temporal" to the far blue, unchanging, eternal heaven beyond.

When the song was finished he expressed his thanks and, accompanied by the members of his staff who were present, took his leave. Captain Percival and the others, who were bound for Fort George, quickly followed in his suite; Major Meredith, Colonel McLeod and Colonel Talbot promising to ride over to Newark early next day. Marjorie waited only till they were gone, and then made a hasty escape to her own room, where Lilias found her weeping bitterly. The strain of excited feeling of the last hour or two, and of singing those songs in her painfully wrought-up mood, as well as the burden of a strange presentiment that was weighing on her spirit, found their natural reaction now. Lilias was sorely inclined to join her; but restrained herself, and soothed her friend's agitation with words of comfort that she was far from feeling herself; and in a short time Marjorie, by one of her rapid changes of feeling, had become by far the more cheerful of the two. It was long that night before either of the girls slept, and when they did at last fall into a broken slumber, it was to meet troubled dreams, bearing some grotesque resemblance to the ideas that had been haunting their waking thoughts.

Dunlathmon was not the only place to which that sudden news brought trouble and consternation. As the tidings of the declaration of war spread rapidly through the Province, it fell on the hearts of the colonists like a thunderbolt, startling them out of the even tenor of their way, and turning all their ideas, feelings and energies into a new and absorbing channel.

When, on the 12th of July, 1812, General Hull invaded Canadian territory, he issued a bombastic proclamation, in which, after alluding to the "tyranny and injustice of Great Britain," and expatiating upon the invaluable blessings of civil, political and religious liberty which he offered to the Canadians, he promised them—should they make no resistance—to "emancipate them from tyranny and oppression, and restore them to the dignified station of freemen." He declared, however, that if resistance were offered, and if Indians were allowed to participate in that resistance, no quarter would be given, but the war would become a war of extermination. He then placed an alternative before them, in the following terms:—"The United States offer you peace, liberty and security. Your choice lies between these and war, slavery and destruction." And they who then rejected the first of these alternatives knew well that a most serious crisis was impending; that they were entering on a contest which might be long, bloody and destructive, and whose success was, at best, extremely doubtful.

It was a tremendous bribe that they were offered—peace, comfort, security, undisturbed possession of all that made up their outward life, the price being only the sacrifice of their conscientious convictions of honour, loyalty and duty. The issue was not as we see it, clear and decided, but doubtful and dark. The present was full of depression and anxiety—the future uncertain, trembling in the balance, and full of terrible possibilities. They had a powerful enemy at their doors, while the friend to whom they looked for succour was herself embarrassed by other contests, and separated from them by thousands of miles of stormy ocean, in days when steam ocean-navigation was as yet a Utopian dream. Among them was a comparative handful of soldiers to lead their defence, while a formidable army was ready to close around them, without, as it seemed, any reasonable hope of adequate resistance. On the one hand was the promise of tranquil, undisturbed possession of their hardly won homes and their laboriously tilled fields, if they should remain passive: on the other, the too certain prospect of ruinous warfare, devastation, carnage, deadly peril—of all that makes an invasion terrible, should they firmly take their stand for what they believed the right! They might have been excused for wavering; but they did not waver. "*Fiat justitia ruat cœlum*," was their motto. May the Canada of the future prove a worthy descendant of this young Canada of the past!

From the first, with a very few insignificant exceptions, there was no uncertain sound in the loyalty of the people. In city, village, and sparsely populated township, the staunch Canadians rose as one man, determined, at all hazards, to stand by the old flag, and go forth, under that venerated ensign, to fight to the death for king, country and home. From all quarters the militia offered their immediate services, and bands of willing volunteers poured into York, Newark, Kingston, all the known places of rendezvous, eager to bear arms, and disappointed when, simply because there were no weapons with which to furnish them, many had to return to a forced inaction. General Brock had speedily issued all the arms at his disposal, which, indeed, were "barely sufficient to arm the militia required to guard the frontier." Some, indeed, remedied this lack by their own ingenuity, and if ploughshares were not literally turned into swords, and pruning-hooks into spears, something very like it took place in the conversion of the peaceful implements of husbandry into weapons of destruction. But arms were not the only thing sorely needed. Many of the poor brave colonists who left their fields and mustered to the defence, were sadly destitute of clothing, and many were absolutely without shoes, which were at that time very scarce and difficult to procure. In such circumstances, the privations they endured in necessary drilling—the exposure and fatigue of military duty—added an additional element of heroism to the cheerfully rendered service of the Canadian volunteers.

Major Meredith and Lilias had returned to Oakridge immediately after the sudden, though not unlooked-for tidings had been received at Dunlathmon; the former to collect and organise his band of volunteers, that he might take them to Newark to be ready for whatever emergency might present itself. Lilias would not remain behind him, though strongly urged to do so. She clung more than ever to her father, now that he was really going into danger, and could not bear

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the thought of being separated from him unnecessarily, even for an hour. In her secret heart she regretted that she should not have another opportunity of seeing Ernest, that she might find out whether he knew of the existence of the rumours of which Captain Percival had spoken, and might ascertain how they had arisen, and what means could be taken for her friend's vindication from a slander that caused her no little pain. But this could not be helped; so, the next morning but one after the excursion to the Falls, having exchanged an affectionate farewell with Marjorie, who was absorbed, heart and soul, in the military preparations going on around her, and having received from her a promise that she would soon come to stay with her at The Elms during Major Meredith's absence, Lilias and her father set out on their long ride homeward. They reached Oakridge about dusk, startling old Nannie by their unexpected arrival, and filling her with consternation at the news they had to tell, which had not yet reached secluded Oakridge.

There, as elsewhere, the tide of excited feeling ran in two different channels; that of the eager, ardent enthusiasm of the men, burning to press forward and repel the unscrupulous invader; and the sorrow, anxiety and foreboding care of the women, to whom the tidings came almost as a death-knell; who saw the peaceful tranquillity of their happy homes broken up—it might be for ever; and those dearest to them preparing to go forth to imminent peril, to probable wounds, and to possibilities beyond these which their minds could not ignore, though their hearts shrank from contemplating them. Yet few were the women who would have sought immunity from this load of anxiety by counselling husband or son or brother to purchase peace by disloyal compromise; no, not even such gentle Quakeresses as Patience Thurstane. Their sacrifice for King and Country was a heavy one, but they made it willingly;—ready, moreover, to make up, so far as they could by the hard labour of their own hands, for the unavoidable absence of the strong arms which should have gathered in the crops in the busy days of harvest. But many a bronzed yeoman, as he shouldered his hunting rifle, or, perhaps, a rusty old firelock that had descended to him as an heirloom from some long dead ancestor; and as, after the clinging farewells of wife and children, he turned his back on his rude but comfortable homestead; on the familiar fields he had cleared and tilled, and the animals he had cared for, with their patient, well-known faces looking wistfully at him as he passed, felt a strange choking in his throat, and the unaccustomed tear dimming the eyes that again and again turned to take a farewell look at the home which, he knew, he might never see again.

General Brock, in the meantime, was hard at work, physically and mentally, labouring to provide for the protection of the long exposed frontier under his command—a task by no means easy with a water-frontier of 1,300 miles in the Upper Province alone, and little more than the same number of regular soldiers, exclusive of garrisons. It was clear enough that, without the substantial and ready aid of Canadian volunteers, the British force could not long have maintained the unequal contest; and without the rallying point of its brave, resolute, hopeful, foreseeing and prompt General and President, the country itself might soon have sunk into a demoralising despondency. But General Brock foresaw and provided for every exigency, gave confidence to the anxious and sometimes drooping spirits of the people, and encouraged and cheered them on to their staunch and effectual defence.

On the 12th of July, as has been said, General Hull's expedition, which had been for some time gathering in Michigan, crossed the frontier at Detroit, believing that they were advancing to the easy conquest of the coveted prize. His proclamation has already been described, threatening the people with all the horrors and calamities of war, should they refuse the "peace, liberty and security" which he offered them. To this General Brock replied in the dignified and manly tone becoming a British commander, that: "The Crown of England would defend and avenge all its subjects, whether red or white; that Canada knew her duty to herself and to her Sovereign, and was neither to be bullied nor cajoled into a departure from it."

On the 27th of July, General Brock convened, at York, an extra Session of the Legislature of Upper Canada. At first considerable despondency was perceptible in the counsels and speeches of those who had met for deliberation at so momentous a crisis; but the energy and ascendency of Brock's animating genius, conjoined with the spontaneous outburst of loyalty and patriotism among the people, rallied the spirits and the courage even of those who took the gloomiest view of the situation. His address to the people sounded no uncertain note. "We are engaged," he said, "in an awful and eventful contest. By unanimity in our councils, and by vigour in our operations, we may teach the country this lesson, that a country defended by freemen, enthusiastically devoted to the cause of their King and Constitution, can never be conquered." And the strain was repeated and prolonged by the address sent forth to the people by the Legislative Assembly. They expressed their joy at observing that "the spirit of loyalty has burst forth in all its ancient splendour,"—and their natural indignation against the invaders of a peaceful country; and they concluded with the noble words, expressive of the calm and deliberate resolve of those who, standing entirely on the defensive, are yet determined to resist to the death an unmitigated wrong, and to defend their country and their liberty: "Persevere as you have begun, in your strict obedience to the laws and your attention to military discipline; deem no sacrifice too costly which secures the enjoyment of our happy constitution; follow, with your countrymen in Britain, the paths of virtue, and, like them, you shall triumph over all your unprincipled foes."

Meantime, the militia mustered on the frontier were drilling and practising with what patience they might, as they thought of their neglected fields. General Brock was moving energetically backward and forward between the frontier force at Fort George and the Legislature at York, presiding at deliberations, writing despatches to Quebec, sending detachments to outposts, negotiating with the Indians—among whom he feared fickleness and disloyalty from the influence of American emissaries—soothing the impatience of the rural militiamen, and drilling and organising with unflagging zeal. He refrained from making any active demonstration on the river, because, as he wrote, "Fort Niagara can be demolished, when found necessary, in half an hour;" but "to enable the militia to acquire some degree of discipline, without interruption, is of far greater consequence than such a conquest."

In heartfelt recognition of dependence on the Disposer of all events—in an age when such public recognition was rarer than it happily is now—General Brock early appointed a day for fasting and prayer for the success of the country's defence from the horrors of successful invasion, in which the people, of all creeds and classes, heartily joined. And, having thus taken not the least effectual means of success, of giving calmness and confidence to the excited people, and inspiring them with the spirit of trustful courage which is the best preparation for any time of trial, he took care also not to neglect any of the more outward and tangible means of defence which the circumstances would admit, and which his active mind and judicious foresight could devise.

Long before the end of July hostilities had actually commenced in the far west. At Tarontee and Macinaw, British pluck and steadfastness were resisting the progress of the invader among the western marshes and on the shores of Lake Huron. A detachment of Captain Percival's regiment, the 41st,* had been sent to Amherstburg or Fort Malden, by General Brock's foresight, so early as May, but the General was reduced "almost to despair" when, on the 20th of July, he received information that Hull had been, since the 12th, in possession of the Village of Sandwich. Colonel Proctor, of the 41st, was accordingly instantly despatched thither to ascertain accurately the state of affairs, and fresh detachments of troops and militia were sent to the same quarter. Percival would gladly have gone with that portion of his regiment which was already on the scene of action. But, both on account of his comparative inexperience of the country, and of the good service which his thorough theoretical mastery of his profession, and his experience at the home depôt, enabled him to render in organising and disciplining the militia force, General Brock preferred his remaining for the present at Fort George.

Not a few of the settlers along the shore of the Niagara, in alarm at the threatening demonstrations of the Americans opposite, removed their families and most of their household goods to some safer retreat in the interior. Colonel McLeod did not think it necessary, in the present state of affairs, to send away his family—a step indeed which Marjorie, for one, would have vehemently opposed. But he yielded to his wife's anxiety so far as to allow all the plate and valuables of the family to be packed up and sent to Fort George for safety, to be transmitted thence to Quebec should need arise. All his horses, except one for farm-work—even Marjorie's pet Oscar—had been placed at the disposal of the General and promoted to military service; for Colonel McLeod was not the man to keep back anything—even his own sons—from his country's need. And Marjorie almost rejoiced in the pang it had cost her to part even temporarily with Oscar, because it gave her the right to feel that she, too, had already sacrificed something for King and Country.

In the meanwhile Lilias was undergoing one of those seasons of silent, repressed anxiety which soon blanch a girl's cheek and leave signs of their presence in the dark circles under the eyes that often indicate inward pain. Her father found it necessary to be almost constantly at Newark with his volunteers, only getting home occasionally for a flying visit of a few hours. Exciting rumours were always afloat through the country announcing some new and threatening move of the enemy, and, though generally unfounded, they had none the less, for the time, a painfully disturbing effect; the more so that, from the demonstrations of the American troops, it was generally believed that an attack on the Niagara frontier might be at any moment expected. If so, Lilias knew well that both her father and Ernest would probably be engaged in the conflict that must follow; and she was haunted by the thought that at any time she might hear that one or both had been wounded—or worse!

Old Nannie was so excited about the state of affairs, and so prone to gloomy anticipations, that Lilias tried, as far as was possible, to keep her from hearing each new rumour as it arose, and thus could not even give herself the relief of discussing its improbabilities, but was obliged to reason it out as well as she could in her own mind. Now and then, when the weight seemed too oppressive to bear any longer unshared, she would mount her grey pony and ride over to the Lake Farm, or would summon Bruno to attend her in a walk to Aunt Judy's cottage; and always returned cheered and strengthened by Patience Thurstane's sweet trustful resignation, or by the bright hopeful faith of the old negress. Mrs. Thurstane's boys were all gone to Newark except the youngest, and Jacob held himself in readiness to go to the front at once if he were needed. But still she quietly went about all her household avocations;—still were her kitchen and dairy immaculately clean as of old;—still did she spin and knit on as steadily as ever, though the spectacles that aided the failing sight had to be wiped a good deal oftener than was their wont. "For," as she said to 'Miss Lilias,' "there's no good in taking on to fight against a trial! That only makes it the harder to bear. Man can't go any farther than the Lord lets him; and it ought to keep us from frettin' overmuch to think that we ourselves, as well as the folks we love and would give our lives for, are all in the hands of One that loves them and us best of all!"

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* Not the 49th, as appeared by mistake in the first number.

And Aunt Judy would comfort her "chile," as she called her, by telling her all the stories she could remember—and they were not a few—of providential deliverances, merciful interpositions in hours when, humanly speaking, danger seemed imminent. "An' anyways, chile," she would conclude, "I have been young and now am old, and I'se sartin' now, what I didn't jes' use to b'lieve when I was young and silly, dat de Lord can do a great sight better for us dan we could do for ourselves, an' dat de best ting *we* can do is jes' to keep still an' see what He's goin' to do. An' sure I am dat if we do, He won't neber disappoint us, but somehow or oder we shall see de goodness of de Lord in de land of de livin'. For He's all love, honey, *dat* I'se sure of; an' He jes' wants to do de berry best for us dat can possibly be done!"

It was a great comfort to Lilias when Marjorie, at considerable sacrifice to her own feelings in leaving just then the vicinity of Fort George, redeemed her promise of coming to stay a few days with her. Not usually a great talker, she grew positively loquacious on the first evening of Marjorie's visit, in the reaction of having some one to whom she could speak freely of everything that lay on her mind; on every subject, that is, except one. She had never confided, even to Marjorie, Captain Percival's remark about Ernest, which, at the time it was made, Marjorie did not happen to hear. But the two girls had plenty of wholesome occupation to keep them from morbid and profitless brooding. The absence of Major Meredith and all his able-bodied men, leaving only the boy Sambo—to his grandmother's great content—to attend to the farm-work, made, of necessity, an unusual amount of labour fall upon the female members of the household. Much of Sambo's usual work had to be done by the one handmaid under old Nannie, whose work therefore fell chiefly on Lilias. Moreover there was the hay-harvest to be got in—delayed already beyond the usual time—and Lilias was determined that, so far as she could help it, her father's farming affairs should not suffer through his necessary absence. So as Sambo by degrees managed to get the hay cut, aided by Jacob Thurstane, who kindly insisted on sparing a day for this purpose from his own great press of work, Marjorie and Lilias spent the early mornings, before the sun's heat grew too fierce, in turning over the hay and spreading it out, so that all of it might be fully exposed to the heat of the sun. Then, after it was sufficiently dry, they piled it up with Sambo's help into hay-cocks, in the construction and symmetry of which they took great pride. They found the work rather more tiring than they had anticipated from their former recollections of playing at haymaking; but it was wholesome and invigorating, driving away painful thoughts, at least for the time. When they were hard at work tossing or spreading out the hay, the freshness of the summer morning around them and the pure morning sky above them, it was impossible for the natural buoyancy of youth not to assert itself even in Lilias' burdened heart; and many a hearty laugh—generally over some amusing sally of Marjorie's—did they have while at their unwonted labours. If they did come in, generally tired out, when the forenoon grew hot, a siesta rested and refreshed them; and if, to Nannie's grief, Lilias' delicate complexion grew more sunburnt than it had ever been in her life before, it is certain that the balance of good effects on the whole preponderated over such trifling and temporary inconveniences. So Major Meredith, on his next hurried visit home, found his hay-crop all ready to be carted into the barn under his own superintendence. The occasion was made as much a festal one as circumstances would permit—Sambo being *fêted* to his own delight, for the first time in his life; and the girls felt themselves abundantly rewarded for their labour in the surprise and pleasure of the worthy Major, who had been inwardly fretting over his hay, and who could hardly find words to express his thanks and his praise of the skill and energy of his amateur haymakers.

But all this time Lilias could hear nothing definite of Ernest, except merely such general intelligence as she could glean from her father's occasional mention of having seen him, or the rare messages that came from the Thurstane boys to the Lake Farm.

CHAPTER XI.

AT NEWARK.

"'Down with him!' cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face—
'Now yield thee,' cried Lars Porsena—
'Now yield thee to our grace.'"

IT was about this time that Ernest Heathcote, having given his boys their summer vacation, and so, feeling a little more at leisure than he had done of late, indulged himself one afternoon in a quiet, meditative stroll along the wooded shore of the Niagara, towards Queenston. Such a walk was a rare luxury to him now, since all his spare time, after school hours, had been fully occupied with the drilling, practising, &c., necessary to enable him to keep up with his company. He had been indefatigable in labouring to qualify himself for being an efficient defender of his country, now that a crisis was approaching, and his exertions had done him good in more ways than one. They served all the purpose of gymnastics in strengthening and developing his physical powers by the active exercise which his ardour for study had led him too much to neglect; while, at the same time, the outward activity, the stir and bustle of the time, drew him out of the rather morbid speculations—the fruitless theorising and brooding over evils which he had no power to remedy, in which he had been too prone to indulge. Despite his strong and true sense of the evils of war, when the declaration of hostility had become a reality, and Newark was full of rumours of invasion, of the stir and pomp of busy military preparation—of the bustle of constantly arriving volunteers—he found all his strong sentiments give way before the irresistible excitement of the moment, which developed the latent military enthusiasm inherited from his soldier-father. He was surprised himself to feel how his heart thrilled with martial ardour and overpowering emotion when he heard the bugle call to parade, or saw the motley ranks of volunteers march in, each man, poorly dressed as he might be, bearing himself with a certain grave steadfastness which seemed to signify his feeling that Canada expected every man to do his duty, and that *he* was ready to do it.

Ernest's patriotic zeal was, moreover, quickened by his honest ambition that whatever he did do should be done well, and so great already was his proficiency in military exercises that he had been honoured by the expressed approbation of the officer in command, and had good hopes of soon obtaining a commission. This he desired chiefly because he knew how it would raise him in the estimation of Major Meredith, if not of Lilias. It need hardly be said that he was thinking of her as, having passed the earthen ramparts and cedar palisades of Fort George, half a mile above the village of Newark, he sauntered slowly along the river bank, enjoying the cool freshness of the woods, the soft song of the rushing river, and the unwonted rest of a leisurely stroll. He had been wondering often, during these days of excitement, how Lilias was bearing up under the manifold anxieties of the times. He knew that the excitement and suspense must be very trying to her sensitive nature, apart from any anxiety about him, which he did not take into account.

But he had other subjects of thought, considerably less pleasant. He was quite aware of the existence of floating rumours about himself, throwing doubts upon his loyalty and truth, if not positively accusing him of the reverse. He could trace these, partially at least, to Bill Davis, who he knew had an old grudge against him. Then, both Davis and Lieutenant Payne had at once conjectured Ernest's interference when the latter found that Rachel, influenced to some extent by the remonstrance of Lilias, had become much more cautious and prudent. This was quite sufficient to impel them to do him what harm they could, by throwing out insinuations and starting reports to which Ernest's American parentage gave a certain colouring of *vraisemblance.* Moreover, his invariable moderation in speaking of a country which had strong claims on his regard—his refusal to join in wholesale denunciations of a people who had, he felt, something to complain of on their side—also tended to make his disaffection suspected by those who, in the excited feeling of the time, could look at the matter only from their own point of view, and who could find no epithets strong enough to express the indignation, and too often the hatred, which the unhappy war had evoked. And being too proud to forestall accusation by explanations, and clear himself from a slander which he felt was so absurd and so unworthy, he could do nothing but silently abide the issue, feeling, meantime, that a tide of hostile feeling was rising against him, and that he was coldly and suspiciously regarded by some who had once been friends. The possibility of Lilias being pained by hearing these rumours had not even occurred to him. Should Major Meredith hear them, he felt sure that he, who knew him so well, would not listen to them for a moment, but would treat them with the same utter incredulity as did his cousins, who laughed heartily at the very idea of such a suspicion. Yet still they were in themselves sufficiently annoying to one who was especially sensitive to any imputation of what he considered unworthy and ignoble.

He had nearly reached the limit he had set himself for his walk, when he heard hasty shuffling steps behind him, and presently found himself overtaken by a shabby, Yankee-looking man, of unprepossessing exterior, and with a sly, cunning expression, which made Ernest shrink from him with instinctive repugnance. It was the wandering American who had been Captain Percival's fellow-traveller in the stage. The man was, in fact, one of the numerous emissaries who, just before the war, had been sent into Canada to collect information, to sow disaffection among the Indians, and to seduce, or try to seduce from their allegiance, any dissatisfied Canadians whom they might encounter.

The stranger, with whom Ernest was in no wise inclined to fraternise even on a solitary walk, pertinaciously insisted on opening a conversation, and after some opening remarks, expressed in an unmistakeably Yankee intonation, he led the way to his object by claiming Ernest as a fellow-countryman. This honour the latter very coldly declined, by replying that Canada was, to all intents and purposes, his country. The American, however, nothing daunted, went on slowly, and not very adroitly, feeling his way towards his purpose, which was, as Ernest soon indignantly discovered, to try to induce him to desert to the American army by the bait of a commission and a considerable sum of money. The moment that the man's object became clear to him, Ernest emphatically declared that he could not even listen to so disgraceful a proposition. But the other stuck to him with irrepressible pertinacity, referring to the rumours afloat of his doubtful loyalty, to their necessarily injurious effect on his career in Canada, and even threatening, in case of his refusal, to drop a few hints which would very seriously aggravate the present suspicions about him. Ernest knew that this was within his power; but, not caring to prolong a parley which he felt it humiliating to him that the man should have dared to open, he sternly told him to "do his worst," and with a cold "good afternoon," abruptly turned homeward. The stranger, seeing that any farther attempts were clearly useless, went on his way, after casting an evil glance after Ernest, with a muttered threat that it would be "the worse for him."

Ernest's unpleasant *rencontres* were not yet, however, over for the day. As, in his indignant excitement, he walked rapidly homeward, he overtook two figures walking slowly before him, in whom, just as he reached them, he recognised Bill Davis and Lieut. Payne. He would have passed with the slightest gesture of recognition, but some words which reached his ear just as he came up with them, and which seemed to him to relate to his uncle and cousin, made him pause for a moment, involuntarily, and look at the speakers as he was about to pass. The action, slight as it was, was enough for Davis, who rudely and offensively exclaimed, "Come now, Ernest Heathcote, we don't want none of your intermeddling! Do you hear? You let our affairs alone or it'll be the worse for you. You've put your finger in the pie quite enough already!"

"Anything that concerns any member of my uncle's family concerns me;" replied Ernest, with as much coolness as he could command though inwardly burning with indignation.

"Oh, does it? We'll see about that," returned the other fiercely and with a threatening gesture. "You'd better give your word to let things alone or it will be the worse for you!" He looked significantly downward as he spoke. They were at a point where the river-bank sank abruptly down from the road—a steep precipice with jagged rocks jutting out from the scattered foliage. It would be an ugly place for a scuffle, especially with two against one. Both young men were flushed with drinking, which accounted for Davis' reckless bravado, and it was quite possible that Payne, who stood by with a malicious smile on his insipid, beardless face, might join Davis in a personal attack. A scuffle and a push, and nothing more might be known—only a mangled body found long after on the rocks below. The possibility flashed across Ernest during the few moments that he stood there facing the scowling Davis with quiet resolution. It gave him no sensation of fear; his only consciousness was one of indignation and determined resolve to thwart, if in his power, their possibly nefarious designs.

Presently Davis' menacing look subsided a little under the firm gaze of Ernest. Bad as he was, he was hardly villain enough to proceed to such extremities without at least a stronger temptation to do so. Presently he said, with a slight change of tone:—

"Come now, Heathcote, I know what game you're flyin', and you'd better let our sport alone or we'll put a spoke in *your* wheel."

"I don't understand you," replied Ernest very coldly, anxious to put an end to the conference as soon as possible.

"Oh, you don't! Miss Lilias Meredith, then! I suppose you wouldn't mind if she and her father both thought you a sneaking spy, as every one will soon know you for, if we tell all we've seen to-day?" and he indicated with his hand the direction in which the American had disappeared.

Ernest had flushed crimson and then grown pale at the insulting words, combined with the allusion to Lilias. But he forced himself to reply quietly: "You know as well as I do that there are no grounds for such an accusation. As for what you've seen you are at liberty to tell it. A man is not responsible for being accosted by a scoundrel."

"Oh, you take that tack, do you? Well, will you say 'Confound the rascally Yankees?'"—returned Davis, with an aggravating leer. Payne, still looking on with a contemptuous smile that showed all his white teeth, added in a patronizing drawl:

"Do, my good fellow, and we shall be sure you're all right."

"I'm not in the habit of abusing absent people unnecessarily," Ernest answered haughtily; "when the time comes for action my loyalty will be sufficiently proved."

"You won't, then?" retorted Davis, in a bullying tone.

"I will not," said Ernest unflinchingly, aware that his refusal would be perverted to his injury, yet disdaining to qualify it by any explanation.

"Well, then, look here," said Davis, in the same tone; "just so sure as you poke yourself into any affairs of ours again, just so sure you'll find we're one too many for you! You won't enjoy being drummed out of your company as a traitor and a spy!"

"If that is all you have to say to me, I will bid you good afternoon," replied Ernest, who felt that his self-command was fast leaving him, and did not wish to degrade himself by bandying abuse with a fellow like Davis; and, passing on, he quickened his pace as if he could thereby walk down the indignant agitation which, in spite of himself, the unprovoked abuse he had met with had excited. "It isn't worth one's while to be angry with a fellow like that," he said to himself philosophically, but his philosophy was hardly sufficient to calm the inward and painful commotion. The allusion to Lilias, touching so rudely on a subject on which he hardly dared to let his own thoughts dwell openly, had touched him to the quick, and he was aware that in such a season of excitement even the idle slanders of scoundrels like Davis and Payne would be quite sufficient to do him real harm. But he trusted, as most honest and inexperienced hearts do generally trust, in the certain prevalence of the right cause, and he would not permit himself to indulge any fear as to consequences. All the same, and come what might, he would at all hazards do everything in his power to protect his fair young cousin from the machinations of these villains. As he walked along, the thought flashed across him that his two *rencontres* might not have been so unconnected with each other as they first seemed. The American had overtaken him from the same direction in which the other two had been walking. Might not the blundering attempt of the former have been made at the instigation of Davis, in order to give a colour to his accusation of treachery? If so, he would be sure to use the encounter to the best advantage. Well, it was of no use to speculate! He could only go quietly on with his duties, and await the result that time might develop.

It was not long before he found out that the threats against himself were by no means meaningless bluster. One of the trustees of the school he taught had a son who frequented the society of Payne, Davis, and their set. Him these worthies took care to

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ply with reports, insinuations, and direct accusations of Ernest Heathcote, and their work bore fruit in a note which Ernest, in the course of a few days, received from his principal trustee, notifying him that his services would not be required in the school after the holidays. It was an abruptness of dismissal hardly in accordance with the tenor of his engagement, to say nothing of the discourtesy and ungraciousness of so treating a teacher who had faithfully discharged his duties for somewhat more than two years; but Ernest could not bring himself to expostulate, and, as no reason was assigned, preferred silently to accept the situation, with all its injustice. The prospect of relief from the drudgery of his school duties would have been in itself a relief had it been otherwise brought about, although at present he did not exactly see what employment would succeed the one which had so abruptly ceased. But other consequences of the enmity he had unintentionally provoked were soon to make themselves more painfully felt.

CHAPTER XII.

AT OAKRIDGE.

> "Who steals my purse steals trash—
> But he who filches from me my good name
> Takes from me that which not enriches him,
> And makes me poor indeed."

IT was a warm July evening at Oakridge. Marjorie had gone home, and Lilias, now that she was left alone, was feeling a depression and a lassitude that was the natural reaction after the unusual fatigue and excitement of the last few weeks. That afternoon the air felt sultry, betokening, perhaps, an approaching thunderstorm; and Lilias felt as if she could not bear up against the combination of oppression in the atmosphere without and depression within. The hot still air seemed to stifle her as with a sense of coming ill. She could not compel herself to continue at any occupation, so in despair she threw herself on the grass at the foot of a tree and began the "Ancient Mariner" again, for the third or fourth time. But even that failed to hold her attention, and she found her eyes wandering to the motionless leaves above her head, and her thoughts taking the road they had of late taken so many times a day—the road to Newark. Her father had dropped a hint during his last visit home, which made her fear that he had not only heard something of the rumours to which Captain Percival had alluded, but was also somewhat inclined to believe them. Yet it was not like her father, she thought, to believe evil of a friend without serious cause. Certainly she had very slight foundation for thinking that he did, but love is often preternaturally acute, and goes straight to the mark in spite of itself, when ordinary reasoning lags far behind. And the combination of anxieties, added to her depressed health and spirits, made Lilias long to see or hear from Ernest, with an intensity of longing that she had never been conscious of feeling before, and for which, powerless as she was to help it, she was almost angry with herself.

She was roused out of a reverie of this kind by the rapid clatter of a horse's hoofs along the road. Looking through the vista formed by the overhanging branches, she could just see her father dismount at the farm gate, mount again and ride up the road that led to the back door. She rushed quickly to the house to meet and welcome him, and order a substantial meal to refresh him after his long ride. Major Meredith seemed, indeed, unusually weary. He was hot and flustered, too, and his sunburnt face had the added redness which was rather a sign of inward worry than of mere outward exertion. It did not pass away when he had rested for a while, and he seemed in a troubled, silent mood, very unlike the good-humoured and talkative one in which he usually came home. He ate little and talked less, not asking even his usual routine of questions about the farm, the neighbours, and home affairs generally. Lilias grew more and more uneasy as she wondered what could be the matter. Sometimes her father would make a beginning as if about to say something important, and as often stopped short, hesitating and flurried. At last, with a great effort, and without preamble, it came out.

"Lilias," he said, with an attempt at a determined tone, but with a really unsteady voice, "I wish you for the future to have nothing whatever to say to Ernest Heathcote."

Lilias remained perfectly still, but her face, which had grown deadly pale, and her dilated eyes, which inward emotion always made darker, told how the sudden, peremptory speech had startled her. At last she found voice to say, in a low, half-stifled tone—

"Why, father?"

"I have reasons for not explaining the matter fully," replied he, concealing his own uneasiness under an assumption of importance; "but there are good reasons—only too good reasons."

But it must have been a very strong cause indeed that could repress the good Major's natural communicativeness, and he presently went on—

"The lad has disappointed me, very much disappointed me! I find there are grave suspicions of his loyalty. He has even been seen in communication with a known Yankee spy."

"But, father," said Lilias, beginning to recover from the startling effect of the unexpected announcement, "you know how false reports arise in a time like this! Think how long you have known Ernest. Why not trust him rather than mere rumours?"

"It is not mere rumour, Lilias. I do not give such ready heed to rumours; I had it on good authority. But that isn't all," he added, forgetting his reticent resolves. "He has been speaking, also, in an improper way of—of you; presuming on all the kindness he has received here, and returning it thus! I have excellent authority for knowing that your name was talked of in a very unpleasant and improper manner between him and such fellows as Bill Davis."

The blood had rushed impetuously to Lilias' face, and now rushed back by a violent revulsion to her heart, leaving her face colourless. What if this should be true? Could it be possible? Then, her heart replied at once:—No! Ernest could not act so unworthily!

"But, father," she said at last, almost inaudibly, "I am sure there must be some mistake. I know he could not do so."

"I never should have thought it," replied the Major, rather bitterly, "but I had it on too good authority—that of Captain Percival, who is too honourable a man to say anything untrue—and he had it from one who was present. So remember, Lilias, have nothing more to do with him in any way! I can't have anything to say to a fellow who speaks of my little girl disrespectfully, nor let you have, either;" and, putting his arm around her, he kissed his daughter, who had to exert all the self-control in her power to keep down the sob that was rising in her throat.

Her face had flushed again when her father had named Captain Percival as his authority, partly from a feeling of anger at his interference, partly from shame and mortification that he should have heard anything of the kind, however untrue, about her. But she did not for a moment believe that the thing itself was true, however the report might have arisen. She felt that she knew Ernest too well, that she had too good reasons for implicit confidence in his honour, his truth,—in the scrupulous care he would exercise where her name was concerned, to entertain, for a moment, the idea that he could possibly have even alluded to her voluntarily in a conversation with Bill Davis. But it was of no use to reiterate her own disbelief. Her father had evidently been fully impressed with the truth of what he had heard, and she knew how useless it was to try, by reasoning, to remove either an idea or a prejudice when once lodged in his mind. It could be done only by disproof, and that for the present was impossible. So she said nothing more, and by a violent effort retained her composure until, after a short interval of silence, her father rose wearily, saying he must go to bed. Lilias bade him her usual affectionate good-night, and lighted his candle. Then she escaped to her room, where her repressed agitation found relief, first in natural tears, and then in laying her burden at the feet of Him who cares for the sorrows of all His children.

When the traditional "cruel parent" interferes with the course of true love, he is usually such a hard-hearted unnatural ogre—so dead to all feelings of paternal love—so completely under the sway of worldly and sordid motives, that the daughter's course is comparatively simple. It is to cling at all hazards to the new affection that has taken root in her life, without troubling herself about the fate of the old relationship to which she owes her existence, and whose protection has sheltered her life until now. She is not troubled by any sweet reminiscences of tender affection and loving care, for there have been none, apparently, to recall. But when the bond between father and daughter has been that of strong exclusive attachment and reciprocal care; when it is an old love that arrays itself against the new, with all the tender, old-time associations; when it is the very love and care of the father that prompts the interference—for the difference is as truly one of point of view as was that between the knights of old, and the shield is as truly brazen to the father as it is silver to the daughter—then the case is very different, and the struggle in the daughter's heart much more complicated.

And Lilias' always deep affection for her father had been of late deepened and intensified by the thought of his possible, nay probable, exposure to danger. In the dreams of surprises and sanguinary conflicts which had lately been troubling her slumbers, she had more than once seen the grey head that was so dear to her first leading the way with British pluck into the thickest of the fight, then laid low in the dust, stained with blood. Such ideas, which would not be shut out, made her heart more than usually tender towards her father—made her anxious to save him every unnecessary trouble and worry; and now, when he had been so troubled by hearing that her name had been disrespectfully used by one who certainly owed him gratitude for much past kindness, Lilias felt that she must not argue the matter farther, but must submit quietly for the present, and wait till time should bring to light Ernest's innocence—for innocent she was certain he was.

Major Meredith had his own painful thoughts about the matter, too; and an additional source of uneasiness, which, for a wonder, was hidden in his own breast. The conversation with Percival, in which Ernest had thus been maligned—unconsciously maligned certainly, for Percival had persuaded himself that what he wished to believe was true—had arisen from some hints in which the latter had led Major Meredith to infer his own admiration and regard for Lilias, an inference which was thoroughly in accordance with the Major's own wishes. But Percival had further hinted that he feared he might already be forestalled in Lilias' regard, and, on Major Meredith's warm assertion that he was sure such a thing was impossible, had fortified his position still further by means that lay ready to his hand. Accordingly he proceeded to communicate to the Major, already irritated by the idea which had been suggested to him, a good deal of the ill-natured gossip which Payne had been circulating about Ernest whenever he could find a listener. as interested and as credulous as Percival. The indignant excitement of Major Meredith gave Percival good reason to suppose that Lilias would soon hear what he was certain would have its weight with her, even if it should give her some pain. In spite of himself, his conscience troubled him a little about the honourableness of thus stabbing a rival in the dark; but he inwardly justified himself with the reflection that the stab was deserved, and that, by this means, he was not only exposing a wrong but also increasing his chance of gaining what he had persuaded himself was absolutely necessary to his future happiness. But Major Meredith, now that the idea of Lilias' preference for Heathcote had fairly entered his mind, was somewhat disquieted lest it might not be so groundless as he had wished to believe. He began to accuse himself of imprudence in having permitted the young people to be so much together, for, though he shrank from the idea of causing pain to Lilias, he could not bring himself to regard a possible union between her and Ernest as anything but a *mésalliance*—as much so as if they had been encompassed by the most rigid restrictions of English social opinion. It would touch his personal pride, too, as well as his conservative class prejudices, for his friends in England had prophesied such a result as one of the inevitable consequences of his settling, against their wishes, in Canada, when he retired on half pay. He had always put such an idea far from him, and had, till lately, persevered in regarding Lilias as a child; but of late the thought of Captain Percival as a possible son-in-law had lodged itself in his mind as a happy way of settling his daughter's future, and falsifying the predictions which still lingered in his memory. As the son of an old friend, the scion of an ancient family, a brave and enthusiastic soldier, sure to rise in his profession—the profession most honourable of all in the Major's eyes—Percival had, in his estimation, everything to make him a desirable *parti* for Lilias. And all these desirable qualifications were lacked by poor Ernest, whom Captain Percival had contemptuously styled "a village schoolmaster." It would be awkward if Lilias cared for the fellow, thought the Major; for he had by no means lost the memory of his own strong attachment, and of the grief of his loss. And the pain which he felt rather than saw Lilias had received from his communication increased his rising misgiving lest Percival's theory of a rival might be true. But he trusted that, if so, the information he had given her would open her eyes and steel her heart against Ernest; and nothing more was said on the subject during his short visit. He was so sure of his daughter's honourable regard for his wishes that he did not feel it necessary to repeat his charge, and they parted with the tacit understanding that it would not be disregarded. But indeed Lilias was hardly likely at present to have any temptation to transgress it. She was, for once, glad of her father's departure, which relieved her from the effort of keeping up an appearance of cheerfulness with a sorely troubled heart.

About a week after his departure, Lilias was seated under her favourite hickory, her hands busily engaged in making an elaborate shirt for her father, while her thoughts had, as usual, wandered to Newark, when she saw John Wardle halt at the gate of The Elms. She knew that this, nowadays, generally portended a letter or a message from her father, and throwing down her work, she ran to the gate to receive what he had brought. There was, perhaps the shadow of a smile in the corner of honest John's mouth, which he would have deemed it disrespectful to show more distinctly, when he took carefully out of his pocket a note neatly folded and sealed, and handed it to Miss Lilias, saying that he was "bid to give it to her—her own self."

Lilias saw at a glance that the superscription was in Ernest's handwriting, and her heart began to beat so violently, with mingled surprise, gladness and perplexity, that she found it difficult to command her voice so as to give old John the few pleasant words he always expected from her. At last, after what seemed a long time, she got away, and, sitting down again under her tree, she read and re-read the superscription before she could make up her mind whether it was right to open it. Was it not against the spirit, if not the letter of her father's command, even to read a communication from Ernest? And yet she felt sure that the note must have been written for good reason, and that harm might result from her leaving it unread. Ernest could not know of the prohibition of intercourse, and she might surely read what he had written, even though she could not, of course, reply to it. At any rate, she could not bring herself to destroy the letter unread; and to keep it and not read it seemed as impossible. So, although with a feeling of pain and perplexity at her heart, she cut the paper round the seal with careful, loving hand, and opened and read it.

She scarcely knew whether she was relieved or disappointed to find that the note contained no reference to personal matters, and needed no answer except action. There were only a few words, evidently written in haste, to say that he had every reason to fear that Lieutenant Payne had good hopes of very speedily inveigling Rachel into an elopement and a mock marriage. Would Lilias kindly see Rachel as speedily as possible, and, if she thought it needful, would she even cautiously put his uncle and aunt on their guard? He wished to spare them the pain of knowing anything about it, if possible; but it might be necessary. He would have come himself if he could have got away, but as he could not do so just then, he was sure he might take the liberty of asking Lilias.

She closed the note with a half sigh. Its tone was so thoroughly, almost distantly respectful, that it seemed silently to rebuke the thoughts and feelings of which she had been conscious in regard to him. She could not know the aching longings that had been repressed—to say just one little word more! But she knew better, or perhaps it would be more correct to say felt more truly, now, than to entertain any jealousy about his concern for Rachel's welfare, and she resolved to attend to his request as speedily as possible.

Accordingly, as soon as the afternoon had grown a little cooler, she mounted her gray pony and rode off to the Lake Farm. When she reached it she found Mrs. Thurstane sitting alone at the spinning wheel, on which she was busily spinning wool for the winter stockings. She had more than her usual share of that to do this year, as Rachel had to go out to the fields now to help her father and her youngest brother, in the absence of the other lads—a task that did not altogether please Rachel, who had found out that the exposure was not good for her complexion.

She was not to be seen at this moment; her mother thought she had gone to look for the cows; so Lilias sat down to rest and enjoy a chat with her old friend. But Patience was not in her usual spirits, and Lilias soon found out that she was very anxious about Ernest. Major Meredith had encountered Jacob as he was leaving Oakridge, and, with his usual unreserve, had told him something of his dissatisfaction with his nephew and his determination to have nothing more to do with him.

"And Jacob's pretty keen when he's roused, you know, Miss Lilias," she said, "and of course he stood up for the lad, that he thinks as much of as of his own son; so I'm thinking they had some hot words between them; and my old man, I can see he takes it to heart, for he thinks so much of the Major, too! Ah, well, 'twould be a weary world if we didn't know who was over all, and that nothing can happen without

His letting it! But for Ernest I would answer as for my own self. There never was a boy was more true to whatever he undertook, nor more honest, nor more careful to say nothing behind your back that he wouldn't say before your face."

"Indeed, I'm sure of that," replied Lilias warmly, "and I'm sure my father will be sorry by-and-by for his mistake. It 'll all come right by-and-by," she added, with a confidence she was far from feeling.

As Rachel did not soon return, Lilias said she would go and look for her, and gathering up her habit, she strolled slowly about the farm, and down to the lake shore, every object around her bringing Ernest almost painfully to mind. But the object of her search was nowhere to be seen, and Lilias at last, not willing to be out late in the lonely road, said she must set out on her return, and come again to see Rachel. Patience seemed somewhat uneasy at her daughter's absence, and went to the gate herself to open it for Miss Lilias, and see her safely started.

Lilias had not gone far before she found that her stirrup-strap had come unfastened, and as she could not ride comfortably, she dismounted to set it right. To remount easily, she led her pony to a fallen log that lay at the edge of the road next the forest. Just as she was about to mount she thought she could hear voices a little way in the wood. She listened, and was sure she could distinguish the voice of Rachel speaking in low tones. She would advance cautiously she thought, and see; so, throwing the pony's bridle over a branch, she picked her way in among the brushwood. Presently she came upon the figures, whom, at a glance, she could distinguish as Lieutenant Payne and Rachel, seated on a mossy log, with their backs toward her, and so engrossed in conversation that they did not hear the slight rustling she made in approaching them. Payne's arm was around Rachel's waist, and her hand in his, and he seemed to be coaxing her to something to which she was somewhat averse.

"Just slip away with me now quietly," she heard him say, "I've got a good strong horse, and you can ride behind me. Then when we've made everything straight, we'll come back and see the old folks you know. And there 'll be no more nasty, hard work in the hot sun for my pretty pet."

Lilias stood still for a moment, irresolute. She felt uncomfortable enough in the position of a listener, but she could not decide at once how to act. In a few moments, however, her mind was made up, and her moral courage conquered the natural shrinking that would have kept her back.

"Rachel," she said, in as calm a tone as she could command, "I'm glad I have found you. I have been at the farm looking for you."

Both Rachel and her companion had started to their feet, looking caught, the hot, guilty colour flushing over Rachel's face. Lieutenant Payne made a low bow to Lilias, whom he had met before, and was about to begin a complimentary salutation. But Lilias interrupted him, looking him straight in the face with her clear, candid eyes, before which his own fell.

"Lieutenant Payne," she said, slowly and decidedly, "I think that anything you may have to say to Rachel had better be said before her father and mother. If you persist in trying to see her alone, I shall have to put them on their guard.

Rachel looked miserable and imploring, and Payne tried to hide his anger and discomfiture under some suave unmeaning words, such as he was in the habit of addressing to ladies. Lilias took no further notice of him than to bid him a cool good evening, and taking Rachel's unresisting arm, she drew her towards the road, saying she would walk back to the farm-gate with her, leading her pony by his bridle. She talked earnestly and seriously to Rachel, trying to convince her of the Lieutenant's baseness in seeking to allure her away from her home, and of the terrible sorrow she would bring upon her father and mother if she listened to him; and finally, under dread of exposure, extracted from the sobbing girl a distinct promise that she would not see or speak to her false-hearted admirer again without her mother's knowledge. It was a hard fight, but Lilias felt almost sure that the victory was gained at last; for Patience Thurstane had brought up all her family with the most solemn sense of the binding obligation of a promise. And Rachel's promise being given, it would not be easy to get her to break it.

As the two girls still stood talking at the gate, Jacob Thurstane came up on one of his stout farm-horses. He had been taking a bag of wheat to the mill at Oakridge, and was tired enough after his busy day's work. But no entreaties of Lilias would prevent him from turning back to escort her home. "It was getting too late," he said, "for her to be out alone."

As they rode on together he began to talk of her father, and Lilias could see that the old man's heart was a good deal troubled about his difference with "the Major."

"Him and me's rubbed on together so many years now without ever a word between us, and it comes hard to have any hasty words between us now! But, then, you see, I couldn't abide to hear the lad hardly spoken of, as I'm sure he doesn't deserve it. Why, I could answer for his being true to the back-bone, if my own life was at stake for it!"

Lilias tried to soothe the good old man by her own strong assurances of trust in Ernest, and her belief that her father's distrust would ere long be removed. She felt sure it was some wicked slander, and its falsity would soon be exposed.

"Yes," said Jacob, thoughtfully, "I don't believe in betting, but I'd be willing almost to lay something considerable that it's that fellow Davis has been at the bottom of it! I saw him at the tavern as I went up to the village, with that Lieutenant Payne, and I met him going back as I was coming home. I wonder what brings him round here! After no good, I reckon."

Lilias saw she had an opportunity to give a word of warning without causing serious pain. So she replied—

"I have heard that he admires Rachel's beauty very much, and he may possibly be trying to get an opportunity to talk to her. It would be as well for you to look after her while he is about."

"Rachel! Indeed, I will," replied the farmer, emphatically. "That scamp shan't get the chance to put mischief into my child's head!" he said, little dreaming how close danger had been to the pet lamb of his fold.

Lilias felt silently thankful that she had been providentially permitted to be the means of warding off such a terrible calamity from the honest old man's home, as well as of saving Ernest's cousin, for she felt convinced that the girl's eager pleasure-loving heart had been on the point of yielding to the persuasions of a man for whom, nevertheless, she felt nothing stronger than a childish fancy.

But Lilias, next day, felt the sensation of weariness and lassitude almost overpowering her. She had been overstrained by the varying emotions of the past few weeks, and especially by the anxiety and depression that had followed her father's last visit, and the inward strain and excitement of her interference in Rachel's affair had brought a prostrating reaction to her sensitive organisation. It soon became manifest that she was suffering from an attack of low fever, and on her father's next visit he rode off hurriedly to get the military doctor from Newark, and to send an imploring message to Marjorie McLeod, who came at once to nurse and tend her sick friend. And so Lilias, though she declared that there was scarcely anything the matter with her, dragged on weary days and nights in the languor of intense, feverish prostration.

In the meantime, the stir of excitement and expectation was largely increased by news of the fighting in the west; the action at Tarontee, where two brave privates of the 41st, like Horatius of old, "kept the bridge" in the face of overwhelming numbers, until one was killed and the other taken prisoner; the contests, with varying success, between Hull and Proctor near Detroit, and the capture of the American post at Mackinaw Island by a handful of regulars, half-breeds and Indians. As the August heats drew on, and the volunteers were beginning to think anxiously of their yellowing fields, and to wonder how the harvest would be got in, General Brock, having got through the pressing business of the Legislature at York, set out with his staff and his little escort of regular soldiers, on the expedition to Detroit, which was to end so brilliantly in its capture. Captain Percival, to his great satisfaction, was included in the General's staff, and went off in high spirits, hoping to see some action at last.

Ernest Heathcote got his ensigncy, but a few days after was sent for by his commanding officer, to answer seriously against the charges of disloyalty and treachery, rumours of which had become increasingly prevalent. But his unflinching firmness in denying the slightest shadow of foundation for such a charge, and the frank honesty of his bearing and his words, satisfied the officer that the report was only one of the baseless calumnies not unfrequently circulated in those days about loyal men. Moreover, he knew Ernest to be one of his most efficient and faithful volunteers, who could ill be spared. And Ernest went away with a lighter heart, for the few cordial words of his officer at parting satisfied him that, in that quarter at least, he would be trusted still.

(To be continued.)

THE WAY-SIDE ELM.

BY MRS. J. C. YULE.

STANDING alone by the highway side,
Stately, and stalwart, and tempest-tried,
Staunch of body and strong of bough,
Fronting the sky with an honest brow;
King of the forest and field is he—
Yon way-side watcher—the old Elm tree.

When kindly summer, with smile serene,
Drapes branch and bough in her robe of green,
Ever the joyous wild birds come
And sing 'mid the clustering leaves at home;
Ever the soft winds, to and fro,
Steal through the branches with music low;
And golden sunbeams sparkle and play,
And dance with shadows the livelong day.

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MECHANICS' INSTITUTE. TORONTO.

Up to his forehead, undimmed by time,
The morning sun-ray is first to climb,
With the tender touch of its earliest beam
To break the spell of his dewy dream;
And there the longest, when daylight dies,
The rosy lustre of sunset lies,
As loath to fade on the distant sea,
Without an adieu to the old Elm tree.

And grand it is, when the wintry blast
With shout and clamor is sweeping past,
To watch the stately and stern old tree
As he battles alone on the wintry lea,
With leafy crown to the four winds cast,
And stout arms bared to the ruffian blast;
Or fiercely wrestles with wind and storm,
Unbowed of forehead, unbent of form.

O proud old tree! O loneliest tree!
Thy strong-limbed brothers have passed from thee,
One by one they've been swept away,
And thou alone—of the centuries grey
That have come and gone since thy hour of birth,
And left their scars on the patient earth—
Remainest to speak to the world and me
Of hoarded secrets that dwell with thee.

What of thy birth-hour? what of thy prime?
Who trod the wastes in that olden time?
Who gathered flowers where thy shadows lay?
Who sought thy coolness at noon of day?
What warrior chieftains, what woodland maids,
Looked up to thee from the dusky glades?
Who warred and conquered, who lived and died
In those far off years of the forest's pride?

No voice, no answer! So I, too, speak,
Yet mine, as the insect's call, is weak
To break thy silence, thou lonely tree,
Or win a whispered reply from thee.

Yet, teacher mine, thou hast taught my heart
What soon from its records will not depart—
A lesson of patience, a lesson of power,
Of courage that fails not in danger's hour,
Of calm endurance through winter's gloom,
Of patient waiting for summer's bloom,
And heavenward gazing through gloom of night,
Like thee to watch for the dawning light.

YORKVILLE.

THE IROQUOIS.

BY THOMAS CROSS.

THE "Indian we read of" is no more. The tall, graceful people who everywhere welcomed our race to the shores of America with trustful and generous kindness, whose name has been long associated with so many manly qualities and poetic ways and customs, have vanished from the earth. It has become the fashion to sneer at the idea of "the noble savage." But the Indian did not get his name for nothing. His high qualities live in the round unvarnished tale of Colden as in the bewitching pages of Cooper; and when we point to the poor creature who too often represents some once renowned and dreaded name, and say: "How unlike the Indian we read of,"—we should say it not in derision, but in shame for the state to which our society has brought down a once in many ways very noble branch of the human family.

In addition to the qualities attributed by early observers to the red race at large, the Iroquois were distinguished by a political genius and a military capacity which not only enabled them to subdue their native foes far and wide, but to establish institutions that withstood the pressure of the growing millions of the white men, and to maintain their government and customs intact up to the time of the American Revolution. They remain, therefore, longer under the observation of the civilized historian than any other Indian race ever did, with their constitution, religion, social and family customs and traditions; and they, therefore, afford the best means of judging of what the red man might have proved himself capable had he been left to himself, or had he been allowed a fair chance of profiting by European civilization.

At the time of the discovery of America, the Iroquois Confederacy had its home in the rich and beautiful country of central and western New York. There were also outlying settlements on the St. Lawrence and on the north shore of Lake Ontario. The date of the confederation is uncertain. Judging by their own traditions, it could not have been long prior to the white man's coming. But the advanced state at that time of their military organization and civil polity would suggest an earlier period. Their historian, the Honourable Cadwallader Colden, His Majesty's Surveyor-General of New York, who wrote during the first part of the eighteenth century—when the confederacy was at the height of its power — thus describes their Government:

"Each of these nations is an absolute republic in itself, and every castle in each nation makes an independent republic, and is governed in all public affairs by its own sachems, or old men. The authority of these rulers is gained by, and consists wholly in the opinion the rest of the nation have of their wisdom and integrity. They never execute their resolutions by force upon any of their people. Honour and esteem are their principal rewards, as shame and contempt are their punishments. They have certain customs which they observe in all public transactions with other nations and in their private affairs among themselves, which it is scandalous for any one among them not to observe, and these always draw after them either public or private resentment when they are broken.

"Their leaders and captains, in like manner, obtain their authority by the general opinion of their courage and conduct, and lose it by a failure in those virtues.

"Their great men, both sachems and captains, are generally poorer than the common people, for they affect to give away or to distribute all the presents or plunder they get in their treaties or in war, so as to leave nothing to themselves. There is not a man in the ministry of the Five Nations who has gained his office otherwise than by merit; and there is not the least salary, or any sort of profit, annexed to any office to tempt the covetous or sordid; but on the contrary, every unworthy action is attended with the forfeiture of their commission; for the authority is only the esteem of the people, and ceases the moment that esteem is lost. Here we see the natural origin of all power and authority among a free people.

"They strictly follow one maxim, formerly used by the Romans, to increase their strength. That is, they encourage the people of other nations to incorporate with them. And when they have subdued any people, after they have satisfied their revenge by some cruel examples, they adopt the rest of their captives, who, if they behave well, become equally esteemed with their own people."

A very remarkable feature in Iroquois politics was the power exercised by the women. "Every family," says Chateaubriand, "sent a member to the Council of Deputies. This member was named by the women, who often sent a woman to represent them. This was the Supreme Council. Thus the chief power was in the hands of the women. . . . The Iroquois thought that they should not deprive themselves of the aid of a sex whose discriminating and ingenious mind is fertile in resources." (Voyage en Amérique.)

The consideration enjoyed by women in the Iroquois Confederacy is very worthy of notice. In no other community, savage or civilized, has the sex ever found such appreciation or such honour. Sir William Johnson, when about to start on an expedition, received a message from the matrons of the Mohawk castle where he was, desiring him to abandon his intention; and reminding him that an appeal from the women in council to the warriors was never made in vain among the Iroquois.

A condition in many ways so advanced as that of the Iroquois could hardly have been attained by a people possessing no resources other than those of a precarious chase. Accordingly we find that their agriculture was not altogether contemptible. Their fortified villages, or "castles," stood in the midst of vast fields of maize and other products of the soil. Of Jacques Cartier's first kindly welcome at Hochelaga we read in Hackluyt: "The Indians brought us great store of fish, and of bread made of millet, casting them into our boats so thick that you would have thought it to fall from heaven. . . . . Also, of pease and beanes, whereof they have great store, as also with other fruits, as musk millions and very greate cowcumbers." Of the agriculture of the Indians of New England we read: "The Indians, at the first settlement of the English, performed many acts of kindness towards them. They instructed them in the manner of planting and dressing the Indian Corn," and, "by selling them corn when pinched with famine, relieved their distresses, and prevented them from perishing in a strange land and uncultivated wilderness."

Such was the condition of the Indian when we found him. "*L'Indien n'était pas sauvage. La civilisation Européenne n'a point agi sur le pur état de nature, elle a agi sur la civilisation Américaine commençante.*—[CHATEAUBRIAND.] There appears to have been nothing at the outset to prevent the formation and the maintenance of friendly relations between the white man and the red. The many noble features of the Indian's character, and the generous welcome received by the early discoverers of America at all points, add fearfully to the record of guilt which makes up the history of the Christians' treatment of the heathen in America. For the seeming impossibility of the two races finding room to live in friendship together, even on this vast continent, we must look for other causes than the Indian's natural character or alleged inaptitude for civilization. Let us see how European civilization acted upon the infant civilization of America.

Champlain had no sooner established himself in Canada than he formed an offensive and defensive alliance with the Algonquins and Hurons against the Iroquois. He himself fired the first gun probably ever aimed at the life of an Indian. Champlain's shot made a famous bag. His arquebus, loaded with four balls, killed three Iroquois Chiefs. It would have been happy for the infant colony could Champlain have foreseen the consequences of his wicked policy—ninety years of horrible Indian warfare—the influence of which in the ultimate loss of Canada to the French Crown none can tell; for the weakness caused thereby to the colony can never be estimated.

The "Massacre of Lachine" (1688) affords an example of the sufferings of unhappy New France throughout these ninety terrible years. It was provoked by De Denonville's treacherous breach of peace during the preceding year. "Twelve hundred men of the Five Nations," says Colden, "invaded the Island of Montreal when the French had no suspicion of any such attempt. They landed on the south side of the Island at Lachine, on the 26th July, 1688, where they burnt and sacked all the plantations, and made a terrible massacre of men, women and children. . . . There were above a thousand of the French killed at this time, and twenty-six were carried away prisoners, the greater part of which were burnt alive. The Five Nations only lost three men on this expedition, who got drunk and were left behind. This, however, did not satiate their thirst for blood, for in October following they destroyed, likewise, all the lower part of the Island, and carried away many prisoners.

"Canada was now in a most miserable condition, for while the greater number of their men had been employed in the expeditions against the Five Nations, and in trading among the fur nations, and making new discoveries and settlements, tillage and husbandry had been neglected, and they lost several thousands of their inhabitants by the continual incursions of small parties, so that none durst hazard themselves out of fortified places; indeed it is hard to conceive what distress the French were then under, for though they were everywhere almost starving, they could neither plant nor sow, nor go from one village to another for relief but with imminent danger of having their scalps carried away by the skulking Indians. At last, the whole country being laid waste, famine began to rage, and was like to have put a terrible end to that colony.

"If the Indians had understood the method of attacking forts, nothing could have preserved the French from entire destruction at this time."

In all estimates of the cost of Indian wars, the terrible moral evils resulting from them are forgotten. The French were at first shocked at the cruelty of their allies. Champlain's arquebus was again brought to bear upon the person of an Iroquois, this time to end his torments at the stake. But this squeamishness did not last long. In many an instance on record, a Frenchman broiled the victim's legs with a red hot gun-barrel, or set fire to gunpowder poured into gashes in his flesh. At last a French nobleman, the gallant and able De Frontenac himself, was not ashamed to order the torture of an Iroquois chief in Quebec, in the manner thus described by Lahontan, who witnessed the accursed proceedings as long as his stomach permitted.

"Some young Hurons of Lorette took him and led him to the Cap au Diamant, where they had taken the precaution to collect a great pile of wood. He hastened to death with more indifference than Socrates would have done had he been in similar case. During the torture he never ceased singing—that he was a warrior, brave and without fear; that the most cruel death could never shake his courage; that no torments could wring a cry from him, and that, if he were burnt, he had the consolation of having served many French the same way. All he said was true, especially as to his courage and firmness; for I can swear with all truth that neither tear nor sigh escaped him; on the contrary, while suffering the most horrible torments which could be invented, and which lasted about three hours, he never ceased singing for a moment. They put the soles of his feet on two great red hot stones; they burnt the ends of his fingers with lighted pipes, nor would he withdraw his hands; they cut his joints one after another; they twisted the sinews of his arms and legs with a little iron rod in a manner which must have caused him frightful pain. At last, having made him suffer all imaginable horrors, to crown their cruelty these butchers took off his scalp and would have thrown red hot sand upon his bare skull had not a slave of the Hurons of Lorette interfered, by discharging a tremendous blow on his head with a club. This was done by order of *Madame l'Intendante*, who had the compassion thus to shorten the wretch's torments. All these pains could not interrupt the music of our man, and I was assured he sang to the last."

The witty and amiable baron had often been compelled to witness the fiery trial during his prolonged travels among the Indians. "Ce qui," says he, "est bien génant et bien désagréable pour un honnête homme."

Meanwhile the English, having taken New York in 1665, formed an alliance with the Five Nations, which was adhered to with the greatest fidelity and notwithstanding the greatest sacrifices, on the part of the Iroquois, until the close of the American revolution. For some time this alliance seemed to be to the advantage of the Five Nations; for by means of the fire-arms obtained from the English they triumphed over their native foes far and wide, and almost exterminated the colony of New France. They carried their arms from Canada to Carolina, and westward to the Mississippi. The names of Ontario and Niagara, Kentucky and Ohio, are in their language. All the neighbouring tribes paid them tribute, and presumed neither to make peace nor war without their consent. "An old Mohawk sachem," says Colden, "in a poor blanket and a dirty shirt, may be seen issuing his orders with as arbitrary authority as a Roman dictator."

Throughout the century of war which followed their alliance with the English, the Iroquois were unshrinkingly faithful, sparing neither toil nor blood, and flinching from no suffering in the hour of misfortune. The history of this fearful time cannot be given here. The services performed by our Indian allies are thus summed up by Schoolcraft: "Who can read the details of an hundred years' sanguinary contests without perceiving that it was the untiring vigilance, the unerring accuracy of their geographical knowledge of the wilderness, and the manly bravery of the Iroquois, which up to the year 1775 preserved Western New York to the British crown?"

But this alliance of giant and dwarf told terribly on their slender numbers. In 1684, Lahontan estimated them at sixty or seventy thousand. A "Memorial concerning the Fur Trade," addressed to the Governor of New York in 1725, represents them as being "ten times less numerous" than when the English gained the country. The census taken by Sir William Johnson, shortly before the outbreak of the American revolution, proved their numbers to be reduced to a little over eleven thousand souls.

In 1669, the Peace of Ryswick delivered unhappy Canada from the terrible scourge of the Iroquois war parties. A fearful price had been paid for Champlain's experiment with his arquebus ninety years before. For three generations the people had eaten their bread, when they had any, in perpetual fear and trembling. They had gone to labour in the fields in uncertainty of ever returning to their homes. They had often and often been forced to neglect both seed-time and harvest. They had many times seen their country laid waste, and their friends butchered or carried away to die amid the most cruel torments.

From this date until the time of the American Revolution the Five Nations took advantage of their comparative state of peace to make rapid advance in civilization; at the same time maintaining their confederacy and its government, which they proudly held up as a model to the English colonists. Their progress during this period proves them to have advanced far in a course of civilization which, had it proceeded unchecked by the white man's quarrels, would soon have broken down all barriers between them and their European neighbours. Though reduced in numbers and compassed in on every side by the growing millions of the white man, and fallen from the proud position of holding the balance of power between two great civilized nations in America, the Iroquois now displayed in a more remarkable degree than ever the genius of their race. "The policy and wisdom by which the Iroquois met and resisted the inroads of European power, and prevented the overturning of their institutions, furnishes the highest evidence of their superiority as an active, thinking race of men. . . . No leading event, in fine, in the history of the colonies, has been consummated without the power, in peace or war, of the Iroquois. . . . In any political scheme of the colonies, the course of the Iroquois in the question at issue was ever one of the highest moment; and he must be a careless reader of history who does not perceive how vital an element they became in all the interior transactions between A.D. 1600, at the general period of the settlement of the colonies, and the close of the war of American Independence."—[SCHOOLCRAFT.]

The chief military feature of this part of Iroquois history is the presence of King Hendrick with two hundred Mohawks at the bloody battle of Lake George, in 1755. "They fought like lions," was Sir William Johnson's report of them. As in former wars, their place was the forefront of the hottest battle. They lost a fourth of their number. Their English allies lost an eighth of theirs. Of the enemy, half remained on the field. The aged warrior-sachem fell at the head of his Mohawks.

Few at the present day are aware of the progress the Iroquois had made in civilization at the time of the outbreak of the American revolution. The narrative of General Sullivan affords, perhaps, the best information on this point. That officer commanded the expedition sent by Washington, in 1779, to lay waste the country of the Five Nations. One of the chief features of the performances of this expedition was the immense quantity of grain it destroyed, besides very fine orchards of apple, pear and peach trees. The Indians had several towns and many large villages, laid out with a considerable degree of regularity. They had frame houses, some of them well finished, having chimnies and painted. The houses of the Indian town of Genessee are described by Sullivan as "mostly large and very elegant," the town being "beautifully situated, almost encircled with a clear flat, extending a number of miles, over which extensive fields of corn were waving, together with every kind of vegetable that could be conceived."

As we have seen, the Iroquois were from the first to some extent an agricultural people. Nor had they ever been slow to profit by the lessons of the European whenever a brief peace enabled them to do so. As early as 1687 Lahontan thus describes a Seneca village, whose inhabitants had fled on the approach of De Denonville's expedition: "We found nothing there to kill but *horses, cattle, poultry, and a vast quantity of pigs*, but no men. . . . Those among us who were most enraged expended their fury upon the Indian corn. This was cut down by mighty blows of the sword. We spent five or six days in this valiant occupation. Encouraging each other in our martial fury, we advanced for *three leagues*, always beating our enemy—the Indian corn."

But the white man's wars again rendered their efforts vain, and cast them back once more into savagery. The result to them of the American war was the loss of their ancient and beautiful country, the overturning of their cherished institutions, the revival of their distaste for peaceful pursuits, the exercise for seven years of their darker nature, and their banishment to the Canadian wilderness, to climb once more as best they could the up-hill road to plenty and civilization. Situated as they were, neutrality would have been impossible. The inducements to join the Royal standard were many. The Puritan Colonists of New England had early commenced that course of outrage and injustice towards the Indians in which the Americans have persevered even unto the year of grace eighteen hundred and seventy-four. Placing themselves in the position of the Israelites, and the Indians in that of the heathen of the Promised Land, those bible-loving people had no difficulty in finding texts to warrant every atrocity they were inclined to. The unprovoked barbarities which brought on the Cresap War, the cold-blooded murder of the wife and family of the noble Cayuga chief, Logan, were also fresh in the minds of the Indians. The English of New York, on the contrary, had kept faith and friendship with the Five Nations unbroken for more than a hundred years, through all the sacrifices incidental to arduous and sanguinary wars. The Iroquois had been treated by the English, not as inferiors, but as friends and allies. Their chiefs had been received with honour at the Courts of Anne and the Georges, and had borne themselves becomingly among the nobility of England. But there was another reason which alone would have impelled them to the Royal cause. The Indians were always a treaty-keeping people. After the war, we find Brant writing to Sir Evan Nepean:—"When I joined the English at the beginning of the war, it was purely on account of my forefathers' engagements with the King. I always looked upon those engagements or covenants between the

Indian nations and the King as a sacred thing."

It would take too long to follow the course of Brant and his warriors through the Revolutionary War. Their mode of warfare was chiefly one of annoyance, but its effect in prolonging the contest must have been great; and we may estimate it in some measure by the alarm and uncertainty caused over and over again in our own day by handfuls of Indian warriors in various parts of the United States. The cruelties of the Indians are justly foremost among the reasons for which American school children are taught to hate England. They were, nevertheless, rivalled by the atrocities of the civilized combatants on both sides. The massacre of the Muskingum by the Americans was an enormity perhaps unique in the story of the wars of civilized peoples. Ninety Indians, half of them women and children, Moravian converts whose religion forbade them to fight, harmless and even useful people, practising the arts of civilization, were murdered under pretence of safe conduct, and without a shadow of provocation. Our Indian allies were, also, often outdone in barbarity by the Tories, as in the case of Lieutenant Boyd. Poor Boyd was a prisoner in the hands of Brant, by whom he was used with kindness. But when the Chieftain's absence left him to the mercies of Colonel Butler, that officer gave him up to the Indians to die a most horrible death.

At the peace of 1783, the loyalty and devotion of the Iroquois were strangely rewarded. All their sacrifices, which were nothing short of all they held most dear, the shedding of their blood like water, the great services of their distinguished chief, did not prevent their utter neglect by Britain. They were not even mentioned in the treaty. Their ancient country—theirs beyond the time of their remotest traditions—the good land to which at some vastly distant time their fathers had been led by the heaven-sent teacher Tarenyawakon, was given to the Americans, and they were removed to the beautiful but unbroken wilderness on the Grand River, where they were allowed to settle on a tract of land extending from the source to the mouth of that stream, and twelve miles in width. Before the war they had been the friends and allies of England—not her subjects. Brant had refused to kiss the King's hand when presented at Court. From this position of independence they were now brought down to a condition below that of the meanest subject. The people who had shown such amazing political genius and virtue, whose conduct as allies had been so worthy of respect for so long, were reduced to a state of pupilage fatal at once to all sense of dignity and to all energy of action. Both Sir Guy Carleton and Sir Frederick Haldimand had promised Brant that the Six Nations should be maintained in the position which they occupied before the war, but the chief soon found that his people had no ownership in their new lands, nor any share in the government whose subjects they were forced to become. His remonstrances were many and indignant, but fruitless.

To the time of his death, in 1807, Brant toiled wisely and ceaselessly for his people. His earnestness in endeavouring to establish schools and churches among them contrasts nobly with the apathy of the dignitaries of the country, lay and clerical. The first Episcopal church in Upper Canada was built by the chief in 1786, with funds he had collected when in England. His habits of thought and observation, and his intercourse with civilized and polite society, had taught him to regard amalgamation with the whites as the surest means of weaning them from their natural predilection for savage life. It certainly does seem that to shut them up in reserves, there to cherish their old customs, language and religion, and to be a people separate and apart, without property or political status, must effectually

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prevent their caring to make any effort for their own advancement.

The story of Brant's latter days is a sad one. He had to deal with a people fresh from the sufferings, the cruelties and the thousand moral ills engendered by seven years of savage war, mad with the passion for strong drink, and in no condition to profit by the wisdom of a chief wise beyond his generation.

The war of 1812 again called forth the warriors of the Six Nations, this time under John Brant, who had succeeded his great father in the chieftainship. The affair at Beaver Dam, planned by this brilliant young chief—then only eighteen—and entirely carried out by his warriors, resulted in the capture of Colonel Boerstler and six hundred men.

The descendants of the Six Nations in Canada now number some seven thousand souls, engaged in agriculture and other industrial pursuits, having their schools and temperance and agricultural societies like other people. Those accustomed to associate with them know well that they are in no way inferior in intelligence, indeed, that they display remarkable soundness of judgment as compared with whites of equal education and opportunities. All who have travelled through the wilds of the Nor' West in the company of Iroquois *voyageurs* have pleasant memories of their courteous manners, their watchful though unobtrusive attention and care, and think gratefully of their calm courage in the hour of peril, at times when the least failure of eye or nerve or muscle would be destruction. Those who know the Iroquois know from observation what history proves, that the proud title *Onkwé Honwé* ("real men") was not assumed by his ancestors without cause, and will heartily endorse the words of the Honourable Mr. Langevin, in his report as Secretary of State for the year 1868: "The experience which I have gained since I took in hand the superintendence of the affairs of the Indians has convinced me that the time has come for facilitating the enfranchisement of a great number of those Indians who, by their education and knowledge of business, their intelligence and good conduct, are as well qualified as the whites to enjoy civil rights, and to be released from a state of tutelage." Yes, surely! Let us do them this justice, and deliver them from what they must feel to be an unmerited degradation, and a discouragement to all effort to take their place as members of a civilized community.

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SONNET.

BY T. K. HENDERSON.

THERE are some graces in the human heart—
Though veiled and hidden from the common eye—
That, when night sweeps along the dreary sky,
And clouds come down upon the soul, do start
To life, of pale Adversity begot,
And nursed in Sorrow's lap: of these, I wot,
Are Faith and Patience; not to them belong
The gladsome morn and the unclouded sun,
But forth they come to gild the twilight hour,
And cheer the tenant of some lowly room,
Like to that sad and sorrowing flower*
That flings its perfume o'er the forest's gloom—
But, when the laughing hours awake the dawn,
Straight folds its blossoms up, and sleeps again!

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* The "Sorrowful Flower" of Bombay. It blooms only at night, closing up its flowers when the sun shines upon it.

BRIDES AND BRIDALS.*

THIS is the title of a very amusing and instructive work by Mr. John Cordy Jeaffreson, author of "A Book about the Clergy," "A Book about Lawyers," "A Book about Doctors," &c., &c. It contains a great deal of information concerning the early customs of English matrimony, and discusses at the same time many points connected with this subject, such as Parental Authority, Woman's Rights, Marriage with Deceased Wife's Sister, the Carrying away of Heiresses, Divorce, &c. We shall endeavour to lay before our readers a hasty sketch of some of the principal topics treated of by Mr. Jeaffreson, referring them for more detailed accounts to the work itself, which will afford ample entertainment to those (we doubt not the great majority of our readers) who are more or less directly interested in this important subject.

The three modes of marriage which have been, and still are, in vogue in the world, are Marriage by Capture, Marriage by Purchase, and Marriage by Fascination. Presuming that our readers have acquired all requisite knowledge as to the last of these, let us consider the two former, as presenting features not to be met with in our every day experience.

MARRIAGE BY CAPTURE.

Sir John Lubbock says: "Thus, then, we see that marriage by capture, either as a stern reality or an important ceremony, prevails in Australia and amongst the Malays, in Hindostan, Central Asia, Siberia, and Kamschatka; among the Esquimaux, the Northern Redskins, the Aborigines of Brazil, in Chili and Terra del Fuego, in the Pacific Islands, both amongst the Polynesians and Fijians, in the Philippines, among the Arabs and the Negroes, in Circassia, and until recently throughout a great part of Europe."

When a young Australian has discovered a woman whose beauty comes up to his ideal, and whose form gives promise of an ability to support him in easy indigence for the rest of his days, he takes his friends in council, and begins preparations for a forcible abduction. No interchange of endearing sentiments is indulged in as a prelude to the final step which shall unite their future lots; no fictitious aids are brought into requisition to heighten the charms of the gallant suitor. At the dead of night, when her male friends may be absent on some expedition, or may have been decoyed away by accomplices, the hapless maiden is awakened by a spear thrust through her back hair, and by a command given to move on, accompanied by irresistible persuasives. If she resists she is knocked on the head, and dragged senseless beyond the reach of her natural protectors; if she yield gracefully to the pressure brought to bear upon her, she is led off quietly and gently, but wearing a hair-pin very significant of much that awaits her. After this comes the fight. Her angry and bereaved relatives closely follow the robber of one of their most valuable toilers; but the right of the strongest is generally secured by the lover, who has the advantage over his antagonists in respect of preparation.

A custom, similar in many respects to this, prevailed among our remote ancestors in Great Britain. Though more highly civilized than the native Australians of the present day, they exhibited equal disregard of the predilections of the damsel and of the wishes of her relatives. At the outset of her married life the wife received a severe lesson on the duty of obedience to her lord, and a striking proof was given to her of the transference to her husband of the paternal authority. Many of the observances to be met with until recently in many parts of the country give unmistakable indication of having originated from this mode of marriage. Two hundred years ago in Westmeath, when those accompanying the groom approached the escort of the bride, "being come near each other," says Piers, "the custom was to cast short darts at the company that attended the bride, but at such distance that seldom any hurt ensued. Yet it is not out of the memory of man that the Lord of Hoath on such an occasion lost an eye."

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* London: Published by Hurst & Blackett.

In Cardiganshire the groom's party was, until recently, received with a shower of abuse, the bride being given up when this was exhausted. In Wales, even in the present century, the regular form of marriage by capture was gone through with. The bride was mounted on a horse with one of her male friends, and the bridegroom started in close pursuit of them in the presence of the assembled people. All those who were mounted joined in the run, which must have given the proceedings very much the appearance of a fox-hunt. In many parts of England it is the custom for the father not to come to the church until the rest of his daughter's bridal party have assembled. This custom arose out of the character of his part in the proceedings attending marriage by capture, and the consent which he now gives is in exact analogy with that given by the ancient Briton, after all attempts to rescue his daughter had proved unavailing. But the law of Saxon England affords direct evidence of the existence of this custom. Ethelbert ordained that he who was guilty of "carrying away a maid by force," should "pay fifty shillings to her owner, and afterwards buy her from him." But he was not required to return her. The same king declared that if a man forcibly took possession of another man's wife, he might retain her, on his supplying, at his own cost, the bereaved party with another. This is conclusive testimony to the existence of a form of marriage wherein the "best man" was he who kept the pursuers at bay while the bride was being carried away to a secure retreat, and the groomsmen were literally what their name signifies.

MARRIAGE BY PURCHASE.

This form of marriage prevails in all those moderately enlightened countries where it is to the pecuniary advantage of the father to keep his girls at home. Among savage nations, as we have seen, recourse is had to violence in order to overcome the selfish desires of the old people; but in a higher stage of society the same end is attained by the payment of a sum of money. The English father of feudal times had a much greater pecuniary interest in his daughters than has he of this day in his fashionable daughters of the period. These toil not, neither do they spin; and yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of them. But in old times it was far otherwise. All the domestic work of the house, the manufacture of clothing, &c., was done by the wife and daughters, and the advantage to a man of his daughters' services was very considerable. At present, a poor man with four or five daughters is seldom congratulated upon this circumstance; then they were regarded as so many arrows in his quiver. Now, he is not altogether unwilling to part with them when they have attained to years of matronly discretion; then he guarded them jealously as valuable chattels, and could be induced to part with them only for a valuable consideration. Fathers, accordingly, demanded money for their daughters, and lovers were the more willing to pay it, since they acquired thereby money's worth. Sometimes a payment was made at the betrothal, professedly for the support of the girl until marriage. This was called *foster lean*, and was received without compunction by wealthy men to assist in the support of their daughters. Such was the desire of those of old to make money out of their parental privileges, that numerous instances occurred of girls being sold surreptitiously to three or four men, and finally, perhaps, being made over to another. To such an extent did this abuse go, that laws were enacted for its punishment. For any fraud of this kind on the father's part, he had to forfeit the *foster lean*, and also, generally, an additional amount by way of penalty. The best prevention, however, to such frauds was supplied by the custom which subsequently universally obtained, of not paying any of these charges till the wedding day.

ESPOUSALS.

> " A contract of eternal bond of love,
> Confirmed by mutual joinder of your hands,
> Attested by the holy close of lips,
> Strengthened by interchangement of your rings ;
> And all the ceremony of this com
> Sealed in my function, by my testimony."

This is a detailed account of the ce mony of betrothal, given by the pri " Twelfth Night." It was in old of a far more important character tha modern engagement, being often c in public, and in many cases bein as binding on the parties as marriag The relation established in espousal only be dissolved by mutual consent, some cause of a serious nature, such heresy, apostasy, infidelity, bodily disfigurement, or prolonged absence. So far as the binding nature of their engagement was concerned, the law looked upon them as man and wife, and unless some such cause as those above mentioned could be alleged, or unless the other party concerned waived his right in the matter, neither the man nor the woman could contract a valid marriage with any one else. The following instance of a surrender and transference of vested rights occurs in the register of Clare, Suffolk :—

" Memorandum, that I, Susan Ward of Clare, doe resigne all my right in John Manson to Susan Frost, so that they proceed to marriage, in witness of the truth herof I the said Susan Ward have set my hand this the 5 of Januarii. Witness John Prentice. The + mark of Susan Ward."

So much weight was given to espousals, that the spouses often called each other by the names husband and wife. In the "Taming of the Shrew," when Petruchio is addressing his prospective wife and father-in-law, he says :

> " Father, wife, and gentlemen, adieu ;
> I will to Venice, Sunday comes apace :
> We will have rings and things and fine array,
> And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday."

The first part of the present marriage service, down to the woman's answer: " I will," is nothing but the old form of espousal. Up to this point the questions and answers are in the future tense ; but after this they take the form befitting the actual marriage.

In the earliest times a ring was simply iven to the betrothed girl by her lover ; terwards arose the custom of an interchange ings. In consequence of this, gimmal were introduced, consisting of two or rings, each containing a line of poetry tion of a word, and which, on being ther, presented the complete verse . Each of the betrothed persons wore one of these, and, if there were more than two rings, the others were given to the witnesses. Among the wealthy these rings were of gold ; but silver was the metal most commonly employed throughout England. Those couples who were too poor to afford rings often broke a small coin in two, and each kept a half. In the " Logie of Buchan," the lonely maiden says :

> " He had but ae saxpence, he brak it in twa,
> And gi'ed me the hauf o't when he gaed awa."

A great deal of importance was attached

to the passing of a ring from a man to a woman; so much so that it became very dangerous for a girl to accept a ring from any one with whom she had not decided to cast in her lot. A ring was then a real mark of distinction, and, in the case of women, was only allowed to those who were betrothed or married. The mere giving and acceptance of a ring, without any words passing, was considered by many as sufficient to constitute an espousal. The following anecdote will afford an illustration of this opinion:

A priest, being desirous of entering the marriage state, obtained a license from the Pope, on condition that he would first pay his addresses to the patroness of his church, St. Agnes, and place on her finger an emerald ring sent by the Pontiff himself. Congratulating himself on the easy condition, he proceeded to perform it; but the being he addressed was far more desirous of wedlock than from her character and history he was led to suspect. The image of the Saint put forth its hand to accept the token, and when it was placed on the ring-finger the hand closed, and he was unable to remove it. The poor priest saw that his addresses had been too favourably received. He was contracted to her, and could wed no one else. An old author removes all doubts in which the sceptical might be inclined to indulge, by the assurance that "even yet the rynge is on the fynger of the ymage."

But in the seventeenth century Henry Swinburne stoutly contended against the doctrine that the mere acceptance of a ring was sufficient to bind the parties, saying that "by this means, as by a bait, many simple maids might easily be hooked, e'er they were advised, and so contracted before they consented: a matter no less unreasonable than unlawful."

The kiss was also deemed a very important part of the ceremony of espousal. Whether the espousals were public or private, the "holy close of lips" had a very direct pecuniary bearing upon the settling of accounts consequent upon the breaking off of an engagement. The man had in all cases to return the presents which he had received from his betrothed; but, if the maiden could prove that she had been kissed by her lover during the engagement, she was permitted to retain a half of the presents she had received from him. This gallant provision of the old law received a striking illustration as late as the year 1835. "The magistrates of Exeter, adjudicating on a dispute arising out of an unfriendly rupture of a marriage contract, ordered the male spouse to return a watch that he had received from the female contractor, and required her to pay him only half the value of the brooch that his love had bestowed on her."

PUBLICATION OF BANNS.

It is not simply on account of the greater modesty of the spouses of the present day that recourse is less frequently had than formerly to this method of assuring the validity of the marriage. In Catholic times the restraints on marriage were of a most complicated and embarrassing nature, and ecclesiastical relations might exist between the parties, of which they were wholly ignorant, but which could be raked up, after years of wedded happiness, to render the marriage null and void. Straight and narrow was the way that led to a valid ecclesiastical marriage, and comparatively few there were who could be perfectly confident that they were walking therein. First, second and third cousins were forbidden to intermarry. Not only so, but on the ground that husband and wife were one flesh, a man could not marry his deceased wife's third cousin. But, further still, although unlawful relations between a man and a woman were not recognized as valid unions, the Church, nevertheless, regarded them as efficacious to the extent of making the parties one flesh. Thus, a man could not marry the third cousin of a woman with whom he had contracted spurious wedlock, or with whom he had had any improper intercourse. Not only in the above cases was a union pronounced incestuous; but also in case one of the parties could be shown, on the testimony of two witnesses, to have been espoused to a relative of the other within the prohibited degrees. But, however oppressive these restrictions might be to humble lovers, who knew almost nothing of their grand-parents, and nothing at all of their collateral relations of the second and third degrees, the foregoing summary does not comprise all, nor the most oppressive restrictions on the liberty of marriage. A man might be perfectly confident that he stood in no blood relationship to the woman of his choice; that neither he nor she had ever formed any improper intimacies with any of the other's relatives; and that neither had ever been contracted to a relative of the other. Notwithstanding all this, their marriage might be set aside, the woman covered with shame, and the children declared illegitimate, if it could be shown that, during the celebration of the ordinance of baptism, the grandmother of the woman had touched a child to whom the grandfather of the man had stood as godfather. Those related *spiritually* could not intermarry within the degrees prohibited in the case of blood relations. A man could not marry his god-mother nor any of her relatives who would have been too near had she been his natural mother. Those who had a common god-parent were considered brothers and sisters. A man and woman who had stood as god-parents to the same child, were spiritually man and wife, and could not contract bodily marriage. Lord Coke said that in old time it was a common thing for a marriage to be annulled by Holy Church "because the husband had stood god-father to his own cousin." The doctrine was even pushed so far, that it was held that whoever accidentally brushed against the robe of the newly-baptised infant at a christening, thereby incurred the marital disabilities of a god-parent. The Councillors of Trent passed the following ordinance concerning this last point:—"But if others, besides those mentioned (viz., the real god-parents) have touched the baptized child, they shall by no means contract thereby spiritual relationship, the constitutions to that effect provided to the contrary notwithstanding."

In such a state of things we cannot wonder that recourse was oftener had to the publication of banns than now, and that every opportunity should have been taken to acquire information on a subject of which both the parties were to a great extent ignorant. It very seldom happens at present that the publication of banns elicits any information which leads to the breaking off of the engagement; but in old times, when the spouses were often not the best posted persons in regard to their natural or ecclesiastical relationships, marriages were frequently forbidden in Church, and the parties were thus prevented from contracting an incestuous union.

CELEBRATION OF MARRIAGE.

The bride came to the church with her hair hanging over her shoulders, preceded by minstrels, attended by two bachelor friends and her bridesmaids, and followed in the distance by her father. Standing on the groom's left, ungloved, unless a widow, she placed her hand in his, and listened to the following promise: "I —— take thee —— to my wedded wife, to have and to holde, fro this day forwarde, for bettere for wors, for richere for poorere; in sykeness and in hele; tyll dethe us departe, if holy chyrche it wol ordeyne; and thereto I plight thee my trouthe." Their hands were then separated, when the bride caught that of the groom in hers and said: "I ——, take thee ——, to my wedded husbande, to have and to holde, fro this day forwarde, for bettere for wors; for richere for poorere; in sykeness and in hele; to be bonere and buxom, in bedde and at borde, ty'll dethe us departe, if holy chyrche it wol ordeyne; and thereto I plight thee my trouthe." The ring was then produced, and the groom placed it upon the thumb of the bride's left hand, saying "In the name of the Father," then on the second finger, saying "And of the Son," then on the third finger, saying "And of the Holy Ghost," and finally on the fourth finger with the conclusive "Amen." They then received the priestly benediction, attended the celebration of mass, the groom received the benedictional kiss from the priest and transferred it to the bride, and a slight collation of bread, wine, and sweetmeats was spread for the bridal party in the Church. They then returned to the abode of the bride's father with flying colours and the sound of music. The bride was accompanied home by two married men. After this followed in order:

THE DINNER AND THE DANCE.

"When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife, or teeth, was able
To stay to be entreated?
And this the very reason was,
Before the parson could say grace
The company was seated.

"Now hats fly off and youths carouse;
Healths first go round, and then the house;
The bride's came thick and thick;
And when 'twas named another's health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth,
But who could help it, Dick?

"O' the sudden up they rise and dance;
Then sit again, and sigh and glance;
Then dance again and kiss."

The old wedding banquet was a very different affair from the modern wedding breakfast, where everything moves so sedately, and people are on their best behaviour. In old times the scenes around and under the table were well calculated to shock sensitive eyes and ears. Alfred the Great never recovered to his dying day from the effects of his excesses at his own wedding banquet. The clergy preached against these orgies in no measured terms; and the sermons of Elizabethan divines contain vivid descriptions of the actions of those, who felt themselves released from the ordinary restraints of society. Shakespeare gives a picture, in the Taming of the Shrew, of the disorderly conduct of a bridegroom on such an occasion.

When the last toast had been drunk, the highest born gallant of the party led the bride out to the dance, and was followed by the rest of the company. At the end of the dance the fiddles squeaked "Kiss her," which was no sooner said than done. The most popular of the wedding dances was the Cushion Dance, otherwise known as Joan Anderson. Modern notions of propriety have consigned this dance to the children's party; but in former times every man must have kissed every woman, and *vice versa*, before the ball was over.

At the proper hour the bride made her escape from the room, but not until the groomsmen had snatched from her dress all the ribbons they could lay their hands on, and from her feet the garters, which were purposely allowed to trail. It was a great matter to secure one of the bride's garters, as the possessor was promised good luck in the matrimonial line. All these ribbons and favours were worn during the subsequent days of merry-making, and, in order to distribute them more generally, the groomsmen caused a general scramble by throwing them into the crowd.

THROWING THE STOCKING.

When the bride had been got ready for the final leave-taking, she and the groom, sitting up in bed, received the company. The slipper, the token of the husband's authority, was hung up over his head. The ceremony of "throwing the stocking" was then performed. The bridesmaids sat on the bride's side of the bed with their backs towards her, and the two groomsmen on the other side in a similar position. The first bridesmaid threw one of the bride's stockings over her head with intent to hit the groom's head, and was followed by the first groomsman, who endeavoured to hit the bride's head with one of her husband's stockings. The second bridesmaid and groomsman did the same, and those who succeeded could predict for themselves a speedy marriage.

After this, in Catholic times, the priest hallowed the bed with incense, and gave his final benediction, handing to the wedding pair the Benediction Posset. When the cup of wine had been drunk, the curtains were drawn and the company dispersed.

BRIDAL MUSIC.

"And as they was homewards advancing,
A dancing and singing of songs,
The *rough music* met them all prancing,
With frying-pans, shovels, and tongs,
Tin-canisters, salt-boxes plenty,
With trotter-bones beat by the boys,
And they being hollow and empty,
They made a most racketing noise.

"Bowls, gridirons, platters, and ladles,
And pokers tin kettles did bruise,
The noise, none to bear it was able,
The warming-pan beat with old shoes;
Such a rattling, racketing uproar,
Had you but heard it, no doubt,
All hell was broke loose you'd have swore,
And the devils were running about."
—*The Bunter's Wedding.*

No wedding was thought to have been properly celebrated unless the guests had been treated to a large amount of noise, which among our ancestors went under the name of music. The drum was the instrument from which it was most commonly sought to draw emotion; but cymbals, trumpets, bassoons, and harps were wont to be exercised in making bridal days and nights hideous. Music was rendered while the bridal party were proceeding to and from church, and also during the progress of the dinner and dance; but the early morning of the next day was the time when the efforts of the operators reached a maximum, the object being to awaken the newly married couple and to receive a bonus. Hogarth represents a "rough music" *reveillé*, as beat before the residence of Mr. Goodchild, who is meditating within himself the smallest sum that will put an end to the clatter, and scatter the crowd of street boys who are enjoying the fun. It was a mark of disrespect to the bride if she were not treated to an eye-opener of this kind from the butcher-boys of the neighbourhood. This class of artisans enjoyed an almost exclusive monopoly over the "marrow-bone-and-cleaver" department of music.

Although Bishop Coverdale inveighed against the "great noise of harpes, lutes, kyttles, basens, and drooms, wherewith they troubled the whole church, and hyndered them in matters pertayninge to God," he was not joined by all the clergy in this condemnation of the processional music.

"I knewe a priest (this is a true tale that I tell you, and no lye) whiche, when any of his parishioners should be maryed, would take his backe-pype, and go fetche theym to the church, playnge sweetelye afore them, and then would he laye his instrument handsomely upon the aultare tyll he had maryed them, and sayd masse. Which thyng being done, he would gentillye bring them home agayne with backe-pype. Was not this priest a true ministrell, think ye? For he did not counterfayt the ministrell, but was one in dede."

With respect to the early morning performance, opinions of many serious laymen were laid before the public. In the *Spectator* of April, 1712, the following letter appears:

"Sir, I was married on Sunday last, and went peaceably to bed; but, to my surprise, was awakened the next morning by the thunder of a set of drums. These warlike sounds (methinks) are very improper in a marriage consort, and give great offence; they seem to insinuate that the joys of this state are short, and that jars and discord soon ensue. I fear they have been ominous

TORONTO. STITUTE.

to many matches, and sometimes proved a prelude to a battel in the honeymoon. A nod from you may hush them; therefore, pray, Sir, let them be silenced, that for the future none but soft airs may usher in the morning of a bridal night, which will be a favour not only to those who come after, but to me, who can still subscribe myself,

"Your humble and most
"Obedient servant,
"ROBIN BRIDEGROOM."

In Gay's Trivia also, the false philosophy of the "hollow-trotter-and-heavy-knife" serenade is indignantly exposed:

"Here rows of drummers stand in martial file,
And with their vellum thunder shake the pile
To greet the new-made bride. Are sounds like these
The proper prelude to a state of peace?"

Notwithstanding these protests, the "amalgamated duffers" for a long time kept up their noisy sonatas, meeting with the continued and hearty support of the street-arabs of the neighbourhood, in their attempts to give publicity to the domestic arrangements of their various customers. The charivari is still sometimes indulged in, when the unsuitableness of a marriage may have struck the roughs of a village; but the glory of the Can-Can has departed, and peaceful slumbers are permitted to the neighbours of a wedded pair.

LUCKY SEASONS AND DAYS.

Before the Reformation there were only thirty-two weeks of the year in which people could be married, without a special license. "The Church forbade marriages to be celebrated between the first Sunday of Advent and Hilary day, between Septuagesima Sunday and Low Sunday, and between Rogation Sunday and Trinity Sunday."

In an old register at Cottenham these lines are found:

"Conjugium Adventus prohibet, Hilarique relaxat;
Septuagena vetat, sed Paschæ octava remittit,
Rogamen vetitat, concedit Trina potestas."

The register of Beverley, 1641, says:

"When Advent comes do thou refraine,
Till Hillary set ye free againe;
Next Septuagesima saith thee nay,
But when Lowe Sunday comes thou may;
But at Rogation thou must tarry,
Till Trinitie shall bid thee marry."

These ecclesiastical restrictions have now disappeared, and most of them are no longer perceptible in the customs of the present day. The most conspicuous instance of a disregard of these old prohibited seasons was lately furnished by the Royal Family, the Princess Louise having been married in the Lent of 1871.

As to the days of the week, Sunday was formerly the favourite one for the celebration of marriages. In the Taming of the Shrew Petruchio says:

"And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday."

Baptista says:

"On Sunday next, you know,
My daughter Katherine is to be married."

We learn the same thing from a beautiful ballad, which was very popular in England during the reign of Elizabeth, the refrain of each verse being:

"I'm to be married o' Sunday."

After the Puritans had spread their Sabbatarianism throughout the land, one of the ordinary days of the week had to be selected, and the general opinion with regard to each of these was expressed as follows:

"Monday for wealth,
Tuesday for health,
Wednesday the best day of all;
Thursday for crosses,
Friday for losses,
Saturday no luck at all."

But these lines are of modern invention, and carry, therefore, very little weight even with the most superstitious. Sundays excepted, no day of the week, and no solemn season of the year, is now without its bridal rejoicings.

THE WEDDING-RING.

"The first inventor of the ring (as reported)," says Swinburne, "was one Prometheus; the workman who made it was Tubal Cain, of whom there is mention in the fourth chapter of Genesis, that he wrought cunningly in every craft of brass and iron; and Tubal Cain, by the counsel of our first parent Adam (as my author telleth me), gave it unto his son to this end, that therewith he should espouse a wife."

Notwithstanding the efforts made by the Puritans in the seventeenth century to banish the ring from the marriage service, it has maintained an almost universal hold on the minds of those about to perpetrate matrimony. Not long since a man in Munster made a considerable income by letting out gold rings to poor Irishmen, to be worn by their brides until the completion of the ceremony. The feeling of the Irishmen as to the essential character of this observance is shared in by many throughout the rural districts of England, who would be inclined to doubt the efficacy of a wedding solemnized without the assistance of "that tool of matrimony," as Butler terms it, or "the golden arrabo," as it is called by Swinburne.

Wedding-rings have been made of gold, silver, iron, steel, copper, brass, leather, and sedge. Except among the wealthy, gold was little used, and the "Sarum Manual" assumes that the material is silver. The rings used at Martin Luther's wedding were silver-gilt. The poor of England were often married with rings of iron, and sometimes even of sedge. Sometimes, when the ring provided for the occasion has been lost, and all things are waiting its discovery, curious substitutes have been contrived. At the clandestine marriage of the Duke of Hamilton the clergyman used a brass curtain-ring. The key of the church door has also been pressed into service, and a ring was once made of a piece of the bride's kid glove, on an occasion when expedition was highly desirable.

In times when her wedding-ring was the only one a woman wore, it was unnecessary to make it of any particular distinguishing pattern. These rings were of every shape and weight, some being massive and highly ornamented, while others resembled the modern thread-like circle. When the custom of wearing several rings became common, it was decided to make them conspicuously small and plain.

In the days when massiveness was a feature of wedding-rings, verses of poesy and moral apothegms were generally inscribed on their inner surface. The Bishop of St. David's put upon his wife's ring the motto, "Bene parĕre, parēre, parare det mihi Deus"—"God make me prolific, obedient, and sedulous." "Tibi Soli" was a punning motto for a woman of the name of Tabitha. The following are specimens of couplets on wedding-rings:—"Our contract was Heaven's act;" "In thee my choice, I do rejoice;" "I will be yours while breath endures;" "Despise not me, that joys in thee;"

> "I did commit no act of folly,
> When I married my sweet Molly."

Many allegorical and spiritual lessons were drawn by the seriously disposed from the matter and form of wedding-rings. It is a single object, signifying the oneness of the groom and bride. It has no end, resembling their love. Swinburne says that its roundness signifies "the round flowing of mutual love and hearty affection." Its exact fit shows that the parties should exactly fit each other in temper, taste and mental capacity. "Just as the fitting ring neither pinches nor slips from the finger, so fitting spouses neither nip nor avoid one another." Gold was said to typify the purity and refinement of the groom's affection. Silver, then considered the most sonorous metal, signified the sweet melody and harmony of wedded life. Rings of iron taught "the continuance and perpetuity of the contract," and so on multifariously. Herrick wrote:

> "And as this round
> Is nowhere found
> To flaw, or else to sever,
> So may our love
> As endless prove—
> And pure as gold for ever."

THE RING FINGER.

We have already noticed the mode of procedure adopted by bridegrooms in placing the ring upon the fourth finger of the left hand. Though it was reached simultaneously with the concluding "Amen," a far weightier reason prevailed with many of our forefathers for selecting this finger to bear the matrimonial token. "The finger on which the ring is to be worn is the fourth finger of the left hand, next to the little finger; because by the received opinion of the learned and experienced in ripping up and anatomizing men's bodies, there is a vein of blood which passeth from the fourth finger into the heart, called *vena amoris*, Love's vein; and so the wearing of the ring on that finger signifieth that the love should not be vain or fained, but that as they did give hands each to the other, so likewise they should give hearts also, whereunto that vein extended."—Swinburne's Treatise of Spousals.

This idea seems to have arisen in Egypt as early as the second century. Appian, an Alexandrian historian, says that, in the opinion of the anatomists of Egypt, "a certain most delicate nerve" passed from the ring finger to the heart. But the staunchest upholder of this theory was Lævinus Lemnius, a celebrated sage of Zealand, who lived in the sixteenth century. In his medical practice he had often taken advantage of this connecting artery to restore fainting women to consciousness. "The small artery is stretched forth from the heart unto this finger, the motion whereof you may perceive evidently in all that affects the heart in women, by the touch of your fore-finger. I used to raise such as are fallen into a swoon by pinching this joint, and by rubbing the ring of gold with a little saffron; for, by this, a restoring force that is in it passeth to the heart, and refresheth the fountain of life, unto which this finger is joined. Wherefore antiquity thought fit to compass it about with gold."

He also states that this finger was termed "medicus," since, if any venom entered it, notice was given to the heart before it was too late to use an antidote. The gout, also, never afflicted this finger until the attack had assumed a fatal character. This he had observed in Gallia Belgica, the land *par excellence* of podagral sufferers, no Belgian, however long his experience of gout may have been, ever suffering in this finger till death was nigh at hand.

WEDDING-CAKE.

Brides formerly wore on their heads chaplets of wheat, a symbol of natural plentifulness, and, at the conclusion of the ceremony in church, corn was poured over their heads in accordance with the same idea. In the course of time thin cakes were substituted for corn, and these were eagerly picked up and eaten by the wedding guests. The next step in advance was the use of rectangular buns, richly made with sugar and fruit. These were furnished in large quantities by the bride's father, and many were also brought by the wedding guests.

"When," says Evelyn, "I was a little boy (before the Civil Wars) I have seen, according to the custom then, the bride and bridegroom kiss over the bride-cakes at the table. It was at the latter end of the dinner; and the cakes were laid upon one another, like the picture of the shewbread in the old Bibles. The bridegroom waited at dinner."

But the piling up of the cakes soon led to another innovation, and the grand stroke in the development of wedding-cakes was made by the French cooks of the Restoration era. They iced over the separate cakes with hardened sugar, and ornamented the covering with the usual array of Cupids. Since this achievment the wedding-cake has taken its place among the established institutions of England. For a long time it still continued to be broken over the head of the bride by the chief groomsman and bridesmaid—nay, so tenaciously has this custom been adhered to in many parts of the country, that "a monstrous, costly wedding-cake, fresh from Chester—the English capital for wedding confectionery—is even yet knocked and wrenched into fragments in a north-country yeoman's parlour, over the head of a blushing lass."

A properly composed wedding-cake exhibits in its stratification the "historical development" of this branch of confectionery. The paste, which divides the plum-work into sections, reminds us of the time when the mass consisted of separate cakes covered in this manner, and the rich composition of the interior is a comparatively coarse symbol of fruitfulness, which took the place of the corn that was used in more simple times.

WEDDING PRESENTS.

There was one occasion when pecuniary assistance might be offered to a man without the slightest fear of giving offence, and that was at his wedding. The proudest lords in feudal times demanded an aid in money from their vassals on the occasion of their daughters' marriages, and it would of course be no disgrace to persons of humbler degree to accept voluntary gifts from their friends. The custom of handing round the collection plate at dinner was by no means confined to the very poor; but in the greater part of the country it was a regular custom, and generally aided materially in giving the young people a start in life. Not only were laces, jewels and plate contributed by their more wealthy friends, as is the custom at a modern bridal, but hard cash, the object of which was unmistakable, was collected from the guests, and, in many cases, to a considerable amount. Among the poorer classes "Penny Weddings" were all that could be expected; but those in more comfortable circumstances received much larger donations from each of their friends, and shillings and guineas were freely given. It thus became to the interest of the principal parties not to be exclusive in the company they invited. Public "biddings" were frequently given to all those in the neighbourhood. This was sometimes done by a herald, sometimes by letters, and often by the local newspaper.

The word *bridal* is derived from "bride-ale," an affair which was very similar to a modern charity bazaar. It was only at the weddings of the poorer classes that bride-ales were resorted to. The dinner was in a great measure provided by the friends of the bride and groom, and any one who paid the entrance fee was admitted to the repast and games. Large crowds were often drawn by the games and athletic contests that followed the dinner. As might be expected, these celebrations were sometimes attended with drunkenness and scenes of disorder, and ordinances of borough councils are still preserved which defined the amount of ale to be brewed for such an occasion, and forbade several games of an immoral character. As a specimen of the public notices given of bride-ales, we will take the following, which appeared in *Bell's Weekly Messenger*:

"Matthew Dawson, in Bothwell, Cumberland, intends to be married at Hohur Church, on the Thursday before Whitsuntide next, whenever that may happen, and to return to Bothwell to dine. Mr. Reid gives a turkey to be roasted; Ed. Clemanston gives a fat lamb to be roasted: Joseph Gibson gives a fat calf to be roasted. And, in order that all this meat may be well basted, do you see Mary Pearson, Betty Hodgson, Mary Bushley, Molly Fisher, Sarah Briscoe, and Betty Porthouse, give, each of them, a pound of butter. The advertiser will provide everything else for so festive an occasion. And he hereby gives notice to all young women desirous of changing his condition, that he is at present disengaged; and advises them to consider that, altho' there be luck in leisure, yet, in this case, delays are dangerous; for with him, he is determined it shall be first come first served."

FLEET MARRIAGES.

"Where lead my wandering footsteps now?—the Fleet
Presents her tattered sons in Luxury's cause;
Here venerable crape and scarlet cheeks,
With nose of purple hue, high, eminent,
And squinting, leering looks, now strike the eye.
B—s—p of Hell, once in the precincts called,
Renowned for making thoughtless contracts. Here
He reigned in bloated majesty,
And passed in sottishness and smoke his time.
Revered by gin's adorers and the tribe
Who pass in brawls, lewd jests, and drink, their days,
Sons of low-grovelling riot and debauch.
Here cleric grave from Oxford ready stands,
Obsequious to conclude the Gordian knot,
Entwined beyond all dissolution sure;
A regular this from Cambridge; both alike
In artful stratagem to tye the noose,
While women 'Do you want the parson?' cry."

From the latter part of the seventeenth century until the passing of Lord Hardwicke's Marriage Act, in 1753, an immense number of clandestine and unecclesiastical marriages were solemnised under the shadow of the famous Fleet prison. Insolvent debtors, and those guilty of contempt of court, were banished to this retreat, and among the sufferers, especially on the former count, were numbered many unfortunate clergymen. Athough the Church recognised no marriage as valid which was celebrated without banns or a license from the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Common Law of England was not so severe. The commonalty are generally well posted on all those points of law which are in their favour, and tend to exempt them from pains and penalties; and it soon became widely known that, fulminate as his Highness might against these irregular transactions, the law recognised as valid any marriage solemnized by a priest in orders, and witnessed in a satisfactory manner.

Fleet prisoners of the better sort were seldom cooped up within the walls of the inclosure; but, in consideration of a payment made to the Warden, they were allowed to dwell within certain prescribed precincts, and to pay occasional visits to the scenes of their former greatness. It was no unusual thing to meet at a West End ball a man who, according to a legal fiction, was in *durance vile*, and Fleet clergymen soon found more profitable employment for their enforced leisure than in playing at skittles with their fellow-insolvents. Clandestine marriages were at first celebrated in the Fleet Chapel; but, after this was prohibited, chapels were extemporised in many of the taverns which were in convenient proximity to the prison. Sometimes the tavern-keeper had a regular parson in his pay, who was always in attendance to solemnize matrimony, his employer acting as clerk. At other times he only received a percentage of the parson's gains, and his regular fee as clerk; and some landlords were willing to give up a room for a chapel, in consideration of the increased traffic brought to their houses by these irregular proceedings.

Taverns and clergymen in the matrimonial line employed men and women as touters, who plied their avocation with the most shameless effrontery, and in many cases added to their other accomplishments that of pocket-picking. Woe to the young man and maiden who selected this district of the city for a friendly stroll. Their intentions were taken for granted by a dirty, wrangling, and brazen-faced crowd of clerical assistants. The most secret retreat and the lowest figure were paraded before them in noisy rivalry by most disreputable looking characters of both sexes, and the most forcible persuasions were often not sufficient to disperse a following which would disgrace the humblest organ-grinder.

It is not generally known how immense was the business done by the Fleet clergymen during the first half of the eighteenth century. There could not have been fewer than fifty at a time plying their matrimonial trade, ranging from the slovenly, red-nosed priest whose fee was half-a-crown, to the Bishop alluded to in the above cited poem, who would condescend to nothing under a guinea. The entries in one clergyman's note-book shew that he received in one month £57 12*s.* 9*d.*, and this was no more than an average yield to a man of good standing. Fellows of the baser sort of course fared more hardly, and many of them were the most miserable specimens of Fleet prisoners.

The advertisements of some of the leading clergymen indicate the necessary qualifications for rising in the profession. Peter Symson informed the public that he acted by Royal authority, that he had been "educated at the University of Cambridge," and was "late Chaplain to the Earl of Rothes." John Mottram, who bore for his arms "S. a chev. Arg. charged with three roses between croslets Or," married couples in a room "furnished with chairs, cushions, and proper conveniences." In a single year he married more than 2,200 couples. John Lando was "a regular bred clergyman," a "gentleman who was lately Chaplain on board one of His Majesty's men-of-war, and likewise has gloriously distinguished himself in defence of his king and country, and is above committing those little mean actions that some men impose on people, being determined to have everything conducted with the utmost decency and regularity, such as shall be always supported in law and equity." But Alexander Keith was the best known of the Fleet clergy, and his appeals to general sympathy and support were most touching. He had fallen from one of the most fashionable West-End churches, having been excommunicated for ecclesiastical insubordination, and banished to the Fleet for contempt of court. He there entered upon a career of unprecedented brilliancy, but which closed most miserably. On the death of his wife he made known by advertisement "that her body had been embalmed and consigned to the care of an apothecary, at whose house it would remain until her inconsolable husband, on the triumph of religious liberty in England, should recover his freedom, and be able to follow her coffin to the grave." He at the same time time stated that his fee for marrying was one guinea. When one of his sons died, the funeral procession halted from time to time, that the crowd might read a father's grievances and the priest's reasonable terms for solemnizing wedlock. When he was informed of Lord Hardwicke's Marriage Act, which put a stop to his vocation, he observed to a party of select friends, who were helping him to drink his costly wines, "So they will hinder my marrying. Well, let 'em, but I'll be revenged: I'll buy two or three acres of ground, and by ——— I'll underbury them." But this scheme he never carried into execution. His end was as unfortunate as his previous course had been successful, and notwithstanding passionate appeals to an ungrateful public on the score of his former benevolence and opulence, Alexander Keith died in want and misery on the pauper side of the Fleet prison.

GRETNA-GREEN MATCHES.

A special clause in Lord Hardwicke's Marriage Act gave validity to irregular marriages celebrated in Scotland. Lawless lovers at once took advantage of this, and a hasty trip across the border was substituted for a visit to a Fleet chapel. Edinburgh for a short time was the scene of most of the runaway matches, and there the Canongate parsons sanctioned the clandestine unions. These personages, however, were seldom ordained ministers. Some discharged law-clerk or drunken lacquey now performed the role of the impecunious denizen of the Fleet. "The Canongate parson would act as a guide to a party of tourists inspecting the lions of the capital, or for a few pence carry a message to the most remote part of the town. Sometimes he figured as an extra waiter at a public dinner." Having donned a dirty surplice, he officiated in some of the most aristocratic English marriages of the time. The prophet was not without honour save among his own people.

But expedition and cheapness soon directed lovers to a more convenient point, where equally disreputable parsons could be had for a guinea. The village of Gretna, in the south-east corner of Dumfriesshire, acquired a monopoly in the matter of fugitive marriages, and furnished a succession of officiators worthy of the cause. A cottager named Scott was the first of this string of couplers; but, owing to his comparatively respectable antecedents and character, very little more is known of him. George Gordon, a retired soldier, succeeded Scott, and professed to be licensed by Government at an annual sacrifice to himself of £50. His commission was never examined, but his occupation was lost on account of the superior qualifications of Joe Paisley, of the tobacco trade. This individual was chiefly distinguished for his eminently ecclesiastical demeanor, and for his immense capacity as regards brandy. While George Gordon officiated in complete military costume, consisting of a large cocked hat, red coat, high-top boots, and an enormous sword, "Joe Paisley's 'get up' was strictly clerical," comprising "a gown, cassock, bands, and a three-cornered hat that gave his comely face and form a most imposing appearance." When the old war-horse raved about his royal commission and £50 a year, Joe Paisley calmly called for another quart of brandy, and went to work at another quid of tobacco. The tavern-keepers of Gretna could never be callous to the claims of a man who, with "Ned the Turner," had in the space of six secular days drunk a whole anker of cognac, and had appeared at Kirk on the seventh day in a clean shirt, and looking as if nothing had happened to him. He drank more brandy and chewed more tobacco than any other Scotchman, and finished a long and successful career in old age, at a weight of twenty-five stone.

On the death of this celebrity, David Laing, the retired pedler, reigned in his stead. His official uniform was an orthodox three-cornered hat, a black coat, black velvet waistcoat and breeches, and high-top boots. But he never attained to the height or weight of his illustrious predecessor, who, in his peculiar line, was never surpassed.

It was by such fellows as these that some of England's most highly descended sons and daughters were united in the bonds of holy matrimony. They blessed the fugitives who had come under their administration with priestly solemnity, commanded them to kiss each other in token of their tender feelings, and handed to them a dirty, mis-spelt certificate, which should be the only proof of their children's legitimacy. Railway enterprise bore a principal part in putting a stop to their vocation. The alarming facilities afforded to runaway matches by a speed of forty miles an hour, impressed the English mind with a due sense of the pressing need of reform, and the 19 & 20 Vict., c. 96, enacts that, "After the thirty-first day of December, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-six, no irregular marriage contracted in Scotland by declaration, acknowledgment, or ceremony, shall be valid unless one of the parties has at the date thereof his or her usual place of residence there, or has lived in Scotland for twenty-one days next preceding such marriage; any law, custom, or usage to the contrary notwithstanding."

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE House of Commons was a little disappointing in the choice of a Speaker. The name which occurred to most persons, in connection with the chair, was that of Mr. Holton. He has given unusual attention to the study of forms and procedure, and is well versed in parliamentary law and precedent. To these qualifications he adds long experience, a good presence, and as much impartiality as is commonly found in a party politician. His sole defect is an occasional—very rare—liability to a slight gust of temper; but as this defect was never brought out but in the heat of debate, there would have been no danger of its disturbing that equanimity which is among the first and most essential qualifications of the occupant of the Speaker's chair. Mr. Holton's position is one of which he alone seems to guard the secret. Why he is not a member of the Cabinet has never been explained; why he was passed over when the Speaker's chair required a new occupant is a question on which patent facts enable us to give conjecture something like character of certainty. Mr. Timothy Warren Anglin had been left out of the Government—such is the inconvenience of mortal cabinets being limited in point of space—and he had the great advantage in his favour of representing a Church with a grievance, on which prominent public men on his side of the House had bestowed some party patronage. Such a mine any person in Mr. Anglin's position, and skilful in the rhetoric art, could work to immense profit. Mr. Costigan was comparatively harmless; but Mr. Anglin, double-voiced, through tongue and press, became omnipotent when backed by the thunders of a Church whose ecclesiastics made it a matter of conscience not to pay rates for the support of Common Schools, all godless as they paint them. It is not impossible that it was in the light of these facts that Mr. Anglin's qualifications for the Speakership were discovered. There is enough in them to prevent any surprise which the selection might otherwise have occasioned. Though the selection was evidently dictated by party necessity, we are not to assume that it will prove a very bad one. To start with, the best man of the ministerial party was evidently passed over; but so imperative are the exigencies of party, as things go under the actual system of patronage, that the instances are rare indeed in which the best man can be selected for any post. Mr. Holton has very handsomely brought his long experience and great parliamentary knowledge to the aid of the new Speaker, to whom he can render very valuable assistance. Mr. Anglin will learn the duties perhaps as readily as any one with his limited experience could; but the kind of knowledge requisite in the Speaker of the House of Commons cannot be rapidly acquired; its acquisition requires personal experience, extending over a considerable period of time, connected with the study of special cases which admit of something like classification and generalization. But there is a pre-requisite without which no man can ever become a good Speaker: a judicial tone of mind and a will inflexible in maintaining the right against the claims and the interests of party. We shall not do Mr. Anglin the injustice of denying him the possession of these qualities; though—and the same remark would apply to any strong partisan—their development had to be looked for after the appointment was made. The

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circumstances in which the Speaker is placed determine the degree of strain to which the impartiality of his temper will be put. If he be certain of his ruling being always sustained by a ready majority, he will feel less amenable to the corrective influence afforded by a successful appeal against his ruling. The appeal may come from either side; but an appeal coming from an Opposition counting not more than a fourth of the House would have little chance of success. A party with a large majority cannot often be put in a great strait by the adverse ruling of the Speaker, and, supposing him to sympathize with it, he is not under the same temptation to lean unduly towards a party in that position that he would be if it were so weak that a favourable ruling on a doubtful point would be a matter of great consequence. If the ministerial party had been less strong, the atmosphere in which the Speaker of its choice moves would have been more favourable to the cultivation of some of the qualities most essential to a satisfactory discharge of his duties. We can only hope that Mr. Anglin will rise above the adverse circumstances under which he took the chair of the House of Commons, and that, when he quits that exalted position, all parties will be equally able to declare their satisfaction with the justice and impartiality with which he has discharged the duties.

The House of Commons has ventured on a small measure of prohibition, affecting nobody but itself and extending only to the number of square feet contained in its own refreshment-room. The majority of the House responsible for the experiment of making robust the fibre of their own virtue by means of formal resolution, will probably not seriously resent the unwillingness of the Senate to concur in the wisdom of the act, and follow the example set with respect to its own refreshment-room. The virtue which only restrains one's self, and leaves others to their free volition, must be allowed to have reached the extreme of heroic self-denial, and to be marked by unselfish generosity. Similar resolutions have before been come to by legislative bodies in this country; but instead of being serious, like this, they had to be ranked among the most decided of shams. We live in an age when drunkenness has become the discreditable badge of the socially depraved, the vice having been quite banished from the higher circles. But if members of the House of Commons were themselves in no danger, the country owes them the more for the self-sacrifice to which they have subjected themselves that they might be pointed to by temperance lecturers as a great moral example in high places. If a House of Commons which had held a previous session had passed a like restrictive resolution, the act might have been thought to have originated in the necessity which abuse of social opportunities within the walls of Parliament afforded. No such conjecture can derogate from the merits of a House which showed itself capable of heroic self-sacrifice in the first days of the first session. Members exhausted by long vigils and longer speeches, who would not like to seem to profit by the stubbornness of the Senate, may possibly have strength left to reach the Club or even Russell's, where, for medicinal reasons, they may take a recuperative draught. But these will be only the weak and the infirm.

The expulsion of Riel, as was foreseen, was a question on which the Ministry divided. The examination of witnesses at the bar of the House, to establish the fact that Riel was a fugitive from justice, was conducted, and the motion for expulsion made, by a private member, Mr. Mackenzie Bowell. Attorney-General Clarke, of Manitoba, proved the issue of a warrant for the arrest of Riel on a charge of murder. Though he had taken the oath and signed the roll in a stealthy manner, in the Clerk's room, Riel failed to answer the summons of the House to appear in his place; and the proceedings were necessarily conducted in his absence.

Unless the proceedings commenced to declare him an outlaw be completed before the election for Provencher comes off, he may safely count on re-election, to be followed by another expulsion. An earlier declaration of outlawry would have saved all this trouble and avoided some anomalous proceedings. Attorney-General Clarke asks us to believe that there was no judicial machinery by which the attainment of this object could have been hastened; that proceedings were commenced as soon as the Court in which they were taken was complete, and that only one step can be taken at a time. This throws us back, in search of the cause of the delay, upon the omission to complete at an earlier date the judicial machinery of Manitoba. Was it that the late Government wished to avoid anything being done to bring Riel or to trial, to pronounce him an outlaw?

The expulsion does not dispose of the question of amnesty, into which there was, at the time, a committee sitting to enquire. Mr. Holton took the ground that a motion for expulsion, pending the enquiry, was anomalous and unstatesmanlike. But the question of an amnesty relates to an oblivion of all offences connected with or arising out of the rebellion of 1869; while against the member for Provencher the evidence was clear that he was a fugitive from justice. The advocates of a general amnesty want it for the special benefit of Riel and Lepine. But there was really no reason why the expulsion of a member, charged with murder and evading a trial, should not take place while a committee was enquiring whether a general amnesty had been promised. From all that has hitherto been published on the subject, there does not appear to have been any express promise of an amnesty. Archbishop Taché, who has, in a pamphlet recently published, minutely detailed the part he took in the pacification of the Province, fails to show that any express promise was made. He appears to have inferred from what was done and said that an amnesty would be granted; and it is evident that he acted upon that idea. How far did he make it the leverage for securing the object of his mission? If Riel and his associates who had taken possession of Fort Garry had, at his instance, evacuated it and laid down their arms, then the use he had made of a promise of an amnesty would have had to be taken into account. But Riel held possession of the Fort till he knew that he was on the point of being attacked by British troops and Canadian volunteers; and, after the time when what Bishop Taché puts as a constructive promise of amnesty was made, the murder of Scott took place. If the promise of an amnesty had been positive, it could not have been held to cover future offences, much less the crime of murder. There could be no objection to an amnesty, from which Riel and Lepine should be excluded; but it would be useless, since it would not secure the object for which the advocates of an amnesty desire it. Bishop Taché tells us, indeed, how much the country owes to the self-denying patriotism of Riel and his associates; of their refusal of offers of assistance from the United States to the amount of four millions of dollars. He is careful to tell us that this was not Fenian money. The information is quite unnecessary. The statement of this offer we do not doubt is made in good faith; but to accept it as correct requires an amount of credulity that not every one is blessed with. The men who welcomed O'Donohoe across the border would have refused nothing in the shape of men or money.

The final vote on the expulsion shows a parliamentary division coincident with the line that marks a separation of races and creeds. The rebellion itself had for its chief spur antagonism of race and religion. The end is as the beginning. We need not, however, be led despondingly to conclude from these facts that we are destined to have the peace of the country troubled by the revival of the old hostilities of race which Lord Durham found in full vigour, and which he described with great force and copiousness of detail. The Métis sympathise with Riel, and would be quite ready to re-elect him in his absence, and all French Canada makes his cause their own. But they submit to the expulsion as a necessity of Parliamentary rule—unpleasant, but still a necessity.

When the Minister of Finance comes down with a proposal to add, at one stroke, one-sixth to the taxes of the country, he is bound to make out a strong case. Mr. Cartwright was so impressed with this necessity that he was tempted, in his budget speech, to make the picture of the financial situation a little too sombre. It is unrelieved by a single ray of light. He had to provide for a deficit of two millions, and he put on additional taxes estimated to yield three millions. Here the prudential side of his character comes out in strong relief. The financial outlook, when one attempts to peer into the future, is serious enough. But in the actual condition of the finances there is nothing alarming. The deficit is artificial, and with the same ordinary revenue expenditure it could have been prevented. An amount nearly half a million in excess of the deficit, expended on public works, was charged against revenue. It is merely a question of book-keeping; and Mr. Cartwright admits that part of the amount would have been fairly chargeable against capital. In a country where we have entered into obligations to carry on public works which will cost something like two hundred millions of dollars, it is the easiest thing in the world to create a deficit by charging some of these works to the revenue account. That error was committed by an inspector-general nearly twenty years ago, with the inevitable result: a deficit attended with financial embarrassment. That Minister took the pains to show that the cost of our public works, all taken together, represented an amount far beyond the aggregate of the public debt. This comparison of figures had its advantage; for it showed that if we had a public debt we had something valuable to show for it. And we have more than full value to show for the present deficit. Whether a deficit of the character and amount which Mr. Cartwright had to make good would of itself have justified a large increase in the taxes is open to doubt. But the interest account is constantly being increased by new public works charged against capital, or in other words built with borrowed money, and to meet this charge an increase of revenue became necessary. The ordinary revenue is estimated at a little over twenty-four millions and a half for 1874-5, but the whole expenditure will be forty-two millions. The deficit of the current year is partly a matter of estimate, and it may be less than Mr. Cartwright assumes; but he cannot be so far wrong as some predict, when they assume that there will be no deficit at all.

Mr. Cartwright encourages the public to hope that the new taxes will suffice, without any further addition, "for a considerable time." That the distant financial horizon is obscured by a dark cloud is undeniable. To carry out all our obligations to the letter, including the time bargain with British Columbia to build the Pacific Railway, the Finance Minister tells Parliament it would be necessary to borrow not less than thirty millions a year for seven years; and when we had done so we should have piled up a mountain of debt, larger proportionately than that under which the United States found themselves staggering at the close of the civil war: larger by no less than one-third. He took another comparison, and said the magnitude of our debt, measured in interest—which is the true gauge—and the relative populations being taken into account, would exceed by one-third that of the colossal debt of England. These statements are startling enough; and Mr. Cartwright contends that they involve an impossibility: that the Pacific Railway cannot be built in seven years. And here he is plainly in the right. This country could not borrow thirty millions a year, for seven years, on any but the most ruinous terms, if at all. On asking the first loan, the whole extent of the prospective obligations of the Province would have to be disclosed; and the first issue of securities would bring down the rate with a tumble. The amount stated by Mr. Cartwright assumes that there would be spent on the canals not less than twenty-five millions in seven years. The enlargement of the canals, it was agreed at the time of Confederation, was to take place as soon as the state of the finances would admit of its being done. When will this happy time come, as things go at present?

And if the Pacific Railway cannot be built in seven years, what becomes of the bargain made with British Columbia, and sometimes dignified by the name of a treaty? Mr. Cartwright adduces a fact to prove that there would be no breach of contract or of faith; that Parliament, with the consent of the delegates from British Columbia, passed a resolution that the road should not be a Government work, but should be built by a private company, aided by subsidies of land and money, and in a way not to increase taxes. The work cannot be built in that way. Does the obligation of the Government really extend no further? That is the question raised by the Minister of Finance. But he does not wish to shrink from the obligation of building the road, and only adduces the consent of British Columbia to its being built in a particular way, now proved to be impossible, as a plea for time. The Government will do what it can, but it will not rush headlong to financial ruin. A case for delay must be held to have been established, and British Columbia is interested, like the other Provinces, in having the country keep clear of financial quicksands. When the Pacific Railway question was before Parliament, in another shape, the ground taken in these pages was that it was a false and dangerous policy to undertake to construct a road of this magnitude, as a whole, greatly in advance of its necessity; and the soundness of the position has now been established by the inexorable logic of facts.

The expenditure on railroads, which has been going on for some years, and of which it will be long before the end is reached, creates a double burthen on the revenue: the burthen of interest and the deficiency in the working expenses. At present, the Government railroads are worked at a loss of a million and a quarter of dollars a year; and the Minister of Finance pertinently enquires what, if this occurs in a comparatively settled country, are we to expect from a railroad running three thousand miles through the wilderness. If it be not possible for Government to work these roads more economically, would the stimulus of private interest bring any remedy? And if private companies could be found to assume their management and guarantee their operation, would it not be advisable to transfer them, even if some subsidy had at first to be given? There is probably not a railroad in the country owned by private companies that does not at least earn enough to cover working expenses. There have been some roads in this sorry plight, but they came to the hammer or were closed. Is it not possible to work the Government railroads in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick without loss? There seems to be room here for special enquiry. In England there are individuals—they cannot be called a party—who believe that sound policy would dictate the purchase of all the railroads by the State. Perhaps they might profitably turn their attention to this country for facts bearing on the question. From canals we manage to get some revenue, though not enough to pay interest on the cost of construction; but the Government railroads do not earn the oil to lubricate the wheels.

Fixed charges, from which there is no escape, press with increasing severity on the revenue from year to year. Including the subsidies to the Provinces and interest on the debt, they now amount to fifteen millions of dollars. The weight of the financial burthen falls on the large Provinces, notably Ontario. Manitoba, British Columbia, Prince Edward Island, all receive much more than they contribute: a condition of things which happily need not be regarded as permanent. The small Provinces are slow to tax themselves through any local machinery, while Ontario annually raises six millions in municipal taxes. Mr. Cartwright incidentally touched on a question which will some day force itself prominently on public attention. "I have always looked upon it," he said, "as a very objectionable principle to allow this House, the Local Legislatures, and the municipal bodies to have the power of imposing almost any amount of taxes they may severally see fit." If the time should ever come when two or three of these tax-levying machines should concurrently impose taxes of the same kind, the necessity of defining and restricting the powers of taxation which these different authorities may exercise would cause some regulation, possibly in the nature of a constitutional restriction, to be made. At present we are passing through a phase of railway expenditure, in the shape of aids and bonuses, which cannot be lasting, and which is almost certain to be succeeded by a reaction of more or less violence.

The new tariff can hardly be said to have any other object than revenue in view. If there be any departure from this rule, it is in the case of the sugar duties, which will give the refiner a monopoly at the expense of the consumer, rather than at the expense of the importer, as has been alleged. So far as specific are substituted for *ad valorem* duties, it is a step in the wrong direction. It is all very well to say, as Mr. Cartwright says, that the case is one in which theory is one way and the practice the other: that is, that a duty proportioned to the value of the thing on which it is put, is, while theoretically right, practically wrong. If we are at liberty to abandon principles in this slip-shod way, there is nothing which may not be given up. Nor do we care much for the practice of other countries; if they fail to adjust taxation to expenditure, while professing to make expedience their rule, they abandon one of the first requisites of all taxation: equality. It is doubly objectionable, besides being greatly confusing, when the customs duty is levied in one form and the excise duty in another. Sometimes both forms attach themselves to the same article. Who but a trader can tell what proportion there is between ten cents a pound excise duty on tobacco and snuff, and twelve and a half cents added to twenty-five cents a pound customs duty? To the theory that luxuries ought to be heavily taxed, some parts of the new tariff may be traced; but the theory is not carried out in practice. Wine, with some exceptions, is made to pay duty according to its strength—not according to its value. Strong wines, which derive their chief strength from the admixture of brandy not free from fusil oil, are always inferior, often highly deleterious. Cigars, of which the gamut of prices runs all the way from one to twenty, are all made to bear the same weight of tax, without any regard to the immense difference of value. It must be a doubtful luxury to be poisoned with cigars at a cent apiece; but the man who indulges them makes precisely the same contribution to the revenue as his wealthier neighbour who puffs the rich perfume of the Partaga. Mr. Cartwright has let beer alone, and in this he has done well. If any thing in the shape of duties or the removal of duties could lead to an increase in the consumption of beer at the expense of whiskey consumption, a great point would be gained. Till home-brewed ale becomes a common beverage in the country, there is much reason to fear that whiskey will hold its place and continue to do its fatal work. And there is not the least sign of the commencement of the change. The duty on whiskey has closely approached, if it has not reached the point beyond which it is impossible to go without holding out a premium to the smuggler.

There must be considerable elasticity in the resources of a country that can bear to have its taxes increased sixteen per cent. in one night, as well as a facile aptitude to shoulder burthens among the people. The strain can probably be borne tolerably well. But if we are to go on increasing the public debt even half as fast as Mr. Cartwright says it would be necessary if the Pacific Railway were built in seven years, about five millions a year more will have been added to the interest account by the end of that time. There will probably be a million surplus at the end of the financial year 1874–5; and assuming, with the Minister of Finance, that there will be no great development of commerce and no great increase of customs' duties for the next three years, would it be unreasonable to expect an increase in the revenue in the next seven years of four millions of dollars? Mr. Cartwright assumes that it will not be necessary to increase the taxes again for a considerable time—a not very definite expression—if at all. This is the only hopeful expression that escaped him in the long budget speech; and it loses half its value from not being accompanied by the facts and estimates on which—if not a mere random statement—it must be presumed to rest. If the financial abyss we are approaching be as profound as Mr. Cartwright would have us believe, we ought to have been supplied with some estimate of the length of line that would be necessary to reach the bottom. He was not called upon to frame a seven years' budget; but we think he was bound to give some idea of the rate of expenditure out of borrowed money which the country will, in his judgment, be able to bear during that time, or even during the longer period over which the construction of all the Public Works we are committed to will have to be spread. It is necessary to form something like a general plan of proceeding—rigid enough to retain its main features, and flexible enough to accommodate itself to unforeseen circumstances. No such plan is traced, even in the loosest way, in the budget speech. We are landed and left in the darkest gloom on the subject of the country's financial future, with only the expression of the belief that our present taxes will suffice for some time, possibly for all time. The whole question is, at what rate does the Minister of Finance think we can prudently increase the burthen of interest on capital to be borrowed for Public Works; how much can we safely borrow every year for the next seven years, and how much till all the great undertakings in hand are got rid of? Or is it contemplated to abandon any of them altogether? No very precise estimate, it may be, could be made; but whenever the Government appears as a borrower in the English market on account of so gigantic an undertaking as the Pacific Railway, a complete statement of the financial position of the country, including its obligations, present and prospective, as well as its resources, will have to be made. If it would not be prudent to attempt to borrow thirty millions a year—which is certain—what is the probable sum that will not exceed the limits of prudence, involve no impossibility, and threaten no financial catastrophe? We are told that forty-two millions are to be spent in the financial year 1874–5, of which a little more than twenty-four millions and a half will be chargeable against revenue, the balance against capital. But we are not told whether the latter sum is to form any measure for the expenditure of future years on Public Works; we have no explanation on that point, a full understanding of which is essential to anything like a clear comprehension of prospects rendered nebulous by the absence of necessary explanation, and gloomy by a strongly charged statement of difficulties, which contains only too much truth, but does not, perhaps, contain the whole truth. This want of definiteness—for we do not think it want of grasp—is a serious defect in Mr. Cartwright's otherwise able and clear, if a little too discouraging, financial exposition.

While the Election Bill introduced by the Minister of Justice will effect many salutary changes, some of its provisions are open to criticism. Against the provision that the polling shall, as far as practicable, be simultaneous, there is nothing to be said; it will deprive the executive of the power of greatly influencing the elections by producing the impression on waverers, which often proves false, as to which is the winning side. The obligation to direct the writs to sheriffs and registrars, though not a new provision, deprives the executive of the means of influencing the returning officers. It was pointed out as an anomaly that these officers receive their appointments from the local Governments; but this is only saying they are in no way under the influence of the Federal authority. The abolition of the present mode of nomination, at which the different candidates can tell their story in presence of one another, under the guarantees for the preservation of the peace which the returning officer is able to afford, is a doubtful good. The old law does not seem to confer on the candidates any special rights of addressing the electors—it is one of those practices which have grown up without the aid of an Act of Parliament—and it will be very difficult for the new law to suppress it. There is still to be a nomination in a new form: a paper containing the names of the candidates, signed by a number of electors, is to be handed to the returning officer, by whom, after two hours, the proceedings may be closed. For anything there was in the old law, they might have been closed after all the nominations had been made; and the same right of making speeches, unless it be forbidden in direct terms, will continue to exist as heretofore. It would be going far to enact that on the principal occasion on which candidates and electors come together—for interest and curiosity will still bring them together—that their right of speech shall be denied. The formality of the customary nomination is not, we submit, attended with a degree of danger that calls for its suppression. Ward meetings do not afford the same opportunities for hearing both sides. They are not under the control of the returning officer, and they offer fewer guarantees for peace and fair play; when the different candidates meet together, there is less chance that they will all get a fair hearing. Practically, the nomination affords the only opportunity where both sides are at all certain to get an opportunity of putting their views before the electors. The abolition of the property qualification ought to meet general approval. The requirement had nothing to recommend it, while an election might come on in the absence from the country of an intending candidate, and it might be impossible for him to forward a declaration of qualification in the time required. In the adoption of all the varying qualifications of electors created by the laws of the several Provinces, with all their different scales, there is certainly something anomalous. The argument in favour of it is that it will save the expense of specially preparing a voters' list. Taking an average of years, these lists, estimated at a cost of $60,000 a year, would about double the expense of the elections. If the objection of expense can be got over, an uniform suffrage ought by all means to be adopted.

In adopting the ballot, the Government has done so in the most unreserved manner, by providing for absolute secrecy. In England and in Ontario secrecy is not carried so far as to bar a scrutiny of votes. The secrecy ends as soon as it may please some elector or candidate to lift the veil and expose the mysteries of the ballot-box; for in rare instances only would it be difficult to find grounds on which to demand a scrutiny. If the ballot be adopted at all, on the ground that it is necessary for the protection of individual voters, it would be offering them a false security, and leading them into a snare to place it in the power of any one to reveal the secret. No doubt the intelligent voter would soon learn that the secrecy was far from being absolute, and that the mystery of his vote might, in given circumstances, be revealed. Practically, there will not be many cases of scrutiny; but it would be impossible to know beforehand whether there was going to be one or not. Where scrutiny is impossible personation will thrive under the immunity it will enjoy. It would be possible to provide for a partial scrutiny, to be conducted by the returning officer, for the purpose of discovering cases of personation. Whether a man personates the absent or the dead, or the living and the present, he ought not to escape punishment. Ballot-box stuffing, which has become one of the fine arts of crime in some countries, will be nearly or altogether impossible under this bill. The ballot is to be signed and dropped into the box in presence of the deputy-returning officer; and whenever more than one ballot is found in a single envelope none of them are to be counted.

A change in the constitution of the Senate has already risen to the level of a Parliamentary question. On motion of Mr. Mills to go into Committee, the House of Commons entertained the question, and in the opinion of Mr. Holton, committed itself to the principle of the proposed reform. But the House will not likely agree with Mr. Holton. The chief object is, of course, to abolish Crown nomination. The plan of Mr. Mills is to vest the election of Senators in the State Legislatures, in which he follows the rule of the United States. But when he comes to apportion the representation of Senators to the several Provinces he departs from the principle of equal representation, on which the United States is founded, and gives six times as many representatives to the largest as to the smallest Provinces. On one side he is met by the objection that he gives Ontario too little, and on the other that the Provincial rights of Quebec would be jeopardized by the recognition of the rule of numerical representation in the Senate. If the present proportions of Province representation were retained, though the whole number of Senators were greatly reduced, no objection could fairly be made, and if any were offered it would become evident that the object was to defend Crown nomination indirectly by making difficulties out of what the critics do not now object to. The chief point gained by the introduction of Mr. Mills' resolutions will be that the attention of Parliament and the public has been called to a formal and detailed plan for changing the constitution of the Senate. There is something for discussion. The first question would properly be whether the bicameral form of Legislature should continue to exist, or whether the experiment made in Ontario was furnished, or is likely to furnish, sufficient reasons for substituting the unicameral form. Whatever be the nature of the change made, it is difficult to believe that the executive Government, acting in the name of the Queen, can long continue to exercise the right of appointing one branch of the Legislature. If the Crown selected for the Senate men like Sir Garnet Wolesley, who have rendered great services to the State, the hope of obtaining senatorial honours might act as a spur to great achievements, though the appointments themselves would seldom be the best. That a soldier acquits himself well in the field affords no presumption that he has made any vain attempt to master the problems with which statesmen are called upon to deal. The presumption must always be

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the other way, where the whole faculties have been absorbed in another pursuit, or left to rust in inaction. Crown nomination cannot give the country the best men for Senators; for party expediency will preside over the appointments. And in failing to procure the best men, Crown nomination loses the plausible defence that could be offered for it.

A crisis has arrived in the history of the paper money of the United States. The whole country is divided into two hostile camps, known as Inflationists and anti-Inflationists. In Congress, the party of inflation carried their point after a severe contest. They carried a Bill fixing the amount of United States currency at four hundred millions of dollars, of which the effect was to authorize the executive to keep in circulation forty millions hitherto held in ordinary times as a reserve, and only issued to relieve the pressure of the late monetary crisis. Besides this, the Bill authorized the issue of an addition of forty-six millions to the existing bank circulation. When the battle in Congress was over, the powerful opposition which the measure had created in all the great commercial centres appealed to the President to interpose with his veto. The White House was besieged with deputations, before whom the President showed great reticence. Some of them conceived that an affront had been put upon them in the reception they met. Would the President sign the Bill, was the question asked, on all sides, for several days. The prevailing impression, which had almost settled into a conviction, carrying gloom to the best part of the population and joy to the speculators, when President Grant put an end to conjecture by vetoing the Bill. This act of the President, unless overruled by a two-third vote in Congress, will save the nation from the fatal consequences which have invariably followed an excessive issue of paper currency in every country. ~~He rightly~~ looks upon a return to specie payment as an object to be kept steadily in view; and he recommends Congress to increase the revenue as a step in that direction. Behind the Inflation Bill stood the ghastly spectre of repudiation. Butler and Morton long since proposed to depreciate the paper money by excessive issues, and then rob the national creditors by compelling them to take their pay in the depreciated and non-redeemable currency. From the fact that Butler was among the foremost advocates of the vetoed Bill, and other circumstances, such as his obtrusion on an interview which a deputation opposed to the measure was holding with the President, there is reason to believe that the Senator has not abandoned his old scheme of repudiation.

The statements which came by cable, and represented Mr. Gladstone as having temporarily relinquished the leadership of the Liberal party, prove to have been inaccurate. He consented to continue at the head of his party during the present session, without undertaking to be constant in his attendance in the House of Commons. It has already happened that he was absent on a very important occasion: the debate on the income tax. The policy of repeal had to be discussed in the absence of the statesman responsible for proposing it, and most capable of making his defence successful. Similar occurrences may be expected till Mr. Gladstone has had time to recover from the effects of over-work; and the inconvenience, whatever it is, must be borne with, for he is admitted to be the only man who can lead a united party. Fits of langour or despondency have often made statesmen desirous, for the moment, of retiring; and even if, indulging this disposition, they pass for a while from the thick of the fight, the inaction to which they condemned themselves generally soon becomes irksome, and they wish to return to the scene of their former struggles, with their chances of triumph and defeat. Mr. Gladstone may have been passing through this state of mind. Final retirement on account of the infirmities of advancing age can hardly have occurred to him ; for though it is not given to all statesmen to do duty till they reach the age of Palmerston or Thiers, there must be many more years of work in Mr. Gladstone. The current of a man's ambition may change ; but it would be strange if Mr. Gladstone did not continue to find in statesmanship his greatest attraction. If he were convinced that the Conservatives would obtain a firm hold on office, for a period that would outrun the probable activities of his own life, he might not care to spend the rest of his days in an up-hill contest. But to take that view of the situation would imply a despondent condition of mind, which is precisely one to which enfeebled state of body often contributes. After the session is over, Mr. Gladstone may determine to continue the leadership in a more definite way ; and should he do so, no competitor would try to take it from him. The conviction that he is the only man who can keep the Liberal party intact, must have considerable weight in determining his future course.

Mr. Gladstone has been the object of a coarse attack from Mr. Smollet, fitly seconded by Mr. Whalley. The object was to get the House of Commons to censure the suddenness of the late dissolution. The surprise was distasteful alike to friends and foes, but there would have been neither sense nor generosity in censuring the fallen chief ; and if the House had been inclined to do so, Mr. Whalley and his seconder so greatly overdid their part, that they would have turned it from its purpose.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* expresses the opinion that the Established Church of England, which has rendered great services to the Conservative party, "may reasonably look to them for relief from some of the disorders which undoubtedly threaten it with disruption and ultimate extinction." The danger to which the Conservative writer points does not come from the Dissenters and their demands to be allowed, when they bury their dead within the church-yard, to use a service of their own ; it does not lie in the fact that three parties—High Church, Low Church and Broad Church—may each teach different doctrines. This, we are told is strictly legal, but that "it is distinctly not the law, though it is fast becoming the practice, that each of these parties may signify its doctrines by such acts, ceremonies and gestures as it chooses." The violation of the law, here described as becoming general, is represented as enuring exclusively to the benefit of the Ritualists : "They alone can teach through dress, attitude and gesture, since they alone can borrow from the Roman Catholics that vast apparatus of symbolism which is the accumulation of many centuries, during which the Church addressed itself much more to the eye than to the ear." The advantage which the High Church party are getting, through violation of the law, is described as the rock on which the Established Church is splitting. The law and public opinion are said to coincide ; and the conclusion of the writer is, that "nothing is needed but the means of enforcing the law." All this may be true, and still the proposed remedy might not be a safe one : it might and almost certainly would lead to the very disruption it was intended to avert. To the existing law it is admitted some civil penalties would have to be added ; and they would, without being exactly criminal penalties, have to be strong enough to be effectual. Whether the suggestion be put out as a feeler on behalf of the Conservative Government, or whether it be merely intended as an incitement to the legislation recommended, it shows the danger of disruption to be not unreal. The Ritualists have often hinted at secession in the event of their being interfered with ; and if it were a question of submitting to civil penalties for doing what they allege they have a right to do, they would probably try to make good their threat. Could they, in doing so, find any standing ground this side of Rome?

If further legislation can do anything to put the relations of employer and employed on a better footing, it is satisfactory to know that it will not be delayed by the appointment of a new Royal Commission. Mr. Thomas Hughes, one of the present as well of a previous Commission, has stated on the authority of the Home Secretary that a Bill will be introduced this session, dealing with the subjects into which enquiry is now being made. The Commissioners will have to do their business with expedition; and it is not probable that much new information will be elicited. Not only were the facts all exhausted by a previous Commission of recent date, but almost every possible view of the questions to be dealt with was taken by the Commissioners, in three separate reports. Strikes in the coal and iron districts have begun again and threaten to extend. When the price of iron and coal became abnormally high two years ago, the wages of colliers and iron-workers went up in some sort of proportion; now, with a fall in price, these workmen are, in some places, submitting to a reduction of wages and in others resorting to strikes to maintain the old rates. Coal and iron both went up to nearly or quite double their usual prices; and now, when prices are falling to their ordinary level, it is difficult to believe that the wages which followed the upward tendency of these staples will not also follow its downward movement. The iron-workers of Lancashire have already submitted to a reduction of ten per cent., without trying to prevent it by a strike; the colliers, threatened with a reduction of fifteen per cent., are not willing to submit without a struggle. In these two branches of industry, the workmen, whether they strike or not, must ultimately submit to see their wages brought down till they bear some more regular proportion to the present prices of iron and coal.

Sir Stafford Northcote, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, has produced a budget which met the commendation of Mr. Lowe. Instead of going the full length of repealing the income tax, as Mr. Gladstone had proposed, he contents himself with reducing it a penny in the pound. With the balance of the surplus he is able to abolish the sugar duties and horse licenses. He has besides a plan for reducing the national debt at the rate of seven millions in ten years. This is one of the promises of which something may occur to prevent the fulfilment. No Chancellor of the Exchequer can see ten years into the future; some extraordinary strain upon the finances may upset all his plans before half that time has elapsed. The retention of the reduced income-tax is made a means of abolishing the sugar duties. The income-tax is treated as preferable to the sugar duties. By using it as a leverage, the Chancellor of the Exchequer hopes to make some reduction of the national debt. All this implies the continuance of the income-tax for ten years; it is not treated as a war tax, but as a means of reducing the burdens which war has left behind. But if England should find herself engaged in a war, and it were necessary to raise additional revenue to the amount of something like thirty millions a year, the promised reduction of the debt would prove illusory. If it were possible to make a ten years' budget and to be certain that nothing would occur to upset its calculations, there need be no misgivings about the realization of this promise. The reduction of the national debt is an object deserving more attention than it has received, and Sir Stafford Northcote will deserve credit if he be able to accomplish what he has undertaken.

Two of England's worthies have received rewards appropriate to each. The ashes of Livingstone, whose name is indissolubly connected with African dicovery, rest in Westminster Abbey; and Sir Garnet Wolseley has received a baronetcy and a grant of £25,000 for his service in taking Coomassie. A dinner given to him at the Mansion House by the Lord Mayor was attended by the Prince and Princess of Wales. The little band of victorious troops were reviewed by the Queen in Hyde Park. These honours were well deserved; but it does seem as if Capt. Glover, who, not less than Sir Garnet, reached Coomassie, by a different route and with the aid of negro troops, has been kept a little too much in the background. The treaty with King Koffee may answer the purpose of giving security to the allies of England on the Gold Coast, but we are already told, on the highest authority, that the whole of the stipulated indemnity will not be paid, and that sacrifices will not be put an end to. This latter announcement detracts largely from the satisfaction with which the treaty was received not only in England but throughout the civilized world.

If the Duc de Broglie held a brief against the Septennat he could not be more zealous in his attempts to make it odious than, all unconscious of the fact, he is at present. The proposed electoral law, as reported by the Committee of Thirty, would reduce the electors by a number which nobody estimates at less than three millions. It assumes that a man does not arrive at the period of discretion before which it would be unsafe for him to be entrusted with the electoral franchise till he has reached the twenty-fifth year of his age, and that no one is fit to perform the duties of legislation till thirty winters and thirty summers have passed over his head. The requirement of a previous residence of a definite period in a department would disfranchise large numbers. The heaviest blow is aimed at the younger voters, who are naturally the most active citizens. They had the right to vote under the Empire, and they have so far had a right to vote under the provisional Republic. If the Septennat deprives them of that right, they will naturally make comparisons not favourable to its authority. Marshal McMahon is at the head of what is still called a Republic; but he is there, and his chief minister De Broglie is where he is, avowedly in the interests of reaction—of the impossible Henri Cinq first, and second of whatever scion of either branch of the House of Orleans may happen to stand next in order. The peasantry would not make the mistake of laying the deprivation of their rights at the door of the Republic, though the act were done in its name. De Broglie does not in the least disguise his aims; and his frankness and sincerity are the two qualities that deserve respect. The Septennat will have time to dig its own grave, on which it is very intent, and the purpose it will have served will be to have prepared the way for the strongest candidate for the throne, whoever he may be, unless a definite Republic be possible. As Henry Cinq would consent to wear the crown of France only on conditions which France will not accept, he is, unless one or the other change, out of the question. If the competition should be reduced to a duello between a representative of the Bonapartes and Louis Philippe, the superior activity of the former would go far towards winning, provided the candidate were not Prince Napoleon.

De Broglie, in his plan for a new Second Chamber, does not venture, eager though he is for a return of the Bourbons, upon anything so reactionary as our Crown-nominated Senate. Of three hundred members he proposes that a majority should be directly elected by departments; and that to these the Government should add by appointment persons distinguished for the positions they have attained or the deeds they have done. Great as is the repressive influence De Broglie is exerting on the country, he thinks it prudent to provide that the nominees of the Government should never be numerous enough to outvote the members who would owe their seats to popular election. Must it be said that the Duc de Broglie can teach Canada a lesson of liberality?

Prince Bismarck has won a signal victory over the German Parliament. He has taken means of giving a permanent character to a large standing army; new at least in a country under parliamentary rule. The Military Bill was not opposed so much because it was thought that four hundred thousand formed too large an army for a time of peace, but because the vote for the military expenditure was to be made permanent; to assume when once taken, the character of a fixed charge for all future time: a lump sum forever taken out of the control of Parliament. It was this extraordinary feature of the Bill that excited the chief opposition, and made its passing, for some time, a matter of doubt. According to some accounts of interviews with the sick Prince—though the reports were not always accurately made—he threatened to resign if the measure were thrown out. The Emperor and Von Moltke were equally eager for the passage of the Bill, which was finally secured by a majority of seventy-eight. It is not easy to see how a vote of this kind, not involving any compact with any foreign power, can be made permanent; how and by what right the Parliament of to-day can bind all future Parliaments and take from them the right of saying what, under very different circumstances, shall be the amount of the annual military expenditure in time of peace. In spite of what has been decided now, some future Parliament will be certain to make known its will on the subject, and a question that was thought to be permanently settled will be found not to have been settled at all. The maintenance of a collossal army in one country of Europe inflicts on other and neighbouring countries the cost of keeping up corresponding forces to act as a counterpoise. If the relative military forces of all were on a lower scale and the reserve of latent power larger, an immense gain would have been made.

The civil laws relating to ecclesiastics are being rigorously enforced. The Archbishop of Posen, convicted of contumacy, has been deprived of his See, without appeal.

The battle that is to decide the fate of Spain has not yet taken place. The Government is feeble, but it will prove an overmatch for the Carlists, from whom a demand for an amnesty is reported to have come. If the Carlists were willing to surrender, there would be no hesitation to grant them an amnesty. Meanwhile, Castelar declares for a Federal Republic: a concession to the Intransigentes which comes after their power has been completely broken.

SELECTIONS.

THE CATS OF ANTIQUITY.

(*From the Atlantic Monthly.*)

CATS !

"I hate cats."

"Do you? I adore them."

"You are an oddity."

"And so are you."

The human race may be divided into people who hate cats and people who adore them ; the neutrals being few in number, and for intellectual and moral reasons not worth considering. Such at least we may suppose to be the view of those grimalkin rabbis who hold that the earth and man were created for cats.

This division takes place early in life. Even in short clothes one boy will stone the sweetest kitten, while another will coddle the rustiest and crustiest tommy. A Hindoo might suggest the explanation, that in some previous state of existence the first urchin had been a dog, and the second a cat; but not having been born in India, I feel at liberty to reject the doctrine of the transmigration of souls ; I am quite as much inclined to attribute this diversity to predestination. I mean, of course, a predestination arising from some innate peculiarity of the sensibilities.

The distinction in question not only comes early in life, but it comes for good. I never knew a cat-hater to be converted from the error of his ways in mature years ; nor did I ever know a cat-fancier who was permitted to fall from his beautiful faith. But here a moral discrimination must be made : there are those who pet pussy to please themselves ; there are others who pet him to give him a pleasure. The true cat-lover is he whose object is, not to feel the soft fur or to watch the diverting gambols, but to make the animal happy.

It must be admitted, however, that circumstances have nothing to do with the development of these contrary instincts. Old maids and old bachelors especially are quite settled in their minds as to whether they hate or love cats. Why is it that celibacy leads to such an interest in the feline race, and will not accept of neutrality? Because the feline race is pettable ; because it makes a strong claim to be taken to your bosom ; you must either welcome it warmly or repulse it vigorously. And the celibate, particularly if of the female gender, is by necessity a person who either needs a pet or who has learned to war with pets. The old maid identifies her cat with some lost man, and worships him ; or she identifies your cat with some faithless man, and abhors him. No neutrality for her ; a beating heart goes into the matter ; she must love or she must detest.

The select natures who adore cats will hereafter honour the name of Champfleury. With the taste and sensibility of a humane soul, and in that crystalline prose which every Frenchman writes as soon as he is born, Champfleury has composed a charming volume of three hundred and fifty pages on the history, habits, and character of cats. The book is published in Paris by J. Rothschild (not the Jewish banker), and the triumphant fourth edition bears the date of 1870. I shall draw on it largely for facts, and shall venture to add a few of my own.

Authorities differ as to the date, cause, and manner of the creation of the species *cattus*. The Greek mythologists assert that Apollo having made a lion to frighten his hunting sister Diana, the latter, by way of satirizing his monster, made a grimalkin. But the Greeks being polytheists and addicted to fables, I place small faith in their declarations, especially on so grave a subject. I prefer to listen to the Arabs, who, as a sister people of the Jews, ought to have traditions of the creation which one can "tie to," and who, as the authors of the Thousand and One Nights, have earned a title to our confidence. The fact then appears to be that after Noah had entered into the ark, his family represented to him that the mice would devour their provisions; whereupon the patriarch addressed a prayer on the subject to Allah, who in response caused the lion to sneeze a full-grown cat from his nostrils; the result being that the mice were not only kept in order during the Deluge, but were impressed with that timidity which has made them lurk in holes ever since. Such is the narrative of Damirei, an Arab naturalist, who, in the eighth century of the Hegira, wrote a history of animals under the title of *Haout el Haiawana.* I will simply remark concerning his statement, that I have never seen it contradicted.

It should inspire our youthful nation with an immense respect for cats, to learn that they have been known in history as domesticated animals for 3558 years. Just 1688 years before the Christian era, 1071 years before the birth of Pharaoh Necho, who overthrew Josiah king of the Jews, 935 years before the birth of Romulus, and 88 years (according to Josephus) before the flight of the Jews into the desert, cats first appeared on the Egyptian monuments.

What species? Ehrenberg, who examined various cat mummies, says that they resemble a kind still extant in Abyssinia, both in the domesticated and savage state. De Blainville thinks he has proved that the Egyptians had three varieties, and that they all exist still in Africa, both wild and tame. But when we compare cat habits in the time of the pyramids with cat habits in the era of steam navigation, we are puzzled by the difference. Our nineteenth century grimalkin has no taste for hunting in marshes, and swimming back with a booty of dead ducks to his master. Clever as the Egyptians were in getting day's works out of Hebrews, I don't believe they could have got any such day's works out of water-hating felines. A larger and wilder breed it must have been; a breed still retaining much of the strength and the hunting furor of a state of nature; something approaching nearer to a wild-cat than to what we understand by a tame one.

However, a cat of some kind this animal was; we have statues and medals and pictures showing his form; we have his mummies and his mummy cases, all catlike; and finally the Egyptians called him Maou. Clearly enough the beast spoke the same language then that he speaks at present. Clearly enough, also, he named himself. "Maou." Very considerate of the Egyptians to give him his own cry for a cognomen. Perhaps the fact indicates that their language was still in a child-like state, and not very well furnished with words or even with sounds. Possibly also it shows that the animal was known to and named by them long before they were civilized enough and artistic enough to paint and carve his form upon their monuments and medals. If this suggestion seem reasonable we may give his domestication a higher antiquity than 3558 years.

Well, here we have Maou in old Egypt; under the best of discipline, like everything else in old Egypt; going out hunting in boats with his master; adequate to swimming and to fetching game; a helpful actor in a new civilization; worthy of showing on monuments. One mural picture represents him seizing a large bird with his teeth, a smaller one with his fore paws, and a still smaller one with his hind paws, with the obvious intent of bringing all three to an Egyptian in a boat. Another exhibits him in a boat, raising himself up against the knees of his master, while the latter is about to throw the curved *schbot*, or boomerang, at some quarry. Paintings of this character, proving that the cat had been trained as a retriever, date mostly from the XVIIIth and XIXth dynasties, 1638 and 1640 years before our era.

But Maou was also a member of the family circle. In some pictures we discover him under the chair of the mistress of the house, the fellow-pet of dogs and monkeys, no doubt already a good purrer. A certain King Hana, who appears to have reigned as far back as the XIth dynasty, has been obliging enough to leave us his statue in the necropolis of Thebes, and, between his feet, the image of his cat Bouhaki. Many little bronze or terra-cotta figures represent pussies decorated with ear-rings and broad collars, the ear-rings glorious with jewellery in gold, and collars showing the staring eye which symbolized the sun. As sun-worship is rationally supposed to be the oldest of all human inventions in religion, here, in this glaring eye, we have another squint at vast antiquity.

In fact, Maou had already made his way into the circle of Egyptian devotions. The goddess Pasht or Bast or Bubastis generally wears the head of a cat, and in her temple cats were kept as sacred animals. Egyptian ladies, who made the worship of Bubastis their special orthodoxy, have signified the fact by leaving funeral statues bearing the inscription Techau, a word signifying *tabby*. By the way, Techau, if pronounced in my fashion, which is of course the correct one, gives a very fair idea of the *spit* of a suspicious pussy. Another instance of the consideration of the Egyptians for the understanding of cats. Maou and Techau! Of course the cats could comprehend who was referred to.

What part Maou and Techau played in the worship of Bubastis we cannot say; perhaps their main duty was to catch the profane vermin which defiled the temple; probably their reward was to help the priests finish the sacrifices. Three tables—first the goddess; then the holy men; then the holy beasts. By the time that these last had done their part, it is likely that the temple mice had cause to be as poor as our own proverbial church mice.

After Maou had accomplished his pious labours in this life, he was prepared for the cat resurrection by embalming, and was safely stored in an honourable tomb. He did not make a handsome corpse; even the paint which was sometimes daubed on his preserved face has not rendered him lovely; you feel as little desire to pet him as to kiss the mummy of Pharaoh's daughter. Long, narrow, and meagre, wrapped close to the neck in curiously plaited straw, his head alone is exposed, and is too obviously a skeleton caput, its once sleek fur changed to an ugly parchment. The entire "conserve" looks rather like an oblong bundle than like an animal. The cases, on the contrary, exhibit the feline shape, rudely curved and archaic, but not unlike life.

It is probable that Maou had the honour of being embalmed only when he was attached to a temple. Herodotus tells us that in general dead cats were carried to sacred buildings, salted, and then buried in the holy city of Bubastis, the seat of the goddess Bast. From this it would appear that all grimalkins were held to be more or less worshipful.

And yet, if we may confide in the confiding old Greek, Maou had some eccentricities which ought to have shaken the faith of his admirers. For instance, he was in the habit of assassinating his offspring, and this for no better reason than that he wanted the exclusive attention of his wife. For a wife he had; the Egyptians, in their benevolence, were cat match-makers; to every tom they assigned a suitably tabby, having a due regard to character and appearance. Another of Maou's freaks was suicide, and that by fire, indicating perhaps a reaction against his aquatic education. In case of a conflagration the Egyptians were less anxious to save their property than their cats, gathering in a crowd about the burning building, for the purpose of keeping the animals at a distance. Meanwhile Maou, possessed with a frenzy, squeezed between the friendly legs or jumped over the adoring heads, and so frequently made a way to his funeral pyre.

"Whenever this happens," says Herodotus, with his alluring good faith, "it diffuses universal sorrow. Also, in whatever family a cat dies, every individual cuts off his eyebrows."

But no absurdity could quell the Egyptian's devotion to Maou. Diodorus Siculus relates that a Roman having accidentally killed a cat, the common people of Egypt attacked his house in a fury, and in spite of the king's guards and the majesty of the Roman name, put the unlucky fellow to death. It is only fair to add that all domestic animals, and some which could hardly have been domesticated, were worshipped in the land of the pyramids. The ibis was always buried in Hermopolis; the shrewmice and the hawks in Butos. It has been suggested that the priests promulgated the sacredness of such animals as were useful to man, in order to save them from useless slaughter, increase their numbers, and thus aid the progress of civilization. But how does this explain a reverence for hawks, mice and crocodiles? We must allow some force here to pantheism; to the idea that the creator reappears in his creatures.

On the whole, Maou puzzles me not a little. If his resurrection should come in my day, I should find him a very interesting study, but I should hardly know how to treat him. In his tastes for swimming, for following up the cast of a boomerang, for bringing game to his master instead of eating it himself, for destroy-

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ing his kittens, and for committing suicide, I fail to recognize the cat of the nineteenth century. Probably it is a fair inference that the Egyptians, having few domestic animals, took special pains with the education of such as they had, and thus brought out capacities and characteristics which we scarcely suspect. By the way, if the subjects of the Pharaohs had possessed dogs, would they have taught cats to hunt? Perhaps, after all that has been said for Bow-wow, Maou may be the oldest ally of man.

Did Herodotus take a cat back with him to Greece? Probably not; the Egyptians could hardly have been willing to spare him one; moreover, the beast is an unwilling traveller. Imagine the great historian dodging about eveay burning house that he came to, in order to keep his Maou from pelting into the embers! It seems certain that he not only did not carry a cat to Greece, but that he did not carry thither the taste for cats, inasmuch as we find no mention of the animal in early Hellenic history. The lack of this fancy is the greatest blot that I discover in the æsthetic character of the founders of classic art and literature. It is likely that they were well punished for it; they must have been troubled with mice as well as Macedonians.

No distinct mention of Greek cats is to be found until we reach Theocritus, the inventor of bucolic poetry, born about one hundred and sixty years after Herodotus, or about two hundred and seventy-five years before our era. Even in this case the animal may have been Greek only in a colonial sense, and finally may not have been Greek at all, inasmuch as the poet was a native of Syracuse, and passed several years of his life in Egypt.

"Eunoa, water!" calls Praxinoë, in the dialogue of The Syracusans. "How slow she is! The cat loves repose. Bestir yourself. Quick, some water."

A lazy and pleasure-loving slave is compared to a cat. Here I find my familiar friend, the soft pet who likes a warm lap, the snoozing pussy of the nineteenth century. At least I find him as the world misrepresents him, for in his special line of business he is not an idle creature, but patient, painstaking and indefatigable.

And now for a stroke of sublimity. From the XVIIIth dynasty of Egypt down to Agathias, a writer of the age of Justinian, this cat of Theocritus is the only distinct and authentic cat in Levantine history. In all the tramplings of armies, the batterings of sieges, and the tumblings of empires throughout a sweep of twenty-two centuries, we hear but one unsupported purr and one isolated mew. Agesilaus has his Epaminondas; Plato is obliged to measure himself against Aristotle; but the pussy of The Syracusans is without a rival. If there is any grandeur in solitude, here you have it!

As for Agathias, a very clever advocate and scholar by the way, he makes an ass of himself by versifying two epigrams against a clever cat that had killed his tame partridge. A still greater ass is Damocharis, a disciple of Agathias and known among his contemporaries as "The Sacred Column of Grammar," who rushes to the consolation of the bereaved lawyer with another epigram. He calls the cat one of the dogs of Actæon; declares that in eating the partridge of Agathias he had devoured Agathias himself; and charges him with thinking of nothing but partridges while the mice dance and rejoice. At all events, one learns from this hullabaloo that cats were kept in the Eastern Empire to kill mice, and that they were far from holding the worshipful position of semi-sacerdotal Maou in ancient Egypt. Turning now to the Romans, we learn from Ovid's Metamorphoses that Diana once took the form of a cat, therein getting ahead of Satan and his witches, who frequently performed the same miracle in the Middle Ages. As Diana was identified by the classic nations with the Egyptian goddess Bast, we find in this story a reminiscence of the sacred Maou of Bubastis.

Pliny speaks of cats; and so does Palladius, a writer of the times of Roman decadence; and from the latter we learn that they were useful in clearing granaries of mice. All thanks to the man for his information, though we could have guessed as much unassisted. But had he nothing to say concerning the fur, the song, the arching back, the gentle fondlings, the innumerable graces of my favourite beast? There have been only two golden ages for pussy; that of the ancient Egyptians and that of modern Christianity; and the first was even more gloriously golden than the last.

In a Pompeian mosaic, preserved in the museum of Naples, we find record of a cat who must have lived several centuries earlier than the slayer of Agathias' partridge. He too is a bird-fancier, for he has something like a quail under his left paw, and you can see that his mouth is about to open on the neck of his victim. A stout-bodied beast, with thick limbs and a massive tail, he resembles the wild species rather than the tame.

A later age furnishes us with a seal, in the bad workmanship of the Roman decadence, on which is inscribed the name of the defunct owner, a lady called Lucconia Felicula. As Felicula signifies little cat, or kitten, here we have another feline monument. At Orange, in the south of France, a mosaic of the Roman period, representing a cat catching a mouse, was found by the antiquarian Millin. As if in mockery—as if to show that the chasings of this world never attain their prey—Father Time had taken the trouble to deface the image of the mouse. There is the eternal pursuit of happiness and success, and there is its object escaping into the invisible.

Next comes a rude funeral monument, also of the Gaulish Roman period, exhibiting a young girl holding a cat in her arms, while a cock stands at her feet. There too the old destroyer has been busy, this time banging away at the feline image, as if it had just occurred to him to avenge the partridge of Agathias. In spite of this wrath, the fact is evident to us that kittens might be pets to children who spoke Latin, and that bereaved parents who spoke Latin might sympathize with the taste. The drawing of the figures, by the way, is wofully poor, and shows that the Gallo-Roman artists of those days were far inferior to the Japanese of our time, and scarcely superior to the Chinese.

Thenceforward we must give up Roman cats, except so far as we may learn something from old moderns who wrote on heraldry, and who probably had access to Latin works which are lost to us. Palliot, one of the most venerable of prose-writing Frenchmen, who published, in 1664, "The True and Perfect Science of Blazonry," delights us with the information that various companies of the soldiers of the Cæsars had cats painted on their banners. There was a sea-green cat for the *Ordines Augustei*, a half cat on a red ground for the *Felices Seniores*, and a cat with one eye and one ear for the *Alpini*. Palliot is so sure of his case that he gives us an engraving of the "half cat," a lively animal, exceedingly well sketched, whose head, fore-paws, and tip of tail are all up in playful style, while his hinder moiety stands in the unbeknown. With this two-legged quadruped we take our leave of cats classical.

We come now to the Middle Ages, a time of great spiritual potency for tom and tabby. Like some other creatures once identified with the worship of divinities, cats were now identified with the powers and principalities of darkness. They haunted blood-stained castles, accompanied witches in their nocturnal gambols and journeyings, and otherwise troubled the sad imagination which characterized mediæval Christianity, especially among the Germanic peoples. When St. Dominic preached concerning the devil, he represented him under the form of a cat. Numerous legends give us the strongest reason to believe that when Satan desired to trouble the peace of the faithful, he frequently clothed himself in the body, or at least in the skin, of a black tommy. Out of what nest-egg of fact were these tales hatched? No doubt partly out of the old pagan union between the animal and certain forms of idolatry, such as the worship of Bast and Diana. Among the northern peoples it had once been believed that the car of the goddess Frigga was drawn by cats. There is also a physical cause: the beast's eyes glisten strangely in the dark; even by day his glassy stare is disquieting to some nervous temperaments; and so, like the owl and other glaring, lustrous-orbed creatures, he was handed over to devil-worship.

The old-time peasant of France believed that if a cat was in a cart, and the wind blew from him to the horse, the latter would have a double load to draw. Same increase of burden to horses if cavaliers wore cat fur on their garments. Sorcerers, as well as their great master, sometimes took the feline shape. A certain woman of Billancourt in France was cooking an omelet, when a black cat which sat in the chimney-corner remarked: "It is done, turn it over." The woman, being a good Christian, threw the omelet in the cat's face and burnt him. The next day one of her neighbours, well known to her as a sorcerer, had a scar on his cheek. In presence of these facts reason bows his conceited head, and faith asserts dominion. Perhaps it is the cats who give power to planchette, and enable Mr. Home to fly out of windows.

We must not be specially bitter on cats because they were so mixed up with the rampagings of Lucifer. The canine race had something of the same repute; the ringleaders of the Salem witchcraft were aided by Satan in the form of a large black dog; and Tam O'Shanter saw him at Kirk Alloway in the guise of a "towsy tyke, black, grim, and large." Moreover, grimalkin now and then turned against his satanic master. A French architect of the good old believing times being unable to finish an audaciously planted bridge, the devil offered to bring the work to completion on condition that he might have the first soul that crossed it. The work done, the sly architect scared a cat over; the devil, though disappointed, advanced to seize his prey; the beast made fight and scratched his black face for him; defeat and flight of the arch enemy.

Another true story. A certain Count of Combourg, who was noted for possessing a wooden leg and a black cat, died several centuries ago for reasons best known to his doctor. But something troubled his repose, or he had provocation to trouble that of other people. Every now and then he turned out for a nightly promenade, and was encountered an unpleasant number of times on the grand stairway of his castle; but occasionally, finding that his personal attention was not needed, or being occupied otherwheres, he sent his wooden leg and black cat on these expeditions. Champfleury gives us an impressive sketch of the beast descending the grim old stone staircase, closely followed by the stumpy limb with bandages flying. Such is the verisimilitude of the picture that infidelity must fade before it.

Degraded like Moloch, Beelzebub, Lucifer, and other names of ancient worship, to a companionship with Satan, the cats had a hard time of it among our sombrely and savage pious ancestors. The culmination of many a religious *fête* in France, Germany, England, etc., consisted in pitching some wretched pussy off a height or into a bonfire. In 1373 certain Frenchmen received a quittance of a hundred *sols parisis* for having furnished during three years all the cats necessary for the fires of the festival of St. John. In 1604 the boyish Dauphin of France, afterwards Louis XIII., obtained mercy of the king for all the cats which were to be scorched on this pious occasion. The same Dauphin, however, was not so far enlightened but that he hunted cats on horseback, doubtless by way of preparing him for the chase of wilder game.

In 1323 the Abbot of Citeaux, assisted by several of his monks, buried a black cat in a box, with provisions for three days, all with a view to dealings with the devil. Animal howls; citizens dig him up; abbot and monks are tried for satanic practices; two are banished and two are burnt at the stake. Now and then a cat got into more intelligent, humane, and truly pious company. A certain hermit of the time of Pope Gregory I. is celebrated by John, a deacon of Rome, for the blessed content with which he regarded his only property, a no doubt exemplary grimalkin. Deacon John even assures us that the holy man received a revelation from heaven, congratulating him on being as happy in his tommy as the Pope in all his splendor and power.

No longer ago than 1818 a decree was issued at Ypres, in Flanders, forbidding the throwing of a cat off a high tower in commemoration of a Christian festival. In France such ignoble devotions were practised among the peasants until very lately. To see the labourers of Picardy skylarking around a pile of blazing fagots, some dancing, some playing fiddles, some firing guns, and the children screaming "Hiou! hiou!" while a cat, smothered by the smoke drops screeching into the flames, is not a delightful religious reminiscence.

If the race had mediæval troubles, it also had an occasional honour, especially in the way of blazonry. Palliot, who has thrown such light on Roman ensigns, blesses us with the further information that the Burgundian Clotilda, wife of King Clovis, inherited from her paternal house a coat of arms representing a sable cat killing a rat of the same. The German family of Katzen had a silver cat holding a mouse, on a field of azure; the Chetatdie of Limoges, two silver cats, one above the other, on azure; the Della Gatta, Neapolitan nobles, a silver cat, on azure.

Meantime the animal had a political significance, and thereby got into the noble heraldry of nations. He was the emblem of independence: perhaps because of his somewhat solitary and unattached disposition; perhaps because of his watchfulness, "eternal vigilance being the price of liberty." This idea of independence or freedom was attached to him very early. In the Temple of Liberty, built at Rome under the direction of Tiberius Gracchus, the goddess was represented with a cat at her feet. The Sessa family, the great printers of Venice in the sixteenth century, used the figure of a cat as their printing mark, probably as a symbol of the freedom springing from intelligence. During the first French revolution the emblematic grimalkin of Tiberius Gracchus was resurrected, and in the patriotic pictures of Proudhon and others we once more find him sitting at the feet of the goddess of Liberty.

Having now traced the history of the animal from his earliest recorded appearance in the family which man has gathered, let us trace the history of his present name: Vulgar Greek, *katus;* vulgar Latin, *catus*, or *cattus;* Italian, *gatto;* Spanish and Portuguese, *gato;* French, *chat;* Burgundian, *chat;* Picard, *ca*, or *co;* Provençal, *cat;* Catalan, *gat;* Walloon, *chet;* old Scandinavian, *kottr;* Anglo-Saxon, *cat;* German, *kater*, or *katz;* Danish, *kut;* Swedish, *katt;* Welsh, *cath;* Cornish, *cath;* Irish, *cat;* Lapp, *gatto;* Polish, *kot;* Russian, *kots;* Basque, *katna;* Turkish, *keti;* Armenian, *kaz;* English, CAT. In Arabic, *kitta*, or *kaita*, means a male cat.

Isidore, one of those decadent Roman authors who brought *cattus* from the vulgar speech into literature, explains that it is derived from *cattare*, to see, meaning thereby a seeing or watching animal. Champfleury looks askant at this derivation, suggesting that the word may have got into Latin from the Teutonic languages, an idea which seems probable enough when we reflect that Germans made up whole legions of the Roman army at the time when *cattus* appears in Roman writings.

Now for varieties. The catamount of North America is not a cat, but a far larger and stronger animal, and of a different species. The wild-cat of Europe is nothing but the tame cat in a savage state. The Manx cat not only differs from the common breed in having no tail, but his hind legs are longer, his head larger, and his intelligence, I think, somewhat higher. Possibly the spinal nervous force which was formerly absorbed by his caudal extremity has ascended into his brain and reinforced its action. The suggestion is thrown out for the benefit of those philosophers who insist that man's first step in improvement was the getting rid of his tail. If this reasoning is correct, we may expect something great of the Japanese pussy, which is also tailless.

At Tobolsk there is a red breed; in China a variety with drooping ears; in middle Asia the Angora, with long fur and a mane. Of this last species is the favourite of Victor Hugo, a monstrous old curmudgeon in the style of a small lion, who inspired the poet Méry with the saying, "God made the cat to give man the pleasure of caressing the tiger."

A grimalkin which was brought from the coast of Guinea to England had short, bluish-gray fur, a curiously wrinkled skin, as black as a negro's, ears perfectly naked, long legs, and a general eccentricity of aspect. In New Zealand, in the Highlands of Scotland, and probably in all other countries, the animals which return to the savage state take on a dappled gray colour. When, therefore, you see a gray cat, you may infer that he has a good constitution and a large infusion of the hunting instinct.

Wild-cats, when domesticated, bear a high character as mousers, but are furious quarrelers with their own sex of the tame species.

J. W. DeForest.

THE COMING OF SPRING.*

BY ROBERT, LORD LYTTON.

THE green grass-blades aquiver
With joy at the dawn of day
(For the most inquisitive ever
Of the flowers of the field are they)
Lisp'd it low to their lazy
Neighbours that flat on the ground,
Dandelion and daisy,
Lay still in a slumber sound :
But soon, as a ripple of shadow
Runs over the whisperous wheat,
The rumour ran over the meadow
With its numberless fluttering feet :
It was told by the water-cresses
To the brooklet that, in and out
Of his garrulous green recesses,
For gossip was gadding about :
And the brooklet, full of the matter,
Spread it abroad with pride ;
But he stopp'd to gossip and chatter,
And turn'd so often aside,
That his news got there before him
Ere his journey down was done ;
And young leaves in the vale laugh'd o'er him,
" We know it ! THE SNOW IS GONE !"
The snow is gone ! but ye only
Know how good doth that good news sound,
Whose hearts, long buried and lonely,
Have been waiting, winter-bound,
For the voice of the wakening angel
To utter the welcome evangel,
" The snow is gone : reärise,
And blossom as heretofore,
Hopes, imaginings, memories,
And joys of the days of yore !"

What are the tree-tops saying, swaying
This way altogether ?
" The winter is past ! the south wind at last
Is come, and the sunny weather !"
The trees ! there is no mistaking them,
For the trees they never mistake :
And you may tell, by the way of the stem,
What the way is the wind doth take.
So, if the tree-tops nod this way,
It is the south wind that is come ;
And, if to the other side nod they,
Go, clothe ye warm, or bide at home !
The flowers all know what the tree-tops say ;
They are no more deaf than the trees are dumb.
And they do not wait to hear it twice said
If the news be good ; but, discreet and gay,
The awaked buds dance from their downy bed,
With pursed-up mouth, and with peeping head
By many a dim green winding way.

'Tis the white anemone, fashioned so
Like to the stars of the winter snow,
First thinks, " If I come too soon, no doubt
I shall seem but the snow that hath staid too long,
So, 'tis I that will be Spring's unguessed scout."
And wide she wanders the woods among.
Then, from out of the mossiest hiding-places,
Smile meek moonlight colour'd faces
Of pale primroses puritan,
In maiden sisterhoods demure ;
Each virgin flowret faint and wan
With the bliss of her own sweet breath so pure.
And the borage, blue-eyed, with a thrill of pride,
(For warm is her welcome on every side)
From Elfland coming to claim her place,
Gay garments of verdant velvet takes
All creased from the delicate travelling case
Which a warm breeze breaks. The daisy awakes
And opens her wondering eyes, yet red
About the rims with a too long sleep ;
Whilst, bold from his ambush, with helm on head
And lance in rest, doth the bulrush leap.

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* From "Fables in Song," by Robert, Lord Lytton, author of " Poems by Owen Meredith." Copyright edition. Toronto : Hunter, Rose & Co. 1874.

The violets meet, and disport themselves
Under the trees, by tens and twelves.
The timorous cowslips, one by one,
Trembling, chilly, atiptoe stand
On little hillocks and knolls alone:
Watchful pickets, that wave a hand
For signals sure that snow is gone,
Then around them call their comrades all
In a multitudinous, mirthful band;
Till the field is so filled with grass and flowers
That wherever, with flashing footsteps, fall
The sweet, fleet, silvery April showers,
They never can touch the earth, which is
Cover'd all over with crocuses,
And the clustering gleam of the buttercup,
And the blithe grass blades that stand straight up
And make themselves small, to leave room for all
The nameless blossoms that nestle between
Their sheltering stems in the herbage green;
Sharp little soldiers, trusty and true,
Side by side in good order due;
Arms straight down, and heads forward set,
And saucily pointed bayonet.
Up the hillocks, and down again,
The green grass marches into the plain,
If only a light wind over the land
Whisper the welcome word of command.

MY RECOLLECTIONS OF FENTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

(*Continued from April Number.*)

CHAPTER V.

KNIFE-RACE—PIG-HUNT—WILLOW EXPEDITION—MILITIA.

WITHIN a few days of my arrival I was informed that there would be a race immediately on the conclusion of afternoon school. I was backed against an old boy, and the prize was to be a knife. The course was by the side of a long wall, and finished about twenty yards round the corner. We were shown a deep hole cut in the ground, which would contain the knife, and was then to be covered with grass. I dare not say with what materials this hole was actually filled up and then covered over with grass. Of course the new boy always won the race, though not the knife, and, diving his hand into the filth, was the object of derision.

Then came a "pig-hunt," which was a novel sport to me. The boys, furnished with sticks, went in pursuit of Sab's pigs, which must have been highly educated, for they certainly ran well, and bowled over many a boy who tried to intercept their course. It is no joke to be upset by a frantic pig. The hunt concluded, a general order was immediately given for the common, which abounded in willows.

Some weeks before the fifth of November it was customary for the boys to go out with axes and hackers, and cut down each night a willow, which was then lugged in by means of ropes and kept in readiness for the bonfire. We soon observed that the shepherd and his dog were perpetually on the watch, and therefore the time of our expedition was altered. We would go out at midnight by means of the lavatory window, which was nearly level with the ground. The school-room door would be opened, a fire lighted in the study, and a feast laid out ready for the return of the adventurers. The feast was levied by black-mail. This went on for some time; but one night, in the midst of our feasting, we were startled by the apparition of a policeman, who, however, after a little chaff and the acceptance of a small fee, sat down and partook of our hospitality. But lo, Sab now appeared on the scene, sent us all off to bed, and threatened to secure the dismissal of the policeman—a threat which the kind-hearted man never carried into execution.

Another adventure was in store for me this evening. One bully had left in the study a cloak, in which he said—I know not how truly—that his father had fought several campaigns.

"Ajax, go and fetch my cloak."

"No, Brown, I cannot. I am sure old Sab is sitting on the stairs."

(N.B.—When there was devilry in the air Sab would sit on the stairs all night.)

"I tell you go. If Sab is on the stairs he will not lick you so hard as I will if you do not go after my cloak."

I realized the force of this remark, and went with a beating heart after the cloak. I got down on the stairs, as far as the lavatory-stairs door, which I gingerly opened, though I scarcely expected that Sab would be in possession of the two steps outside. As I opened the door, a succession of blows fell straight on my head, and I was completely knocked down. For some moments I lost consciousness; but I believe the blows continued, for when my senses returned the bruising was still going on. I did not move or speak, for I was afraid of betraying myself.

I was in a dilemma. Was I to be "tunded" there, or up in my bedroom, where the doctor would surely pursue me? I adopted the latter course, and fled for my life with such extraordinary agility that I was enabled to undress and get into bed before Sab appeared in the long room.

"Some boy in this room has been recently out of bed."

I thought, why not some one in the brown room? all the occupants of which were out of bed and dressed.

"I will have you all get out of bed, and show me that you are undressed."

The order was obeyed, and Sab, who was nonplussed, after saying, "Thirty-and-five years have I been head-master of this school," &c., &c., (groans and hisses) disappeared; whether to bed or to sit on the stairs, I know not.

The expeditions still continued, though of course the times were modified and varied. With reference to these willow-trees, I may observe that many were ancient and full of tinder. In the summer, when we had no use for these trees, it was not uncommon to drop a spark in the tinder about dinner-time, and in the evening we would be regaled with an exciting fire.

On the first of May there was a holiday. The school was decorated by us over-night with flowers, and branches of trees were placed against the walls. The times and means for obtaining these branches were similar to those employed for getting the willow-trees.

It was customary for the bullies to call out the militia for three weeks in the year.

Sab had a horse and pony which grazed on the common, and were rarely used. The former animal was fabled to have been present at Waterloo, and was used, when the militia was called out, by the head bully, who styled himself captain. The pony was taken possession of by the second bully, who was the adjutant. The remaining bullies were infantry officers. I shall state presently how the non-commissioned officers were supplied. We would meet on the common, and answer to our names. The first order involved us, the private soldiers, in unpleasantness and danger.

An open drain, running with a shallow stream at the end of our field, passed under a kind of tunnel through the garden of a gentleman named Must. At the end of the garden the drain was communicated with by a stream of considerable volume, by means of a flood-gate, which was occasionally opened to flush the drain. Our first order was to pass under this tunnel and touch the flood-gate, where the officers were stationed, and could see that we all obeyed the command. I need not say how unpleasant it was to pass under this tunnel, which was not sufficiently high to admit of our standing upright, nor need I remark that the odours we inhaled differed very much from those one scents in Rimmel's shop. About half-way up this tunnel I was met by an old soldier, returning with the information that the officers were endeavouring to open the flood-gates. If this remark was true it mattered very little whether one went back or forward; and therefore, as obedience is a soldier's first duty, I went forward to the end and returned in safety. Either the old soldier told an untruth, or else the officers failed in their attempt. Anyhow the panic and consternation in the regiment were intense. After this we fell in, began slow march, warmed up into "double quick," and had to jump or scramble over hedges and ditches as best we could. On nearing home, an order was given to charge and scale the high double-doors of the playground, which had been carefully fastened, and the top of which I could scarcely reach by jumping.

The six privates who passed over first were created non-commissioned officers. Their emblem of office was a huge stake, with which it was their duty to pitch-fork all the dilatory ones over the doors.

"*Vexatio dat intellectum*," some one remarks; but I never succeeded in scaling these doors without assistance, and hence may be inferred the state of my body and clothes when the militia was disbanded. Other boys had hands and feet no more prehensile than mine, but some of them managed to purchase a commission or else exemption. The purchase and exemption money went towards regaling the staff after their arduous labours.

CHAPTER VI.

CAD-FIGHTS—SUNDAY—REMARKS ON BULLYING.

THE boys of Fenton Grammar School were at deadly feud with all the town boys—"cads" we called them. If I ever met a "cad" there was always a fight forced upon me. My encounters are to be reckoned by hundreds. Indeed I was rather a noted pugilist, and had to pay for the reputation. It was a curious fact, but if you overpowered an individual cad, or a company of cads, a whistle would be immediately raised by the opposition, and a reinforcement came up. Or sometimes a cad, when fairly licked, would pull out stones from his pocket and throw them effectively. Going down the town one evening, I observed at least a hundred of my enemies down a side lane armed with sticks; and they welted Boss—as they called me—all the way back to the school. You might go for a quiet walk and be pounced upon at any moment. I should be sorry to say how often I have had to fight my way through a ring of "cads" who had waylaid me. Three boys once asked me to come out for a "cad-hunt;" but I observed that they retreated when the game was found, and therefore I never engaged myself again to a deliberate hunt. Indeed there was no occasion to hunt; the cad was ubiquitous and irrepressible.

Besides this irregular warfare, there were pitched battles between the school and the town-boys three times a year—once with fists, a second time with sticks, and a third time with stones. The last battle was the most serious, for there were several expert slingers on each side. A school-fellow once showed me a large scar on his forehead, which scar he said had been caused two years ago by a stone from a sling. The force of the blow had been reduced by passing through the peak of his cap.

These "cad-fights" were but a miniature of the Oxford "town and gown" rows, in which I have known a gownsman killed; and I wonder some of the boys at Fenton escaped fatal, or very serious accidents.

Most of the boys went to the church opposite the school—All Souls'; the remainder worshipped at St. Luke's. The doctor attended the former church, and sat in a large pew which terminated the block of six pews reserved for the school. The pew nearest him was occupied by the small or new boys, for Sab was objectionable in church. He would kneel on his seat, and, overhanging the next pew, would pray violently on the head of "the first boy he came across." The abominable writing and the drawings in the pews were by no means devotional. Boys who did not use their pencil would read novels or write letters. At convenient times during the service a feast was held; for it was the custom to take eatables and drinkables into church. When there was no other occupation, boys would take out quill tubes and blow chewed pellets of paper on to Sab's head, which, like the head of Thersites, was bald—with the exception of a few hairs on the top, which were brushed up into a spiral shape. These pellets came on the doctor's head from above, and he seemed to think his annoyance was caused by birds, or by other agents or causes in the roof of the church.

The rector was called Toddy, and had a reputation for great meanness. His sermons were dull and his services not æsthetic. Towards the end of my career at Fenton, when a High Churchman was appointed rector, the behaviour of the boys certainly improved; but perhaps it would not be right to say, "Post hoc; ergo propter hoc." Sunday was the great day for bird's-nesting in summer, and boys who appeared in the morning with good clothes often came in rags to the evening service. Of course there was the usual collision with keepers *et hoc genus omne*, and I remember being once forced to the end of a wood, where the only

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means of escape was by swimming a black Stygian looking stream, which I crossed—though not without being alarmed on the other side by the keeper threatening to put an ounce of lead into me.

We certainly were not religious at Fenton; but the modern notions of making boys religious did not exist then to such an extent as they do now. I have known some Church-schools fail miserably, and many almost break down. These facts convince me that a boy is not naturally a religious animal. I confess that boys are, as a rule, much better behaved and more civilized, but certainly not more moral, than they were. What is suppressed in one direction bursts out in another. The Fenton boys were palpable, obvious blackguards. The tendency of the modern boy often is to be a blackguard in disguise. Does not this statement represent the true fact of the change in modern society generally?

Men are learning how morality affects their pockets and their health, and are becoming better "calculating machines" and better "patent digesters;" but are they becoming more virtuous—if we take disinterestedness as the test of a really virtuous act? Family and national ties are surely more lax than formerly, and the dictum of political philosophy, that "the individual—not the family or the tribe—is the unit of society," is true in many senses; though some may say the virtue of cosmopolitanism—a virtue easy to assume but hard to externalise—will compensate for the loss of all other virtues. The line of Terence,

"Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto,"

sounds well, and this circumstance may have some value.

Without going into details, I think any one will form a general idea of the extent to which bullying was practised at Fenton. I had established my reputation as a clever fag, who would undertake perilous enterprises, and escaped some refined tortures to which I might otherwise have been subjected. Besides, I could bear bruises well, as the bullies discovered after applying a crucial test.

"Ajax," they said, "you seem a soft-hearted fellow, for you always cry when you receive a letter from home, and even when you write home."

This was true; for thoughts of home—however strict and secluded—when contrasted with those of schools, were calculated to stir up one's deepest and quickest emotions.

"But," they continued, "you never cry for our lickings. Now, Ajax, we are going to test you."

Then they let fly into me with sticks and ropes, but had to leave off defeated.

"I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning;
Alas, the gratitude of men
Hath often left me mourning."

I was roughly used at Fenton. The atmosphere was full of unkindness; but for that very reason eminently calculated to bring out individual cases of kindness and warm-heartedness. Friendships were closer than they would be if oppression were rendered impossible. People forget that their pet schemes for destroying vices destroy virtues also. Communism of property, for instance, if it do away with theft and covetousness, would do away with individual energy and generosity; but in the early Church it even led to theft and lying.

As I said before, the tendency of modern legislation is to banish vice from the open day, and to make it multiply or transform itself in secret.

Some one will say: "Why did you never complain?" Because my father always said that interference between a boy—except to remove him—and his master or schoolfellows, was rarely justifiable or expedient, and therefore ought not, as a rule, to be resorted to.

With reference to the interference of trustees with masters, I think Dr. Arnold observes in one of his letters, written after or just before his appointment to Rugby, that he owed it to the master of the smallest grammar-school in England to resist all interference, except dismissal, at the hands of the trustees.

In my days parents and trustees exercised their power perhaps too little; now they certainly use it too much; and therefore home and school discipline are fast dying out, for the boys are the greatest school legislators.

If the head-master of Eton wishes to readjust the holidays, he sends a letter to each parent, and asks for his opinion of the proposed change.

The position of a schoolmaster ought to be analogous to that of a doctor. Persons have a right to select their doctor, and then withdraw from his treatment; but while under his treatment they have no right to dictate his prescriptions. If the head-masters of public schools submit to the pressure, then of course the independence of masters throughout the country is sacrificed.

It is a general fact that education is estimated nowadays not by an intellectual or moral standard, but by a material test. The most inefficient staff can hold its own if the boys can report good eating and drinking, and gentle and ladylike treatment. I admit that boys' material comforts needed a reform, but we must not be satisfied with making pupils 'patent digesters' and milksops. In my days the tone of the grammar-schools was perhaps coarse. The tendency now in many cases is to make their tone effeminate.

Then again, in these latter days, people think that a master's function and office can be defined by rules so rigid as to leave no scope for individual judgment. But surely minute precepts laid down for the guidance of a head-master are like those laws of etiquette for the use of a gentleman. In both instances they are ordinarily useless; while in each, numerous cases must occur which can be referred to no rule, which must be settled by the casuistical conscience.

We know the difficulties and rebellion which Moses had to encounter when he was commissioned to lead, train, and educate the boyhood of the Jewish world. And such an arduous task is the lot of all those who undertake the education and guidance of the children of England. Surely Jethro was wise when he advised his son-in-law to leave minute judicial functions to others, and reserve to himself the great cases only.

> "Nec deus intersit, nisi nodus vindice dignus
> Inciderit."

I hope I have not been hard on Sab on any occasion when I have introduced him. He was a kind man, but the reader will not be surprised to learn that the doctor was in a state of imbecility; in fact, before I went to Fenton he had twice been insane. All the people in the town stuck to the old schoolmaster, in spite of his incapacity, and after I left managed to get him appointed to the living of St. Luke—with the hope, I suppose, that he would resign the school. Sab, however, stuck to the school and to the living. But down came the School Commissioners, and gave about the worst report to be seen in the blue books. 'The boys,' they said, 'were unmannerly and ignorant. The few flashes of light which appeared amid the darkness came from those who had been but a short time at the school. The master was evidently past his work.'

Then Sab resigned, and by some means or other was appointed to a living in Mudshire, where he died shortly afterwards.

Previous to his leaving the town of Fenton the residents had, by generous subscriptions, paid off his debts, which amounted to four figures.

I went to Fenton last Easter. The grand old school, associated in history with one of England's greatest heroes, remained almost unchanged; but the house was rebuilt, and the place so much altered, that it was impossible to identify many things and places which are so deeply impressed on my memory. The present able head-master received me very courteously, and seemed interested in my reminiscences. One of his pupils had gained a scholarship at Cambridge that term—a performance which would have been miraculous under the declining rule of Sab.

I believe the doctor was once a good scholar; though an old pupil states that the only criticism of which he remembers Sab guilty, was '*ἡ*' Αθήνη. Mark the delicacy of the sex.' I think I have heard this anecdote otherwise applied. Besides, did we not, with Sab's assistance, write every year at the time of the assizes a Latin letter to the judges, who immediately requested the head-master to grant us a holiday?

It was gratifying to observe how respectfully the natives—especially the omnibus conductor of the Victoria—spoke of the late doctor. Their unanimous verdict was that Sab had no other enemy but himself, that he had educated and boarded some boys for nothing, had been fleeced by his servants, sponged upon by his relatives, and had consequently run into debt.

Of the doctor let us say, 'De mortuo nil nisi bonum.'

With reference to the manners and customs of the school, I have little cause to defend them. Manners there were none, and the customs were brutal. Still I consider the subject of education and school discipline far from satisfactory and settled at the present time. Perhaps after oscillation between extremes a wholesome eclecticism may solve matters satisfactorily.

SCIENCE AND NATURE.

PROF. F. B. Andrews, of the Geological Survey of Ohio, has recently promulgated a new theory as to the successive deposition of beds of coal, which is at variance with the opinions formerly held on this subject. He believes that coal-seams have been formed in marshes along the sea-shore, and therefore at or near the water-level; that the subsidences by which the coal-seams were successively formed, and successively buried, were continental and general in their nature, and that consequently, from their mode of formation, all coal-seams must necessarily be parallel with one another, and can never either divide or approach one another. Professor Newberry, the distinguished Director of the Ohio Geological Survey, has expressed his dissent from these views and his adherence to the opinions formerly entertained. He adduces various instances in which the intervals between known seams of coal are not constantly the same at different points; and he expresses his conviction that there is abundant and varied evidence to show that the subsidence of the coal areas was often very local, and that "in the long interval which elapsed between the formation of one coal-seam and the accumulation of carbonaceous matter above it, the strata were sometimes warped and folded in the most local and complicated way."

It is interesting to learn from an admirable paper published by Mr. Selwyn in the last number of the *Canadian Naturalist*, that there is a reasonable probability of obtaining coal of fair quality and in fair quantity on the Saskatchewan between Rocky Mountain House and Edmonton. This coal is, of course, not of true carboniferous age, but much later, apparently belonging to the cretaceous period. The strata exposed between the points above named are stated by Mr. Selwyn to consist chiefly of soft, friable, green, gray, or brown concretionary sandstones, alternating with blue and grey arenaceous and argillaceous shales, and layers and beds of lignite and bright jet-like brown coal. In the shales there are layers of nodules of clay-ironstone holding numerous fragments of plants, and containing about thirty-five per cent. of metallic iron on an average. At one place on the right bank of the Saskatchewan, about forty miles below the confluence of the Brazeau, Mr. Selwyn found a seam of jet-like coal, which measured no less than from eighteen to twenty feet in thickness. Two exposures of this bed were found about four miles apart. "In the first exposure, which extends some fifty or sixty yards in length, but which, owing to the swiftness of the current flowing at its base, was not easily examined, the seam is flat, and rises from the water in a nearly vertical cliff, exposing eighteen feet of apparently excellent coal. The bottom of the seam here was beneath the water, and could not be examined; above it the cliff was not accessible, and the rocks were concealed by slides of earth and other debris. The second exposure, which is no doubt a continuation of the same seam, occurs in an arched form, and shows eighteen feet, with one small two or three-inch parting of shale. The specimens collected were all taken from the surface, and it is not unlikely that beyond the influence of atmospheric action, the coal in these seams will prove to be of better quality than is indicated by these specimens."

Canada has the advantage at present of being the fortunate possessor of the earliest known fossil, the *Eozoön Canadense*, which was found in the Laurentian Rocks, and was determined by Principal Dawson and Dr. W. B. Carpenter. The nature of the singular body so-called has, however, been a matter of some dispute, various authorities denying that it is really more than a peculiar form of mineral structure. The last combatant who has made his appearance in the fight about *Eozoön* is Mr. J. H. Carter, F.R.S. This well known naturalist has come to the conclusion that *Eozoön* is not a fossil at all, and he says: "I am at a loss to conceive how the so-called *Eozoön Canadense* can be identified with foraminiferous structure, except by the wildest conjecture, and then such identification no longer becomes of any scientific value."

An attempt is made by Prof. H. Thurston in a paper read before the American Society of Civil Engineers to prove that Count Rumford was the first person to prove the immateriality of heat, and to indicate that it is a form of energy, his conclusions on this subject having been published a year before those of Davy. It is also claimed that the Count was the first, nearly fifty years before Joule, to determine the mechanical equivalent of heat, and that his determination was almost perfectly accurate.

In continuation of his previous well-known researches on the phenomena of flight, M. Marcy has made a series of observations which prove how important a part the onward movement of a bird plays in increasing the efficiency of each wing-stroke. For, supposing that in its descent the wing did not continually come in contact with a fresh volume of air, it would act at a disadvantage, because the downward impulse which, at the commencement of each stroke, it gives to the air below it, would make that air so much less efficient a resisting medium; whilst, by continually coming in contact with a fresh body of air, the wing is always acting on it to the best advantage. For this reason, when a bird commences its flight, it turns towards the wind if possible, to make up for its lack of motion at starting.—*(Nature.)*

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE *Contemporary* opens this month with an interesting paper by Archbishop Manning. In the previous number Mr. Fitzjames Stephen had offered some critical remarks upon the Archbishop's pamphlet, the subject of which was Cæsarism and Ultramontanism. This pamphlet was a laboured attempt to defend the Ultramontane position touching the relations betweeen Church and State. Its principal propositions may be briefly stated thus:—The Church and State have separate and distinct spheres—the former reserving to itself jurisdiction over faith and morals. But there are mixed questions, regarding which there may be a conflict between the powers. In such cases the State must give way; because its power is derived from God, and the Church, being His infallible representative on earth, is alone competent to define the limits of jurisdiction. Mr. Stephen replied that, if this claim could be established, the Pope would indeed be king of the world. "The distribution of property, the relation between the sexes, vice, crime, pauperism and war," would be under his control. To which he might have added an infinity of subjects, such as education, civil contracts, breaches of trust—in short, almost everything with which the State has to do. Moreover, we know from various Papal encyclicals that civil liberty, science, and the exercise of reason generally are regarded as "mixed questions" at Rome. Mr. Stephen urged that to make good so momentous an assertion of authority, the Church must demonstrate not one only but all of four propositions:—The existence of God; the truth of the historical portion of the Apostles' Creed; that Christ established a Church with the powers claimed; and that the Church of Rome is that Church. This demonstration the writer proceeded to argue, at some length, to be an impossibility. The Archbishop declines to follow his opponent; but confines himself mainly to proving that authority, being admitted in other matters, ought also to stand for demonstration in religion. He further shows by copious extracts that the Churches of England and Scotland in theory, and the Nonconformists of both countries in practice, hold the Church to be independent of the State in spiritual things. Not one of these extracts, however, strengthens the Archbishop's position. What these Churches contended for obviously was—entire religious freedom from State control. Certainly none of them thought for a moment of putting forth the extraordinary claim of Ultramontanism to supremacy over the State, whenever and under whatever circumstances the Church chooses to assert it.

"The Evolution Hypothesis," by Dr. Bastian, is concluded in this number. The paper is supplementary to the writer's well-known work on "The Beginnings of Life." His object is to prove that life can be originated independently of pre-existing forms. He adopts the theory of La Place touching the creation, or rather self-evolution of the universe from a nebulous haze. He anxiously repudiates the idea of intelligent creative power, for admitting which, by the way, he reproves Mr. Darwin rather sharply. He also combats the views of Huxley, Tyndall and Herbert Spencer, all of whom adhere to the old theory that life can only be produced from antecedent life. The only man after Dr. Bastian's own heart appears to be Mr. G. H. Lewes. Dr. Vance Smith gives an account of the mental struggles of the Rev. Theophilus Lindsey, "A Broad Church Vicar of the Last Century," who, after years of perplexity and hesitation, left the Church because he had ceased to hold the doctrine of the Trinity. "Evangelicalism" is a paper by the Rev. J. M. Capes. This gentleman, it will be remembered, "went over" to the Church of Rome during the Oxford movement, and afterwards returned to the Anglican communion. To use the cant phraseology of the day, he was first a pervert and then a revert. As is commonly the case under the circumstances, he has swung round to the opposite pole with considerable velocity. He impeaches the trustworthiness of the Gospel narrative, and repudiates justification by faith, as well as the doctrine of eternal punishment. This paper is a reply to the Rev. Mr. Wynne, who had taken up the cudgels on behalf of the Evangelicals. There are some very readable translations of Russian Idylls in this number. There seems to be a Russian fever in England at present, for we observe that the people of Colchester, and of other towns, are sending their Crimean guns to Woolwich to be broken up.

Whatever Mr. Walter Bagehot does, he does well. His paper on "The Metaphysical Basis of Toleration" is a plea for freedom of discussion from a somewhat original point of view. The writer thinks there are signs of a reaction on this subject. We quote two sentences, one from the opening and the other from the close of the paper. "What is more curious, some writers, whose pens are just set at liberty, and who would, not at all long ago, have been turned out of society for the things that they say, are setting themselves to explain the 'weakness' of liberty, and to extol the advantages of persecution." Again, "To most people I may seem to be slaying the slain, and proving what no one doubts. People, it will be said, no longer wish to persecute. But I say they *do* wish to persecute. In fact, from their writings, and still better from their conversation, it is easy to see that very many believers would persecute sceptics, and that very many sceptics would persecute believers." We may remark that Mr. Bagehot confines himself almost entirely to toleration by law, referring briefly to toleration by society at the close. The story of Emanuel Deutsch, the Talmudic scholar, is extremely touching. It is written by the Rev. Mr. Haweis, author of "Music and Morals," in whose house he spent the last two years in excruciating pain, which he bore with the bravest of hearts. He was another of the martyrs to overwork, and he struggled and hoped on to the last. We have another instalment of letters from Mrs. Browning to Mr. R. H. Horne, scarcely so generally interesting as usual. "The Speculative Method," by Lord Arthur Russell, is a defence of metaphysics against the experimentalists. The writer shows that science is deeply indebted to philosophy, and quotes in proof passages from Professors Huxley and Tyndall, Dr. Carpenter and Mr. Lewes. He appears to be an Hegelian. The concluding article is on "The Tory Press, by a Tory." The writer, Mr. Arthur Murphy, endeavours to point out the wants and weaknesses of Tory journalism. One of its wants is a very common one—the want of money. Having reviewed at some length the papers of his party, he indicates its great desideratum—a paper, like the *Saturday Review* or *Pall Mall Gazette*, which would perform the same service for the Tory party that these journals perform for its opponents. Mr. Murphy desires a philosophical Conversatism, whose theory shall be adequately expounded by the press. The paper is well written, and will interest readers of either party.

In the *Fortnightly*, Mr. Morley, the editor, commences an essay on "Compromise," of which two chapters are given. Its design, to use the writer's words, "is to consider some of the limits that are set by sound reason to the practice of the various arts of accommodation, economy, management, conformity, or compromise." The prevailing tone of English opinion and practice is shown to be opposed to strong convictions on any subject, social, political, or religious. Enthusiasm has died out, and, instead of it, there is a spirit of narrow expediency. "The old hopes have grown pale; the old fears dim; strong sanctions are become weak; and once vivid faiths very numb." The popular view is that "thoroughness is a mistake, and nailing your colours to the mast a bit of delusive heroics." The spirit of compromise prevails everywhere with its concomitant, "a shrinking deference to the *status quo.*" The introductory chapter is devoted to a consideration of the causes that have engendered this loss of moral power. The second chapter is an examination of the popular notion that error is sometimes useful, against which Mr. Morley utters a vigorous protest. The earnestness and high moral purpose which pervade the essay are characteristic of the writer. Mr. Pater's paper on Wordsworth unfolds some of the peculiar merits of the poet and illustrates also some of his defects. "Sex in Mind and in Education" is from the pen of Dr. Maudsley, principally known to the public by his works on mental pathology. As might have been expected he views the subject from a physiological stand-point. He considers it impossible that, under the most favourable circumstances, the sexes can ever be upon an equality; and that the attempt to educate them according to a common plan would be highly injurious so far as the female sex is concerned. We quote a sentence or two. "So long as the differences of physical power and organization between men and women are what they are, it does not seem possible that they should have the same type of mental development. But while we see great reason to dissent from the opinions, and to distrust the enthusiasm, of those who would set before women the same aims as men, to be pursued by the same methods, it must be admitted that they are entitled to have all the mental culture and all the freedom necessary to the fullest development of their natures." Mr. Auckland Colvin has a paper on "The Indian Famine and the Press," illustrated by a map showing the suffering districts. He considers that the *Times* and other journals have magnified the calamity. Mr. Morrison concludes his view of the reign of Louis XIV. The two chapters taken together form a clear and vivid sketch of the "Great" Monarch's reign. The paper on "The Exodus of the Agricultural Labourers" of course relates to the emigration question. It bristles with statistics, but we think the writer is too sanguine. He talks of shipping off in one year one hundred thousand labourers, and is quite prepared to show where the money is to come from. Mr. Frederic Harrison confines his survey of "Public Affairs" this month to continental affairs. He refers especially to Von Moltke's extraordinary speech on the Army Bill and Bismarck's rude rebuff to the Alsatian deputies, which he characterizes as a defiance to public morality. Mr. Harrison entertains the hope that the stout resistance given to the Army Bill is a sign that the days of bureaucratic government are numbered.

"LIFE IN THE BACKWOODS OF CANADA."

IN the *Atlantic Monthly* for March appeared a paper entitled "Life in the Backwoods of Canada," of much interest to Canadians, though the interest is, on the whole, a painful one. It is a sketch of the Canadian experiences of a family of settlers on the wild lands of Muskoka. The sketch is simply and graphically written, evidently not overwrought or exaggerated, and represents with vivid and painful truth the hardships, privations and sufferings of a settler's life in an uncleared, uncultivated country. These are certainly hardly greater than those depicted by Mrs. Moodie in her "Roughing it in the Bush;" but through this narrative there runs a sadder strain, less brightened by the sunshine that lights up even a backwoods life; for the story is written evidently from the heart of an exile, looking with home-sick eyes at a country as unlike as possible both to the home left behind and to the "new and happy land" which the emigrants had pictured to themselves beforehand.

The settlers were almost as unfitted as it was possible to be for the rough life they came to encounter. The writer of the sketch is the widow of an officer—English it would seem—though, having been resident for a considerable time in France, accustomed to all the refinements of the highest civilization. Her home was broken up by the Franco-German war, and the youngest son being already a settler in Muskoka, his eldest sister with her husband resolved to join him. After their departure, but without waiting to hear from them, the mother, eldest son and remaining daughter rather hastily and impulsively made up their minds to follow. Had they waited till they could have heard some more accurate accounts of the life they might expect, and until some preparations for their reception could be made by those who had gone before them, the record of their experiences might not have been painted in quite such sombre colours. But they came quite unprepared for the life of toil and hardship, and the utterly rough surroundings of the wilderness. The free grants of Muskoka had evidently appeared to their imagination as a pleasant rural retreat, where a happy Arcadian life might be led by refined and educated people, and where the pension of an officer's widow, added to the bounty of the soil, would be comparative affluence.

At Quebec, however, misfortunes and disappointments awaited them. An expected remittance had not arrived, and a watch had to be disposed of in order to provide funds for proceeding. Then the journey up was unfortunately made entirely by rail. Instead of being introduced to Canadian scenery by the noble highway of the St. Lawrence and the lovely windings of the Thousand Isles, the travellers found themselves carried through a depressing, unpicturesque country, where "stumps" plentifully sprinkled the fields, and pumpkins and hollyhocks adorned the rough gardens which they passed. The sail across Lake Simcoe was the first glimpse they got of anything like beauty or picturesqueness. But this was only a transient gleam of brightness. At Bracebridge they could not remain long enough for Mrs. K. to sign the papers which secured to her her grant. In consequence of this she lost the right to sell the pine trees on her lot, the new Act—"a most unjust one"—she observes, having been passed before she found another opportunity of going through the necessary formalities. Then came a terrible, jolting journey over rough and most uneven roads, which nearly shook them to pieces, while they could hardly keep their seats in the rude wagon. They arrived at last at their journey's end, and to find the first detachment of the family still in the midst of the discomforts which new settlers must expect; the log-cabin destitute of chairs and tables; a great cooking-stove of depressing aspect the centre and prominent object; and the sleeping arrangements so much too scanty for the increased party, that the gentlemen had to sleep on the floor around the stove. Moreover, to refresh the travellers, worn-out by their fatiguing journey, there was only "linseed tea and sour doughy bread." Certainly it was not a very cheering reception for a beginning. For, to add to her depression, Mrs. K. was shocked at the change which a life of wearing toil had already wrought on the appearance of the youngest son, who lived near, and whose long-affianced bride had come out with the first detachment of the family.

Mrs. K. describes the grants assigned to herself and son-in-law as being rather picturesque in their general features, but she felt oppressed and stifled by the feeling of being closed in by an immense forest —the more so that, on her journey, she had already seen something of fires in the woods. The record of their life is chiefly a record of privation and hard work—unaccustomed and arduous toil on the part of the gentlemen of the family, to get up the buildings absolutely needed for their shelter, at which they laboured even in the inclement November weather; while the ladies had, of course, to perform all the household work—a new and far from agreeable experience to them. Hardy Canadian farmers' wives and daughters, in such circumstances, have to labour hard enough, but they are brought up to do so, and many things which they would accomplish with comparatively little trouble were to unaccustomed hands a very heavy burden. It is impossible to read the story without feeling intense sympathy for these delicately brought up women, whose accomplishments were of a very different kind, obliged to go through an amount of hardship and labour to which few even of our city servants have to submit. No wonder that their depression and home-sickness became at times rather more than their philosophy and patience were able to overcome!

Then came the cold bitter winter, with deep drifts of snow, making the roads, such as they were, almost impassable; and the sleighing, like everything else, seems to have been of the most primitive kind. Of course the settlers felt the cold very severe, but happily they were well supplied with warm clothing, in which they muffled themselves up, till, as Mrs. H. observes, they looked like sacks "tied in the middle." Now and then there is a faint gleam of brightness in the picture, as the birth of a child, christening, and a rather unsuccessful attempt at Christmas festivities, ending in home-sick tears. The record is an almost wholly sad one however, and, especially if it were taken in connection with the representations of Mr. Clayden, would lead any uninformed reader to the conclusion that Muskoka grants are almost as bad as that uncheerful region over whose doors was written—

> "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here."

Certainly, the conjunction of this article in the same number of the Magazine with a sketch of Canadian travel in the maritime Provinces, by an American, rather contemptuously entitled "Baddeck, and that sort of thing"—is likely to impress American readers with the idea that Canada is divided between desolate, monotonous, stony tracts, where the people lead a somnolent old-time existence, about a hundred years behind the age, and dreary regions of savage wilderness, wild, trackless—and in winter almost impassable, whose inhabitants are unable, by the hardest and most unremitting toil, to procure more than the barest and coarsest necessaries. Yet even in rugged Muskoka the ordinary settlers are said, by those who have travelled among them, to be as happy and cheery a set of people as can easily be found, and so content with their wilderness-life that they have no desire to leave it for more civilized abodes.

But the truth is that *only the right kind* of settlers should go as pioneers to such new districts. It is not culture and refinement, but strength and endurance, that are needed to do battle with the hardships of a forest-life ; strong arms and sturdy frames, not cultivated minds and sensitive organisations, with necessarily fastidious tastes. To set such to the rough work of a settler on wild land is like taking a finely-tempered penknife to cut through an inch plank, and the misapplication of power must end in suffering and disappointment. Men and women of culture and refinement are certainly not without their use in a new country, but it is not that of "hewers of wood" and settlers on new grants. Some indeed have set themselves to it, like the family in the sketch, with a brave endurance bordering on heroism ; but the battle must generally go against them, and must exhaust the vitality and energy intended for higher work. The emigrants Canada needs for her wild lands are hardy labourers, accustomed to rough hard work, who can here win for themselves, in time, a comfortable homestead by labour not more severe than was needed at home to earn daily bread.

One or two things in the sketch referred to strike one as being capable of remedy. The bread generally used by the people is said to be heavy, doughy, and sometimes sour. Surely, with proper management, *this* need never be the case in Canada. Both good yeast and good bread are within any settler's reach. Some benevolent practical baker might take a tour in the region to teach the people at least how to make good, light bread. Then, the quality of some of the articles of food sold at the country "stores" is said to have been wretched, indeed it is remarked that they seemed to contain the "sweepings of Toronto shops." The tea, especially, was infamous, adulterated with sloe-leaves, raspberry-leaves, and perhaps with less innocent ingredients. This certainly need not, and should not be; and that such a state of things exists is a serious reflection on Canadian honesty. The poor settler is as much entitled to a *good* cup of tea as the resident of a city, and often *needs* it far more.

One good lesson this rather gloomy picture of Canadian backwoods life may have for the Canadians of the present day who do *not* live in the backwoods. It may remind us of the cost at which our forefathers redeemed from primeval wildness the rich and fertile country of which we are so justly proud ; and it may teach us, while we look with satisfaction on the rapid advances in civilization, its fast-growing cities, its extending railroads, its developing manufacture and commerce, its rich and bounteous harvests, to look back with grateful appreciation to the labours of those who bore the burden and heat of the day ; whose hard, self-denying toil laid the foundations of our national prosperity, and whose stout arms and brave endurance conquered for us, from the stern forces of nature the goodly heritage that we call "this Canada of ours."

Since writing the foregoing, the April number has come to hand, containing the conclusion of Mrs. K.'s narrative. It carries on the experience of the emigrants into the summer with its intense heat and terrible backwoods scourge of mosquitoes and other troublesome insects. Mrs. H., by a curious coincidence, gives the line of Dante above quoted :

> "Abandon hope all ye who enter here,"

as the thought that haunted her mind during the earlier days of her bush experiences. Certainly it is the thought that her narrative suggests. Nevertheless, the close of the article shows that hope *has* entered, even into Muskoka, for she says they are still toiling, struggling on, *hoping* for the arrival of better days. That those better days may abundantly reward the labours of the emigrants will be the desire of every Canadian who reads the narrative. None can close it without sincere sympathy and regret that the inevitable circumstances of the case and the inclemency of the climate have made their first experience of our country so full of privation and suffering. May brighter days be in store for them !

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE PARISIANS. By Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton. Canadian Copyright Edition. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co., 1874.

Whatever place in literature may be ultimately assigned to the late Lord Lytton, there are certain features in his character which will never admit of dispute. It will be impossible to deny him the credit of intense devotion to his art, indefatigable industry in the pursuit of it, and a large and generous spirit of appreciation of his rivals and fellow workers in the literary field. To this must be added also, that his intellectual resources were unexhausted at his death; that, so far from exhibiting signs of decay, his power as a writer of fiction would appear not to have reached its full development when the pen dropped forever from his hand. "The Parisians" is, on the whole, his best and ripest work. It has all the felicity of resource, all the skill in limning character, all the shrewd observation of men and things which characterized some of his previous works, but in a higher and more complete artistic form. It has also its negative merits. There is not so much tawdry sentiment here, or so eager and palpable a struggle for effect. The author is still epigrammatic, and sometimes the effort to utter clever *mots* is too palpably artificial, but this tendency is toned down till it ceases to jar upon sensitive nerves. We do not meet so many substantives or adjectives spelled with the capital letter. The Beautiful and the True appear to have been interred with the Unfathomable and the Unknown. There are traces of old mannerisms, but they are not offensively prominent—rather the moribund survivals of a time gone by. A critic, by no means an admirer of the noble author, has said that "had Lord Lytton lived to that age which classical poets are so fond of attributing to the crow and the stag, and had continued to improve, he would certainly have been the world's greatest novelist. . . When he exhausted one theme he, without difficulty, turned to another and succeeded equally well." It is this perennial freshness of intellect which sets Lord Lytton apart from nearly all our poets and nearly all our novelists. He died at a mature age, although he had not reached the traditional limit of human life, with his powers still in course of development and his mental strength unimpaired.

"The Parisians" must rank with Thackeray's "Duval," and Dickens' "Edwin Drood" as an incomplete work. Fortunately Lord Lytton has not left the reader to conjecture what the dénouement might have been, for he had taken the precaution to write the last chapter before he began to fill in the portion which should have immediately preceded it. From it we learn, not all we should like to know, but that which it pleases us best to know—that the heroine, after suffering "the pangs of despised love" was rewarded and was happy at the last. The steps by which this was to have been brought about are wanting: we only know the result and our sense of poetic justice is satisfied. The fate of some of the subordinate characters has passed into the land of shadows, but it is easily decipherable by what we know of their antecedents.

In the preface to "The Parisians," the present Lord Lytton explains the moral purpose of the work. He tells us that in "The Coming Race," "Kenelm Chillingly," and "The Parisians," the author had one object before him. He designed each of them as "an expostulation against what seemed to him the perilous popularity of certain social and political theories, or a warning against the influence of certain intellectual tendencies upon individual character and national life." Accordingly, "The Coming Race" was a satirical work of pure fancy; "Kenelm Chillingly" shows the effects of modern ideas on an individual, and "The Parisians" their action upon a community. The three works, therefore, should be read in connection, as illustrating under different aspects the same central idea. The scene of "The Parisians" is laid in the French metropolis during the period immediately preceding the late war, and ends, so far as it was completed, with one of Trochu's abortive *sorties* during the siege of Paris. The underplot is managed with great skill. Until we have almost reached the conclusion, there is no clue to the mystery of Louise Duval, and when the secret is unfolded, it turns out by no means as the acutest novel reader would have expected. Paris society, with its *salons* and clubs and *cafés*, passes before us. There are one or two of the old *noblesse*, some *chevaliers d'industrie*, devotees of the Bourse, sharpers, Bohemians and workmen. The canvas is crowded; but the characters do not jostle one another, and even among specimens of a class, each preserves his own individuality. It would be of course presumptuous to offer an opinion upon the correctness of the portraiture; we are told, however, that "persons of political experience and social position in France have acknowledged the general accuracy of the author's descriptions, and noticed the suggestive sagacity and penetration of his occasional comments on the circumstances and sentiments he describes."

The early part of the story exhibits France in that state of feverish unrest which immediately preceded the outbreak of the German war. The accession of Ollivier to the Emperor's councils, the attempt at grafting constitutional government upon a military despotism, the *plébiscite*, celebrated by MM. Erkmann-Chatrian, formed the prelude to the catastrophe. Meanwhile the sham nobility of the Empire, at least on the female side, were as lavish in expenditure, and as sumptuous in entertainment, as the people of Pompeii on the night when Vesuvius belched forth its ashes and engulfed them all. The speculators at the Bourse were never busier in making and losing fortunes; but in dark *ruelles* there was conspiracy brewing; democracy began to raise its head, and matters looked threatening for the Napoleonic *régime*. Hence the war by which the Emperor endeavoured to cut the gordian knot and to consolidate his power.

We have no intention of sketching the plot of "The Parisians," because we prefer that our readers should unravel it for themselves. It seems to us treason both to an author and to his public to emasculate a work of fiction by removing its framework and presenting it as a skeleton to the reader. It will suffice if we glance at a few of the principal characters introduced to us in the novel. The *dramatis personœ* are so numerous, and each of them is drawn with such evident care for its distinct individuality, that we must of necessity omit many that may seem worthy of separate comment. The character which chiefly, perhaps alone, lays hold of the reader's affections, is the heroine, Isaura Cicogna. The author does not catalogue her beauties, but rather suggests them in a few sentences. "Certainly the girl is very lovely—what long dark eye-lashes, what soft, tender, dark blue eyes—now that she looks up and smiles, what a bewitching smile it is!—by what sudden play of rippling dimples the smile is enlivened and redoubled! * * Note next those hands—how beautifully shaped! small, but not doll-like hands—ready and nimble, firm and nervous hands, that could work for a helpmate." She had been trained for the lyric stage. Her voice was "mellow and rich, but so soft that its power was lost in its sweetness, and so exquisitely fresh in every note. But the singer's charm was less in voice than in feeling—she conveyed to the listener so much more than was said by the words, or even implied by the music." She was proud of her art, but her pride went before a fall. She had met her "fate," and that fate was an Englishman who seems, with a certain *arrière pensée*, to have also fallen in love with her. It jarred upon his sense of propriety, however, to think of taking a public singer to wife; there was another obstacle—but of that presently. The poor girl, thinking that her profession was the only hindrance to their happiness, surrendered her brilliant prospects almost without a pang. She betook herself to story writing, supplied the *feuilleton* for *Le Sens Commun* and shunned the public gaze. Her sacrifice was bootless; for her admirer saw her surrounded by the Paris Bohemians, saw one of them devoting himself to her, and was as far removed from her as before. We need not follow Isaura's fortunes; she performed more than a woman's service during the siege, and it is consolatory to find, from what was indeed the author's "Chapter the Last," that all went well in the end.

We must now glance for a moment at Mr. Graham Vane—a young English gentleman, well-educated, polished, and with more than an average fund of generous impulses. He showed his good taste in admiring Isaura both for her beauty and her accomplishments, and the soundness of his heart finally asserted itself in affection for a girl who was pure and self-sacrificing. Yet there is something about the conduct of "Grarm Varn," as his friend Lemercier called him, which we do not like. It is quite true that there was the mystery of Louise Duval pressing like a night-mare upon him; but that ought to have effectually deterred him from engaging Isaura's affection and indicating pretty plainly, though not in so many words, that it was returned. Of the Duval mystery she knew nothing; on the other hand, it haunted Vane night and day, and he made it the subject of matrimonial calculation. He knew very well, that, under certain circumstances, he could not, or at least would not, marry Isaura, and yet he kept hovering about her, without declaring his passion or disclosing his difficulties. The heroic character of the story is Victor de Mauléon, who had formerly gone into voluntary exile, because of a slanderous accusation. Whether he appears as M. Lebeau the conspirator, the gentlemanly hanger-on of the *salons*, or the brave soldier who perishes by the assassinating hand of one of his old Rouge colleagues, he stands out as the most firmly and vigorously drawn personage of the story. Gustave Rameau is the type of Paris Bohemianism, delicate and feverish and extravagant in speech and writing—one of the "Lost Tribe of Absinthe." Then there are the two brothers Enguerrand and Raoul, the one a gay butterfly of fashion, the other a benevolent

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ascetic; Savarin, the brilliant *littérateur*, for whose portrait Ernest Renan may have stood; Alain de Rochebriant, the proud and penniless lord of a Breton castle; Louvier and Duplessis, bankers, the rival monarchs of the Bourse; the gay, nonchalant Frederic Lemercier, and a host of others. There is also Julie Caumartin, the unfortunate, who loved Rameau, and who sought and found forgiveness in the dark days of French tribulation; and then there is Mrs. Morley, an American lady who must surely have been drawn from the life, she is so good-hearted, so inquisitive, so fond of making love-matches, so anxious to be a *dea ex machinâ* to estranged lovers. But our space is exhausted and we must here conclude. We only hope we have given sufficient evidence of the merits of the work to induce those of our readers who have not read it, to consult for themselves the last, and we think, the best of the score of fictions from the pen of Edward, Lord Lytton.

CANADA ON THE PACIFIC. By Charles Horetzky. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

We have already noticed in these pages a pamphlet by Mr. Horetzky, suggesting the feasibility of the Peace River Valley, as the route across the Rocky Mountains, of the Pacific Railroad. That pamphlet, or some letters of which it was partly composed, attracted the attention of the chief engineer of the road, Mr. Fleming, and from him Mr. Horetzky received instructions to make a *reconnaissance* of that Pass. The present work is the result of a journey made in the autumn and winter of 1872, from Edmonton to the Pacific. It is difficult to say whether the author was as favourably impressed with the advantages of this Pass after he had made an examination of it as he had been before. But he still regards the route as practicable, though he does not conceal the great difficulties that would have to be encountered. In the Rocky Mountains, a series of level terraces, rising one above another, are met; and they are often abruptly terminated, leaving the difficulty of precipices to be overcome. The conclusion to which this journey through the mountains led Mr. Horetzky is rather feebly stated: that "the construction of a road through this valley would not be impossible, and at some future time may become an accomplished fact." The highest point met with between Lesser Stone Lake, on the east side of the mountains, and Lake Stewart on the west, is a ridge lying between McLeod and Long Lake, its elevation being two thousand six hundred and sixty-five feet above the level of the sea. But Mr. Horetzky is of opinion that a point of crossing may be found at less than two thousand feet elevation, either by the Pine Summit River Lake Pass or the Peace River Valley. This opinion is apparently founded on the fact that the highest point crossed in this exploration was between four and five hundred feet higher than the true watershed separating the affluents of the Peace from those of Frazer River. But the question still remains whether a favourable Pass can be found through the elevation west of the Rocky Mountains. Bute Inlet is spoken of as being practically without a rival for the western terminus of the Pacific Railway. It is recommended by its accessibility to the interior by the Chilcotin Valley, and from its being within a "practicable distance" of Vancouver Island.

The decline of the power of the Hudson's Bay Company had gone further than most persons, who had not come in contact with it where it so long held sway, had any idea of. It is in the nature of a monopoly to become inert unless spurred to activity by some exceptional conditions of its existence. The commencement of the decline of the Company's power carries us back fifteen years, and seems to have been in part owing to the death of Sir George Simpson, whose great influence with the directors his successor did not inherit. Governor McTavish could never induce them to allow him a force of fifty men to keep the peace. The half-breeds on the Red River and the Saskatchewan are said to have made the Company a mere plaything for several years; a fact which accounts for the otherwise inexplicable conduct of the Company during the rebellion of 1869. The newly-imported servants of the Company did not carry their notions of passive obedience to the same extent that those of former times did, and petty traders introduced liquor, that great source of demoralization among savages. The Company had become a mere shadow of its former self; and it is evident that it sold out to Canada at the right time, for it could not much longer have performed the duties required of it, and which it had discharged on the whole remarkably well. This monopoly had had its day, and done nearly all the work it was capable of doing.

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LITERARY NOTES.

THE day, we feel assured, has passed by when to launch a creditable and worthy enterprise in Canadian serial literature was to commit to the waters a bark that was sure to founder. Disastrous, indeed, has been the history of native literary ventures in times past, but under the vigorous and helpful influences of the nationality which has come of Confederation, we are hopeful of the future, nay, of the present, of literary projects and journalistic undertakings. No more hopeful sign could be afforded in this respect than to find that, in spite of failure and disappointment in the past, new attempts are ever being made to occupy the fields open to the talent and culture which Canada can so ably fill. Especially timely in the new attempt made, and one that has already achieved success, to supply an organ of independent and critical thought in the domain of politics and literature. The establishment in Toronto of *The Nation*, a journal "devoted to national politics, national culture and national progress," is a matter for hearty and sincere congratulation, and the more so when we see the elevated tone and the manly independence which characterize the writing appearing in its pages. Undertaken by those admirably fitted to conduct it, possessed of large experience, and, moreover, substantially endowed with capital, the prospects of the new journal are of the most gratifying character. We look to it to fill an important position in weekly journalism, giving tone to the political discussions of the time, and itself free from and unbiassed by the interests of either individuals or parties.

Messrs. Jas. Adam & Co., Subscription Book publishers, have just issued a portly volume from the pen of the late editor of "The Canada Farmer," Mr. C. E. Whitcombe, entitled "The Canadian Farmer's Manual of Agriculture—the Principles and Practice of Mixed Husbandry as adapted to Canadian soils and climate." The volume is very attractively got up, is profusely illustrated, and must prove of great service to the native agriculturist. It is written in clear and simple language, free as much as possible from technical phrases, and conveys a perfect library of matter in the interest of rural labour.

We welcome with pleasure the issue of a new and serviceable map of Ontario, with the imprimatur of Messrs. Jas. Campbell & Son. It is attractive in appearance, legible and accurate in its enumeration of localities, and withal cheap and handy for the pocket.

The new issues from the press of Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co., embrace a work of fiction from the pen of Anthony Trollope, entitled "Lady Anna," which has just been completed in the *Fortnightly Review*, and a volume of Canadian poetry—a collection of lyrics and miscellaneous poems, by Mr Alex. McLachlan, of Erin. There is a good deal of vigorous writing in the latter, and much that should be stamped as true poetry, though the versification is not always up to the standard that a critical taste would exact.

Mr. Whitaker, editor of the London *Bookseller*, has in preparation a work which will be indispensable to book *connoisseurs*, viz.: "A Reference Catalogue of Current Literature, containing the full titles of works now in print and on sale by the various publishers in the United Kingdom." The work will make an octavo volume of about 3000 pages, and is to be issued at a nominal price.

Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co. make the important announcement that they have a new and "Popular History of the United States" in preparation. The work is to be under the editorial supervision of the Poet Bryant; and, we understand, it is to be profusely illustrated and to consist of some three octavo volumes. The period embraced in the work is from that of the earliest authentic history of the Western Continent to the close of the first century of American Independence.

A series of favourite authors, to be called "Little Classics," is about to be brought out by the Messrs. Osgood, of Boston. The first of the issue is to be called "Exiles," and will embrace a number of short *brochures* which have earned notoriety, but which from their little bulk are apt to be exiles from the language. A number of volumes are already projected and will shortly appear.

Admirers of the writings of George Eliot, the talented authoress of "Adam Bede," will be glad to know that a collection of poetry from her pen is about to appear. The title of the collection will be "A Legend of Jubal and other Poems," and we believe arrangements are being made for a Canadian edition of the volume to be undertaken by Messrs. Adam, Stevenson & Co.

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BRITISH, AMERICAN, AND BRITISH-AMERICAN SHIPS.

BY N. W. BECKWITH.

THE decadence of American commerce is a subject on which the discussion is not confined to the American people. It has become world-wide, for the dwellers on the shores of every sea are as closely concerned in its welfare as those who live under the starry flag which it once unfurled to the breezes of every clime. From the political economists and statesmen of Europe, who study with abiding interest this astonishing chapter of later history—drawing from it inferences pregnant with significance alike to their own people and to ours—down to the "shroffs" and "dubashes" of the Far East and the Malaysian Archipelago, who despairingly demand what has become of their "Melican" customers; from the Liverpool ship-chandler to the Shanghai "compradore;" from him to the savage sandal-wood purveyor of Erromanga, or the scarce less savage guano-digger of Mexillones and Iquique, this topic is the grand well-spring of an unfailing interest—the subject of self-gratulation with the selfish and short-sighted, but of deprecation and regretfulness among those who discern the broader and deeper meaning, and remember the importance of that once gigantic navy of peace as a distributor of universal wealth. Everywhere—in every land—by every tongue; in all circles, among all classes, the question excites the liveliest interest and commands the readiest attention—everywhere, except in that of the American shipowner himself!

At first sight this apathy is more astounding than is the unparalleled rapidity of that enormous decadence of which it is the reflex. Yet, on closer consideration, what else should we expect? It is exhaustion. What would you have of men overborne by a foe whom they cannot assail—crushed under burdens for which there is no remedy—and, withal, too proud to complain? For, after the United States Government declared war against the rebels, it waged it, by land and sea, against the United States mercantile marine; nor has it desisted yet. Equally blind, for their part—we may remark in passing—the rebels sent forth their cruisers to scare their enemy's merchantmen into the protection of neutral registry, and so saved to the nation what would otherwise have been crushed out of existence before the close of their egregious warfare by the hostile influences of the "Morrill Tariff" and mis-adjusted taxation. In all history there is but one greater blunder than the presentation of the "Alabama Claims," to wit, their recognition and payment. But the English mind was conscious of guilty intent. Twelve years ago, the largest ship-building and ship-owning firms in all the world were "located" in the United States. There were single houses in New York and Boston, whose magnificent fleets would have been alone adequate to the demands of such a commerce as that of Venice or Genoa in its days of maritime supremacy; and which contained ships unrivalled anywhere in speed, size, "character," and equipment. They were considered, indeed, by the seamen of all nations, as being absolutely beyond competition on many points. Even their sturdiest rivals, the keen Scotch builders of Aberdeen and the Clyde, admitted that for the most successful assimilation of the two opposing desiderata of speed and carrying capacity, the American ships were without rival. While, for the coasting trade—saving only that of China, which beyond doubt equals that of all other countries combined, in point of magnitude, wealth and volume—in that, naval excellence was even more manifest, whether in number of vessels, aggregate of tonnage, or superiority of class; besides the important feature of special adaptation to special purpose; in which, saving again the Chinese, they had the field entirely to themselves. The characteristic inventiveness of the "Yankee" had flowered forth here too, making him master of a department altogether unknown in the naval science of Europe, a fact perhaps more conclusively evidenced by the old-world sailor's continual misappreciative laughter at "Yankee nondescripts," than by any other indication whatever, and which Jonathan himself cuts a joke at in the old song, beginning:

"Me 'n' daddy 'n' Uncle Sam,
"Bilt a slupe th' shape 'f a clam."

A laughter which has ceased, however, and which has been replaced by a thoughtful gravity, since the time when the skill developed in the manufacture of "nondescripts" branched off under war pressure into the significant shapes of "cheese-boxes-on-a-raft," and "double-enders," which it may be added, were merely the fighting types of certain successful adaptations of principle, already for generations under practical test in localities where exceptional character of navigation combined with trade peculiarities and exigencies to produce them. Stevens' ram was a compend; a treatise in live oak-wood and iron, instead of muslin and paper, on the philosophy of *nautical* warfare; and remains still far in advance of the constituted naval authorities of Christendom, whose lack of eclecticism prevents them from utilizing any idea, no matter how useful, if it did not originate within the narrow bounds of admiralty cognizance. Even the "double-ender," slight advance as it is, had remained unrealized—had faded for ever perhaps, when Ellets' busy brain was stilled, but that the exigencies of the United States' service had compelled the "conversion" of sundry New York ferry steamers into "paper gun-boats," and thereby given something near the holy sanction of "precedent" to the innovation. This peculiarly American department of naval art constituted a tremendous armoury of ideas, in which the germs of many other still unthought-of weapons and engines lay undeveloped. But the consummate sailor of America has become already obselete, and the great school wherein he was formed now totters on the verge of extinction. And yet the United States fancies itself a naval power, and that, too, in the teeth of the biting lesson rendered but lately, when the Spanish war-cloud rose on its horizon; its Government continuing the while, in blind persistence, to follow their suicidal policy, and hugging the delusion, even at this distance of time, that this astonishing maritime decadence is attributable to influences of the Alabama sort, instead of their own illogical legislation.

Was Raphael Semmes then so great a captain? Has he reduced the American marine from nearly six millions of tons to scarcely two and a half millions? Did he wipe out of existence such a gigantic fleet as is represented by a tonnage of over three millions, and by a value which goes beyond two hundred and fifty millions of dollars? Why, the exploits of a Nelson pale in comparison! And how did he perform so stupendous a feat? That brief career of burning or bonding helpless merchantmen, and of studiously avoiding men-of-war, does not explain it; being sent to Davy's locker in forty minutes after meeting a fair match scarcely seems in character—nor do the sixty prize chronometers that did not go down in the Alabama's cabin, afford any adequate index of such unparalleled devastation. The mischief wrought by that infamous cruiser and her congeners was comparatively trivial, and was, immediately, more than offset by the moral effect of her presence in driving American ships where they found a protection—much less important as a refuge from her than as a shelter from the far deadlier legislative war waged against them by their own countrymen—to wit, the flag of England, at least mainly. The claim of "consequential damages" was logically correct. It should have been admitted, and the equally logical claim for "consequential benefits" set up on the part of the English Government. Then the balance would have struck the other way, and that, too, without throwing Canadian fisheries into either scale. Fifteen millions, it is agreed, covers the losses inflicted directly by the English-built and English-aided rebel cruisers. Reflect how trivial is that sum compared to the huge aggregate value of United States tonnage up to the second year of the war. It is about three and a half per cent. What would that have been to American commerce in its unhampered, flourishing times? Reflect, again, how trivial it still remains when compared to the sum total of the ten years' decay. It is but a fraction above five and a half per cent. A slight compounding, verily. Instead of being fully reimbursed, as he had hoped, the American shipowner was "fubbed off," as Dame Quickly says, with five and a half per cent. of his losses! Is it any wonder that he lost patience; or that, being impressed by his government, the real culprit, with the idea that the cheating Falstaff was John Bull, he should have raised the cry of consequential damages? Five and a half per cent.! A pretty composition, truly; Who wouldn't have quarrelled with it? Nor was he at all mistaken, except in the one point of attributing the source of those consequential damages—which are no myths, as equally wrong-headed Englishmen strove to argue, but sad and shameful realities—to the wrong quarter.

The blow struck by the Confederate cruisers upon the American marine was a blow inflicted upon a sick man. Had he been in his wonted vigour he had scarce felt it; but the wound it opened, though slight at first, remains unhealed, bleeding, ulcerous, because his deteriorated constitution renders the *vis medicatrix* inoperative, to say nothing of the political quacks that swarm around him, hurrying his enfeebled march to the grave with medicaments that find not the faintest indication in any of his symptoms. To quit the figure: before the "Sumter" started, before the "Alabama" was thought of, the false legislation of the American Congress had annihilated the recuperative powers of the American commercial marine. Yet rulers and people alike mistook effect for cause; and what is worse, continue to hug the "fond delusion" still. Is it wisdom or foolishness, that policy to which the miserable condition of American shipping interests is all but wholly attributable? The national point of view is higher than the purely commercial one, unquestionably; and there are men who will urge that this unparalleled decadence is inevitably a part of the price America pays for a restored, or "reconstructed" Union, with all its concomitant blessings. One would think the national debt alone ought to be pretty near a fair financial equivalent, however; and certainly that allegation will find no favour at the hands of the classes most nearly concerned, to wit, the American sailor and shipowner. And, however we may dispose of that question, there can be but one opinion touching the treatment accorded to the huge fleet of "transferred" shipping when the war at last ended. There are no words to characterize the spirit which forbade these vessels—these hunted sheep that quitted the fold when the wolves were breaking in, and the dogs were absent—to return to their native registry; this, too, when the floating property of rebel owners, often comprising ships that had done effective service to the quondam confederacy, was being restored to full rights and privileges by the simple process of re-hoisting the "old flag" to the spanker peak! What new meaning, think you, will the American shipowner attach to the word "consistency?" With that question let us dismiss the consideration of American legislative madness, to cast one more glance at the existing condition of the ill-fated American mercantile marine.

Where are the great shipowning houses? Gone! or if existing at all, only in name—mere shadows of their former selves. Alas! another Elia might pen a sadder essay here than the melancholy "South-Sea House." The air that reminded Lamb of the "desolation of Balclutha" reigns through all their quiet counting-rooms and offices; dust settles upon unused stools, empty shelves and untenanted desks; while the picturesque ranges of beautiful models that adorn the unfrequented parlours but mockingly accentuate its bitterness to those who know that they no longer represent the actual moving, living

> "White-winged racers of the azure plain,"

whereof they were the prototypes. When you are in the churchyard-loitering mood, they are worth a visit—these gilded regalia of a dead sway; you may gaze upon them in a spirit akin to that in which you would regard those awful insignia of a buried royalty that lie in state, beneath the dim corpse lights and behind the funereal *grille*, in the dusky Crown-room of Edinburgh's ancient castle. Haply some grey old commander may stand beside you, and speak in bated breath of the triumphs achieved on the world's competing field, which are associated with those beauteous types—lovelier in the eyes of your genuine sea-dog than are the tender curves of the Venus de Milo: but, for the most part, the American sailor shrinks from the presence. "Let me not see them," he cries, "they, nor their coffin-plate display of once famous names. Let them, since there is no hope of restoration, be hidden until the generation of whose pride, and love, and life, they once formed so large a share, has passed away; and spare us memorials that only serve too keenly to remind us of our dead past, while from it springs no promise for the future."

There were other firms, whose great present wealth, and whose record of past achievement, rendered them too proud to acquire a just perception of the difficulties engendered by the war. They saw and felt the storm, it is true; but believed either that its duration would be short, or, strong in their self-reliance, that they should be able to weather it, if continued. Nor were they wrong. The summer marked by Lee's surrender found them still strong, still with materially unimpaired resources, still buoyant of spirit, still disdainful of aid as of old; witness W. F. Weld's haughty letter to Secretary Seward, enjoining him to abstain from pressing the Alabama Claims upon the British administration, but to leave the question open, "for" said he, "a nation like England cannot avoid having some war upon her hands before another ten years rolls away; and whenever she does, I will follow the example of her own shipwrights, I will build another "Alabama," or convert my remaining ships into cruisers under the hostile flag, and make good my losses myself." The pluck of these men required only "clear decks and no favour" to have quickly restored the former maritime importance of their country; and when the war ended, they set about the task with renewed hopefulness.

Alas, for those hopes—alas for those proud houses! Of them, all has been already said—they were. Peace brought to them no peace, but added instead fresh vigour to the tempest. The old order of things had passed away; in the Congressional halls there had been set up "another Pharaoh who knew not Joseph." Taxed and burthened from keel to gunwale, sealing-waxed, red-taped, act-of-congressed "from sky-sail pole to scupper-hole," the American clipper—that admiration of every true son of Neptune, whatever his flag—was enhampered, crippled, disabled; pitiful, broken-winged bird, no more to skim the seas, to outdo steam, and astonish the world with her swift flights from empire to empire.

Still others have changed business. They have sold off their vessels, at less or greater sacrifice, and have re-invested their diminished capital in operations of a different character; mostly, it is both curious and instructive to notice, in railroad stock. There is a smack of poetic justice here. The vast accession to the wealth of the railway kings, which this deflection of capital has produced, has, more than any other one thing, operated to place the railroad interest in its present arrogant and antagonistic position. There is to be a fight with the railroads—it is even imminent—and Uncle Sam will discover his error, perhaps too late. The Western farmer, that rank protectionist, who backed the legislation which swamped the tonnage of the seaboard states under burdens far beyond their carrying capacity—forgive the pun—who saw the Eastern shipowner sink in the unequal struggle, and raised not voice, nor finger, to lighten the ill-adjusted load, now trembles at the snorting of the iron horse. Let him! Let him form his granges, let him toil, let him suffer, let it cost him pain and weariness, ere he wrests from his gigantic oppressor the weapon which is to decide the conflict; for thereby shall he con the lesson which hitherto he has not learnt, that, without a commercial navy adequate to the task of carrying its own productions to its foreign markets, a nation has no balance; and its opposing interests, instead of gearing into each other harmoniously, like the teeth of oppositely revolving cog-wheels, must lock and jam in inextricable confusion. There is no "escapement," as a watchmaker would say.

After the *ci-devant* ship-owners—who are as dead, from the present point of view, as the bankrupts—what remains? A moiety, who can only be termed shipowners because they have not yet passed the transition stage—who have not yet succeeded in working themselves clear of their unprofitable floating property. These also being the possessors of perhaps one ton where they once held twenty, will soon be in one of the other categories. Already they do not differ from the last considered class, save that they have been more tardy in arriving at a conclusion. They, too, have decided the struggle hopeless, as matters stand; and avowedly follow the policy of disposing of what remains as rapidly as that can be done without unnecessary sacrifice of capital. Their game is chess; their best hope to make it a drawn one. When the American centenary arrives, the American flag will have vanished from the highway of nations, unless, indeed, some revolutionary measure, for example, such a reformation of their maritime code as will permit their citizens to buy foreign-built bottoms and register them at home, shall have been effected previously.

To sum up ; there is no longer even a pretence of the pursuit of their once lucrative shipping business for its own sake. Taken with the apathy before mentioned, this becomes drearily significant, for it is the outgrowth of despair. Omitting half-a-dozen firms, exceptionally circumstanced, which are owners of vessels continuously operating on the coast of China, or the Far East, and which are never allowed to see a home port, and are commanded by men who were found willing to submit to indefinite expatriation, every foreign-going shipowner has made up his mind that the game isn't worth the candle. "When the iron ship-builders of the Clyde," said a gentleman, formerly the head of one of the heaviest firms in the United States, but now retired, "are pushing off their fifteen-year ships at thirteen pounds per ton, is it not madness for me to dream of competition so long as the swamping taxation so enhances the cost of our material that I cannot build a seven-year wooden ship at less than eighty-five dollars per ton? Besides, the maritime provinces of the Dominion despatch vessels classing equally well with ours, to the British markets, at less than half our figures. A splendid recruiting ground England has there ; I wish that we had access to it." And, on another occasion he informed me that he was worth four millions, "but," he added, "had I retired during the first year of the war, or indeed, at any time before the Alabama was let loose upon us, my four would have been six. However, I must be content to put up with the loss. Shipowning is done for; and I am too old to think of entering upon any other business." On still another occasion, I inquired what losses he had directly sustained from the "Alabama." His answer was instructive. "Directly, nothing," he said. "I had one ship bonded by her. Upon the whole, I believe she did me more good than harm. When she got out, I sold the —— (naming one of the most famous of American clippers) for a sum beneath her reputation, certainly, but still above her otherwise actual value. Had the Alabama never appeared, I should have continued running her, of course at a loss as times were—as was the case with others—until half eaten up with expenses, in the hope of better prospects ; and have been necessitated to sell her after all, when worn and lapsed, for a mere song."

The inference is unavoidable. Legislation has destroyed the American marine; the only sense in which the war can be said to have induced it is, that it was the cause of starting that legislation. Panic legislation is the true epithet—it is to Congress as Bull Run is to the army. It is worth remarking that that most extraordinary battle produced worse panic in the capital than it did in the field; the volunteers recovered from it immediately; but the legislative *morale* exhibits traces of it to this day. Bull Run has had much to do with this lamentable decadence of American commerce. But to resume—in connection with the just referred to disparity of cost between Canadian and American tonnage, there lies a measure of the immense losses of the owners of the latter. These provinces were among the largest purchasers of the vessels our neighbours were so unnaturally driven to dispose of. Bear in mind that they cost, before the war, $55 to $60, gold. There are no accessible figures to show what the forced sale actually realized ; but what would the Canadian purchaser, who can build at home, to-day, an equally good ship, new, for $45, be willing to give for an old one? Old, and in most cases lapsed, for it was not until nearly two years after the war ended that the selling off began in earnest—another proof, by the way, that not the war, but the Bull Run legislation induced by its early military disasters, is the cause of the trouble. Bear in mind also, that these vessels, when not "transferred," had been running at a steady loss throughout, from the day of the imposition of war-taxes by Congress, and of war-premiums by the "Alabama." It can be demonstrated that hundreds of thousands of tons, after sinking in working expenses three-fifths of the amount of original cost, were sold at last for one-fifth. A ton cost $60 say. Add to this three-fifths, $36, making $96; deduct $12 for proceeds of sale, and there remain $84 of dead loss.

Ye who remember the jubilation over the launching of the "Great Republic"—is there no significance in her passing (1867) to the ownership of a Nova Scotian Company? Type of a revolution—the Dominion of Canada has become the inheritor of the lost commercial supremacy of her sponsor. The Southern threat is literally accomplished—for the grass waves rankly in the Northern shipyards.

The New York *World* says, with regard to protection, that "the protective revenue and navigation laws of this country, which forbid the naturalization of a foreign-built ship, are effectually expelling American vessels and American navigators from the ocean. Little of our former maritime glory, when a smaller country than now, remains to us but the coastwise trade, in which we have an easy monopoly, because all foreign vessels are excluded. If our countrymen were permitted to buy, and our laws would protect Clyde-built or other foreign steamers, as the people of all the rest of the world can, we would not see the transportation business of Mexico, and the Isthmus and South America, pass so completely into the hands of Englishmen, Germans, and Frenchmen."

It is not without a purpose that I have commenced with this attempt at portraying the condition of American maritime affairs, and the causes of their hopeless condition. There follows a significant moral. How could such a wretched policy have been so unanimously set up?—how continued in its devastating course with scarce ever a dissentient voice or vote in the Congressional Chambers to check its Juggernaut career? Simply, that in neither house was there to be found a sailor. The question was one calling for all the professional skill, training and instinct of the most accomplished seamen of the nation; but that element was and is wanting in the councils. Practically disfranchised, the sailor remains wholly unrepresented. His peculiar knowledge finds no utilization in the deliberative assemblies of any people; his influence is unfelt; yet no such question can be adequately presented and handled without his aid. The shipowner is not the man; he may represent marine capital; he cannot represent marine science. There were shipowners enough and to spare in both chambers of the American capitol, and, probably, there always have been. In a word, the grand, underlying, ultimate cause of American maritime decadence is the non-representation of American maritime interests as a whole. This is the moral. Its application is obvious. Our Government, like that of the United States, has no machinery whereby it can consult the mariner when marine questions come to the front. Blundering is, therefore, inevitable. Yet there are men among us who insist that the Government should take into its unskilled hands so purely professional a matter as the establishment of a Lloyds' List! What would physicians say to the same proposition respecting the pharmacopeia—it being understood, at the same time, that no medical man should, or could, be consulted? That there are shipowners who favour the step only proves that they know nothing about it; and, indeed, it must be asked, in justice to them, how can they be expected to know? Is the man who calls in legal professional skill expected to know anything about law? The shipowner is avowedly ignorant of everything pertaining to the nautical profession, and he pays his captain "to know it for him"—to quote his own favourite expression. For the Government to follow *his* lead in such matters is as absurd as if it should be guided by the opinion of the patient, disregarding that of the physician—or of the client ignoring that of the lawyer—in questions belonging strictly to the respective provinces of those fraternities. The status of the mariner is out of joint with the times, although, fifty years ago, Cooper pointed out that the sailor, too, is a professional man, in the stricter and higher sense. When some successful system of political participation shall have been devised for him, and when chairs of nautical science shall have been established in our schools, it will be time to talk of Government interference with the internal complexities and peculiarities of that—to landsmen—totally unknown region, the nautical world.

I have alluded to the necessity for opening their registry to foreign-built bottoms, if our neighbours really wish to keep alive the shipowning interest in anything beyond mere coasting. On behalf of this change, the Revenue reformers are putting forth arguments that appear to me unanswerable. Yet in some quarters the objection is urged, among others equally baseless, that the result of such a reconstruction of their maritime code would be to crowd their registry with the cheap tonnage of the Dominion. "Cheap, and therefore nasty." This brings us home at once.

Whence came this wide-spread prejudice against the productions of provincial shipyards? It is a purely British outgrowth. Britain conceived it, communicated it to her other colonies, to the United States, and to the world. Based, like all sweeping assumptions, in profound ignorance, it has shaped the course of commercial thought, and prescribed the decisions of the commercial mind with all the infallibility of a papal pronunciamento. "North American built ships"—to quote the absurdly undiscriminating phrase so frequently heard in Lloyds' rooms; as if our neighbours' ships were not equally North American!—it made the standard of degrading comparison; the very zero of the scale of naval art; and this latterly shaped into an *ex-cathedra* decision by the gentlemen of White Lion Court, went forth to all the world, in the mouth of that faithful believer, the British sailor, or "lime-juicer," in whose eyes it is still arch heresy to doubt it.

Let us be just, however. It was not alone that spirit which is most readily expressed in the saying, "on one pair of English legs doth march three Frenchmen," or three colonists either; that belief which holds that nowhere else in the world can anything natural or artificial be produced to equal the same thing that is developed in the "tight little island;" especially British beef, British pudding, and British oak; but the presence of certain actualities upon which that patriotic sentiment of self-glorification could seize and feed. Want of appliances, scarcity of labour—more especially of the skilled kind; in a word, that rough hastiness of construction which is necessitated by the exigent concomitants of any pioneer civilization, combined to prevent anything like that degree of finish and elegance which the old-world sailor is accustomed to regard as inseparable from the requisite degree of thoroughness: yet that these earlier craft were, for the most part, sufficiently sound and staunch, is abundantly proved by their record. I have already cited ample evidence on this head:* and far more could be collected if necessary. Then they were so fabulously cheap! The British shipwright could not conceive it possible that anything like a "respectable craft" could be put together for an outlay so ridiculously disproportionate to what he was accustomed to think requisite. And then—they were not British; and there was an end of it.

Sooth to say, as far so workmanship alone went, there was much to be desired. Vessels that went "home," looking as if "they'd grow'd in the 'oods"—to quote British Jack's description — could not but provoke unfavourable opinion upon our navicular art as a whole. Then, another link in the chain of evidence—they were often found to be far less abundantly "fastened" than their British rivals. Here, Lloyds' might have have done us good service. Had the disqualificatory discriminations of British underwriters against colonial tonnage found limit at this point, they would have acted as a premium upon increased thoroughness of construction—no matter how severe. Unfortunately they did not. The qualities of our material — particularly that of durability—were brought in question for no other discoverable reason than that it didn't grow on British soil, and decided to be *nil*, or next thing to it. And thus it came about that Yankee Jack, when later *his* turn came, added to the characterization given our craft by his British brother, the further imputation of having "got picked afore they was properly ripe."

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* Canadian Monthly, vol. 3, page 462.

It was hard, this, very hard, and cruelly unjust to those pioneers of trade, who wrought—creditably indeed, circumstances considered—such uphill tasks in their wilderness homes. But it did not end here. Everybody else adopted this abominably unfair English estimate; and the result, down to our own time, has been a virtual edict of exclusion from the registries of continental Europe—with little exception as effective in its operation as the United States laws, specially framed to protect their own (now all but extinct) shipbuilders, have proved. Other British possessions and colonies imbibed the maternal faith, with like effect. Even now, Cape Colony, for example—though feeling the need for a home-carrying trade as only a population dotted along twelve hundred miles of sea-coast without anything approaching to an adequate, internal system of communication can feel it—though lacking timber, coal, iron, and about every other ship-building requisite, diminishes steadily her scanty capital in the effort to supply her wants by purchasing expensive British and foreign-built tonnage; and nevertheless finding it still imperative to admit all flags free to her coasting trade, yet buys no cheap "North American" craft—if she knows it. Indeed, more than this. No people in the world are more in need of a material for cheap house-building than are the inhabitants of the South African coast; yet the Cape Town importer, ordering cargoes from Liverpool, acting under this impression, excludes "British North American" deals, specifying instead "Baltic" pine; and continually gets—it is perhaps needless to add —the former, at the price of the latter. Lest any Dominionite, casting an eye over this, should consider himself entitled to a laugh; I will digress so far as to remind him that every "little game" has its two sides, and it is "played upon" him, as well as his cousin on "'tother end o' the land,"—

> "In a manner that I despise."

Cape wines are pure and fine; Cape raisins are sweet and good, and both are cheap; but who buys them here? Our dealers import "from London, sir, direct," the famous wines of Spain and France, and the famous raisins of Malaga, and pay accordingly. Ah! friend Bluenose, go to! there is a river in Macedon, as well as a river in Monmouth; and, indeed, "there be salmons in both, too." Little think you what quantities of Cape produce, "doctored," of course, up to the necessary closeness of similitude, find disposal in Canada. Let only those laugh who win is the safe maxim; and it indicates the British middleman, in whom there is no guile, as the privileged one "among us three;" and laugh he does, consumedly, at Colonial greenness, let me assure you. But in all seriousness, it does seem inexplicable that two communities, portions of the same empire, speaking the same language, with no other barrier, natural or artificial, existing between them than merely a few thousand miles of rarely stormy sea—one of them the first maritime people on earth, too, population considered—should be so thoroughly humbugged, befooled and played against each other, as this. Yet it is no puzzle to one who has had opportunities of seeing each from the other's point of view. It is beginning to be noticed that the proverbial English ignorance of America is surpassed by English ignorance of English colonies. I, speaking that I do know, and testifying that I have seen, do not hesitate to assert that there is one other thing profounder than even that deeper deep—which is, the ignorance of English colonies concerning each other. In the postal system of the empire there is a reflex, and a proof of this so evident that he who runs may read. Truly Bluenose was in a hard position. Father, big brother, and all his little sisters, alike jeered at and depreciated the poor boy's attempts at "whittling out" boats. Even Dickens, partaking, in common with every Englishman, of this utterly baseless notion of the worthlessness of Canadian timber, has his fling at us. "Surely," says Mr. Monkhouse, "a stout ship like this needn't fear anything so trifling as that" (small floes—"no bigger nor a long boat"—being the topic of discussion), and "Jack" comforts the uneasy passengers "thusly," as Artemus Ward would say: "'Stout shi-ip' this! Whew! Wy, she's a reg'lar New Brunsicker! She wouldn't stand no more chance with one o' them bits o'ground *h*ice nor a chaney bowl would with a soup-and-bully tin." Jack of course proves a true prophet—stage Jack, and novelists' Jack, is always infallible—the castastrophe comes—off Cape Horn, if I remember—and a nervous paragraph gives a vivid picture of a "sneaking lump o' ground *h*ice" bruising the "soft wood" planks and timbers into nothingness, in a style scarcely admissible had the one been a shell from a twenty-inch Rodman, and the other a cask of rotten cheese; and Jack indulges in comparisons with the "'ard *h*oak" of Britain, that impute to the latter rather greater power of resistance than is possessed by forged scrap-iron or compressed rubber. So persistently was it drummed into us that, besides our lack of ability to "model" and of skill to build, the material in which we gave our crude conceptions shape was, further, so unfit for the purpose as to be tolerated only because we had no other, that we came at last to believe it ourselves! Our forefathers would gladly have tried their hands at something else; but the sea was before them, and the forest behind. They must needs keep on, for nothing else was in the conditions; and so, luckily for us to-day, they kept on. They could copy "modelling" from the Yankees; skill, it might be hoped, would come with experience; and, although it was deplorable, certainly, this lack of durability, asserted by every British sailor and shipwright—whom it would be madness and disloyalty also to doubt—of the ventures sent home—though here again, strangely enough, the unaccountable stuff persisted in lasting sufficiently long to give a rather Noachian character in later time to his coasting fleet, and to preserve all his original crudities to become the mirth of succeeding generations;—the "stuff" was so plenty; so frequent of all required curves and angles; and withal, so "'mazin' handy," as to involve a no greater outlay than what even the exceedingly limited term of service attributed might amply return with fair fortune. Ah! there lay the grand secret of success, had we but known it; nor has it become wholly inoperative yet. It was not discovered, however, and the result was that the provincial shipwrights, until a few years past, built almost exclusively for customers in the United Kingdom—many, indeed, out of the hundreds of craft launched from their yards, never reserved even one to "run" for their own purposes—influenced by a notion that the ready money of the British purchaser, although bringing with it no very large profit, was safer than taking the chances of redeeming their investment by so fluctuating an agency as freight, within a term so limited that it might be wholly covered by any not very extraordinary period of mercantile depression. There is an interesting indication in this, to those who see in national life only a reduplication of individual existence. The reason which failed of taking the obvious next step, viz., that of considering how their "home" customers could afford to buy their productions unless they afterwards managed to recover the price therefrom by the earnings, was certainly in its childhood; and our wonder therefore ceases that they also failed to profit by the lesson, never wholly wanting, read them by, here and there, a producer of a deeper reach of thought who, building for his own service, rarely failed of success. The relics of this system, once pervading all our maritime communities, still remain in New Brunswick. It must be remembered, however, that its inception was compulsory. This absurd, unfounded and cruel prejudice against the chief resource, or that which has been chiefly developed, of the maritime provinces, came at length to be curiously interwoven with the interests of the British shipowner; and so closely that, at this day, it is difficult to disentangle the value of either in the complicated relations of cause and ever re-acting effect in which they undeniably operate. Prejudices, if sufficiently old and tough, are continually mistaken for interests; interests, on the other hand, are the source of the most deeply-rooted prejudices. Whichever was the beginner in our case, we easily discover a very broad and very solid stratum of the latter in the exposures and out-croppings of this present period; and I much misdoubt that closer examination will prove it the underlying. I need not remind the student of history that England, Government or people, "has never hesitated, when the weal of the empire demanded, to sacrifice her children"—that is her colonies. A colony may be pardoned for mitigating the fervency of its admiration for this Romanesque trait, when it is remembered that "weal of the empire," like other glittering generalities, is far more sounding than real, and is commonly construed to mean "the weal of Great Britain;" and with this rendering we have the key to many a piece of injustice. "Though the colonial history of England has never been stained by the cruelties and oppression that from the days of Pizarro to the present have stamped the name of Spain with infamy, yet the very same end and aim have inspired the policy of both countries. The results have been diametrically opposite, dismemberment and the rule of the sword; but the secret source from which they have flowed is the very same—the principle of self-interest.

"For nearly two centuries Great Britain looked upon her colonies as being merely profitable preserves for her commerce. The famous 'Colonial System' created by the Navigation Laws permitted none but British merchants to deal with us, and we were forced to ship our products to them only. Nor were we permitted to manufacture even a nail or a button for ourselves, or to buy from foreigners. It was simply an undisguised system of commercial slavery. How utterly our rights and interests were ignored is proved by a singular fact. The oppressive Act passed in the reign of Charles II., that declared that 'no commodity of the growth or manufacture of Europe' should be imported into the colonies except what was laden or shipped in British ports and in British bottoms—the first step towards cutting us off from commercial intercourse with all the rest of the civilized world, was actually entitled, 'An Act for the encouragement of Trade!'" *

The spirit is still abroad, albeit fallen from its wonted pride of place. The same that

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* Haliburton Jr.—"Review of British Diplomacy," p. 11.

insisted upon the abolition of the first unhappy hatter of Halifax, the same that forbade us to build ships for the world's carrying trade, this very familiar spirit is as easily recognizable to-day as in the time of our earlier maritime effort. Let us see how.

The much-enlightening lesson of '76 changed all that with the Government. The success of the revolted colonies beside us showed British statesmen that, to quote a compendious expression much in favour in those same colonies, "the old thing wouldn't work" any longer. Legislation directly unfavourable to the increase of colonial commerce was abandoned; and many of the old oppressive enactments were either repealed, or suffered to become a dead letter. Colonial vessels were no longer captured and condemned if found venturing out of their own home-coasting trade, as had been the case during the ante-revolutionary days. Bluenose's crudities began to make way over sea, to visit foreign European ports, the colonies of the Spanish Main, and to establish a record. For a time, the British shipowner regarded this feeble beginning of a competition with contemptuous tolerance. And well he might. The ponderous strength of the great British shipping interest was reinforced by the weightiest accessories. It was more than finished: it was accomplished. It lacked nothing in science, skill, capital or labour, not merely to maintain itself, but to ensure its rapid and steady advancement. The English merchantman stood alone. Strongly manned and armed, she fared self-reliantly into hostile seas, disdaining the aid of the king's ships. The service of the old East India Company was held in more regard among mariners than the navy—for the latter, during the period preceding Nelson, was sadly deficient in seamanship, and was dubbed a school of "lubbers" accordingly. The capital that backed the mercantile, foreign-going navy, was so abundant that no lavishness of equipment and appointment could exhaust it, and it overflowed into luxuries accordingly: not only could an East Indiaman fight a French frigate with fair chance of success, but her cabins would make her prisoner fancy himself amid the salons of Paris after; and the West Indiaman was not far behind, either in fighting or faring. Bristol free-traders maintained an incessant smuggling warfare along the west coast of America, from the Golden Gate to Valdivia; now opening gangways to drive a lucrative bargain with the ready colonists, and now manning batteries to drive off some interloping Spanish cruiser—or, if sundry whisperings are to be credited—sometimes to bag a richly-laden "galloon:" while Glasgow sent out her hard-fisted Scots, laden, to barter along the shores of Mozambique and Zanguebar, maugre possammee dhows and Mogul ships. Carthagenian history was repeated—here was a commerce self-poised, and in every sense self-sustaining; a commerce that beat down competitors and enemies with one strong hand, while it rolled up cent. per cent. with the other. When the navy, rehabilitated by Nelson's genius, entered upon its tremendous struggle with the conqueror of Europe—the future Titan of St. Helena—its attention was undistracted by any necessity of destroying any foreign commerce; already the mercantile navy had left none worthy of the name to any power in Europe; it had out-competed or out-fought its rivals everywhere. The day of Aboukir saw the British ship-owner essentially master of the world's carrying-trade, and exclusively so of the whale and most other deep-sea fisheries; and, it is safe to add, he would have remained so to this day, keeping abreast of the world's requirements in tonnage supply, and so have monopolized the whole ocean, to the exclusion of all competitors, but for the Yankee privateersmen of 1812.

On the other hand, "the ill-thriven, hard-visaged, and ill-favoured brat," as Burke calls Nova Scotia, in his famous speech on Economical Reform—our pioneer and representative in foreign commerce, had nothing

—neither skill, capital, nor labour; of the two first, nothing absolutely—of material resource nothing—neither iron nor copper, nor yet coal wherewith to work them; worse still, knew not of their existence beneath the sterile soil which refused the flax that might have made rigging, cables, oakum and canvass—nor pitch, tar, nor resin—in a word, nothing whatever except the growing trees: and now here was the whole British nation declaring that they were good for—well, matchwood! And by the infallible decretals of the two Societies of Underwriters that preceded the present united organization, it was carrying the declaration into practical application throughout the world. But a change was at hand.

The sailors' war of 1812, as the Americans happily term it, proved far more advantageous to the colonies than to those who waged it. The Yankee privateersmen broke down the "insular exclusiveness" of the British mercantile marine. We have seen what that interest was, its wealth, its spirit, its powers of offence and defence. It was upon no "kinchin lay" that these Yankee sailors went forth, unlike the Noah Claypoles of the Confederate navy. They hit an antagonist that could hit back again—usually did in fact, and right sturdily too, though mostly in vain, for his new tactics made their enemy irresistible. The idea, since become the leading one with all war-navies, of concentrating the metal into a few guns of enormous calibre, was the invention of the Yankee privateersman; and it proved too much for the old plan of distributing it among many pieces of small calibre. Proud Indiamen who would have scorned to run from a French second-rate, were forced to strike to the discharges from a tiny enemy whose solitary forty-eight pounder (the twenty-inch gun of that day) tore and wrecked them into helpless disablement, while *their* twelves and eighteens either fell short, or, owing to the smallness of the mark, missed nine times out of ten. Three years the war lasted. At its close the English whaling fleet had disappeared totally; nor has it ever since recovered the lost ground. Atlantic commerce had been all but annihilated; and the indomitable privateers, rounding the Cape, had taken up the trail of the rich East Indiamen, when the voice from Ghent called them back to resume the peaceful pursuits of commerce; not, however, until they had opened a way that ultimately permitted the American East Indiamen to come in for their share of the Asiatic trade.

With the treaty of Ghent began a period of universal peace. The paralyzed carrying-trade of the world sprang from the extreme of depression to the opposite, at a bound. A pressure and an urgency of demand followed, which British tonnage was far too reduced to accommodate. With the same inconceivable fatuity that has characterized their legislation in this day, the American rulers denied their people, by the imposition of war taxes and a high tariff, the fruits of their naval successes; their only gain being the establishment of a whale fishery, to which purpose their prizes were peculiarly adaptable. From a cosmopolitan point of view, however, this is scarcely to be regretted, It gave other maritime nations an opportunity once more to venture to sea; and Latin and Scandinavian commerce reappeared in the great routes where it had been almost obliterated. The Englishman of to-day, convert as he now is to the doctrines of free trade, recognises in the war of 1812 a blessing in disguise.

From the colonial point of view there is no question as to its merits. Into our laps fell, ripe and luscious, those fruits which the Americans denied themselves. The "ill-thriven brat" had an opportunity at last. The British shipowner, thinking on his devastated fleet, while the world from all its quarters importuned him for ships, and offered whatsoever he would for their hire, turned his eyes upon the boundless forests of Canada. The sneer against "soft-wood craft" died for a time on his lips; and in exchange for them his money and his skill flowed freely hitherward. Still larger was the influx of American skill—though of course not of capital, their stupid registry laws prevented that—but the men, the shipwrights, already better artisans—our material considered—than their European fellows, came readily over the line to escape the "dull times" at home. This was better than gold, for the ideals these advanced workers brought with them saved our fleets from fossilizing for ever into "lime-juicers;" though the conflict with the old notions was a tough one, and, in the case of Nova Scotia, prolonged into the present period. The soul of Jack Bunsby would rejoice over a specimen I saw, fresh from her cradle, the other day.

Under these influences, colonial maritime enterprise began to assume a definite form. The gaps in the British registry were soon filled up, largely by these colonial contributions, yet not wholly, for the Government, though driven to seize every possible source of revenue under the spur of a necessity far more goading than that of the United States is or has been, yet spared tonnage, comparatively speaking, and left the merchant free to buy "bottoms" wherever he chose. Then the British underwriter again put on the screw, and partizanship again revived the ungenerous gibe of "soft-wood tubs;" forgetful, as only sectional animosity can be, how truly they had served the nation's day of commercial exigency. But the impulse that had been given was beyond check—almost beyond restraint, notwithstanding the restrictive efforts, prompted by his perception of the coming rivalry, in which the British owner indulged; and the tide of colonial commerce rose steadily, if not so rapidly, and with little or no fluctuation, until the time when the troubles of our neighbours deflected into it tributary streams of every description—since when its expansion is unmatched by anything in commercial history. Well might the late Dominion Secretary of State proudly call the attention of the American public to the fact that Nova Scotian tonnage outnumbers Nova Scotia's population. "The babe born yesterday is represented by a ton of shipping built before its birth," were his words while addressing the Howe re-union, in the summer of '71. And he might have added that it pushes its delegate around creation in a manner perfectly unparalleled. £52,893 11s. 4d. was paid in *dock dues* by the trade of the Provinces, to the Port of Liverpool alone, during the fiscal year ending June, 1870; so that, in round numbers, 500,000 of these representatives of impending Bluenoses have presented their credentials in one sea-port in one year.

This is an industrial triumph we need not shrink to compare with aught of similar nature recorded in history. Even the indomitable persistence of the Hollander, long quoted as the highest index of the gigantic results a *small* nation may achieve, need not daunt us. One long battle of five hundred years has been sustained by the Dutchmen against earth-shaking Poseidon; and they have wrested from the trident-bearer a splendidly fertile country, opulent in cities, cities opulent again in trade, in art, in literature, and in historic association. But Dutchmen are three millions. The combined populations of our maritime provinces sum but little over half a million. In five hundred years, three millions of Dutchmen have conquered from the sea a home two-thirds the area of Nova Scotia. Put three millions in fleet-creating New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and they will impose a floating empire on it in one-fifth the time.

When the British shipping interest foresaw the coming rivalry of the colonial commerce, it sought for means of prevention. It first, with multifold clamours, assailed the government, hoping to restore the old disqualificatory legislation. Especially was it urged that the British shipwright must be protected from the "ruinous competition" of the "cheaply built ships of British North America" by restrictive regulations. But the government had seen the folly of the ante-revolutionary policy, and turned a deaf ear alike to cajoleries and complaints. Left to his own devices, the shipper, with the aid of the insurer, constructed and wheeled into line a weapon of formidable effectiveness indeed, to wit,—British Lloyds'; and thus was inaugurated that last phase of the struggle which has ended not yet, though we have lately seen the beginning of the end.

This great society codified and formulated the prejudices floating through the British mind. Did a first rate British-built ship get classed A 1. for fifteen years, the best product of the colonial shipyards got *four.* Was it asked why this difference—the answer was ready; viz., because North American timber is inferior to British, in strength and durability, to about that proportion! Nothing but that spirit of "universal flunkeyism," which the colonist mistakes for loyalty—loyalty—which is to him what their ark was to the ancient Hebrews, death to touch, and damnation to look into;—could have made us swallow such a monstrous and baseless assertion; and that too in the teeth of other regulations of their code which sanctioned the use of the vilified material in the highest classed ships built in Great Britain. There was little skill in reading between the lines among us, that we failed so long to perceive that these rules were framed to check our building ships at home, and to encourage our exportation of ship timber to the British market.

And, in verity, want of reading in any mode had much to do with the astounding, the inexplicable credulity we have all along exhibited in the matter. As a class, our shipowners are yet very illiterate; so are our masters. "Most of your fellows who come here to be examined," complained the Examiner in Navigation at my time of passing the awful ordeal of the Board—(unmitigated humbug that institution, by the way, but that's a subject for another time) "really need to attend some elementary school for a year or two. How excessively stupid of men to come here, when they actually can *not* fill out their examination papers. And yet they complain that we're hard on 'em." Being untaught—conscious of deficiencies—conscious, moreover of being mere copyists in everything—and superadding to that the common provincial tendency to defer to everything which emanated from "home;" looking upon England as the one centre and fountain of all knowledge and enlightenment, our predecessors, though terribly puzzled by the contra-indications everywhere before their eyes, decided that the British valuation must be correct, although it involved the absurdity of admitting that Englishmen knew more about our own timber than we do ourselves. "Bismillah! It is spoken by the wise one! what am I that I should gainsay it?" The Turko-Bluenose isn't extinct yet, either.

Nevertheless, those contra-indications have had their effect upon our popular opinion. Men of an observant turn noted the duration, not alone of houses, barns, fences, and so on, but of wharves, floating booms, mill-gates, dyke-sluices, etc., and pertinently (impertinently, they think at Lloyds') put this query, How it could happen that such material as ours, which often outlasted a generation, and that too with little or no preservative precautions, should literally rush into decay—as Lloyds' four years imply—when wrought into the very structure which, of all others, must be most sedulously and jealously protected against deterioration. What, they demand, can it be possible that a vessel which is pitched and tarred, and painted, and wood-oiled, and salted, and is, moreover, continually more than half submerged in sea-water, does not last as long as a bottom-rail in a "Virginny fence" which is laid upon the naked ground, exposed to the sun and rain, the frost and snow, the heat and drought, of this most variable and extreme climate? Seamen of the more original habit of thought, also, observing the frequency with which smaller craft of antique build and model occur among any of our fleets, began to inquire into the record of such archaic specimens, and discovered that half a century of tough battling with Boreas and Neptune was nothing exceptional, for these rudely-built and more rudely-treated vessels. Before such stubborn facts as these even the enormous prestige attaching to the opinion of the British "cove wot knows," had to give ground at last.

With the "cove" himself, however, it is slower work. It is a painful operation at any time to get a new idea into the mind of this multi-headed—but doubly so, indeed, when that idea is at issue with "vested" interests, and prejudices sanctified by hoar antiquity. In Britain these two things coupled together may be personified as a sort of Venerable Gammon, whose lightest words outweighs monarch, lords and commons; and who not infrequently proves an overmatch for the redoubtable Mrs. Grundy, when they happen to take opposite sides—but that is seldom. As an instance: after India had become the home of sundry English-speaking communities, it was discovered that the deservedly famous teak of that country was applicable to the naval art, and the Anglo-Indian fell to work accordingly—but with what result? The "country ships" were for ages at once the laughing-stock and the detestation of British, and through them of all other European seamen. The "coir-ropes" and "greasy-teak" were the mark for sneers and jeers for as long a period as our unlucky products have been. Yet there were the wonderful gates of the Chusero Bagh, built of teak, in the Mogul garden of Allahabad. Solid, enduring teak! They were erected nearly three hundred years ago; they have withstood the blaze of India's fierce sun, its parching winds, its soaking rains, through all that time; and still the grain of that marvellous wood is as firm and compact as when hewn from the forest. Their fame went through England long ago. Travellers told of them, historians and antiquarians wrote of them, poets sung of them—but in vain. Venerable Gammon declared their material, natheless inferior to the British *h*oak; and who might dissent from his dictum? But to-day this is changed. When the supply of home-grown timber ran short, the Venerable Gammon reformed his teachings; and East Indian teak now stands deservedly at the head of Lloyds' Table of Construction. And since teak and a long list of other varieties continue to supply the British ship-yards, we may look in vain for justice to our timber in this way. There is more hope for the efforts of those British owners who buy N. A. built tonnage. This class increases, and it maintains a steady pressure upon Lloyds' exclusiveness; but with what effect is best measured by reflecting, that during twenty-five years the concessions have only added three years to the class-period first assigned. As about five years more are still required to make up the fair allowance for our best constructions, we can scarcely afford to wait, if we mean to put our tonnage at its deserved rates before the beginning of the twentieth century, now looming in the near prospective. The "one year additional given to spruce" last summer—a direct consequence of the present agitation—is but a mite out of the thousands that are our just due. French Lloyds', from the spirit of competition, will bid a trifle higher, but it has no more stake in seeing *full* justice accorded than its British rival has. "Ourselves must strike the blow."

And now, certain abstract considerations are to be dealt with. People are putting the question, "What is a Lloyds'?" and none *need* the answer so much as, with exceedingly few exceptions, do our shipmasters and shipowners.

To the Canadian who puts the query, a

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direct reply, either by figure or literally, is impossible. To the Englishman who needs to be told, a good idea would be at once conveyed by pronouncing British Lloyds' a nautical Tattersall's; and the average American would obtain a perhaps still clearer "notion" on being told that it is a never-adjourning "caucus" of underwriters. But the Dominion hath no Tattersall's; "caucus" is a term yet unknown in our rapidly (backward) progressing partizan politics, and, even if it were not, "underwriter" stands in need of a broad and comprehensive definition. Literally, its significance is tolerably well understood; *i. e.,* one who writes his name at the bottom of an insurance policy; a bit of old coffee-house slang, derived from that act, and referable to those long-forgotten days when marine insurers and shippers used to frequent worthy old Lewis Lloyd's coffee-rooms, to partake of the beverage and discuss nautical ventures. We must go back of that query, then, and get an answer to the precedent one, viz., What is an underwriter?

Broadly, then, an underwriter is a betting —*man,* I was about to say, but since Mesdames Woodhull & Claflin established their broker firm in South Street, New York, the difficulties of definition are enhanced by want of an applicable word of common gender. Let us try another form. An "underwriter" is one who bets me a hundred pounds to seventy shillings that my ship *will* arrive safe. That is, provided my ship be in every respect, build, equipment, material, and so on, a first-rate vessel, fully manned, and perfectly sound; and the voyage be one of a nature involving no unusual or extraordinary risks or dangers; such as would be the case, for example, were she sailing under a belligerent flag, and therefore liable to capture from the hostile cruisers. The odds vary, of course, with the quality of the ship. As she is found to deteriorate from age or service they will be lessened, unless she be carefully kept up to the highest standard by replacement of damaged portions of hull, rigging, or spars, with sound material. If she was not in the first instance built in the best manner, out of the best timber, or if, through wear and tear, she has come to be about on a level with another so constructed originally, she would be considered second-rate, and the wager varies accordingly—it becomes, say a hundred to five. Suppose her worth five thousand pounds. Then the bet (if laid to her full value) will be five thousand against two hundred and fifty. Now, the latter is yclept "premium," and the former "insurance." And here, we may observe, the distinction between the "turfile" and the "underwriter" (or insurer) begins. The betting of the former is illegal, while that of the latter is sustained by a code of enactments "as long as the main-to'-gallant-bowline and flying-jib-down-haul spliced together," to quote Jack's expressive simile; and, it may be added, the question whether a purging of the statute-book from the larger proportion of that legislation of details—of the abolition of the Act for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals bred in ships' biscuit, (by extracting sailors' teeth,) with all its multifarious pendants—has not become expedient, is at least an open one.

Now, these legalized betting-men form, in Great Britain, a distinct and most important class in the body maritime; and what is called "Lloyds'" is a simple institution, growing naturally out of their requirements. In the long past, when marine insurance first began to be practised, an owner or a master (the terms were then commonly convertible, or where the owner was not a professional seaman he, nevertheless, usually accompanied his ship on her voyages) would apply to some friends of known ability "on 'Change," to underwrite his "adventure," which generally included both ship and cargo. It was a simple matter for these friends to proceed to the freighted argosy, and satisfy themselves touching all and sur dry the elements of risk in the speculation, by actual, direct inspection. The strength and soundness of the hull, spars and rigging; the sufficiency of outfit and manning; the point of immersion, and "laborsomeness" of cargo; and the evidences of the professional skill and ability of the staff, were all before their eyes; and with these data the parties to the bet reckoned the "odds," and made up their wager. Under such circumstances no "go-between" was necessary—the high contracting parties were themselves face to face, and nothing more was required.

But the voluminousness—and more, the rush and hurry—of modern commerce, has rendered that mediæval simplicity ineffective. Did the underwriter now wait to make a personal examination before he signed the "policy"—as the legal form of "booking the bet" is now termed—the great bulk of ventures would proceed uninsured, or business would be at a stand-still. A "go-between" has become indispensable—and that "go-between" is what men, for want of a better and more descriptive word, call by the vague appellation "Lloyds'." The insurance broker now discharges the former functions of master or owner; the surveyor that of the underwriter. The ancient inspection by the latter, on each and every voyage, has given place to a "survey," once for all, for certain specified terms, varying with the style of construction and nature of material, from four to seventeen years, by his modern representative and ally; and the name of the ship so "surveyed" is entered on the books of the Society of Underwriters, with her term of class, grade, size, and certain other important particulars; and it is to the list so formed that the underwriter now refers when he lays a bet as to the probabilities of the arrival of a given vessel, or the cargo she carries, or the freight she will earn, instead of going down to the docks and examining into these probabilities for himself. Obviously this list, with its system of specified periods of classification, enables the underwriter to accept "a risk" on one of the vessels therein named, with equal facility whether she be at home or at the antipodes. "Lloyds'" is a great convenience, and its power to influence the employment of tonnage is proportionate to that convenience. A ship not entered on the books may be equally good with those that are; but the underwriter has no means of knowing that she is; and consequently refuses to have anything to do with her, and, what is far more to the point, with cargo that may be shipped in her. For, obviously, the insuring of goods afloat must depend almost exclusively upon the capability of the vessel (or, in Lloyds' slang, "the bottom") in which it floats, to convey it uninjured to its destination. Hence, Lloyds' List becomes equally as important and as useful to the shipper as to the underwriter, and he selects for his purpose a vessel of the size he may require whose name is to be found on that list—or which has, in *his* slang, "a character at Lloyds'"—and ignores her unclassed rival. Here becomes apparent the imperative necessity for every ship to be enrolled on the list of one at least of the several societies existing.

As for Lloyds' "Rules of Construction," they are merely a proffer. Through them the underwriters say to the builders, "If you will put your ship together thus and so, and use such and such timber for such and such functions, we will insure her, or her cargo, at such and such rates. Our lowest rate we call 'A. 1.' Of course it implies the highest kind of ship. Here are certain varieties of timber which we have known and proved for many years; you may select from them whichever you please, out of which to build her. We consider all these different varieties as about on a par, *at the beginning*. But owing to differences in the rate of deterioration among these different sorts, we have found it necessary to establish different periods in the time for which they shall be so considered. Thus: here is one kind; if you construct a ship out of that, we will continue to call her risks A. 1 for seven years; but here is another, and of course a more valuable kind, a ship of which we will continue to call the risks A. 1 for fourteen years. If you build a ship in the highest style of naval art, and with the utmost possible skill, in East Indian teak, we will put her down on our list for the A. 1 rate of insurance for seventeen years; but if you use 'British North American' timber, we will enter her for only seven."

This is where the trouble begins. That thoroughly well and skilfully built ship in Canadian timber, *we* claim is good for twelve years. And it will only end with a Canadian Lloyds' for Canadian timber.

Our real need is an underwriter guild. We want men of capital and a speculative turn of mind, in sufficient number to form a respectable society in the commercial metropolis of the Dominion. The moment that is done, the question of a "Canadian Lloyds'" (much vexed of late in the seaboard newspapers by a class of writers to characterize whom another unfamiliar British term must be employed, to wit, "duffers,") will be essentially settled. The rules, the customs, the list, and *all* the details which, taken together constitute a "Lloyds'," will naturally and spontaneously grow out of the workings of such a society; and a system of classification appropriate to our trade, our ships, and to the wide variety of material wherewith Nature has so lavishly endowed this country for the building of ships, will at once begin to be evoked. Nothing more is necessary. Legislation would be mischievous. The constitution of such an association cannot be made—it must *grow.*

That growth, however, will be one unparalelled for rapidity, once started; the development of the latest of the kindred European institutions will afford no measure for ours, in this, and many other respects. But to talk of establishing "a Canadian Lloyds'" by act of Parliament, is equally as irrational as would be the expectation that our devastated forests would be restored by legislative action on the day such enactment should go into operation. What can be done in the one case, however, may also be done in the other—that is, the basis of the future growth may be prepared. In the inland provinces there exists sufficient disengaged capital, and it is possible for legislation to call into existence an underwriting class at a single stroke. Space does not permit any dilation upon the many advantages—aside from the tonnage question, to the commonwealth—which must follow such a management; but one may be pointed out, maugre the risk of pressing upon the limits. The working of such a scheme would create an additional bond of union; and in our existing condition, (held together only by the British North American Act, and utterly without any holding in a widespread sentiment or interest,) no Canadian statesman will deny its importance. The man of the maritime provinces now looks to London or to Belgium for the insurance of his ventures—let him learn to look to Quebec and Montreal. Let the man of the inland provinces, whose horizon is now bounded by Ontario and Quebec, by becoming thus interested in Canadian tonnage, be taught a much needed lesson, viz., that this new Canada of to-day is bounded by the two great oceans. Such a measure would prove a thought-broadener, equal in influence to a Pacific and an Intercolonial Railway combined. One more point. The Government would render an essential piece of service by appointing a commission to examine into and experiment upon all our native varieties of timber, with reference primarily, though not exclusively, to their use and function in our naval architecture. This is the nearest it may venture towards providing a Table of Construction. The extract below, from a table constructed from the results of experiments in Woolwich and Chatham, is a sample of part of the data such a commission should provide:

BREAKING WEIGHTS OF SAMPLES.[*] (OF TIMBER.)

VARIETY.	DIMENSIONS.	CONDITION.	BROKE AT STRAIN OF LBS. AV.
British Oak.	7ft. long by 2in. square	Seasoned	450
Indian Sal.	Do. do.	do.	881
Tasmanian Blue Gum.	Do. do.	do.	1,031

Canadian rock-maple will probably prove the equal of the second variety herein quoted.

It will also be well for the legislative mind to remember, in any contemplated modifications of tariff, that ships are already taxed to the utmost point by the existing necessity for foreign insurance. Until Canadian tonnage shall have been properly and justly appraised in the underwriting market; and until the immense sums now annually expended in buying insurance of foreign vendors—to use a strong figure—shall be kept in home circulation, it will not bear a featherweight of impost without responding immediately in deterioration. This consideration would of itself require thirty pages for complete elucidation; but gentlemen fit to make laws for the nation ought to be fit to *think* it out for themselves; at least when reminded that twelve years' allowance of time in which to redeem a given investment, floating or otherwise, is to seven years' allowance for the same purpose, as—twelve to seven, exactly. Thereon cogitate, Pogram.

Before the present decade closes, the zone of electric communication will be completed by the laying of a Pacific cable. It has become a necessity. In this age, the distance between needing and having has, for most things, been miraculously shortened. In 1859, I pointed out the cause of failure of the first Atlantic cable, and indicated the one principle of construction which *could not* fail. That hit;[†] and close and careful consideration of the rapid expansion of trade relations between America and China, together with much personal observation in both countries, emboldens me to predict a greater than the Atlantic cable, albeit as yet unspoken of, before the end of 1880. It ought to be laid sooner, for it is indispensable already. And, notwithstanding its far greater total length, the Pacific cable will be much easier of accomplishment than the Atlantic, inasmuch as no long spans are necessary; the greatest stretch by the best route being under 700 miles, the shortest may be as low as ten; and it can be dotted with way-stations like beads on a string, among the endless Pacific islands. With China thus brought within hail of us, the great ruling central underwriting market will emigrate from Britain to America. Unless United States' commerce shall within the same period be restored, an event far more possible than probable, that emigration will land on Canadian shores, if only due preparations exist. An outlook, this, worth striving to realize, for the Underwriter is King of modern commerce! Let it be remembered, too, that the time is at hand when the "Continental Wheat Garden," as Knight, of the Northern Pacific Railroad, calls the Saskatchewan Valley, will be cultivated by an influx of Chinese labour. Here are the fields, there are the men—and the eternal laws of demand and supply will bring them together, be governmental policies what they may. Billions of bushels and barrels, and transatlantic nations of consumers, imply millions of Canadian tonnage. Are the operations of that enormous navy to remain under control of White Lion Court, or of the *Registre International de Paris?*

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[*] There should also be tables prepared to show the twisting strain, power of retaining, fastening, etc. etc., supplemented by others showing the best ascertainable average of durability.

[†] Compare N. Y. Life Illustrated: Fowler & Wells, for Nov. 28th, with last chapter of 1860 edition of Maury's Physical Geography: Harper & Bros.

FOR KING AND COUNTRY.

A STORY OF 1812.

BY FIDELIS.

CHAPTER XIII.

VICTORY!

"Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war,
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre!"

IT was two or three weeeks before Lilias was sufficiently recovered from her feverish attack to go about as usual, and even then her step and her movements had a langour that had never characterized them before. Marjorie was an invaluable companion at a time when, had she been alone, she would have been tempted, perhaps, to yield altogether to depression of mind and body. Marjorie read to her, or talked to her, almost incessantly, and as soon as possible got her out to lie on an extempore couch of skins and shawls spread under the trees. Ernest Heathcote had been once at Oakridge during her illness. He had heard of it, and had managed to get over to enquire how she really was. Of course he heard from his uncle and aunt all that Major Meredith had said of himself,—had heard, too, who was the Major's informant. He was not much surprised; for, with the instinctive feeling that seldom deceives, he had been for some time convinced that Percival was inwardly hostile to him, and so would willingly believe anything to his discredit. Perhaps a suspicion of what might be the cause of this made it easier to bear the grievance quietly. He said little, resolving to await Captain Percival's return, and then to demand his authority for his statement. Meantime, of course, he made no attempt to see Lilias.

When she heard of his visit, Lilias was not sorry that it should have been at a time when she was still confined to her room. It would have been hard indeed, she felt, to obey her father's charge, had she been going about as usual, and perhaps met Ernest face to face. Still she longed more than she could tell, in her present state of weakness and unrest, for one glimpse of the familiar face, a few words from the familiar voice that never seemed so pleasant and so much wanted before.

There was a good deal of rainy, tempestuous weather that August, and Marjorie, whose father had gone with General Brock's expedition, had watched the weather from day to day with an anxious heart, feeling that the troops must suffer from exposure to its inclemency. Neither was there any means of knowing how they fared. In these days of daily papers well stocked with telegraphic reports, it is not easy to realize the trial of suspense, the longing for some tidings, the weariness of waiting till the return of the expedition, or the arrival of a slowly travelling messenger, should bring at last the tardy news. And as Marjorie's eldest brother, as well as her father, was with the expedition, the suspense to her was trying indeed.

August had dragged itself on at last to its twenty-fourth day. It had been a heavy, cloudy one, threatening rain,—the wind blowing so unpleasantly that the girls had hardly cared to venture out. Towards evening the wind fell, and they strolled out by Lilias' favourite walk, the path that led to the churchyard, and then down through the "Maple Bush" to the lake. They were surprised to find how chilly the evening was, seeming an *avant courier* of approaching autumn. The lake, instead of the delicious soft summer blueness of tint which it had so lately worn, seemed a dreary waste of cold greenish grey,—the landscape and the water almost like a dim sketch in neutral tints; and the dark, cold-looking waves surged heavily up on the beach with a sullen swell, presaging bleak and wintry days. Heavy purple clouds lay horizontally across the sky, and behind them a soft band of saffron light showed almost lurid against the darkness. The sullen haziness of the evening seemed in harmony with the troubled atmosphere that brooded over the land, and with the anxiety that lay heavy at the hearts of the girls. Even Marjorie's spirits seemed to fail, as they stood watching the long roll of the grey waves on the sand, and at last, with a chill shiver, as much mental as physical, turned homeward. They met Nannie, as they approached the house, thoughtfully collecting an armful of dead wood to make up a fire for the "lassies." It was soon blazing and crackling in the wide fire-place, and, with the tea-table drawn up in front of it, the girls began to feel brighter; even though the rain coming down at last, began to plash heavily against the window-panes.

While they listened to the dreary sounds of wind and rain without, talking a little now and then, though their hearts were wandering far away, Bruno's sudden barking,—followed by a little bustle and noise at the back-door, and by Nannie's voice raised in sudden ejaculation, announced the arrival of an unexpected visitor. Lilias, supposing it must be her father, was about to rush to the door to welcome him, when it opened, and Captain Percival appeared, his dark-blue military cloak drenched with rain, the drops of which were glistening, too, on his auburn hair and whiskers. He was greeted with surprised pleasure; for the unexpected arrival from the world without, bearing intelligence of so much that they were eager to know, could not but be most welcome. Even Lilias forgot, for the time, her private cause for displeasure with Percival, and greeted him warmly, asking how he came there in such a storm.

"It is just the storm which must be my excuse for appearing here so late;" he replied, smiling, and evidently gratified by his cordial reception. He then hastily explained that General Brock and the expedition had just returned, by the schooner Chippawa, across Lake Erie, and were by this time at Fort George. He himself had been sent round from Fort Erie by a circuitous route with despatches for the outposts, and finding himself not far from Oakridge, had made a little *détour*, in order to give his friend Major Meredith the news, claim his hospitality for the night, and push on to Newark in the morning. The state of the roads along which he had had to pick his way, and the darkness of the evening making it impossible to see a yard before him, had not only very much delayed his progress, but had made him only too glad to seek for himself and his exhausted horse a shelter at The Elms.

Lilias explained that her father was absent at Newark, but gave Captain Percival a courteous and hospitable greeting. Marjorie could hardly repress her eagerness till the necessary civilities had been gone through, and then came her eager questions. The first, of course, was for the welfare of her father and brother, and her next, on being assured of that—"What success?"

"Splendid success!" exclaimed he exultingly. "Detroit captured; Hull driven from his position and compelled to capitulate! Cannon, stores, colours, and nearly three thousand prisoners surrendered, and the ball at our feet to go on and crush the last vestige of the invasion!"

Marjorie's delight was uncontrollable. She could hardly refrain from a "hurrah!" and Lilias, though quieter in her manifestation of it, felt hardly less emotion. Both were eager to know the particulars, and when Percival had seen the comfort of his tired horse secured, and had removed his wet cloak and taken some needed refreshment, both girls listened with fascinated ears to his recital of the adventures of the expedition. It was surprising, indeed, as Lilias could not help inwardly remarking, what a transformation had come over Percival—how changed he seemed from the indifferent, coldly polite, *blasé* young man he had appeared on his first arrival. *Now*, genuine enthusiasm animated his voice and sparkled in his eye; even his tones seemed to have a deeper vibration, and as Lilias noted the effect of his plunge into the real military work which was so congenial to him, she could not wonder that he had welcomed the advent of war. Yet it was not wholly his military experiences, congenial as they were, which had made the difference. Contact with a character so noble as that of Brock, which exercised a strong influence on all who came within its influence, had done much to rouse a spirit not naturally ignoble, but enervated by idleness and inaction. His observation of the General's high, unselfish aims, and whole-souled devotion to duty, had shown him the comparative pettiness of his own self-centred motives, even in his dreams of gallantly serving his country and winning military glory. He had not yet come to feel the true central force of action, the constraining power, which, acting alike through heart and mind, can alone round the life into a beautiful harmony. But he was, at least, beginning to appreciate its effects in the lives of others, and to feel, with a vague dissatisfaction and longing, the want of it in his own. And the secret influence of Lilias herself, unconscious as it was, had had no small share in producing this effect.

As they listened, now, to his graphic account of the progress of the expedition, the girls could see in imagination the scenes he described;—could follow the troops in their march from Burlington Bay to Long Point, on Lake Erie;—in their toilsome four days of rowing in open boats over the storm-tossed waves of the lake, the rain pouring down upon them, and the unsheltered coast presenting formidable and often unseen dangers. "And," added Percival, with natural satisfaction, "the General declared that he had never seen troops who could endure the fatigue and the bad weather with greater cheerfulness, and that the conduct of the little band throughout had excited his admiration. As for your father, Miss McLeod, none of your Ossianic heroes could have braved storm and danger and exposure with more utter indifference! With his plaid wrapped round him, he seemed to care no more for wind and waves than—the General himself."

Marjorie's eyes glistened with a moist sparkle; for she was very proud of her brave, stately, soldierly father; proud, too, of the other brave man in whom her own pure disinterested devotion gave her a certain sense of property.

Then Percival went on to tell them of the landing at Amherstburg, where General Brock had, for the first time, met the Shawanee Chief, Tecumseh, and where the two Generals, the British and the Indian one,—not a little resembling each other in some of their essential and noble characteristics—had concerted their plan of operation against the American force.

"They seemed to take to each other instantly," said Percival. "Tecumseh seemed impressed with General Brock's ability and courage at once, as one could see in his glistening eyes and his eagerness to act with him, though of course he said very little at the parley. I never saw an Indian that came up so much to my idea of Campbell's "noble savages." He's a good-looking fellow,—has a light copper-coloured complexion, an oval face with bright hazel eyes full of cheerfulness, energy, and decision, and a figure not very tall, but slender and finely proportioned. He had no tawdry ornaments of paint or beads, but a plain deer-skin costume, the seams decorated with neatly cut fringes, a red kerchief tied round his head, with an eagle feather fastened in it, and on his feet leather moccasins, richly embroidered with dyed porcupine quills. The only ornaments about him were three small silver crowns or coronets suspended from his aquiline nose,—having a very odd effect,—and around his neck, hanging by a coloured string of wampum, a large silver medallion of old George the Third, which he told us an ancestor of his had received from Lord Dorchester. But he was as dignified as an emperor in stars and orders, and his keen hawk-like eye looked as if it took in everything with one silent glance. The General asked him whether his people could be got to refrain from drinking spirits, and Tecumseh told him that they had, one and all, before leaving their wigwams on the Wabash, promised not to touch it till they had humbled the "Big Knives," as they called the Americans. You should have seen how pleased the General looked, and with what approval and dignity he said: "Adhere to this resolution and you must conquer."

Percival proceeded to describe the crossing at Detroit, when General Brock stood erect in his canoe, purposely exposing himself, with a noble rashness, in order to inspire his troops with courage and win the confidence of his Indian allies. The Indian Chief described him afterwards in one of his eloquent orations as "the pale-faced warrior, who, standing erect in the bow of his canoe, led the way to battle." An expedition thus led could hardly fail to conquer. Brock had seized his opportunity; and by the judicious concerted action of his handful of troops —only about seven hundred in all,—"four hundred of whom were Canadian militia disguised as red-coats," and of his Indian allies, the enemy were driven into their fort, where they speedily capitulated. By the terms of the capitulation they surrendered their entire force, consisting of about 2,500 troops, including some artillery and cavalry, with a stand of colours, thirty-three pieces of cannon, a quantity of stores and the military chest. A vessel of war was included in the surrender, by which the important cession of the Michigan territory and Fort Detroit was also made to the British Government. And all this was secured, as General Brock observed in one of his despatches, "without the sacrifice of a single drop of British blood," and indeed, it must be added, without any great amount of bloodshed even on the American side. The rout was a most complete one, striking dismay to the hearts of the invaders, "blasting," as an American historian says, "the prospects of the first campaign," animating and giving confidence to the militia, which had now seen its first engagement; and winning for the General, who was himself surprised at the ease of his conquest, the warmest admiration of the Canadian people. In its completeness and in its results it was no less decisive and important, as regarded the success of the campaign, than was the victory of Salamanca, gained by Wellington over Marmont less than a month previous, as regarded that of the Peninsular War.

As Percival enthusiastically declared:— "Brock had only to go on as he had begun" in order to free Canada finally in the course of a few weeks from the disturbers of her peace. And, although very much against his will, the General was not permitted to do this, yet it is not too much to say that this "single field" *did* "turn the chance of war;" that by cheering and encouraging the people, securing the support of wavering Indian tribes, and retarding the American operations for nearly a year, it was in no small degree instrumental in eventually securing the preservation of Upper Canada to the British Crown.

Nor had the victory been sullied by a single departure from clemency and humanity. Brock had permitted the American militia to retire unmolested to their homes; while he treated with all possible kindness and consideration the regular soldiers, who were, of course, detained as prisoners of war, and whose confiscated weapons were a most timely boon for the further arming of the Canadian militia. Even the Indians, usually so barbarous in their warfare, had been restrained from committing a solitary act of cruelty. This was chiefly owing to the unbounded influence that General Brock had acquired over his savage allies by the chivalrous dash and promptness which had crowned his expedition with such speedy and brilliant success; and to the earnestness with which he used his influence to restrain their naturally ferocious impulses. In his general orders issued at Detroit, he told them that in nothing could they testify more strongly their love to the King, their great father, than in following the dictates of honour and humanity. And in Tecumseh he found an efficient supporter. Unsparing as the Chief was in battle, he was humane to the wounded and contemptuously tolerant towards the prisoners, of whom he said to General Brock, that "he despised them too much to meddle with them!"

Captain Percival added, to complete his animated account of a warrior of a type so new to him, a description of his answering some of the General's topographical enquiries by throwing himself on the ground, and tracing with his knife, upon a sheet of bark, a plan of the country, with all its natural features of hills, woods, rivers and roads, which the General declared was as clear and intelligible as a surveyor's map. Furthermore, Percival told them how, after the surrender of Detroit, General Brock had taken off his own sash and publicly adorned the Chief with it, as a special mark of honour; and how, notwithstanding the evident gratification with which he received it, he appeared next day without it, when it was found that; not wishing to wear the badge of distinction in the presence of one whom he esteemed an abler as well as an older warrior, he had transferred it to the Wyandot Chief Roundhead. Indeed Percival seemed thoroughly fascinated by the Indian Chief, who was truly one of the heroes of the war; and seemed never to tire of speaking of one of whom he could hardly find words sufficient to express his admiration.

Marjorie and Lilias became so absorbed in the recital of events so vitally interesting to them, that they hardly knew how the hours passed, till roused with a start—as Captain Percival, on consulting his watch, declared that it was almost midnight, and that he was beginning to feel the effects of excitement and fatigue. Old Nannie, who had managed, by coming in now and then, to hear a good deal of the story, in which she was as much interested as the others, had in the intervals prepared his room, which, he laughingly remarked, would be an agreeable contrast to the sleeping accommodation of the camp, to which he had been accustomed of late. He bade the girls good-bye, as well as good-night, and before the broad morning sunshine had awakened them from their slumbers, he was well on his way to Newark.

CHAPTER XIV.

A SUNSET MEETING.

"Love, art thou sweet? then bitter death must be!
Love, thou art bitter; sweet is death to me.
O love, if death be sweeter let me die."

"I fain would follow love, if that could be;
I needs must follow death who calls for me;
Call and I follow, I follow; let me die."

MUCH against the will of General Brock, the month of September, after his return to the Niagara frontier, passed in forced and reluctant inactivity. He was burning to follow up his success by pressing on upon the invading forces in their half-prepared condition; and—as he firmly believed he could,—make a clean sweep of the invasion at once and forever. But, unfortunately, Fabian counsels prevailed at head-quarters, and an armistice was granted, just sufficing to give the Americans time to rally from the discouraging effect of the capture of Detroit, to complete their half-arranged plans and preparations, to concentrate formidable masses of men at the chief points of attack, and to prepare for their subsequent successes on Lake Ontario; while it sent eight hundred Indians, assembled and eager to fight on the side of the British, in disgust to their own homes. But the decree had gone forth, and the obedient soldier could only submit, though he chafed at the situation. It was no light trial to his prompt energetic nature to lie by with tied hands and watch the force under General Van Rensselaer, on the opposite side of the river, growing daily more and more formidable; while he was absolutely prevented from taking a single measure even to impede the warlike preparations. He was positively restricted to purely defensive measures, and even when, about the middle of September, the American outposts began to fire across the river, he felt it his duty to discountenance the return firing which this naturally evoked. So irrepressible, indeed, was the warlike spirit of the American troops, that a flag of truce which General Brock sent across with a letter to General Van Rensselaer, on the sixteenth of September, was repeatedly fired upon while crossing,—an occurrence not common in civilized warfare.

For the news of the revocation by the English Government of the decrees in Council that had been the professed *casus belli*, which took place, by a curious coincidence, almost or exactly simultaneously with the declaration of war at Washington, had had no perceptible effect in modifying the hostile intentions of the Americans. It was in this hope that Sir George Prevost, on hearing of the revocation, had proposed suspension of hostilities until the sentiments of the American Government should be known on the subject. But the American people were now too eager for invasion—too keenly desirous for the coveted prize, to go back. Henry Clay had declared in Congress that he wished "never to see a peace" till England had been driven from the continent of America; and if this was the sentiment of a senator, it is easy to imagine the feelings of the excited people, who had imagined the enterprise to be one which had only to be undertaken in order to succeed.

On the eighteenth of September General Brock wrote to his brother:

"A river about five hundred yards wide divides the troops. My instructions oblige me to adopt defensive measures, and I have evinced greater forbearance than was ever practised on any former occasion. It is thought that, without the aid of the sword, the American people may be brought to a due sense of their own interest. I firmly believe that I could, at this moment, sweep everything before me between Fort Niagara and Buffalo. The militia, being principally composed of enraged democrats, are more ardent and anxious to engage, but they have neither subordination nor discipline. They die very fast. It is certainly singular that we should be two months in a state of warfare, and that along the widely extended frontier not a single death, either natural or by the sword, should have occurred among the troops under my command; we have not been altogether idle; nor has a single desertion taken place."

But as the force on the Niagara frontier had now reached the magnitude of six thousand men, it was evident that open hostilities must ere long break out, and that an attack might at any moment be expected. And for this General Brock watched with untiring vigilance; keeping his troops, volunteer and regular, in a state of thoroughly drilled readiness, and having a portion of the 49th, with a body of militia, on guard at Queenston Heights, where the first attack might be expected.

Marjorie had returned home early in September, bringing with her her friend, whom she insisted on carrying off from the loneliness of a home where her father—now fully engrossed with his military duties on the frontier—could hardly ever be. Lilias soon regained both strength and comparative cheerfulness in the more lively atmosphere of Dunlathmon, where the boys were always coming and going with scraps of the latest news; where her father came whenever he could; where Marjorie and Flora with their lively talk kept her from overmuch thought and anxiety; and where some of the officers, stationed so near, were always glad to spend a pleasant hour.

One guest, however, and that the one her heart most longed to see, never presented himself, although Marjorie had privately given him to understand that he would be a welcome visitor. But Ernest Heathcote had determined not to meet Lilias again until he had fully exculpated himself from the charge which he knew Captain Percival had brought against him, and which, he also knew, Major Meredith believed. He felt it would not be treating the Major honourably to take advantage of the opportunity he might have of seeing Lilias against his will; and to Lilias, despite her longings, it was a great relief that he did not attempt to see her while her father's prohibition remained in force.

It was a good while before Ernest could find an opportunity of speaking to Captain Percival on the subject, as he desired. When he did, Percival was surprised at the manly independence, and even dignity of bearing, shown by the young man against whom he had nourished a contemptuous dislike, born—though he would hardly have confessed it—of latent jealousy. Ernest had indeed gained a good deal under the discipline of the last few months, in both mental and physical energy. His military training had strengthened and developed his physical constitution, and this cause, combined with his being drawn out from his former studious and contemplative habits to encounter the exigencies of outward life, gave him, along with added erectness of carriage, an amount of *aplomb* and freedom of bearing which advantageously replaced the shy constraint of manner so apt to grow about one who leads a recluse and studious life. He spoke to Percival firmly and quietly about the untruth of the slander that he had repeated, indicating rather than expressing the injustice of giving currency to such ill-authorized reports. Percival could not resist the conviction which Ernest's emphatic repudiation of the whole charge brought home to his reluctant mind. And the generosity and sense of justice which, after all, he possessed when his better nature prevailed, impelled him frankly to own that he had been in the wrong, and to promise spontaneously the reparation of expressing to Major Meredith and Lilias his conviction that the whole story was utterly baseless.

But it was some time before his military engagements would permit him to see either Lilias or her father, the latter being at Newark, while Percival was engaged in moving from place to place along the frontier, trying to trace, as far as possible, the movements of the enemy. And a natural reluctance for the self-imposed task made him less energetic in seeking an opportunity, and even in seeking the society of Lilias, than he might otherwise have been. Even Marjorie had remarked, somewhat discontentedly, how seldom they saw Captain Percival now, and, with much more discontent, that they never saw Ernest Heathcote at all! It was strange how times of war altered people, she said, with a rather hasty generalization. It seemed the more strange, because Ernest was, by the end of September, bivouacked with his company at Queenston Heights, which became the centre of interest about the first or second week of October.

Early on the morning of the ninth of that month, the British brig of war "Detroit" and the private brig "Caledonia" were boarded and captured opposite Fort Erie by Lieutenant Elliott, of the American Navy, who was then at Black Rock engaged in fitting out schooners for the American service on Lake Erie; a work which could hardly have been carried on in General Brock's close vicinity had he not so unfortunately been restricted to defensive measures. The brig of war was carrying down forty prisoners of war, with some cannon, small arms and shot,—all results of the capture of Detroit; the "Caledonia" was laden with furs belonging to the North-West Company. The American attacking force, including the forty prisoners, who of course joined their countrymen, amounted to 140, while the crews of the brigs consisting of Canadian seamen and militia, numbered less than half their assailants. The "Caledonia" was carried off to Black Rock and her cargo secured, but the operations of the Canadian batteries compelled the captors to run the "Detroit" aground on Squaw Island. There she lay till evening, when, just as General Brock, who reached the spot soon after sunset, was making arrangements to recover her, she was boarded by the enemy and set on fire.

Captain Percival, who had accompanied General Brock and his staff to the spot, stood near the General, as the lurid flames that quickly wrapped the devoted brig rose vividly red in the soft dimness of the early twilight, against the dark outlines of the American shore;—almost neutralizing the still pale light of the young October moon. The little knot of officers looked on with grave faces. They knew that this disaster meant a good deal to them in the critical position of affairs. It was not only the material loss of vessels and arms, though *that* was much, in the country's present need; but also the encouragement which the affair must give to the Americans, who had been exerting themselves to the utmost to gain a naval superiority on the lakes; and who would receive from this success fresh hopes and stimulus to immediate invasion. General Brock felt, as he wrote shortly after, that "the event is particularly unfortunate and may reduce us to incalculable distress. However, his mind soon turned to the brighter side. "It is one consolation, at least"—he said—"that the brig has escaped the enemy! Certainly his conduct after his first essay has not entitled him to so rich a prize."

Then, to cheer up somewhat the drooping spirits of his comrades, he changed the subject to the victory of Salamanca, news of which had just arrived, and which, with its bearing on the war in Spain, the little party proceeded to discuss as they turned to seek their quarters for the night at Fort Erie.

This naval success did, as the General had foreboded, greatly increase the eagerness of the American troops for invasion, and the impatience of the men to "clear out the British frontier right off." Foreseeing this, General Brock wrote copious instructions to the officers commanding at the different frontier posts, explaining probable points of attack and the best method of procedure in the event of its taking place. In these instructions he made the remark justified by the events of the war: "If we weigh well the character of our enemy, we shall find him more disposed to brave the impediments of nature, when they afford him a probability of accomplishing his end by surprise, in preference to the certainty of encountering British troops ready formed for his reception."

These instructions had been barely issued when the attempted attack of the eleventh, at Queenston, which failed by reason of lack of boats and wet tempestuous weather, showed the enemy's intention of speedily bringing matters to a crisis. The inmates of Dunlathmon were of course anxiously watching the progress of affairs, prepared in case of need to take refuge at Fort George; an extreme contingency, however, of which they would hardly admit the possibility. The rainy, gloomy weather, too, of the eleventh, and the morning of the twelfth, seemed to increase the weight of anxiety that rested on their spirits. On the afternoon of the latter, however, the rain ceased, and the sun broke out in soft October brilliancy from a back-ground of pale blue sky and softest purple cloud. The dim haze of the Indian summer rested with an idealizing grace on the gorgeous tints of the forest, making gold and crimson blend together in the most exquisite confusion of rich and delicate hues. As the evening drew on, a blood-red sun, looming softly crimson through the intervening haze, sank slowly among the horizontal bars of rosy and purple sunset clouds,—darting long level rays of ruddy light through the pine trees of Dunlathmon, which looked duskier than ever in contrast with the rest of the gorgeously tinted woods, and suffusing the gnarled trunks in its way with a rich ruby glow.

Lilias had wandered out alone in the sunset, to tranquillize the nervous agitation she was feeling by a solitary walk among the soothing influences of nature, which has always a word for the troubled heart, if it will listen. She carried with her her little pocket Testament, in which she liked, at such times, to read some of the cheering words of hope and comfort which, spoken beside the lilies of Jordan, or amid the storm-tossed waves of the Sea of Galilee, or under the olives of Bethany, come with so soothing a message to the anxious and suffering, and often seem to glow forth most brightly, like "the bow in the cloud," from the deepest shades of outward darkness. For, now that a critical moment was believed to be imminent,—that a few hours might imperil the lives of those she loved best, visions of what *might* be would haunt her aching sight; would weigh down her heart with sickening fear and suspense, which needed a higher than human comfort to lighten it. She had come out on the avenue, near the gate, and was proceeding slowly towards the house, enjoying the sweet softness of the air, laden with the peculiar autumn scent of the dying leaves, when she heard a horse's hoofs behind her, and turning, she saw Captain Percival, mounted on Hector, galloping up. He dismounted when he reached her, and walked slowly on by her side, his horse's bridle thrown over his arm.

He explained at once that his errand was principally to see her; and then, that he might swallow the bitter pill of reparation as speedily as possible, he plunged at once into a rapid explanation of his promise to clear Heathcote from an unjust charge which he had, unwitting of its injustice, brought against him.

Lilias' cheek flushed deeply as he proceeded, and she listened silently with downcast eyes, feeling as if the frank reparation almost more than cancelled the offence. When he paused, she thanked him briefly, and ventured, though with some effort, to ask whether he had given the same explanation to her father.

"Yes," he replied, "I did so some days ago. I might have left it to him to tell you. But," he added, in a tone of such earnest gravity that she could hardly believe it to be the careless Percival who spoke, "this is a time for settling old scores, for no one knows where he may be by this time to-morrow. Possibly," he added in a lighter tone, "food for the American eagles."

"You think, then, that there is going to be an attack?" said Lilias, in a voice which she tried in vain to keep from being slightly tremulous.

"I am sure of it. In fact, it is inevitable. The Americans must do something to keep the troops in good humour. We should have had them over yesterday, if they had had boats, and I see they have a good many now. I am on my way to Newark now, to apprise the General that he must be ready for an early start."

Lilias was silent. So many thoughts and emotions were crowding upon her mind, that she did not find it easy to speak.

Presently Captain Percival continued, in a tone that sought to conceal emotion by an appearance of carelessness;—"So I thought I should like to see you again, Miss Meredith. It may be a long good-bye, you know!"

"I hope not," said Lilias, with frank earnestness.

"Oh, as for that," he replied, in the same would-be careless tone, "I don't expect any one to care much for *me*, even if I *do* serve my country by presenting it with my life! The poorest volunteer that falls will cause mourning enough; but who will care for the British soldier? He is only 'doing his duty!'"

Lilias felt thoroughly pained at the bitter, almost reckless tone in which he concluded his speech, and hastened to say the only soothing thing she could think of.

"I know there will be some who will care," she said, gently. She was thinking of a letter she had recently received from her cousin, in which she could clearly see that the uppermost thought was Captain Percival and his welfare, although the writer had evidently tried to conceal it, and seemed to think she had succeeded.

Captain Percival's expression changed, instantly, to one of eager interest, and he bent forward and said, in a low tone of peculiar meaning—

"If I could hope that *you* cared, Miss Meredith, it would make life a different thing to me! I think I might be tempted to grudge it to my country yet!"

His tone and manner forced upon Lilias, with a quick pang of pained surprise, his unmistakeable meaning. In her agitation and embarrassment, and her eagerness to undeceive him, she rushed into an explanation which she would otherwise scarcely have ventured upon, saying hurriedly—

"I meant—I was thinking of—my cousin Marian; I thought"—but here she stopped. She could not bring herself to explain farther.

Captain Percival's face fell. It was his turn, now, to be surprised.

"Thought—that I cared for your cousin?—Lilias! Miss Meredith! how did you take up such an impression?"

"I hardly know; I beg your pardon," Lilias replied, in a low tone.

Captain Percival was silent for a few moments, then he began resolutely—somewhat bitterly:

"I will tell you frankly. I *did* care for your cousin once; nay, was fool enough to think she cared for *me*! But she treated me in such a way as compelled me to think I was mistaken, so I gave her up, once and for all. I did not care that she should have the triumph of a scornful rejection, and so—saved her the trouble!"

"But you may have mistaken her," said Lilias, in a low tone. "Indeed, I think you must have done so!"

"Not likely. You don't know your cousin, Miss Meredith, and I do! But I know I am not mistaken in thinking that the man that wins *you* will be a happy one! Is there no hope for me, Lilias?" he said, in a voice almost inaudible from agitation, for something in the girl's look and manner dashed all his hopes.

Lilias could find no words. Her heart sank at the pain she felt she must give. She could only shake her head faintly with averted glance.

"But,—if there is no one else!" he persisted, "there might be hope for me in time, that is, if the chance of war spares my life. With the hope of having you by my side, my life would be something different from what it has ever been before!"

Lilias' heart throbbed painfully, and her face burned with the hot colour that suffused it. There *was* some one else, but how could she avow to him a preference unconfessed to the object of it,—nay, the avowal of which had never been asked for by the one most concerned!

But he understood her silence. "Then it is so," he said, gloomily. "I might have known! It would be idle to say I envy him. Well, perhaps it is so much the better! *Now* I can do my duty all the more freely, not tempted by any desire of preserving a life for which there will be no one to mourn, since I have no friend who cares enough for me to regret me particularly!"

"There will," exclaimed Lilias, earnestly; "my father is your warm friend, and I too! and, besides, Captain Percival," she said, timidly, but as though compelled by a strong impulse; "you have *another* Friend, who cares for you more than any one else could do."

He understood her meaning, and replied gravely, "Not for me, for I have never cared for Him! I know *you* do, for I have noticed more than you think; and so, I am sure, does General Brock;—and so did my mother, as I can remember, though it is long since she died. But I have never cared to think of these things. Why, Miss Meredith, I hardly ever open a Bible, and to begin now, when death may be at hand, would seem cowardly. No, it is too late for me now!"

"It is *never* too late,"—exclaimed Lilias, emphatically, forced out of all shyness and self-consciousness by the strong feeling of the moment. "If you had an earthly friend who loved you more than you could think, but whom you had misunderstood and neglected, would it not be the best reparation you could make, just to go and tell him so, and how sorry you were? And He always wants us to return to Him, however late it may be! He never casts out any one who will come to Him. Captain Percival," she added, half-hesitatingly taking from her pocket the little Testament she had been reading, "won't you take this, and read some of His own words for yourself?"

Percival's face had softened while she spoke; she had touched chords that had responded—feelings long lying dormant. "I will—for *your* sake, at any rate;" he said, as he took the little book; "and perhaps it may do me more good than I think. Thank you a thousand times for all your kindness to me, which I did not deserve," he added, as he thought of the pain he must have caused her by prejudicing her father against Ernest. "And now, good-bye! you will never know all the good you have done me, even if——"

He did not finish his sentence; but he stooped and kissed her hand, which he had taken and was holding in his. In her sympathy and compassion for him, she allowed him to hold it unresistingly. In after years she was glad of this, as of every kindness she had ever shown him; but that night, within half an hour, she bitterly regretted it. For neither Percival nor she had seen a figure which was approaching them from the direction of the house, on which they had turned their backs—the figure of Earnest Heathcote, who, longing too for one last word with Lilias before the expected engagement, after the long interval of suspended intercourse, had walked across to Dunlathmon by a short cut through the woods, and had been told he should find Lilias somewhere about the grounds. When he came in sight of her whom he sought, standing with her hand in Percival's, he stopped, struck by a sudden pang; but when he saw Percival raise her hand to his lips, he waited no longer, but, striking off for the short cut by which he had come, was quickly out of sight, feeling as if all that made life worth having was over for him for ever.

Captain Percival said no more, but mounted his horse in silence and rode off, slowly and sadly, with a respectful salute. Lilias turned and walked slowly to the house, her mind still full of the agitating interview just over, and the regrets it had awakened. Was she sorry, after all, that she could not love this man, in many respects so attractive—so fitted to realise the ideal of a maiden's fancy? Perhaps any true-hearted girl must always feel something of this regret when a deep and honest affection, whose worth she can always appreciate, has been laid at her feet in vain! But her heart was unshakenly true to the thought of Ernest, whose image lay enshrined in its depths too deep for any passing ripple of feeling to affect.

As she entered the house Marjorie met her. "Have you not seen Ernest Heathcote?" she said. "He went out to look for you."

"Ernest!" exclaimed Lilias. "Was he here?"

"Yes, just a few minutes ago; he went to find you. If you came by the avenue, you must have met him."

Lilias turned very white. A fear had taken possession of her which she could not shake off. She stood at the door for a short time, vainly hoping to discover Ernest in the distance. At last that hope failed. He must have seen her with Captain Percival, and she could divine the impression under which he had gone away without disturbing them. It was too much;—and, overstrained by the double agitation, she rushed to her room and gave way to a bitter burst of tears. It was hard! The morrow, with all its uncertainties,—and no opportunity of a single word of explanation or farewell; with the added pain of feeling that Ernest, under a false impression, might be suffering even more than she was.

As the twilight drew on, Major Meredith came in to talk gravely with Colonel McLeod over the prospects of the morrow, and as all were full of the deep anxieties of the time, no one noticed or wondered at Lilias' pale, tear-stained face. But she did not mention her interview with Captain Percival, even to Marjorie.

CHAPTER XV.

QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.

"They bore him bare-faced on the bier,
And on his grave rains many a tear,
For he is dead—
He never will come again!"

THE morning of the thirteenth of October, 1812, rose fair and bright, with almost the softness and warmth of a June morning in the balmy air, misty with the soft, exquisite haze of Indian summer. Through it, seen from the American shore, the bold ridge of Queenston Heights gleamed with a glory of colour not usually its own, the rugged rocks besprent with rich dashes of crimson, gold and purple—the oak's rich shades of russet and crimson—the golden tresses of the birch, and the scarlet glow of the maple—the brilliant hues of the sumach burning in blood-red crimson and gold, and the deeper, even more gorgeous tints of the Virginia creeper, hanging in rich festoons over the rough dark precipices, soon to be dyed with stains of a more fatal and ominous crimson.

For, even before the first early sunbeams had pierced through the haze, and lighted up the glowing tints of forest and cliff, a number of small boats had silently stolen across in the grey dawn, from the American shore, and the "forlorn hope" of the invaders, under Colonel Van Rensselaer, had made good their landing on Canadian ground. More and more troops followed, till, with very little loss, considerably more than a thousand American soldiers and militia confronted the small British force at the outposts. The fire of two eighteen pounders and some smaller field pieces on the American side, covered the passage of the boats and prevented its being effectually opposed; but, once landed, all further progress was desperately resisted, and the hoarse rattle of musketry blended with the firm tones of the British words of command, the sturdy

British cheer, the groans of the fallen, and the rallying cry of the American officers—"On men! on! for the honour of America;" while over all boomed at intervals the sullen thunder of the British eighteen-pounder on a spur of the heights, and a carronade a mile or so below. Van Rensselaer was soon desperately wounded, as well as others on both sides, of names less known. All was confusion,—grim hand-to-hand fighting,—blind desperate struggle to gain or keep the strong position; when General Brock, who had been aroused at Fort George by the first sound of firing, galloped up on his gallant charger Alfred, at the head of his suite, and, passing up the hill in front of the light company, and under a heavy fire of artillery and musketry, never drew rein until he had reached the field-work, where he dismounted, to survey through his telescope the aspect of the engagement.

But a volley from a height above, gallantly gained by a small detachment of the enemy which had reached it unobserved, interrupted his survey, and drove him and his suite, without time to remount, from the vicinity of the battery. A British detachment charged the adventurous Americans, who, being driven back, charged again; and in the confused struggle which followed, assailants and assailed were driven pell-mell to the very edge of the precipice, with the rushing river sheer beneath. There, some of the American officers, appalled by the situation, were on the point of raising the white flag of surrender. But Captain Wool, who had led the party up the height, tore it down, and rallied his discouraged troops to renewed exertions.

A fierce hand-to-hand struggle followed. For generalship and military tactics there was neither room nor opportunity. All that General Brock could do at such a crisis was to fight like one of his own officers, and press on,—conspicuous as he was by his dress, height and bearing,—as might have been expected of one who had said: "How can I expect the men to follow where I am afraid to lead?" It has been thought that his military ardour transported him beyond all considerations of prudence or caution; yet, ardent, unhesitating devotion to a cause, is often of far more avail than a more prudential course; and a failure on his part to set the example of fearless self-devotion might have been disastrous to the fortunes of the day. He was pointing to the hill, and the words—"Push on the York Volunteers!"—were on his lips, when a ball, too well directed, struck him in the right breast, and laid low the hope and stay of Canada, and as brave and heroic a leader as ever bled for Britain on any world-renowned battle-field. The comparative obscurity of the campaign in which he fell has prevented his name from being widely known to fame, but it has long been enshrined as a precious memory by the grateful people amidst whom was sacrificed a life so noble, and to them, as it seemed at the time, so indispensable.

During most of that October day the sanguinary contest went on, among the beetling precipices and the many-hued foliage, above which curled the significant blue wreaths of smoke, and resounded the rattle of musketry. During an interval after the fall of Brock, and that of his gallant aide-de-camp, Colonel McDonell, who was struck down in leading the York Volunteers up the hill, in obedience to the General's last words, there was a lull of some hours, during which the Americans retained their exposed and dangerous post on the hill, while the little body of British troops drew up on the outskirts of the village to await reinforcements. General Sheaffe was already far on his way from Fort George, at the head of some three hundred regulars of the 41st and 49th, two companies of militia, and some Indians, when he heard the sad tidings of the fall of his chief, which urged him forward with fresh eagerness to avenge so terrible a loss. He brought his troops out on the heights about two miles to the west of Queenston, in order to outflank and hem in the Americans, whose comrades in arms on the other shore declined to reinforce them in their critical position on the hill—with precipitous crags and the river behind them, and a semi-circle of foes gradually closing in around. On arriving at the heights, Sheaffe's forces were joined by Brant and Norton with their Indian followers, and some two hundred volunteer militia from Chippewa. The British and Canadian forces were about eight hundred now,—opposed to nearly double the number of Americans, who fought gallantly even when, at last, they felt that they fought hopelessly. For British pluck and Canadian patriotism could hardly fail, in such circumstances, to triumph even over superior numbers; and at last, amid the clouds of smoke and dust that almost screened the battle from view,—amid Indian yells, fierce shouts and execrations, groans and outcries, the irresistible impulse of the conquering force bore down the last desperate charge of the invaders, and the survivors were compelled to rapid, or rather headlong, retreat. Had Brock lived, the terrors and the slaughter of that retreat would not, in all probability, have been nearly so great. But his unbounded influence over his Indian allies was missed already, and many a life, which might otherwise have been spared, was sacrificed by the exasperated warriors out of vengeance for the lamented loss of the British commander. To escape these dreaded enemies, many, cut off in attempting a retreat, threw themselves over the cliffs, and, losing their hold of the bushes to which they clung, were dashed to pieces on the rocks below. Others, who gained the bank of the river, took to it in despair, and were drowned in endeavouring to swim across.

On the bank of the river, near where the Suspension Bridge has hung so long, the unconditional surrender was at last offered, which made Generals Scott and Wadsworth, with the surviving remnant of the American force,—about eleven hundred men,—prisoners of war, and, for the present, put an end to the invasion.

The family at Dunlathmon had been aroused at day-break by the sullen sound of firing and the rattle of musketry. Colonel McLeod and Major Meredith, who had been there all night, mounted and rode off in haste, accompanied by the lads, eager to see and participate in the fray. The female portion of the household, who had dressed hastily to bid the hurried, agitated "good-byes," made a pretence of gathering around a comfortless breakfast-table, but to eat was impossible; the smallest morsel seemed to choke them. The long morning seemed interminable. The hours, told by an old-fashioned sand-glass—for clocks were then a rare luxury in Canada, and the Colonel's cumbrous watch was the only time-piece of the family,—seemed so long that they looked again and again to assure themselves that the sand had not stopped running. Lilias wandered, arm-in-arm with Marjorie, about the grounds, trying to soothe the latter's excitement, which was uncontrollable; for she believed that she possessed something of the old Highland gift of "second sight," and was seized with a dire presentiment that General Brock would fall. They knew that the action must be a serious one, judging by the constant sound of the cannon and musketry; and the cannonade which was raking the river just below them was, for a time, almost incessant. When they could bear the ominous sounds no longer, they would try to escape from it partially by retreating into the house, where Mrs. McLeod sat, dismally enlarging upon the miseries of the situation, and wondering what they should do in case the Americans should effect a footing in the country, and how soon they should have to fly. The circumstance that so many precious lives were at stake was ignored, however, in words at least, by common consent. Present as it could not but be to their minds and hearts, they could not have borne to admit the fact in so many words. "I do wish your father would come and tell us how things are going on," Mrs. McLeod would reiterate; and no one would have suggested, for the world, that there was the slightest doubt as to his coming at last. Sometimes, when Lilias felt as if she could keep quiet no longer, she would betake herself to the solitude of her own room, to seek the relief of tears and silent prayer. But Flora, whose playfulness had given way to pale and tearful terror, was sure to seek her out there, to claim for the hundredth time the wished-for assurance that "God would take care of her father and brothers."

At last came the first news from the field. Angus, the youngest boy, rode home with a message from his father, and tidings which they were too fearful to ask. We know what fatal news he bore. For though it was General Brock's last wish that his fall should be kept secret from his men, his personal friends soon heard of it, and Colonel McLeod had been by his side at the time he breathed his last. Marjorie spoke not a word when she heard the sad tidings, but rushed away to shut herself up alone; and Lilias, with the true consideration which her own heart taught her, left her alone. To herself, indeed, the tidings were heavy enough. It seemed so stunning, so impossible, that he who had been at once the head and the animating spirit of the country's defence,—its trusted bulwark in a troublous time,—a leader so firm, so able, so successful, and but that morning so relied on, was no more—had passed away utterly, in a moment, from the country he guarded, from the soldiers he led! The young McLeods almost lost the sense of the public loss in that of the revered and beloved friend; but Lilias, who had not known him so intimately, felt even more for the blow which his death must be to the country at such a crisis. When at last she ventured to intrude on Marjorie's privacy, she found that the girl, worn out by the morning's excitement, had sobbed herself to sleep, her favourite Ossian beside her, open at Malvina's lament for her lost hero. Lilias closed and removed it gently, determined that it should be out of sight for the present; and left in its place *another* book of poems, open at words which contain the only true consolation in such times of extremity, when "human helpers fail and comforts flee:"

> "God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble."

Then she darkened the room as much as possible, and left it softly, that Marjorie might enjoy the longer the sleep which is often the best balm for a mourner.

At last, "time and the hour wore through" the long anxious day of suspense and dread, and as the early evening closed in, the young McLeods, with the exception of the eldest, returned unhurt. They brought the intelligence that Major Meredith and their eldest brother had been wounded—not dangerously, however,—and that their father had remained to watch over their comfort, as well as that of another friend, fatally wounded, and suffering terribly,—poor Colonel McDonell, General Brock's brave young aide-de-camp, who died next day. Colonel McLeod, who was to dine with General Sheaffe and the American Generals at the quarters of the latter, would stay all night with the invalids, and would have them carefully conveyed home on the following morning. Meanwhile, old Dinah was despatched with black Cæsar to carry to the invalids all the comforts that could be extemporised for them, and to give to them, and any one else who might come in her way, the benefits of her good nursing. Marjorie and Lilias would gladly have gone too, but they knew that it was quite out of the question, and so did not even suggest it.

Of Percival and Heathcote the lads knew nothing, except that they had seen the former's company charging in the last fierce onset, and were sure that he was not in command. Payne, however, they had seen lying on the field, quite dead, where the fallen lay closest. But they spared the sickened hearts of their hearers any details of what they had seen on the blood-stained battle-ground. There,—amid rock and fern, under the quiet stars and the moon brightening through the hazy air, as the twilight descended over height and river, blending all objects into the same dusky hues,—lay many a strong manly form, the cherished pride and darling of a distant home, or the prop and stay of an unconscious household, stricken down in the death which had come in the iron shower, or at the bayonet's edge, in the mad rush of the hot conflict. The Americans, doubtless, believed that they were fighting for the national honour, and many had bravely won a soldier's honourable death. The fallen British soldiers deserved as much honour from their country as any who fell on the more famous Continental battle-fields of those eventful years; and none of the troops who, almost at that very time, were retiring discomfited from the hard-fought siege of Burgos, had more faithfully borne out their country's high traditions of military glory. The Canadians who freely imperilled their lives there for King and Country, patriotically anxious to do their duty to both, and protect the land which they claimed as their own—although history knows them not, and even the conflict in which they fell is almost unknown to fame,—were, many of them, as self-sacrificingly brave as the men who fought at Thermopylæ, or those who afterwards won the field of Waterloo. And, though they sleep now in silent or nameless graves, they have left to their country an imperishable memory, that may well thrill and reproach and arouse it, should it ever degenerately sink into a slothful or a craven policy, or into the yet deeper baseness of a national corruption.

Few at Dunlathmon slept much that night; and Lilias, anxious and unable to rest, was on the watch next morning for her father's arrival long before it could possibly take place. She could not feel sure that he was not seriously wounded till she had seen him for herself. Of Ernest she had as yet heard nothing, and she was heart-sick from suspense. She could not ask about him, and if she could, there was no one who could have given her any tidings. Weary with longing, and physically worn out with suspense and inward agitation, she was slowly walking along the avenue, ever watching for the expected arrival. Suddenly a slight rustle among the fallen leaves made her turn her head, and she saw, through a mist that seemed to gather over her eyes,—Ernest,—apparently safe and well! The reaction after the preceding strain was too much. She grew white and dizzy, wavered, and seemed as if she would have fallen had not Ernest rushed forward to support her. Neither of them could ever quite tell how it was; in the excitement of the meeting the tide of feeling overleapt all ordinary barriers of conventionality, and they met, clasped in a warm, glad embrace. The relief of the moment seemed to wipe out every other thought than that they were together again,—all distrust and estrangement over,—and in the full, irrepressible, mutual consciousness of a strong, overpowering affection.

Ernest had hurried on by a short cut leading him into the grounds through the woods. He had come, in no small degree impelled by the strength of his own desire to see Lilias, but also with the good excuse of acting as the herald of the invalids, that everything might be ready for their reception. It was a good while before the course of events could be disentangled from the rushing torrent of question and answer. One thing Lilias did *not* hear from Ernest, but afterwards from her father; who gratefully told her that, but for Ernest, "it would have been all over with him." He had been separated from his comrades and hemmed in, in a rocky angle, by two or three Americans; and in a moment or two his ineffectual resistance must have left him at their mercy, when Ernest, who had been trying during the whole action to keep in view that familiar grey head, descried his danger and rushed to the spot. Happily, he met in his way the Indian Black Hawk, who had never forgotten the Major's kindness to his wife, and who, when aware of his danger, joined in the rescue with a fierce Indian yell, before which the Major's assailants gave way at once, without waiting for the stroke that followed; and the brave old soldier, faint with loss of blood from wounds in his arm and thigh, was at once assisted by Ernest to reach a place of safety.

But Ernest had much to tell Lilias about Captain Percival, though she did not hear all the particulars till long afterwards. Towards evening, in going over the deserted battlefield, Ernest had discovered him lying, wounded and unconscious, half hidden among rocks and foliage. Then there came to him a strong temptation, the strongest he had ever encountered. There lay his former enemy and his rival—as he believed, his successful rival,—the man who had injured him in the estimation of those for whose opinion he had cared the most; who had stolen from him, as he thought, the treasure that was dearer to him than life! Why should *he* be the man to care for him, perhaps to save his life? Why not leave him, at least, to be cared for by others? Why should he, of all men, seek to preserve a life which he had no reason to desire? Were Percival to die there, might not Lilias be his yet? All this flashed through his mind in a moment, with lightning rapidity. All the bitterness of a tortured heart, of crushed hope, rose up in him to give weight to the suggestions of the tempter. Then came a flash of purer light, and he shrank back, appalled, from the revelation of himself. He uttered one strong inward cry for help,—help to overcome *himself;* and the cry was answered, as every such sincere, earnest appeal will be. Ernest could never doubt, after that, the reality of the ever-present, unseen, all-powerful Helper. In the silent victory which, in those few moments, he won over the evil of his own spirit, there was far more of true heroism than in the reckless courage of despair with which he had been fighting all day; for it was the victory which, we are told, is better than the taking of a city. But Ernest knew well that it had not been gained through his own strength.

Hastily calling one of the surgeons to the spot, he carefully raised the unconscious Percival, and carried him, with the surgeon's assistance, to the nearest cottage, where, with some difficulty, he procured for him a comfortable bed. The surgeon examined and dressed his wounds, which he said must be fatal before many hours elapsed; and gradually he was restored, by means of stimulants, to consciousness.

Then happened one of those strange coalitions which sometimes take place suddenly between natures which have seemed mutually antagonistic, provided there is a basis of nobility of character in both; when the underlying sympathy overcomes the surface antagonism, and the mutual repulsion changes into mutual attraction, as each recognizes and appreciates what is good in the other. There were mutual explanations, and Percival, touched to the quick by the kind care of his formerly despised rival, told him enough of his own position with regard to Lilias to relieve Ernest from the haunting thought that had oppressed him during the past night and day, prompting him to expose his life on the field with a recklessness that made his escape with a slight wound seem really wonderful, and strengthened his belief in the ever-watchful Providence that constantly "shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will."

That solemn night spent beside the dying officer left its influence with Ernest all his life. They spoke, at intervals, of things about which men in health and vigour usually converse too little: of the transitoriness of things seen, and of the dark unknown into which the life of the one was passing; and Ernest, at Percival's request, read to him from the Testament which Lilias had given him, some of the passages which tell most plainly of the Christian faith and hope which alone can light up that dark abyss. Percival's mind had been led of late to penetrate deeper beyond the painted outside show which had made his world, than his careless spirit had ever done before. General Brock's example had shown him that a man may do a soldier's duty all the more bravely and faithfully for having a higher aim than that of earthly glory—a nearer, closer helper and friend than any earthly one. And being led to contemplate, partly by the influence of Lilias, a purer and higher ideal, he had been led to see something of the darkness of self surveyed in a ray of the light that is "inaccessible and full of glory." The overworked garrison-chaplain had too much on his hands, that night, to visit all the sufferers, and did not find out Percival. But a better Teacher was near unseen, to bring home to the eagerly attentive heart the sayings of Him who "spake as never man spake." Among these were the words: "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life,"—with the precious lesson they enshrine; and as Percival's earthly life was ebbing away he entered upon the possession of the better, the only true life of man, even the eternal. To Ernest himself, the words he read in such solemn circumstances seemed to possess a power and force that they had never had before, and, coming as they did just after his recent inward struggle, they awoke thoughts and feelings that determined the current of his whole after-life.

Percival sent a kind grateful message to Lilias, telling her that he did not grudge his life to Canada, especially now that he had found a better one than he had ever expected to know. "And," he added, smiling, "it is doing England just as good service as if I had fallen under Wellington, fighting in Spain!" He begged Ernest to accept, as the only return he could make for his undeserved kindness, his horse Hector. "Miss Meredith will sometimes ride him, I know," he said with a peculiarly pleasant smile, "and when she does, she will think kindly of Francis Percival."

Then, as death drew near, and his thoughts began to grow confused, they wandered away to his English home,—to the old mansion-house he should see no more,—to the daisy-sprinkled fields he had played in when a boy,—to the little ivy-covered village church where reposed the ashes of his ancestors. And, just before the last,—an old emotion seeming to re-establish its influence—he sent a short broken message to Marian Herbert; a message which Lilias sacredly treasured, and sent to her cousin just as it was spoken, and which, some weeks later, was read with a rush of blinding tears in a retired chamber of a stately baronial home. When, long years after, Marian—still Marian Herbert—visited her Canadian cousin, Lilias led her to Captain Percival's quiet resting-place in the little churchyard at Oakridge, where, by Major Meredith's desire, his remains had been laid. And then, at last, one mourner wept over the stranger's grave tears of real, bitter, even penitential grief. For she had long since taught herself to believe that her own haughty petulance, alone, had been to blame for the cloud of pride and misunderstanding that had arisen between them. And Lilias had never told her that which would have grieved her unnecessarily, and marred the unbroken memory to which she clung as the one ray of brightness left amid the shadow that had fallen upon her earthly life.

All that remains to be told must be told briefly, for the story has already exceeded its allotted limits. What the death of Brock was to the Canadians may be well imagined;—the stunning, almost paralyzing effect of the tidings that their brave and trusted General had been taken from them at a time when they felt that they could so ill spare him; when, in the words of the late Chief Justice Robinson, "they looked forward to a dark and perilous future, and felt that the earth was closing upon him in whom, more than in all other human means of defence, their confidence had been reposed." But a week before the battle in which he fell, the guns of the Tower of London were celebrating the brilliant capture of Detroit, and men now spoke of him who had passed beyond the reach of all earthly honours, as SIR Isaac Brock. His knightly spurs had been won, and won gallantly;—but only to be laid on a silent tomb.

With heavy-hearted mourning, most deep and genuine;—amid the tears of his own brave and attached 49th regiment,—the unaffected grief of the militia who had so revered and trusted him, and the deep sorrow plainly traceable on the dark faces of his Indian warriors, who silently grieved much for the loss of their loved and revered British chief—he was laid, with all the solemn pomp of military honours, yet with the endeavour to respect his "native simplicity," in his temporary grave in a newly finished bastion of Fort George; while the minute-guns of the fort blended with those of Fort Niagara,—a tribute to the departed General even from the American shore! Twelve years later, on the anniversary of the battle of Queenston Heights, his remains were removed to the scene of the engagement, where a stately column, seen afar, perpetuates the honour of his name—a name never to be forgotten in Canada.

* Throughout the whole country the same universal grief prevailed, clouding the joy of present victory with sorrow for him who was gone, and with misgiving for the future:

> "On every brow the cloud of sadness hung,
> The sounds of triumph died on every tongue."

"Oh Canada, the beauty of Israel is slain on thy high places; how are the mighty fallen!" exclaimed the enthusiastic young missionary,—still surviving,—who preached his funeral sermon; and men felt as if the prop and mainstay of the country were removed.* But the waves of time gradually closed over the departed General, as they do over humbler men; and though he left no leader who could fill his place, and though mistakes were made, and the war was protracted far beyond the time which, in all probability would have closed it had his life been spared;—yet, amid all vicissitudes, the spirit which had enabled Brock, at the crisis of

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* The sorrow for the loss of General Brock extended to all classes and ages. The following lines were written on his death by "an extraordinary child of thirteen years old," daughter of Lieut.-Col. Bruyères of the Royal Engineers:

"As Fame alighted on the mountain's crest
She loudly blew her trumpet's mighty blast;
Ere she repeated Victory's notes, she cast
A look around, and stopped, of power bereft.
Her bosom heaved, her breath she drew with pain,
Her favourite, Brock, lay slaughtered on the plain,
Glory threw on his grave a laurel wreath,
And Fame proclaims—"a hero sleeps beneath."

* The following is the general order on the subject of Sir Isaac Brock's death, which was transmitted by the Secretary of State for the Colonies to Sir George Prevost, and by him, strange to say, at the time almost entirely suppressed.

Dec. 8, 1812. "His Royal Highness the Prince Regent is fully aware of the severe loss which His Majesty's service has experienced in the death of Major-General Sir Isaac Brock. This would have been sufficient to have clouded a victory of much greater importance. His Majesty has lost in him not only an able and meritorious officer, but one who, in the exercise of his functions of provisional Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, displayed qualities admirably adapted to awe the disloyal, to reconcile the wavering, and to animate the great mass of the inhabitants against successive attempts of the enemy to invade the province, in the last of which he unhappily fell, too prodigal of that life of which his eminent services had taught us to understand the value."

To this public testimony, the following private one may be added, written soon after his fall, by a personal friend:—"General Brock was indeed a hero, a hero in the only true and in the most extensive sense; resembling what history or fable has represented rather as the offspring of the imagination than a personage that could have real existence, so entirely was every good and great quality comprehended in his character."

Canada's fate, to rally her to brave resistance, inspired her people still.

Ernest Heathcote speedily recovered from a flesh-wound which he had received during the engagement of Queenston Heights, which, when the excitement was over, he found had been severer than he at first knew. Notwithstanding the pain it caused him, however, he insisted on attending the body of Percival to its resting-place in Oakridge Churchyard. He rode over on Hector, Percival's bequest, who looked wonderingly at his new master, as he mounted him with a strange mingling of regret and compunction in his heart. When the quiet interment was over, and the little band of soldiers who had attended the body of their officer had retired, after firing the customary salute over his grave, Ernest remained for an hour alone on the spot where we first encountered him, thinking, under the yellow and fast thinning foliage, thoughts for which he was the better during all his future life.

It need hardly be added that his convalescence was a pleasant one, spent, as it was, at Dunlathmon, where Lilias and her father were prisoners for some weeks, till the latter was well enough to be removed to Oakridge. Major Meredith's wounds proved tedious enough, and it was long before he could use his right arm again, or go about without his crutches. While so disabled he found it impossible to dispense with Ernest's efficient aid, and as military operations on the Niagara frontier were for a time suspended, Ernest was able to gratify what were the wishes of all concerned, without infringing on his duties as a volunteer. The Major's warm heart had turned to him once more, with a strength of reaction all the greater for the previous estrangement. Everything became fully explained, and as the Major felt more and more dependent upon Ernest, and became more and more awake to his value, his abilities and his faithfulness, his inward opposition to the idea of his becoming his son-in-law gradually melted away. No one knew exactly how it came about, but, by degrees, it became a settled matter that Ernest was, ere long, to hold the rights, as he was already performing the duties, of a son.

It does not fall within the compass of our story to follow the war through its various succeeding phases, to describe the worrying vicissitudes, the encounters on lake and shore, that kept the country in turmoil and anxiety for years; or the lurid flames of Newark, that, lighted by a dastardly enemy's hand, shed their glare on the snowy fields, and left numbers of families homeless in the rigour of a Canadian winter. In most of these events Ernest and Lilias had their full share of active and passive interest, and not a little suffering and anxiety; but they went through them hand-in-hand, finding, in the open and acknowledged bond that united them, a fruitful source of mutual help and strength. And both had learned lessons of trust and rest in a higher love and wisdom that they could never forget; so that Lilias never suffered during any of Ernest's future absences, as she had done during the engagement of Queenston Heights.

When the following June came round, bearing its wealth of leaves and blossoms, there was a quiet wedding at Oakridge; and Marjorie, a quieter, more subdued Marjorie than of old, officiated as bridesmaid. She remained faithful for some years in her romantic devotion to the memory of her departed hero; but eventually a new and more ordinary affection took its place, and she became the energetic and high-spirited wife of one who subsequently bore a prominent part in Canadian public life. But before that time came she had learned to find for her hero-worship a still higher Ideal, and to lay it at the only shrine where such passionate homage can safely be laid.

Rachel Thurstane's childish fancy for her unworthy lover was not strong enough to cause any noticeable grief for his death. Not long after the final conclusion of the war, she was satisfactorily married to a neighbouring farmer, no one save those most concerned having known what a blight her opening life had so narrowly escaped. For Bill Davis, the only other repository of the secret, ere long disappeared from the neighbourhood, after having been discovered to be acting the part of a double-faced spy, deceiving in turn both Americans and Canadians.

It is not necessary to trace here in detail the ways in which Ernest Heathcote's future life eventually shaped itself, and the opportunities for the definite work he had longed for, that gradually opened themselves before him, when the anxious war was at length over, and the country had resumed the peaceful and even tenor of its way. Suffice it to say that he remained true to the aspirations of his youth, strengthened and defined by the influence of the emotions and experiences which the war had developed; and that Lilias and he endeavoured, throughout the changing scenes of after life, to live, not for themselves, but for the true welfare of the country for which he had once been ready to lay down his life.

For, if "it is a sweet and a becoming thing to die for one's country" when that is necessary, it is no less becoming and honourable to *live* to serve it, when God has so ordained. As the great poet of Germany has said:—"We cannot all serve our country in the same way, but each may do his best, according as God has endowed him."

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR.—Instead of referring, by scattered foot-notes, to authorities consulted, the Author desires here, once for all, gratefully to acknowledge obligations to the following works:—Dr. Tupper's "Life of General Brock," Colonel Coffin's "War of 1812," Dr. Canniff's "Settlement of Upper Canada," Mrs. Jameson's "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada," and a "Funeral Sermon on General Brock," by Rev. W. Smart; as well as to other books bearing incidentally on the history of the time.

WISHING.

(From Jean Ingelow's Poems.)

WHEN I reflect how little I have done,
And add to that how little I have seen,
Then furthermore how little I have won
Of joy, or good, how little known, or been:
I long for other life, more full, more keen,
And yearn to change with such as well have run—
Yet reason mocks me—nay, the soul, I ween,
Granted her choice would dare to change with none;
No, not to feel as Blondel, when his lay
Pierced the strong tower, and Richard answered it—
No, not to do as Eustace, on the day
He left fair Calais to her weeping fit—
No, not to be—Columbus, waked from sleep
When his new world rose from the charmèd deep.

EARLY FRENCH SETTLEMENTS IN AMERICA.

BY JOHN LANGTON, M. A.

IN taking a brief retrospect of the early discoveries in America, we may pass over those of Biarne and other followers of Eric the Red, from Iceland; for though they undoubtedly made several visits to it as early as the latter end of the 10th century, and even made some attempts at settlement, these had no influence upon the subsequent history of the continent. There are also some rather apocryphal accounts of voyages from Ireland and elsewhere, but the real history of American discovery commences with Columbus, in 1492. From that time, however, the leading maritime nations of Europe vied with each other in prosecuting discoveries in the new world. Even before the Spaniards had set foot on the continent itself, the English under Cabot had been on the coast of Labrador; the Portuguese, under Cortereal, and the French, under Verazzani, soon followed; and there is no doubt that from the very beginning of the 16th century, the Norman, Breton and Basque fishermen were in the habit of frequenting the Banks of Newfoundland and the coasts of Nova Scotia and New England.

The first important attempt of the French to make a settlement was that conducted by Jacques Cartier. In his first voyage, in 1534, he explored the Gulf of the St. Lawrence. In the second, in 1535, he ascended the river as far as Montreal, and of his adventures and his dealings with the natives we have a detailed and interesting account. The third, in 1541, under the auspices of the Sieur de Roberval, was a real attempt at a settlement. A considerable number both of men and women were brought out, and they remained two winters at Quebec and the Isle of Orleans. But the colonists were badly chosen, being, in fact, to a great extent the refuse of the gaols, and the projected settlement proved a total failure. The fourth and last voyage, in 1543, was merely undertaken to bring back the remains of this miserable colony.

The next great attempts at colonization made by the French were in a different direction. Successive expeditions were fitted out for the coast of Florida, under Ribaut, in 1562, and under Laudonnière in 1564, and Gourgues in 1567. In one of them no less than 600 settlers were taken out, but they all miserably failed, either from dissensions amongst the colonists themselves, or from the hostility of the Spaniards.

Ever since Cartier's time a connection had been kept up by the French with the St. Lawrence, and trading voyages had been made to Tadoussac, which was, and long continued to be, the head-quarters of the trade. The Indians used to assemble there from the adjoining parts, and even from as far in the interior as Lake Huron, carrying across from the head waters of the Ottawa to those of the Saguenay. Even as late as 1670, Charlevoix says that there were rarely less than 1,200 Indians encamped about Tadoussac in the trading season. In later times Montreal and Three Rivers vied with it as the emporiums of trade; but in those early days the French never went higher up the St. Lawrence than Tadoussac. There were even some attempts to establish a permanent post there, but none of them were successful.

In 1603, the real founder of Canada first appears on the scene. The Commandeur de Chaste, having received a commission to that effect, sent out an expedition to make a permanent settlement on the St. Lawrence, and Champlain was one of his captains on a preliminary voyage. They reached Montreal for the first time since the days of Cartier, and even advanced across the Lachine rapids to take a general survey of the country beyond, but on their return, finding De Chaste dead, the idea of a settlement was for the time abandoned.

The next year Pierre du Guast, Sieur de Monts, took up De Chaste's commission, and organized an expedition to the Atlantic coast, in which Champlain, Potrincourt and Pontgravé (prominent names in discoveries of that time) had commands. We have a very interesting and detailed account of this expedition by Champlain himself, and another by Lescarbot, an adventurous lawyer who accompanied it. They spent three years on the coast, exploring it from Cape Cod to Gaspé, wintering first at Ste. Croix, in the estuary of the Passamaquoddy, and then at Port Royal, near where Annapolis now stands. But nothing came of these explorations at the time. Potrincourt, indeed, returned to Port Royal in 1610, and established a settlement there, under the patronage of Madame de Quercheville, Duchesse de la Rochefoucault de Liancourt, and in charge of a mission of Jesuits; but in 1613 the colony, which had never gained any strength, was broken up by the English.

Up to this time all the French attempts at settlement had been very unfortunate; but in the meantime De Monts had changed his plan, and in 1608 he sent out another expedition to the St. Lawrence, under Champlain as his lieutenant, who laid the foundation of Quebec, and spent the winter there. This is the real commencement of the History of La Nouvelle France.

From the very first, Champlain entered upon a course of policy the evil effects of which continued for more than a century to be felt by the colony which he had founded. In order to gain influence with the Indians whom he encountered, he joined them in their wars against their native enemies. But the Indian tribes with whom he associated himself were scattered and unwarlike, whilst their opponents were not only united under some semblance of a regular government, but proved themselves afterwards to be the most enterprising and warlike of all the native tribes of North America. These unprovoked aggressions created an undying hostility to the French on the part of the Iroquois, which troubled all the earlier years of the colony, and was never effaced so long as they retained any hold upon the continent. The Dutch, on the contrary, and after them the English, entered into amicable relations with the Iroquois, or the Five Nations, as they designated them, and, in their wars with the French, these Indians always proved trustworthy and faithful allies. From their own traditions we learn that in the earlier times they had been unable to cope successfully with their antagonists, and had been obliged to confine themselves to their settlements in the northern parts of the present State of New York; but their better organization, and the fire-arms which they obtained from their Dutch and English allies, enabled them to take the ascendency, and a dreadful retribution awaited the French and their allies.

In 1609, the first year after the foundation of Quebec, Champlain joined in one of these expeditions, in which he penetrated to the head of the lake which still bears his name, and there inflicted a defeat upon the Iroquois; and in 1610 he again met them about the mouth of the Richelieu river. In these early years Champlain himself used generally to return to France for the winter, leaving a party behind him at Quebec, and some of his men were usually left with his Indian friends to spend the winter with them, for the purpose of learning their language and habits, and of gaining some insight into the character of the country. Thus, from the very commencement, that class of semi-savage hunters and traders was established, who acted as interpreters, and played such an important part in the early history of the colony; and who in after times, under the name of *coureurs de bois*, seem to have given the Governors almost as much trouble as the Indians themselves.

One of these, Nicholas de Vignau by name, had wintered with the Algonquins in the upper waters of the Ottawa, and, meeting with Champlain in France in 1612, told him that he had penetrated by that route as far as Hudson's Bay, which had just been discovered by the English, and had witnessed the wreck of an English vessel there, and the capture of its crew by the Indians. Champlain himself spent the whole of that year in France, engaged in procuring an influential protector for his infant colony, in consequence of the death of the Count de Soissons, who had hitherto patronized it. The Prince of Condé having obtained a commission as Lieut.-General of New France, Champlain, in 1613, fitted out a new expedition, and immediately on his arrival proceeded to ascend the Ottawa, with the expectation of reaching the Northern Sea. In his account of this expedition he gives a clear description of the Chaudière and Rideau Falls, and of the site of the present capital of the country he founded; but we must look upon De Vignau as the first white man who had ever set foot upon it. Champlain only went up the river as far as Allumette Island, where the Indians convinced him that De Vignau had deceived him, and that there was no means of reaching Hudson's Bay by that route; so he returned once more to France disappointed, and has handed De Vignau down to posterity as the greatest liar he ever met with.

Another year was now spent in France, getting up a company of merchants at St. Malo, Rouen and La Rochelle, to raise the means for a new expedition, for though Condé gave his patronage, he was very chary of his money. A matter of equal importance for the colony also engaged Champlain's attention. He entered into negotiations with the Recollets, a branch of the Franciscan order, to undertake the spiritual charge of his young settlement. In 1615 he brought out with him four of the friars, and built the first chapel on the site of what is now Champlain market, whilst the Franciscans established their convent where the Marine Hospital now stands. Immediately upon his arrival he engaged in another expedition against the Iroquois, which led to the most important of his discoveries in the interior of the country. Accompanied by a dozen Frenchmen and one of his new missionaries, Father le Caron, he ascended the Ottawa to the Matawan. Hence carrying across to Nipissing, they descended the French river to Lake Huron, and coasted along to the country of the Hurons, near Lake Simcoe. Here they collected their forces at a village called Cahiagué, and thence crossed Lake Simcoe, and carried across to that chain of lakes which empties itself by the river Trent into the Bay of Quinté. Crossing the foot of Lake Ontario they landed, and proceeding through the woods they crossed the Oswego river where it comes out of Lake Oneida, and attacked their enemy in a fort somewhere near Lake Onondaga. The expedition was a failure, and they returned by the way they came; and Champlain, who had been wounded in the encounter, being unable to induce the Indians to send a canoe with him down the St. Lawrence, returned with his allies to their own country. During the winter he visited some other tribes, and learned a great deal about the interior, from description, all of which is laid down in the map which he published.

This was the most important of all Champlain's expeditions, both from its extent and from the relations which it established between the French and the Indians of the interior; and to me it has always been doubly interesting, as the course which he took was through a part of the country where, a little more than two hundred years later, I was one of the first European settlers. From the peculiar route by which they approached it, they took Upper Canada, as it were, in the rear, and thus the first part on which a white man ever trod did not receive any permanent settlers until forty or fifty years ago. Considering the importance of this expedition, it is amazing to see the way in which all mention of it is omitted, and the erroneous accounts given where it is alluded to by any of our historians. Some years ago at Quebec, in a paper communicated to the Literary and Historical Society there, I had occasion to argue against the German School of Historical Critics, who would throw a doubt upon the reality of the events related in ancient history, from the inconsistencies in the various narratives of them, and I brought forward as an instance to the contrary this incident in our own history, for which we have the best of all evidence—that of the published words of the chief actor himself. Champlain's account is clear and intelligible, as almost all his local descriptions are, and if that is not enough, we have his map with his course laid down upon it; yet, with the book before them, hardly two can relate the story in the same way. The earliest of our historians, Lescarbot, Sagard, Du Creux, La Potterie and Colden, omit mention of it altogether, and Charlevoix disposes of it in a few brief sentences, which give no clue to the route or destination of the expedition. We have in our records an official document signed by Louis XIV. himself, and by his great minister Colbert, in which Champlain's discoveries are set forth, as proving the title of France to its possessions in North America; and it would be difficult for the most ingenious person, in as few words, to string together so many misstatements. The words are these:—"En l'année 1611 et 1612 il monta par la grande rivière jusqu'au lac Huron, qu'on appelle la Mer Douce; de là il fut à la nation du Petun, puis à la nation Neutre, et à celle des Mascoutins, qui demeuraient alors vers l'endroit qu'on appelle Sakiman. De cet endroit il alla vers les sauvages Algonquins et Hurons en guerre contre les Iroquois. I passa par des lieux qu'il a décrits lui-même dans son livre, qui ne sont autres que le Détroit et le lac Erie." Now as to the date assigned: in 1611 he was only about six weeks in Canada, and never advanced beyond Montreal; and in 1612 he never even left the shores of France. Setting aside this error in the date, he certainly was amongst the Petuns, though after and not before his expedition; but of the Neuters and Mascoutins, he expressly says that he was unable to visit them. As to his then going towards the Algonquins and Hurons to attack the Iroquois, we may give the author of the memoir the benefit of the supposition that "*vers*" was written by mistake for "*avec*," which would make better sense, but he certainly never was near Detroit, and of Lake Erie he knew so little that he never mentions the name, and it is only represented by an imaginary river on his map. The chief modern authority is Garneau, who, besides several minor errors throughout, mistakes Champlain's Mer Douce (which was Lake Huron) for Lake Ontario. He winds up by saying that Champlain spent the winter south of Lake Ontario, amongst the Neuters, whilst we know that he really spent it in the neighbourhood of Lake Simcoe, amongst the Hurons and Petuns. Moreover, the Neuters did not live south of Lake Ontario, but in the western peninsula of what is now Upper Canada, all except one outlying village at Niagara Falls; and we have Champlain's express word for it that he never visited it at all. I have seen one school history which makes Champlain collect his allies on Green Bay, in Lake Michigan, and attack the Iroquois Fort somewhere on the Georgian Bay—a singular locality in which to find an Iroquois Fort in 1615; and a more pretentious one makes Cahiagué at the foot of Lake Huron, and the enemy's fort at Detroit. But the most remarkable jumble is to be found in Murray's British North America, and it is all the more singular because he evidently had Champlain open before him, and gives the mustering of the allies and the attack on the fort in great detail. He is all right as far as the country of the Hurons, whence, he says, they descended a small chain of lakes (which you will look for in vain on the map) to Lake Huron, and coasted along to its extremity, where they landed, and went—a four days' journey one must remember—to Lake George, where Champlain really did attack the Iroquois six years before.

Such are the various accounts given of this expedition by historians who notice it at all, and of all the histories I have seen, (and I have looked into most of them,) I have found only three which give anything like a true description of it—Broadhead's History of New York, the late Abbé Ferland's admirable course of lectures on Canadian History and Dr. Miles' History, published within the last year or two. If this is a fair sample of the way in which history is written, we may well doubt if we have a true statement of details where the original authorities have not come down to us, though it would be pushing scepticism too far to reject on that account the reality of the main events themselves.

This was the last expedition undertaken by Champlain himself, who for the rest of his life devoted himself to superintending the affairs of his colony at Quebec, with occasional visits to France. The Recollets, however, pursued their missionary labours amongst the distant tribes, assisted some years later in their pious work by the Jesuits, whom they had called in to their aid; and here again we find a systematic garbling of history which may be taken as an example of what has probably occurred in other periods where we have had no opportunity of examining the original authorities.

In 1615 Champlain brought out with him, as I have before stated, four Recollet friars, one of whom accompanied him in his expedition into the interior, and founded a mission amongst the Hurons. A few years later the Recollets called in some Jesuits to their assistance, and the new comers lived harmoniously with them as guests in the Recollet convent. Sagard says their friends warned them that they were introducing dangerous inmates, who would supplant them; but he says he cannot believe such a thing of the reverend Fathers. But the whole Canadian colony was soon after broken up by the English, and on the return of the French the Jesuits alone had control of the ecclesiastical affairs of the country. From that time all mention of the Recollets, who were the real pioneers of Christianity in Canada, is systematically suppressed; and, in Du Creux's history and the Relations des Jésuites, it would take a very microscopic examination to detect that the Jesuits ever had any predecessors in Canada. To such an extent is this carried, that although in Champlain's original journal a detailed account is given of his negotiations for bringing them out, and of their first proceedings, in the collected edition of his voyages, published in 1632, (which is the one most generally known, and the only one which has been translated into other languages,) all allusion to them is suppressed. If Champlain said, in 1619, that Father le Caron addressed the Indians on the new faith which he was introducing to them, in 1632 he is made to say that he addressed them himself. If le Caron's name is casually mentioned in the first edition, in the second the sentence is altered or omitted, and that so carelessly that in one case the omission has hopelessly confused the dates.

This may not appear a point of great importance, but in the early records of Canada the missions occupy such a prominent position that no history of the country can be considered complete which does not give to them their due weight. At the period of which I am speaking, it was through them mainly that any addition was made to the information already collected by Champlain. The *coureurs de bois* also, as was the ircustom, associated themselves with the Indians, and penetrated into the back country in every direction. From these united sources some further knowledge of the interior was obtained, which we find recorded in Champlain's map of 1632, but there is not much there which was not discovered, or described by him, in 1615. For fifty years indeed, from that time, no great accession seems to have been gained to their knowledge of the country, and even as late as 1663 we find the Governor of that day saying that Lake Superior is supposed to empty itself in the direction of New Spain.

No events of importance are recorded for several years, but we gather that the colony advanced very slowly, and some years afterwards only numbered about fifty individuals. Louis Hébert was the first man who, in 1617, brought out his family, and the first marriage took place the next year, a daughter of Hébert's being the bride.

The ecclesiastical registers are preserved almost from the first—not the originals indeed, which were burned in 1640, but a copy made out at the time from the records of different families, and in them we find the ancestors of the Le Moines, Bouchers, Gagnons, Cauchons, and other well-known Canadian names. Eighty years afterwards, Leclerq says that 900 people counted their descent from Louis Hébert. The first baptism recorded in the register is that of a son of Abraham Martin, a Scotchman, and a well-known pilot of his day, and who has left his name to posterity in connection with his farm on the plains of Abraham.

In 1629, Quebec was taken by the English, and when it was restored in 1632, Hébert's family at Quebec and two or three settlers who had remained at Three Rivers, with a few *coureurs de bois* amongst the Indians, were the only remnants of the original colony. A new company of the Cent Associés, under the patronage of Cardinal Richelieu, was formed, and Champlain, collecting his scattered companions, returned to his Government, and died there, 1635.

The new colony had hardly acquired any consistency before the Iroquois wars commenced. The friendly tribes were attacked and massacred, the missions broken up, and all trade was interrupted. The posts at Montreal and Three Rivers were attacked, as were the settlements in the Isle of Orleans, and the Iroquois even made incursions as low down the river as Tadoussac. Succour came very sparingly from France, and somewhat later even Quebec itself was beleaguered by a force of 700 Indians. During this period of distress, overtures were made to the New England colonies, with which the French were for the time on friendly terms, to undertake a joint war to put down the Iroquois. This the authorities of the colony declined to do, as they had no immediate cause for hostilities, but private individuals it appears were not so scrupulous. It is curious to see how history often repeats itself, and how small a difference a couple of centuries make in the national character. Many no doubt remember how, during the Crimean war, when the siege of Sebastopol hung rather heavy on hand, the American newspapers were full of hits at the incompetence of the effete nations of Europe, and some even proposed that a company should be got up to take Sebastopol for us on contract. Now it appears that about this time a certain Major Québin, who is called the Major of Boston, made a proposal that for the sum of £20,000 he would undertake the total destruction of the Iroquois. We learn this from a despatch of D'Avaugour, who was Governor of Canada a few years later, and who suggests that it might be well to enquire whether the Major was still in the same mind, even at a much greater price.

I had some curiosity to ascertain who this Major *Québin* might be, who seemed a worthy progenitor of those who in our own time offered to take the capture of Sebastopol off our hands, and after some search in the Massachussets records I have identified him. There was a certain Major Edward Gibbon, who is frequently mentioned in the records as a delegate to the General Ccurt, and often entrusted with important negotiations. He evidently was a prominent man of war amongst them, and was more than once chosen as Major-General in various expeditions against the Indians. The title given to him in the despatch, of the *Major of Boston*, seems an odd one, but he appears to have acted as a sort of Chief of Police there, with the title of Sergeant-Major of the town, which would account for the designation. But what appears most clearly to identify him with the Major Québin of the French despatches is, that in 1653, when war was imminent with the French, and there was a prohibition against any one trading with them, a special exemption was made in favour of Major Gibbon, on account of the importance of the transactions which he had with them.

But better times were approaching. During all the previous history of Canada some great man about the Court had been selected as the patron of the new colony, and a company of merchants and others had been established, who had the trade, and to a great extent the Government, in their hands. The King indeed was the nominal Lord, but the company were the proprietors, and their interest in the colony was principally to make money, the well-being of the settlers being a secondary consideration. Latterly, indeed, the exclusive privileges of trade had been relaxed, and the Crown had interfered more in the management; but in 1663 there was an entire change in this respect. The Company of the Cent Associés surrendered all their rights and were abolished, and Canada was annexed as part of the Crown Domain.

After this cession of the colony by the Company to the Crown a period of comparative prosperity followed. The Indian troubles indeed still continued at intervals, but there was more vigour in the Administration, and better concerted means of defence. Some standing force of regular troops was kept up in the country, and forts were erected at important points. Those at Sorel and Chambly restrained the incursions of the Iroquois, who usually followed the Richelieu river in their expeditions, and that at Kingston, which bore the name of the new Governor Frontenac, was the first step towards curbing their power, and affording security to the trade on Ontario. Others soon followed, at Niagara, Detroit, and on Lake Huron, and at a great gathering of the western tribes at Makinaw, Perrot succeeded in establishing the French influence on a permanent basis.

During the same period the tide of discovery rolled rapidly westward. Trading posts were established on Lake Superior, and pushed on towards the north-west. In 1673 Joliet and Marquette ascended the Outagami from Green Bay on Michigan, and carrying across to the Wisconsin river, followed it down to the Mississippi, which they descended as far as the confluence of the Arkansas; when, being satisfied that it flowed into the Gulf of Mexico, they returned by way of the Illinois river to the extremity of Lake Michigan. In 1679 La Salle pursued the latter course with larger means, and the Mississippi was followed to its mouth. The foundation was thus laid for that chain of forts, from Quebec to New Orleans, which surrounded the English possessions, and at one time seemed likely to make the French the predominating influence on this continent.

From the time of Champlain till the assumption of the Government by the Crown, we have mainly to rely for information upon the ecclesiastical records. They are, naturally, principally directed to their own special subject, but in the reports from the several missions, and in the journals kept by the Jesuits and Ursulines, we may glean many interesting facts as to the general progress of the colony, as to the Indian troubles, as to the social condition of the scattered settlements, and as to the early history of many of the old families whose descendants we still find amongst us. But from the time when Canada came more immediately under the dominion of the Crown, we have a very perfect series of official documents, consisting of the despatches to and from the Governors and Intendants, edicts and ordinances, censuses and reports upon various subjects. Besides such as are preserved in Canada, we have copies of those in the French archives, some in the Parliamentary library, and the most interesting series in that of the Literary and Historical Society at Quebec. From the minute details in which the French Government used to interfere, these give a very lively and interesting picture of the state of society in the country. In the earlier documents protection against the Iroquois is the principal topic, and there are some amusing instances of that ignorance of the country with which we are occasionally still inclined to charge our own Colonial Office. A certain Sieur de Gaudais appears to have been sent out in 1663 to report upon the state of the country, and he is instructed, among other things, to enquire whether, as the thick forests enable the Indians to steal unperceived on the settlements, it would not to be possible, by setting fire to the woods in winter when a strong wind is blowing, so to clear the country as to make it at once available for settlement, and safe from the stealthy foe. Some similar sugestion seems to have been made to the Governor, D'Avaugour, for he replies that the proposal to fence in the country by a line of palisades impenetrable to the Iroquois, appears to him impossible.

A much more practicable measure was strongly insisted upon in successive despatches, viz., the gathering of the people together into villages, it being kindly left to he Governor to decide whether they are to be laid out of a round or a square shape; and the discouragement of scattered settlements. For this purpose the grants of all lands beyond a certain size which have not been cleared are to be resumed, and the forfeited land is to be distributed to new settlers. This system, however, seems to have been carried too far, for about fifty years later we find edicts forbidding any man to build a house on a piece of land of less than 1½ arpents frontage by 40 in depth, and special edicts for pulling down certain specified houses which had been erected in contravention of the law. There are also edicts forbidding the *habitans* from the country from coming to live in the towns without special licence, and fining those who harbour them.

Another point which engages the attention of the Government is the prevention of that tendency to wander off on hunting and trading expeditions, which from the first was so characteristic of the French in America. In 1673 there is an ordinance setting forth the injury to the colony arising from this cause, and forbidding any Frenchman, whether domiciled or not, from wandering in the woods for more than 24 hours without express permission of the Governor, on pain of death. In 1676 the prohibition to trade at a distance is repeated, with a reduced penalty for first offences, but the Governor himself is restricted from granting any such permission as was previously allowed. And two years later there is another ordinance setting forth how the former one against trading has been eluded, under the pretence of excursions for the purpose of hunting. The Governors are therefore forbidden to grant any permission to hunt at a greater distance from the settlements than one league. The next year there is a little relaxation of the former enactment, by the permission to the Governors to grant licences to hunt at a greater distance from the settlements between the 15th of January and the 15th of April, but this is the greatest latitude which appears to have been allowed. As to trading expeditions, they continued to be strictly forbidden, and the punishment—by an ordinance of 1681—is to be whipped and branded for the first offence, and the galleys for life for a second. How utterly powerless the Government was, in spite of the severity of these enactments, to prevent the wandering habits of the settlers, is shown by the constant complaints upon the subject in subsequent despatches, and by a whole series of ordinances in after years, granting amnesties to those who will come in before a certain date, with renewed threats of punishment to those who do not return.

The growth of the colony being the first object of Government, emigration was to be encouraged, and at the same time the natural increase of the population was to be fostered. For this purpose there is an arrêt of the Council of State in 1670, making a grant, to be called the King's Present, of 20 livres to every couple that is married, if the man (or rather boy) is under 20 and the girl under 16, and parents are to be subject to a fine who do not marry off their children before those ages. There is also to be an annual pension of 300 livres to every person who has a family of 10 living children, and of 400 if he has 12 or more; and there are to be certain honours and trusts to the principal inhabitants of the parishes and villages, with precedence in the churches and elsewhere, and for these honourable situations the men with the largest families are to be preferred. As the natural supply of wives was deficient, (for the census of 1667 shews that there were only 55 unmarried girls above 14,) cargoes of the article were sent out; and it may be interesting to preserve the record that a certain Mademoiselle Ettienne appears to have been the Miss Rye of that day. In 1670 the Intendant Talon reports that out of 165 sent out the year before, only 15 remained on hand, and they were engaged, but distributed amongst the other families until their destined husbands could support them. He asks for 150 to 200 more, but strongly recommends that those sent out shall not be naturally deformed, or have anything exteriorly repulsive in their personal appearance; from which I conclude that the last batch was not exactly a fair sample of *la belle France.* Perhaps it was partly for this reason that it was found necessary to use stringent measures to get the *coureurs de bois* to marry; for Talon, in a mémoire of that date, proposes that all bachelors shall be excluded from trade, and from the honours of the church and the communauté, who do not marry within 15 days after the ships come in, and he asks for authority to take stronger measures still with them. He also suggests that a few girls of good birth, and distinguished for their accomplishments, shall be sent out for the benefit of the young officers, whom it is desirable to induce to settle in the country. We do not hear what the total number of the second importation was, but it would appear that the market had been somewhat overstocked, for in 1671 Talon asks that no more girls should be sent out the next year, lest the settlers should not be able to find husbands for their daughters; and he intimated that, whilst he had asked for 4 or 5 for the officers, they had sent him 15, whom he did not find it easy to dispose of. But it was after all only a temporary glut, for the following year Frontenac asks for more women. This, however, is the last account I have found of an importation of this kind, and at a later period the women were considerably in excess of the men. Even the officers seem to have had no difficulty in finding wives, for a subsequent Governor, the Marquis de Dénonville, after enumerating the Captains whom he has married off, appears to be not a little concerned about some of the younger officers, whom he finds it difficult to restrain from forming connections which may not be altogether palatable to their relations at home.

As far as the increase of the population is concerned, the experiment seems to have been successful, for the year after the first batch arrived, Talon reports 700 births, and says that the bishop anticipated a crop of 1,100 the following year, which is pretty well, considering that four years before, in 1668, the whole population only numbered 5,870. I am afraid, however, that the bishop reckoned his chickens too sanguinely, for in 1674, the census only gave the population at 7,832, which naturally a good deal surprised the authorities at home; and in 1680 there were only 9,400 in all; 404 births, and 66 marriages.

The fact of the despatches of this period being so full of such domestic matters is in itself a proof of the comparative tranquillity and prosperity which prevailed. But soon after the Indian troubles recommenced, and war broke out with the English colonies. Canada, however, had now grown out of its infancy; the principal settlements were firmly established, and all the machinery of Government was thoroughly organized—and as I only undertake to give some account of the early French settlements, I may omit all mention of the later incidents in the history of the colony; of the fluctuating periods of prosperity and of suffering, and of the events which, from the neglect of the Home Government and the growing power of the English colonies, finally led to its conquest.

Two reflections must suggest themselves to any one who carefully studies these early annals of our country. There are few such opportunities of tracing from contemporary authorities the extraordinary mutability to which uncivilized tribes are subject. When Cartier entered the St. Lawrence he found permanent villages at Quebec and Montreal, but 60 years later, in Champlain's time, there were only a few scattered Montagnais about Quebec, and no Indian villages within many leagues of Montreal. Who the Indians were that Cartier met with it is not easy to determine, but there can be no doubt, from the fragments of their language preserved by him, as well as from their habits of life, living in walled villages, that they belonged to some branch of the great Iroquois stock. The traditions of the Indians themselves, as handed down to us by subsequent writers, leave the point doubtful. The Algonquins said that they had been driven from Montreal by the Hurons. The Iroquois, according both to Cadwallader Colden, their special historian, and to Perrot, represent themselves to have been the original holders of that important post. One thing, however, is certain, that when we first become clearly acqainted with them, the two great sections of the Indian race were as distinctly separated in the territory they occupied as in their language and customs. That section, which we may call Algonquins or Chippeways, though divided into different tribes, occupied the coasts of New England, Nova Scotia, and the Gulf of St. Lawrence. We find them on the north shore of the Lower St. Lawrence, on the head waters of the streams running into the Ottawa, and on the Ottawa itself, but not lower than Allumette Island, on Lake Nippissing, and the Manitoulin Islands. They lived a wandering life, as hunters, rarely settling in permanent villages, and those not fortified. The other section cultivated the ground extensively, and lived in walled villages. The five nations, whose French name of Iroquois may be extended to the whole stock, occupied the northern parts of the State of New York, from the head of Lake Champlain to Niagara. Beyond them were the Eries, and north of the Lakes the Neuters, in the western peninsula; the Petuns on the north shore, from Collingwood to Owen Sound, and the Hurons on the small tract between Lake Simcoe and Lake Huron. These all belonged to one stock, though often deadly enemies. But the intervening country, embracing all the Upper St. Lawrence and the most fertile tracts of what is now Upper Canada, was a desert—a neutral ground, in which neither of the hostile races made any settlement. Champlain describes the chain of Lakes by which he descended to Ontario, as fringed with the sites of old villages and clearings, which had been deserted—a description which is borne out by the present aspect of the country, in which I myself could point out 15 or 20 of such ancient vestiges. Tradition points to it as the former country of the Hurons, who had been driven from it by the wars, and who, when we first became acquainted with them, had taken refuge in the narrow limits of the peninsula comprised between Lake Simcoe, Matchedash Bay, and Lake Huron, where they occupied 23 villages, and must have numbered 30,000 souls, almost equal to the population which that territory now supports. In not much more than 50 years after this the whole aspect of the country had changed. The Hurons had been extirpated, except a small remnant, who took refuge in the far west, and a few families who came down with their missionaries to Quebec, and even these were not safe from their deadly enemies. The Petuns, the Neuters, the Eries, the Illinois, and the Delawares had shared the same fate, and the conquering Iroquois were dominant from Long Island Sound to Lake Michigan, and from the mouth of the Susquehannah to Nipissing. It is melancholy to look over a map of the period, like Lahontan's, and to compare it with those of earlier date. The Iroquois wars had told their tale in the meantime, and where Champlain indicates populous tribes, we have only the ominous symbol of a death's head and cross-bones, with the legend, "nation detruite." All this had occurred without the intervention of the white man, and there has been no disappearance of a savage race, since the diseases and vices which civilization brings in its train, which has surpassed, even if it has equalled in completeness and rapidity, the desolation which the conquering Iroquois spread around them. They, too, have now nearly vanished from the scene of their former power under other influences, and may soon, like the Eries and Hurons, be remembered only by a name; and when we find such extraordinary vicissitudes occurring during the brief space of which we have any certain record, we cease to be so much surprised at the total disappearance of the Mound Builders and other pre-historic races.

The other point to which I would call your attention, is the extraordinary rapidity with which the French spread themselves over the continent, as compared with the progress of the English. The commencement of the colony may date from the foundation of Quebec by Champlain in 1608, one year after the permanent establishment of the English at Jamestown, and one year before that of the Dutch at New York, and 12 years before the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth. The colonies therefore commenced nearly on equal terms; yet within 7 years the French had reached Lake Huron, whilst it was nearly a century before the English had extended to any considerable distance from the sea coast. The Iroquois wars now broke out, which for many years confined the French almost entirely to the Lower St. Lawrence; but no sooner were they brought to a close, or rather succeeded by a hollow truce, than the tide of discovery, which had been pent-up, spread over the whole continent, and in a very few years extended to the North Sea, the Gulf of Mexico, and to the Rocky Mountains. Much of this difference must no doubt be ascribed to the facilities afforded by our immense chain of Lakes and Rivers; and much to the missionary spirit of the Recollets and Jesuits, who penetrated, spite of dangers and privations, to every tribe where there was a chance of propagating the faith. Something, too, may be due to the ambition of the Government at home, which was latterly constantly prompting its Governors to the acquisition of new territory, whilst the British were left very much to themselves. But the difference must mainly be attributed to the national character of the settlers themselves. The

Englishman, grave and earnest, settled himself at once on his farm, and devoted any leisure he could spare to framing laws for the government of the society which surrounded him, and in determining the religious disputes which arose amongst them. He was essentially a member of a community, and rarely pushed beyond reach of his neighbours, and the vicinity of his church and village council, until lack of space compelled the hive to give off a swarm. The Frenchman, on the contrary, with characteristic impetuosity, leaving the cares of State to the Governor and the Intendant, and the questions of religion to his priests, plunged at once into the excitement and adventure, which, in spite of its hardships, gives such an irresistible charm to a half-savage life. We have seen the constant endeavours to check this tendency of the population to wander, and the stringent edicts which prohibited any excursions beyond the limits of settlements. But nature is stronger than laws, and the *coureurs de bois* were to be found everywhere, and often no doubt where no record of their adventures has been preserved. Only eight years after Champlain's great expedition, at a time when Quebec could count barely 50 inhabitants, we find Sagard, whilst missionary amongst the Hurons, on Lake Simcoe, speaking of a welcome supply of meat which had been given to him by a party of French hunters.

If the Celt has marked his progress on this continent by the dash and *élan* which characterizes him as a soldier, but cannot always resist long-continued obstacles, the Saxon has equally exhibited the invincible tenacity which enables him to advance step by step, in spite of difficulties, and to keep what he gains. We in Canada have a union of the two races, and we are not without indications that each has modified the tendencies of the other. Let us hope that a new nation may have been founded here, and that it may combine the best characteristics of the two great nations of the old world from which we are descended.

GERTY'S GLOVE.

SLIPS of a kid-skin deftly sewn,
A scent as through her garden blown,
The tender hue that clothes her dove,
All these,—and this is Gerty's glove.

A glove but lately dofft, for look—
It keeps the happy shape it took;
Warm from her touch! What gave the glow?
And where's the mould that shaped it so?

It clasp'd the hand, so pure, so sleek,
Where Gerty rests a pensive cheek,
The hand that when the light wind stirs,
Reproves those laughing locks of hers.

You fingers four, you little thumb!
Were I but you, in days to come
I'd clasp, and kiss, and keep her—go!
And tell her that I told you so.

KISSINGEN, June 1871. —*London Lyrics.*

CURIOSITIES OF PARLIAMENTARY PRIVILEGE.

BY THOMAS HODGINS, M. A., Q. C.

"The High Court of Parliament is so high and mighty in its nature that it is judge of the law; and makes that to be law which is not law; and that to be no law which is; and the determination of its Privileges belongs to the Parliament, and not to the Judges."—*Mr. Speaker Thorp's case*, 31 *Hen. VI.*

"The violating of the Privileges of Parliament is the overthrow of Parliament."—*Conference between Lords and Commons*, 31*st January*, 1641.

IT may be fairly assumed that the position occupied by the English House of Commons in the early days of its history—combating at one time the asserted prerogatives of the Crown, and at other times finding the Judges timidly subservient* to its assumption of extravagant jurisdiction, led the House into the claim and actual exercise of Privileges which later days have shown to be both ludicrous and illegal.

Sir Edward Coke, the great master of English and Parliamentary Law, in his Fourth Institute, speaking of the authority of Parliament says: "Of the power and jurisdiction of the Parliament, it is so transcendent and absolute as it cannot be confined, either for causes or persons, within any bounds."† Another writer declares that "Parliament can alter the succession to the Crown, the religion of the country, and the Constitution itself."

A later doctrine, and one more in accordance with reason and law, has affirmed that "the law is supreme over the House of Commons, as over the Crown. If the limits of the law be passed by either for the most satisfactory reasons, they are indeed themselves responsible; but the law will require a strict account of the act, in the persons of their agents, and these—according to the nature of the illegality—will be answerable civilly or criminally."‡

Hatsell in his *Precedents of the House of Commons* § says: "The principal objects which the House of Commons seem always to have had in the several declarations of their Privileges, were, of securing to themselves: (1) Their right of attendance in Parliament unmolested by threats or insults of private persons. (2) Their thoughts and attentions undisturbed by any concern for their goods or estates. (3) Their personal presence in the House, not to be withdrawn either by the summons of Inferior Courts, or by the arrests of their bodies in civil causes." How far this opinion was correct may be judged by the examples given in this article.

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* "We are not acquainted with the learning of Parliament, and there is a *peculiar cunning* in it not known to the Judges; nor do we go by the same rules, as they often determine contrary to our opinion. Our business is to determine of *meum* and *tuum*, where the *heats do not run so high as on things belonging to the Legislature.*"—*Ashby* v. *White*, ("The Aylesbury men.") Lord Raymond's Reports, p. 944.

† 4 Inst., 36. The doctrines of Sir Edward Coke in this Institute, have not always been received as unimpeachable. In the argument in *Burdett* v. *Abbott*, (4 Taunt. 416), it was said that "Prynne and Selden had proved that the *Modus tenendi Parliamentum in Anglia*, on which most of the first chapter of the Fourth Institute is founded, is a forgery." Prynne in his treatise on the subject of this Institute, advises students "not to take any thing upon trust, but to search the fountains themselves—which I fear himself did not constantly pursue." And Sir Orlando Bridgman in his report of *Benyon* v. *Evelyn* says, that Lord Coke's treatise on the jurisdiction of Parliament, is a posthumous work, and contains a multitude of errors.

‡ Mr. Justice Coleridge, in *Howard* v. *Gossett*, (which arose out of the celebrated case of *Stockdale* v. *Hansard* in 1842), 10 A. & E. 377.

§ 1st vol., p. 205.

The jurisdiction of Parliament in early days, was extended not only to protect, under the claim of Privilege, the members, their families, and their properties, but the persons and properties of their servants; and woe to the luckless judge, sheriff, bailiff, creditor, or citizen, found "guilty of a breach of the Privileges of the House," for pursuing the ordinary legal remedies against impecunious members, or their servants.

The Parliamentary rule which forbids the Sovereign's name to be used in debate, received official recognition in the 4th and 5th Philip and Mary—5th March, 1557,—and is thus recorded:

"Mr. Copley, one of this House, having spoken unreverent words of the Queen's Majesty, saying that 'he feared the Queen might give away the Crown from the right inheritors,' the House, commanded by Mr. Speaker, directed that Copley should absent himself until consultation were had thereof. And after consultation it was agreed to be a grievous fault; and Copley was committed to the custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms, during the pleasure of the Queen's Majesty."*

Another example was furnished by Mr. Peter Wentworth, during the reign of Elizabeth, who for "unreverend and undutiful words uttered by him in the House, of our Sovereign Lady the Queen's Majesty,"† was 'sequestered;' and thereupon the House proceeded to conference and consultation of his said speech. "After sundry motions had, it was agreed and ordered that he should be committed to the Sergeant's ward as prisoner, and so remaining should be examined upon his said speech by all the Privy Council being of this House." The following day the Committee, by Mr. Treasurer, reported "touching the violent and wicked words," and thereupon Wentworth was committed close prisoner to the Tower.‡

Another member, not having the fear of these precedents before his eyes, wandered into expressions which the Journal records as follows:

3 June, 1626. "Mr. Herberte reported from the Grand Committee some words used by Mr. More, a member, to the following sense or effect: 'That we were born free, and must continue free, if the King would keep his Kingdom;' and his discourse, upon a supposition what a tyrant may do within this Kingdom, adding these words: 'as, thanks be to God, we have no occasion, we having a just and pious King.' Mr. More was heard to explain himself, and withdrew. Mr. More, by all who spake, (which were many,) cleared from any ill intention in speaking his words.

"Upon question, resolved, Mr. More to be sent to the Tower, during the pleasure of the House, for his offence in speaking the words now reported. Which judgment Mr. Speaker pronounced to him, kneeling at the Bar." §

During the reign of James I., the House assumed the power of punishing for improper observations on members of the royal family; but the occasion and mode of punishment, as reported in the Journals, were neither creditable nor justifiable:

On the 4 May, 1621, Edward Floyde was charged with making "false, malicious, and spiteful speeches" about the Princess Elizabeth and her husband, to this effect: "I have heard that Prague is taken, and Good-

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1 Commons Journal, p. 50.

† In the *Memoirs of the Court of Elizabeth*, it is stated that Wentworth and another member who seconded him, were arrested by order of the Queen, "for presenting a petition to the Lord Keeper, praying the Lords to join the Commons in a supplication to the Queen for fixing the succession."

‡ 1 Commons Journal, p. 104.

§ 1 Commons Journal, p. 866. 2 Car. 1.

man Palsgrave and Goodwife Palsgrave *have taken their heels and run away;* and, as I have heard, Goodwife Palsgrave is taken prisoner;" and that these words "were spoken by him in a most despiteful and scornful manner, with a fleering and scoffing countenance." The House after debating the matter, and after a long recital of the complaint, "did adjudge and award that the said Edward Floyde should be returned prisoner to the Fleet, and to lie that night in a place called Bolton's ward; and next morning be brought to Westminster, and be there set upon the Pillory from 9 to 11 o'clock, with a paper upon his hat, with this inscription in capital letters: 'For false, malicious and despiteful speeches against the King's daughter and her husband;' that from thence he should ride to the Exchange, within the city of London, upon a horse, without a saddle, with his face backwards towards the horse-tail, holding the tail in his hands, with the former paper upon his head; and be there again set upon the Pillory two hours; and from thence he shall ride in like manner to the Fleet, and there to remain until the next Friday morning; and on that morning to ride in like manner into Cheapside, and there to be again set upon the Pillory two hours, and ride back to the Fleet in like manner as before; and that there be set and assessed upon him a fine of £1,000." *

Not only were the functions of Parliament misused in the case here cited, but about the same time the Scottish nation came in for a share of the omnipotent power of the privileges of the House. On the 13th February, 1606, during the debate on the union with Scotland, Sir Christopher Piggott, member for Bucks, "did, in the face and public hearing of the House, enter into a *bitter and scandalous invective against the nation of the Scotts and Scottishmen*, tending to the dishonour of the Commons House of Parliament." For this loose talk he was, "after much dispute," ordered to be committed to the Tower, and expelled; and on being called in, and kneeling at the Bar, judgment was thus pronounced by Mr. Speaker: "That sithence his offence was so apparently henious, the House did not hold it fit that any particulars should be named, or to give a reason for their judgment, but that their order was:

"That he should be carried to the Prison of the Tower, and there remain during the pleasure of the House.

"That he should be dismissed from his place of Knight for the shire of Bucks, and a new writ issued for a new choice." †

A later Parliament appears to have exercised a more moderate judgment on a member similarly offending. In the Journal of the 10th November, 1640, it is stated: "Distaste was taken by the House at Sir Wm. Witherington, for calling the Scotts '*invading rebels.*' Whereupon Sir Wm. in his place stood up, and said that he knew them to be the King's subjects, and would no more call them rebels; and with this explanation the House rested satisfied." ‡

It is unfortunate for the impartial reputation of Parliament, that the interests of the Irish nation were not similarly conserved; for we find that on the 12th May, 1614, in a debate on the disorderly conduct of a member for insulting the chairman of a committee, Mr. Hackwill is reported as saying, "That such disorderly conduct was a good countenancing of the proceedings in the *Irish* Parliament."§ But the House allowed this reflection on their fellow-subjects to pass unnoticed.

Further, the House itself recorded the disfavour in which it held the Irish, by an order passed on the 23rd November, 1641: "That all Justices of the Peace of all counties bordering upon the sea coasts, and officers of Port-towns, shall be required from this House to make strict inquiry after *all suspected persons, especially Irish*, and take course for the restraining all such from going out of the Kingdom into Ireland."*

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* 1 Commons Journal, p. 608. Upon this judgment being given, the King and the Lords interfered, on the ground that the offence was beyond the jurisdiction of the Commons.—See May's Parliamentary Practice, p. 106.

† 1 Commons Journal, p. 335.

‡ 2 Commons Journal, p. 25.

§ 1 Commons Journal, p. 483.

The following extracts will show how variable the temper of the House appeared in dealing with the playful "larks" of honourable members. On the 18th July, 1610, Mr. Speaker (Sir Edward Phellips) reported to the House a "personal affront" he had suffered from a member, as follows:—

"Sir Edward Herbert challenged (accosted) him on the stairs, and *popped* his mouth with his finger in scorn; and did again, this morning, do it in the street on horseback."

Whereupon Sir Edward was sent for, and "coming in, stood up and said, that he meant no offence to the House. He was urged to say, that he meant no scorn to Mr. Speaker. Mr. Speaker affirmed that he put not off his hat, but put out his tongue and *plopt* with his mouth. Sir Edward said he had no intent to scorn." Mr. Speaker was then requested to hold himself satisfied, but the Journal records: "Mr. Speaker was worse satisfied than before."† The House, however, took no further action in the matter.

A short time afterwards, two members, who determined to have candles during a debate, probably sportively thinking that the speakers were not "throwing much light on the subject," or from a desire to prolong the debate, or see their notes, were summarily disposed of after this fashion:

"There was this morning (9th June, 1641) exceptions taken against Mr. Herbert Price and Sir Wm. Witherington, for some carriages (*qu.* pranks) of theirs last night, concerning the taking away candles from the Sergeant violently, when there was no general command in the House for the bringing in of candles; but a great sense of the House went for rising, it being so very late. They, in their places, made explanations with what intentions they did it, and they were commanded to withdraw; and then the House fell into a debate of the business.

"Upon the question, whether Mr. Herbert Price and Sir Wm. Witherington should be sent to the Tower for the offence, the House divided: Ayes, 189; Nays, 172; so it was resolved they should go.

"They were then called to the Bar, and there ordered to kneel; but because they did not kneel, they were caused to withdraw.

"And after some debate in the House concerning their coming kneeling, they were called in to the Bar, and then, they kneeling at it, Mr. Speaker pronounced the sentence against them, of their being committed to the Tower." ‡

Over some members, the House exercised a sort of police-court jurisdiction, as may be inferred from the case of Mr. Edward Jones, who, on the 15th November, 1566, "complained of John Grey, Knight of the Shire for Stafford, that he had so misused and threatened him, *casting away his cap*, whereby he was in great fear of his life, and prayed remedy of the House." It appeared that the dispute arose about a debt due to Jones, and for which Jones had attached Grey's goods. The Journal then proceeds: "Upon divers arguments made that Jones might be sent to the Tower for so using Grey, in attaching his goods—sounding to the breach of the privilege—the matter was eftsoons committed to Mr. Wrothe (an expressive name in this dispute) and others, as well to provide for the safety of Jones against Grey, until Saturday, and then further to report."

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* 2 Commons Journal, p. 323.

† 1 Commons Journal, p. 451.

‡ 2 Commons Journal, p. 171.

23rd November. "Mr. Wrothe declared Grey and Jones, by mediation, to be agreed, and the attachment to be void, on condition that Mr. Grey should, openly in the House, promise that he nor any by him, should hurt Jones when he should come next to the House.

3rd Dec. "John Grey, before the whole House, hath promised that he and his shall keep the peace against Jones; and Jones promised immediately to withdraw his action."*

The "slander of a member" is thus recorded: 18th February, 1557. "Mr. Mershe, one of the burgesses of London, complained that Mr. Wylde, burgess of Worcester, had slandered him to the drapers of London, (his constituents,) saying that he had unburdened the clothiers from the search of cloths, and laid it upon the buyers." The House ordered the examination of the matter to be referred to a committee to report, but no report appears.†

The practice of sharply criticising the speeches of honourable members did not meet with favour in these early days. On the 6th August, 1625, Mr. Edward Clarke, a member, created an excitement in the House, by using the following words:—"*That there had been speeches here with invective bitterness, unseasonable for the time.*" Amid a general cry "to the Bar," he was heard to explain himself, but "which doing he gave greater offence; whereupon he was ordered to withdraw himself out of the House till the same might be debated there."

After debate, "it was resolved upon question that he be called in to the Bar, and that Mr. Speaker let him know the House had taken just offence at his words; and, therefore, he do stand committed to the Sergeant, during the pleasure of the House."‡

Sometimes Mr. Speaker addressed the House on the conduct of members, in language which would not be out of place in some of our Legislative halls. The following speech of Mr. Solicitor-General Popham, Speaker during the 23rd year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, delivered on the 21st January, 1580, may be taken as a sample:

"Mr. Speaker made a short oration to the House, partly touching himself, and partly touching them; for his own part acknowledging his infirmities, and praying both their patience and assistance. For them, he advised them to use Reverend and Discreet Speeches; to leave Curiosities of Form, and to speak to the matter; and willed them further to forbear speaking to bills at the first reading; and not to spend too much time in Unnecessary Motions or Superfluous Arguments. And further, desired them to see that their servants, pages and lacquies attending on them, kept in good order. Which ended, a motion was made that Mr. Speaker, and the rest of the House of the better sort of calling, would always, at the rising of the House, depart, and go forth in comely and civil sort, for the reverence of the House—in turning about with a low courtesy, like as they do make at their coming into the House; and not so unseemly and rudely to thrust and throng out, as of late time hath been disorderly used;—which motion was very well liked of, and allowed of all the House." §

Further orders on the conduct of members are entered as follows:

4th December, 1640, "Ordered that whosoever does not take his place when he comes into the House, or removes out of his place to the disturbance of the House, shall pay twelvepence, to be divided between the Sergeant and the poor; and whosoever speaks so loud in this House when any Bill or other matter is reading, as to disturb the House, shall pay the like forfeiture."

On the 14th December, 1641, a message

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* 1 Commons Journal, p. 77.

† 1 Commons Journal, p. 49.

‡ 1 Commons Journal, p. 811.

§ 1 Commons Journal, p 118.

to attend the Lords having been read, some members doubtless anxious to secure good places, preceded the Speaker, whereupon the House, before attending on the message, made order as follows :

" Ordered that the members of this House that are gone up to the Lords' House now, before Mr. Speaker, shall pay 5s. a piece."*

It may be that some member who had been called to the Bar either to confront a " dun " or a constituent, or who had smarted under one of the fines inflicted for " removing out of his place," induced the House to declare a new mode of protection for members by this order, made the 9th February, 1640 :

" That whosoever calleth any member to the Bar upon an *unjust occasion*, that a fine be put upon his head." †

Public fasts appear from time to time to have been ordered by the House, at which it was expected that members should behave themselves discreetly, and duly observe the occasion. On the 28th April 1642, two members appear to have brought themselves within the displeasure of the House for proceedings which the Journal records as follows :

" Information was given that Mr. King and Mr. Whiteacre rode yesterday,—being the day of Public Fast. Ordered that Mr. King and Mr. Whiteacre at their first coming into the House shall give account why they rode yesterday, being the Public Fast ; and why they departed and have been so long absent from the House without leave, and that this order be set up at their door.

29th April 1642. " Mr. Whiteacre did acknowledge his offence in going out of town without leave ; his occasions did press him. He had no more to say but these three words—*Peccavi*, *fateor*, *pœnitet*.

" Mr. King gave also an account of his departing from the House without leave." ‡ With these explanations the House was satisfied.

An earlier illustration of the enforcement of religious duty on members, is noted on the 4th April 1571 :

" It is agreed on the motion of Mr. Speaker, that the Litany shall be said every day in the House during this Parliament, as in the last was used ; and also a prayer by Mr. Speaker, such as he shall think fitted for this time ; to be begun every day at half hour after eight o'clock in the morning, and that each one of this House, then making default, shall forfeit for every time, four pence to the poor man's box." §

The moral tone of the House in the following case will appear in strong contrast with the religious observances above mentioned ; but it is perhaps explainable as having occurred prior thereto, viz. : on the 24th February 1558 : " John Smyth, returned burgess for Camelford, upon a declaration by Mr. Mershe, a member, that he had come to this House, being outlawed ; and also had deceived divers merchants in London, taking wares of them to the amount of £300—minding to defraud them of the same under colour of privilege of this House. The examination whereof being committed to Sir Jo. Mason and others of the House, was found and reported to be true." The House, however, by a vote of 112 to 107, resolved, " that he shall still continue a member of this House." ||

During the Parliamentary struggle between Charles I. and the House, the assertion of Parliamentary Privilege passed through some startling phases, of which an instance may be cited in the expulsion of certain members on the 6th of September, 1642, under the following resolution :

" Resolved, upon the question, that Sir Wm. Saville, Mr. Henry Bellassis, Mr. Jo. Bellassis, Sir Henry Slingsby, Sir Thos.

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* 2 Commons Journal, p. 342.

† 2 Commons Journal, p. 8.

‡ 2 Commons Journal, p. 545.

§ 1 Commons Journal p 82.

|| 1 Commons Journal, p. 55.

Danby, Sir Geo. Wentworth, Sir Thos. Ingram, Mr. Wm. Mallory, and Mr. Rich. Aldborough, shall be disabled for sitting any longer as members of this House, during this Parliament, for neglecting the service of the House and setting their hands to a Petition contrived in Yorkshire and sent up to the Parliament, in great dishonour and to the scandal of Parliament." *

Having been vigorous in the enforcement of their Privileges for and against members, it may be surmised that, when the House came to deal with outsiders, it would give free scope to the Parliamentary zeal of the "high privilege men" of the time. Shortly after the punishment of Floyde, before referred to, the servant of a member was arrested for debt, and being unable to pay, he had the matter brought before the House, on a claim of Privilege. The proceedings thereupon are reported in the Journals of the 28th of May, and 4th of June, 1621.

"Mr. Solicitor delivered a petition of one Johnson, servant to Sir James Whitlocke.

"Moore and Locke, therein complained of, were called to the Bar, and kneeling, Moore confessed he arrested Johnson. Witnesses proved that they told them they thought they committed an error, because Sir James Whitlocke was then a Parliament-man, to which they replied, they had known greater men's men taken from their master's heels in Parliament time. After the debate, it was ordered, that these two men at the Bar ask forgiveness of the House and Sir. J. Whitlocke, on their knees.

"That both these to ride upon one horse, bare-backed, back to back, from Westminster to the Exchange, with papers on their breasts, with this inscription: 'For arresting a servant to a member of the Commons House of Parliament.' And this their judgment was pronounced by Mr. Speaker accordingly."†

The Journals contain further entries of punishment for breach of privilege in arresting servants for debt, or bringing ejectment, or serving them with process; but a case peculiar for its ludicrousness may be cited as follows:

On the 14th of June, 1610, Sir George Moore, a member, reported that Dr. Stewart's (another member) servant, who was privileged, had been arrested, on a charge of what might, in legal phraseology, be termed seduction, under a warrant issued by four justices before Parliament met, but which had not been executed until then. He asked if the privilege of the House covered this arrest; but the House, doubtless fearing to determine so delicate a question, "committed the matter to the Committee on Privileges." On the 16th of June, Sir Jo. Hollis reported "touching Mr. Dr. Stewart's man, that he should have privilege," that the constable be discharged, and "consideration afterward be had who shall pay the fees." On the 20th of June, Dr. Stewart applied to the House, "touching the arrest of his servant, and moveth for the charges; whether the reputed father, being taken by a justices' warrant, shall pay, or the constable that executed the warrant." The House resolved that the constable should not pay, but the reputed father; and so ended the matter.‡

The Parliamentary protection of the property of members lasted until about a century ago, and afforded frequent occasion for the declaration by the House, that persons in any way disturbing the property of a member, or his servant, were "guilty of a breach of the Privileges of the House," and for the infliction of summary punishment on the offending parties by fine or imprisonment.§ The earliest record of this peculiar

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* 2 Commons Journal, p. 754.

† 1 Commons Journal, p. 629.

‡ 1 Commons Journal, p. 438.

§ The following were voted breaches of Privilege between 1660 and 1760:

Ejectments against M. P. 21; Ejectment against M. P.s tenants, 22; Injuries to properties of M. P.s, jurisdiction appears in the Journals of the 12th and 13th of March, 1606:

"Complaint made by Mr. James, member for Bristowe (Bristol), that his horse, standing at an inn, was taken by one Bigland, servant to the Thorough-post of London, by pretence of a warrant, to run post. It was ordered that the Sergeant should bring Thomas Moorton, the post-master himself, and John Bigland his servant, to the Bar, and warn the ostler, that kept the horse, to be here.

"Thomas Moorton, Thorough-post for London, and John Bigland his servant, were brought to the Bar, and the matter of their contempt in taking Mr. James' horse being examined, it did appear that Moorton himself was ignorant of that his servant did—neither would he avow it, and therefore he was discharged.

"Touching Bigland the servant, the ostler that kept the horse, being then present, did affirm that, upon his first offer to take the horse, he told him that a burgess of Parliament was the master of him; and that Bigland notwithstanding did take the horse and said: 'It makes no matter, my master will justify what I have done.'

"For this, his contempt, the House thought fit to commit him to the Sergeant during pleasure."*

In addition to imprisonment, the House, in the following case, assumed the jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery to stay waste. On the 30th January, 1640, it was "ordered, that Jo. Bonnock and Tho. Martin, who have lately, and during the sitting of this Parliament, plowed up a warren, part of the possessions of Lord Mounson, a member of this House, contrary to his will, and to the breach of the privileges of this House, be enjoined from this House to give over plowing and destroying the said warren. And it is likewise ordered, that the said Jo. Bonnock and Tho. Martin be forthwith sent for as delinquents by the Sergeant, to answer their breach of privilege in molesting the possessions of the said Lord Mounson, during the time he was in the service of this House." †

Notwithstanding that, prior to the cases next mentioned, the system of Parliamentary government had become fairly established, the House of Commons still continued to meddle with frivolous cases as breaches of privilege. Thus, in 1728, the Rector and Churchwardens of Wansted were complained of for having "cut down a hedgerow of white thorns" which were near the church-yard, but upon part of the grounds of Lord Castlemain, a member of the House; and the House, after a reference to the Committee on Privileges, solemnly declared the act to be "a breach of the privileges of the House," and imprisoned both Rector and Churchwardens.‡

The form of the charge, and the usual proceedings of the House thereupon, may be gathered from the following ludicrous case, which was recorded on the 20th March, 1739:

"A complaint having been made to the House, that Christopher Waltham and 12 others did, on the 1st of February last, enter the warren of Lord Galway, a member of this House, in the County of York, and there *killed a great number of rabbits*, in breach of the privileges of this House,

"Ordered, that it be referred to the Committee on Privileges and Elections to examine the said complaint, and report upon the same with their opinions."§

55; Entering on the estates of M. P.s, 33; Serving process, or subpœnas from Chancery on M. P.s, 21; Serving process, or subpœnas from Chancery on tenants and servants of M. P.s, 13; Distraining goods of M. P.s, 13; Impounding cattle of M. P.s, 3; Arresting servants of M. P.s, 49; Stopping up lanes of M. P.s, 2; Cutting down trees of M. P.s, 2.

* 1 Commons Journal, p. 352.

† 2 Commons Journal, p. 76.

‡ 21 Commons Journal, p. 222.

§ 23 Commons Journal, p. 505. The Committee in this case made no report in consequence of the prorogation of the House.

If the Committee found the complaint sustained, they reported it as a breach of privilege, and thereupon the House ordered the offenders into custody. But if satisfaction was given, then an order was made discharging all further proceedings.

Similar proceedings are reported against parties for "having dug and carried away coals" from Lord Gage's property;* for having "fished with a boat and net in the pond of Mr. Joliffe;† for "having broke open a gate and let two waggons loaded with wood on the fields of Mr. Fane;"‡ for "digging ground and carrying away a tree from Earl Verney's property;"§ for "having plowed up the land of Mr. Bowles;"|| and other similar high crimes against the privileges of Parliament.

Even men of high position were called upon to answer for offences against the property of the tenants of members, as the following case will show:

16th March, 1760.—"Resolved, that Sir Richard Perrott, having *entered into possession of a cellar in the occupation of a tenant* of Mr. Scudamore, a member of this House, is thereby guilty of a breach of the privileges of this House. Ordered, that the said Sir Richard Perrot be, for his said breach of privilege, taken into the custody of the Sergeant-at-arms attending the House."¶

Newspaper men—combating, as they always have, for pre-eminence in guiding public opinion—frequently came into collision with the House; and although the House made examples of all who disclosed the debates by printed pamphlet or otherwise, the first case in which the penal jurisdiction of the House was exercised, for a bad report of a member's speech, occurred on the 1st December, 1779. The proceedings commenced by an order that the Journal of the 8th February, 1688, should be read, wherein it is recorded, "That freedom of speech, and the debates or proceedings in Parliament, ought not to be impeached or questioned in any court or place out of Parliament." The statement of the charge then proceeds, that complaint having been made that a newspaper, called the *English Chronicle*, published by T. Meadows, contained "a gross misrepresentation of a speech of a member of the House, in breach of the privileges of the House," it was ordered, that the paper be read, and that the matter be referred to the Committee on Privileges; but on the 10th December, the House was informed that the printer had attended the Committee, "and made submission to, and asked pardon of, the member, for his said offence;" and thereupon further proceedings were stayed.*

Our sketch would be incomplete if it closed without a reference to the proceedings of the House against the Judges, for judgments in which the proceedings of Parliament were reviewed. The most celebrated case is that for which the Lord Chief Justice Sir Thomas Pemberton, and Mr. Justice Jones, were imprisoned on the 10th July, 1689, and which occurred thus: Topham, the Sergeant-at-arms, in executing a warrant of the Speaker, had arrested a Mr. Jay, who thereupon brought an action against Topham in the Queen's Bench.† The declaration set out that the defendant had arrested the plaintiff, and kept him in prison until he paid £30. The defendant pleaded to the jurisdiction, and on a demurrer, judgment went against him in the action. The Sergeant thereupon complained to the House, and the House resolved "that the judgment was illegal, and a violation of the privileges of Parliament, and pernicious to the rights of Parliament." The Chief Justice and Mr. Justice Jones were then sent for and examined, and, notwithstanding an able defence of their judicial proceedings, they were taken into custody, and so remained until the prorogation of the House.*

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* 21 Commons Journal, p. 116.
† 26 Commons Journal, p. 698.
‡ 30 Commons Journal, p. 498.
§ 28 Commons Journal, p. 915.
|| 26 Commons Journal, p. 698.
¶ 28 Commons Journal, p. 1,107.

* 37 Commons Journal, p. 483.
† See *Verdun* v. *Topham*, Sir Thomas Jones' Reports, p. 208.

Although lawyers were excluded in the 46th year of Edward III. from sitting in Parliament for counties, they were afterwards found to be so useful in the work of legislation that the law fell into desuetude, and they were in later times elected. They appear to have been the subjects of frequent reference in the Journals, as may be seen from the following extracts :—

"That the lawyers and sergeants be sent for, a collection of them."

"No lawyer or other to depart without public leave in the House."

"The deficients of lawyers, if they come not by this day se'n-night, to be sent for by warrant."†

"The Sergeant to warn the lawyers to attend.‡

"The lawyers of the House to be put in writing and noted, if they be absent."§

"All the lawyers of the House to be added to the committee respecting recusants, and by them, consideration to be taken of the best means to discover Popishly-affected persons living in the Inns of Court and Chancery; or that are lawyers and practise the law; and to prevent all hurt which can grow by them."‖

The usefulness and popularity of lawyers in Parliament may also be gathered from the following order, although courts of law, we fear, would not now listen to a Sergeant-at-arms bringing such a request of pre-audience as was here asked :

"Ordered, that the Sergeant go to all the Courts to move them, from this House, to hear those of this House before any other, that so they may attend their service in this House, and yet not lose their practice."*

In a debate on penalties for coming in late after prayers, the Solicitor-General said that "lawyers must spend their time ill in Westminster Hall, if they cannot afford to pay six pence."†

On the 27th April, 1621, committees were appointed as follows, on the motion of the members named:

"Sir Tho. Jermyn; Against young lawyers making unfitting speeches against men in their pleading.

"Sir Geo. Manners; To provide against any lawyers taking fees in any one term on both sides.

"Mr. Attorney-General; Against judges suffering their sons or favourites to practise before them; to prevent this, and against favourites in all courts."‡

On the 15th February, 1620, Mr. Sheperd, a member, was expelled for saying that a bill respecting the sabbath was promoted by a "sectary and a disturber of the peace," and that "its provisions were made against Papists, and it was a mouse-trap to catch a Puritan." In the debate on his expulsion for these words he was spoken of as "one of the busy young lawyers that ought not to have been elected." §

Attorneys do not appear to have derived much benefit from the privileges of the House, as the following records will show :

"A bill for abridging the number of unskilful attorneys, and for reducing them to an orderly practice."‖

On the 4th April, 1700, the indignation of Parliament was roused against an attorney for sending to some clients,—not members of the House,—an exorbitant bill of costs, and threatening to sue for the same; and as a terror to evil-doing attorneys, the example made in the following case may be useful:

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* 8 Hargrave's State Trials, p. 1.

† 1 Commons Journal, p. 412.

‡ *Ibid.* 440.

§ *Ibid.* 441.

‖ *Ibid.* 863.

* 1 Commons Journal, 479.

† *Ibid.* 668.

‡ *Ibid.* 595.

§ *Ibid.* p. 521-5.

‖ *Ibid.* p. 837.

"A complaint being made to the House of an exorbitant and scandalous bill of charges delivered by one Thomas Rogers, a solicitor, to the gunners of Portsmouth, in respect of a petition of theirs presented to the House the last session of Parliament; . . . . and the House being further informed that the said Rogers threatens to sue the Petitioners at law for the said demands; Ordered, that the said Thomas Rogers be, for the said offence, sent for in custody of the Sergeant-at-arms."*

A further illustration of the assumption of the jurisdiction and functions of the courts of the land by the House of Commons, appears in the investigations respecting assaults or arrests of sons of members. On the 10th March, 1609, under a claim of privilege, Mr. Berry moved that the constable of Newgate be sent for to be examined touching the arrest of his son and servant. The constable and a beadle attended, and on each of the four days subsequent to their appearance, the House investigated the charge. It appeared that the young man had, about one o'clock at night, thrown a link (torch) in the faces of the watchmen; whereupon the son and servant were arrested. The House decided there was no privilege for a breach of the peace, and discharged the officers.†

Another entry on a similar case appears on the 10th July, 1610, as follows:

"Mr. Twinhoe claimed privilege for his son. He that arrested him, ordered to be warned to-morrow to come hither."‡

We have shown that for reflections against Parliament members have been severely punished; and it may therefore be surmised that outsiders who had the temerity to express any opinion derogatory to the wisdom or dignity of Parliament, would not find the House more lenient towards them than it had shown itself to its own members. An early illustration of this jurisdiction occurred on the 17th April, 1559:

"Mr. Carnesew, a member, declared to the House, that Thrower, servant of the Master of the Rolls, did say against the state of the House, that if a bill were brought in for *Women's wyers in their pastes*, they would dispute it, and go to the question; and that he had heard the Lords say as much at his master's table. The which Thrower, brought in by the Sergeant, denied those words to be spoken by him, and Mr. Carnesew affirming them, Thrower was committed to the Sergeant's keeping." §

Clergymen appear on several occasions to have excited the ire of the House by their reflections on Parliament. On the 23rd January, 1640, it was "ordered that Thomas Jones, of Offwild, clerk, be forthwith sent for as a delinquent, by the Sergeant-at-arms, to answer an information, and attested by a member of the House, of scandalous words by him used against the Parliament in a sermon preached by him at Tiverton, in the County of Devon."||

Again, on the 30th August, 1642, the following entry appears:

"Jo: Banastie and Jo: Day, two aldermen of Wallingford, came into the House, and informed the House of very dangerous words spoken by Mr. Rich: Paulding, their vicar.

"Resolved, that Mr. Rich: Paulding, Rector of Wallingford, be forthwith sent for as a delinquent, for many reproachful and scandalous words spoken by him against the Parliament."¶

In addition to the function of correcting disorderly words against Parliament, the House occasionally exercised a corrective jurisdiction over the style of preaching adopted by clergymen in their pulpits. On

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* 13 Commons Journal, p. 313.

† 1 Commons Journal, p. 408.

‡ 1 Commons Journal, p. 452.

§ 1 Commons Journal, p. 60.

|| 2 Commons Journal, p. 76.

¶ 2 Commons Journal, p. 743.

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the 28th April, 1628, "Mr. Prymme reported, from the Committee for Religion, a petition against Mr. Rich. Burgesse, Vicar of Witney, for profaneness in catechising and preaching, by way of paraphrase. Upon question, Burgesse was sent for presently by the Sergeant, as a delinquent."†

Burgesse, when brought to the House, refused to answer, whereupon he was committed to the Tower; but afterwards on his submission he was released, on being enjoined to attend. This he neglected to do, and on its being ascertained that he had "fled from his own parish, and was in Ipswich, and that he said there that 'he had been lately in the company of the Parliament hell-hounds and Puritans,'"‡ an immediate order was made for his arrest; but Parliament having been prorogued shortly afterwards, nothing further was done with him.

The following rebuke appears recorded on the 7th June, 1641, against certain lay preachers whose proceedings (not reported) had ruffled the High Court of Parliament, and with this our extracts may close:

"Jo. Spencer, Jo. Greene and Nath. Robinson, the lay-preachers, were called in, and Mr. Speaker gave them a sharp reprehension, and a general distate of this House of their proceedings, and that if they should offend at any time in the like manner, this House would take care they should be severely punished."§

It would be beside the object of this paper to discuss the causes which led to the assertion of these so-called "Privileges of Parliament," or to trace their gradual disuse within the last century. Common learning on the jurisdiction of Parliament, and common justice, equally revolt against the proceedings we have here recorded. Our judgment, however, may be pronounced upon them as unworthy the dignity of Parliament; but we must not forget that the same great Parliamentary leaders who were responsible for these "Curiosities" of Privilege were also responsible for the great contests between the House of Commons and the Crown which led to the establishment of Parliamentary Government, as well as those constitutional rules by which the essential boundaries of Parliamentary Privilege, and Prerogative Right, are now clearly defined and fixed so that neither Parliament nor the people may fear any infringement by the Sovereign or the Executive.

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† 1 Commons Journal, 889.

‡ *Ibid*, 932.

§ 2 Commons Journal, p. 170.

MUSIC AT NIGHT.

RIPPLE of waves upon the moonlit shore,
Chiming of voices silent evermore,
Shining of summer light on southern seas,
Murmur of doves among the forest trees,
Perfume of growing vines and clover lea,
Scent, sound, and sight they all come back to me—
All of delight my life hath ever known,
Gathered and scattered in one dulcet tone.

Sarah Williams.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE session just closed at Ottawa was little distinguishable from a triumphal march for the Administration. As laurels are as little to be won by striking a fallen Minister as by kicking a dead lion, and as the leader of the Opposition showed consummate tact in his new position, the episodes of personal recrimination which mark a tempestuous session were happily not conspicuous. There is cause for general regret when, in the heat of debate, a first Minister describes his predecessors as "a pack of lunatics;" and the first lieutenant of the Opposition leader speaks as if he believed the Minister of Finance could be bribed by a few cases of champagne. The existence of a deficit was stoutly denied by an Opposition critic, but on insufficient grounds. The Administration was inclined to yield too far to the temptation to present everything in the worst light; the reality was bad enough, and any attempt to make it worse could only tend to throw doubt on the motive that caused so sombre a view of the country's prospects to be presented. It came out during a discussion which an Opposition member somewhat needlessly provoked, that, of a hundred appointments made by the late Ministry after it lost the confidence of the House, no less than eighty were cancelled by the incoming Administration, most of them on the unassailable ground that they were not necessary. It is not impossible that the desirability of suppressing these offices might have been less apparent under other circumstances. The question turned on the practice of English administrations, which the Confederation Act makes a guide for us. It is undeniably true that English Ministers have frequently made appointments after they have been actually or virtually defeated, and on the eve of their retirement; but a precedent may seem to fit in point of form and yet be widely out in spirit. Nothing can justify the revival of offices, long held in abeyance, for the purpose of giving a defeated Minister a last opportunity of making a lavish bestowal of patronage among his friends. And when this is done on an extensive scale, the act cannot be justified by reference to English precedent any more than can the cancelling of appointments, not liable to this objection, by an incoming Administration. The truth is, the greater play given to party spirit here causes both parties to deviate more or less from the line which English statesmen mark out as a guide for their conduct.

The Senate has at last given signs of flickering vitality. It has mustered courage to throw out a Bill affecting the representation of two of the Ridings of Huron in the House of Commons. It did so under a menace thrown by M. Letellier de St. Just, that the penalty of interference might possibly be the remodelling of its own constitution. The demonstration of independence that followed must be put down to the credit of the Senate. Better, if it had no choice but to vote as directed, that it should prefer any fate that might befal it as the consequence of disobedience. If the Second Chamber is to be of any use, its utility cannot be separated from its independence. If it cannot, even on rare occasions, when great public interests, or what it deems to be great public interests, are at stake, venture to record an independent opinion, then it would be better that it should cease to exist.

If the Senate is to discharge the functions popularly assigned to it—to correct the hasty, crude, or otherwise highly objectionable conclusions of the House of Commons—it must act without fear of the consequences to itself. It cannot be admitted that the Senate has no right to pass on Bills affecting the representation of the other Chamber; prudence should be left to dictate the extent to which it ought to go in that direction. The occasion seems fully to have justified its interference. At present the Township of Tuckersmith forms part of the Centre Riding of Huron; and a Bill had passed the Commons for annexing it to the South Riding. The representation of the House of Commons is based on population; and if there had been any glaring inequality it might perhaps have been permissible to anticipate the decennial period of general readjustment; but the two Ridings with which the Bill interfered were as nearly as practicable equal, South Huron having a population of 21,512 and Centre Huron 22,791. The proposed change would have increased the inequality from 1,279 to 6,119. The Bill flagrantly violated the principle of representation on which the House of Commons rests. To make matters worse, it owed its paternity to the member for the South Riding, whose return is petitioned against, and who, if unseated, might hope to gain an accession of some two hundred votes to a majority which was previously small, and which, without such an accession, may be found to have vanished. When members have an interest in a Bill before the House, be it personal or political, their action upon it must always be looked upon with suspicion. It is alleged that the Ridings as they stand were carved out to serve party purposes, a charge which we can readily believe; but is that a reason for changing them now for party purposes, when there is no inequality to correct, and when the change would introduce an inequality? The configuration of the Ridings is objected to as being wanting in symmetry. This is a matter of taste. Burke expressed great horror of electoral departments described by straight lines, and made the objection one of the grounds of his indictment against the French revolution. The question of convenience does not come in; for the County has only one official centre, the division into Ridings being merely for electoral purposes. The argument used against the Bill, in the Senate, that Tuckersmith has already played its part in the creation of the House of Commons, and that it would be unreasonable to put it in the way of voting a second time, is not wholly devoid of force. But a large number of the people of Tuckersmith had petitioned for the change. If this argument be admitted, it would prove far too much. It would be equally good if applied to two Townships; and if that number were transferred everything like equality of representation would disappear.

Nevertheless, though clearly in the right, the Senate must have felt that it was treading on dangerous ground, and the reminder that it was voting with a halter round its neck must have been the reverse of pleasant. Still it is to its credit that it did what it conceived to be its duty. But the weakness of its constitutional position becomes evident when it is seen that it can only perform its duty under a menace such as was directed against it. The vice of the old Legislative Council, out of which the Senate has been developed by a law of evolution, was its inherent weakness and constant subserviency to the Government of the day.

On another question the Senate took a stand not less decided. It rejected the provision of the Election Bill by which the franchise of Prince Edward Island, now based on manhood suffrage, would have been largely curtailed. In all the other Provinces, the local suffrage was to apply in the elections to the House of Commons, and Prince Edward Island alone was to have another rule applied to it; so the House of Commons decided. But for once the Senate resolved to show itself the enemy of reaction; and its conduct will be approved by the whole country. It is a serious thing to take the franchise from a large section of a people by whom it has not been grossly abused. No good reason for inflicting on

Prince Edward Islanders the penalty of disfranchisement has been shown; and they will not forget that they owed the preservation of their threatened liberties to the intervention of the Senate: a circumstance which that body may possibly have had in view when it determined to prevent the disfranchisement.

To a Government which frequently found itself at war with the representative chamber, the Legislative Council was a convenient instrument. The recollection of its habitual obstructiveness, surviving its mischievous tendencies, led to a change in its constitution which substituted popular election for Crown nomination—a phase of its existence which was put an end to by the reactionary policy of 1867. At present it is the misfortune of the Senate that it cannot assume an attitude of independence without endangering its existence; a course of policy which would strengthen its influence and give weight to its decisions, if it had taken root in popular feeling and national sentiment, might now be fatal to it. From every side goes up the warning that it cannot go on in this way; that an ancillary position is its only safety, and that it must make a choice between the sacrifice of its individuality and a continuance of its existence on present conditions. The worst of it is that, while the injustice of these taunts is obvious, their truth cannot be denied. If the Crown nominated Senate be doomed, as many believe, it will be none the worse thought of for preserving its independence to the last. It can be useful only by being independent; but that it will persist in proving itself to be so is more than can be hoped for, for the supposition is contradicted by the whole course and tenour of the history of its progenitor, the Crown-nominated Legislative Council. The Legislative Council seldom asserted itself in a manner that showed any real independence; and once, on a conspicuous occasion, when it had done so, it was within a day or two cowed into retracing its steps. Executive pressure can no longer be exercised on the Second Chamber, as it was habitually exercised before 1841. The members are far from being the creatures of the Executive in the sense they then were. They can no longer be compelled to vote this way or that, on any given question. The danger no longer comes in the shape of deprivation of emoluments; a past danger which gave rise to many stories of members wailing under coercion, and uttering piteous lamentations when a peculiarly obnoxious vote had to be given: stories which, if not literally true in the particular instances related, contained a general truth, and strikingly illustrated the Executive terrorism under which the chamber exercised its functions, the chief of which was to scream loud enough to prevent the popular voice from being heard. The members of the Senate are as independent as any members can be who owe their appointment to Executive appreciation, and who are constantly oppressed with the feeling that they have no representative character, and that they exist under conditions which there will be an increasing desire in the public mind to see changed. It is not that any individual Senator feels any danger, except what would be felt by a party advocate in the other branch of the Legislature; the danger is collective, and menaces the whole Senate with a change in its constitution. The resolutions which were under discussion in the Commons this Session, having this change for their object, created a kind of alarm such as a child feels when it appeals to its mother for protection; and in anticipation of these resolutions passing—though they did not pass—a motion was placed on the books of the Senate for an address to the Queen to maintain the system of Crown nomination against the expressed wishes of the representatives of the Canadian people. It was a desperate device and could not have succeeded; for it is quite certain that when Canadians clearly express a desire to change the constitution of the Senate, the Crown will not interfere to prevent the reform being carried out.

The suddenness with which a new tariff is passed is intended to act as a surprise. Unlike other measures, which can only move by stated steps, jealously regulated by the rules of Parliament, a Tariff Bill is passed the day it is introduced. Next morning every one who is in the habit of advancing customs duties, in the course of his business, finds himself richer or poorer for the moment, according to ascending or descending gamut of the new duties, and trade is released from old burthens or trammelled by new or additional obstacles. But like all work done rapidly, tariff-making often proves very imperfect. No sooner had the new tariff gone into operation than the Minister of Finance was interviewed by a legion of deputations, each demanding an alteration in behalf of some sorrowing interest. Only cold comfort can generally be dealt out to men on such a mission; because the original necessity of secrecy remains, and they generally go away not much wiser than they came. But their labours have this time had the effect of very greatly modifying the new tariff. Some of the changes harmonize with the criticisms made in these pages last month. The discrimination between different classes of dry goods naturally elicited objections from manufacturers, because those on which the highest duties were put, such as silks and satins, are precisely the kinds which are not manufactured in the country. The effect of abolishing the discrimination, and putting seventeen and a half per cent. on the value of all classes, is to raise the rate on woollens and cottons two and a half per cent. It is equivalent to meeting the manufacturers half way; and though the intention is scarcely admitted, the change in the rate of duty, coming after the urgent solicitations of manufacturers, seems to be capable of no other explanation. There are many points on which deputations representing different interests do not agree. The sugar refiners, who are few in number, but not uninfluential, had reason to be more than well satisfied with the sugar duties as originally arranged in the new tariff; but the wholesale grocers were up in arms against a scale of duties which would have had the effect of cutting them off from all but one market. All the deputations had one common point of agreement; with one accord they insisted on the policy of admitting raw material free of duty. They could plead the practice of England, and hitherto of Canada, in their favour. The reason why raw material is subject to exceptional treatment is that manufacturers may obtain a cheap and easy supply of what is essential to them. If this be the ground of exemption, it is difficult to see why it should not be carried a little further, and made to embrace partial manufactures, which taken alone are of no more use than one side of a pair of scissors, and which can only be utilized by being absorbed into some final and complete manufacture for which they are destined. But no sweeping and inflexible rule would suit here, and the line would probably be difficult to draw. Pig iron is a very incomplete manufacture; it may be used for castings, it may be made malleable or be converted into steel. Other manufactures are ready, without any further manipulation for fashioning into shape for final use. The duty put on pig iron has been taken off again, and rightly so, unless that little start would have enabled us profitably to utilize our own iron ore. Where iron and coal are found side by side, we may reasonably hope soon to see iron works established.

Whatever forms a necessary part of a ship has, as a rule, been hitherto free of duty. The discrimination was judicious. When iron ships came into use, our wooden vessels were subjected to a new competition. The manufacture deserved some encouragement among a maritime people, to whom a commercial navy may one day possess great national significance. This belongs to the class of circumstances which raise commercial questions above their ordinary level, and clothe them with national characteristics; and when this happens, their discussion may be allowed to take a wider range.

Some of the articles used in ship-building, which the tariff at first made liable to duty, are left out in the amended tariff; and we think it would have been better if they had all been allowed to be entered without duty. The decadence of American shipping is not due to any one cause; but the heavy duties which ship-building materials have been made to bear have had their full share in producing the calamitous result.

The wine duties have been made less objectionable; but the false principle of measuring the tax by the strength is retained. On certain wines the duty will be as thirty to forty of value. This heavy duty will fall on the lighter kinds—on wines not exceeding twenty degrees of strength. It was the placing a comparatively high duty on claret that first brought heavily-brandied ports and sherries into extensive use in England, and was one of the causes of the national inebriety which formed the amazement of the people of wine-producing countries. Men may get intoxicated on natural unfortified wine; but the danger of its use is comparatively so little that it must be ranked among the best agents of temperance. It cannot be admitted that a Minister of Finance has nothing to do but to raise the requisite amount of revenue by any possible process: the moral well-being of the community may be the object of the care of a government, without the expectation that moral reformation can be effected by Act of Parliament, being relied on. To discriminate against a light cheap wine, and in favour of wines of which their strength invests their use with greater danger, is surely a discrimination in the wrong direction. But as strength may consist with cheapness, it is a false measure of duty, and value should have been substituted in its place. As little ought weight to be made the measure of duty when cigars are being dealt with. A strong pressure has probably been brought upon the Minister of Finance to exclude cheap German cigars; but it is going too far to subject the worst and cheapest to the same duty as the best and the dearest.

No country with the population and resources of Canada, it would be safe to say, ever undertook a work of such magnitude as the Pacific Railway. And if this were the only great undertaking in which the country was called upon to engage; if all the energies of the Government, and all the resources of the State, could be applied in one direction—concentrated upon one object—the danger of embarrassment would be much less. But, while we are getting ready to construct the Pacific Railway, we are only bringing the Intercolonial towards a completion, with one or two years' more work on hand. The enlargement of the canals, which had become an urgent necessity, has been commenced between Lakes Ontario and Erie; and the intercolonial commerce is suffering greatly from the delay in commencing the promised enlargement of the St. Lawrence canals. Some of these works are more urgent than the others; and perhaps of them all, sections of the Pacific Railway could best afford to wait. But political and inter-provincial arrangements have been permitted to interfere. The Intercolonial Railway was treated as a child of political necessity, and the Government agreed to carry to completion the Pacific Railway long in advance of any commercial necessity, and sooner than the work can possibly be done.

Under the late Government, the Pacific Railway was treated as indivisible for the purposes of construction and working. Now it is divided, for both these purposes, into four sections, of which the first is to commence at some undetermined point south of Lake Nipissing, and end at Lake Nepigon; from this point, to be determined by the Governor in Council when the necessary information has been obtained, to the Red River, will be the second section; the third section will end at the west, somewhere between Fort Edmonton and the foot of the Rocky Mountains, whence the fourth section will run to the Pacific ocean. There is to be a branch from the starting point of section one, the eastern terminus of the road, to some undetermined point on Georgian Bay; a second branch from the boundary line at Pembina to Fort Garry, and a third from or near the eastern end of section two, to Lake Superior. The division into sections, which for purposes of contract and working may be again subdivided, has two declared objects: the postponement of section one, and to prevent the contracts being monopolized by one company. The postponement of section one we have always regarded as reasonable, and it was suggested in these pages before it was announced as part of the policy of the Government, or had perhaps been conceived by those by whom that policy was framed. But the division into sections was hardly necessary for this purpose. Whether the division of the work, for the purpose of facilitating contracts, will meet the expectations formed of it, is a question that cannot now be definitely determined. It is quite true that one-fourth of the work is more manageable than the whole, since it comes within the compass of a smaller capital. But it is equally true that large works do not appal, but rather attract, in England, where the money capital must be sought. Any number of financially-incapable combinations of contractors may be expected to present themselves with offers to undertake the construction of sections. Against failures from this cause, the precaution of requiring the contractors to possess a capital of $4,000 for every mile of work entrusted to them is to be taken, and a deposit is to be made in money or securities. These deposits, even when they are required to be made in money, are often the worst of shams; and if securities are to be substituted, another chance of evasion will be given. There would be some loss of force by letting the contract in more than two sections. British Columbia forms a natural section, on which the work will have to be prosecuted from the west. The more sections are multiplied beyond this natural division, the greater will be the cost in plant, and the more costly must the work be.

As each section or sub-section is to belong to the contractors when completed, all the difficulties of working a single road in a number of sections will be encountered; but they would be reduced to a minimum by the common interest all would have to make a united success. Still, a divided ownership must always remain a source of weakness. Either a change of cars must take place on each section, or there would be an inextricable mixing up of the stock, liable to cause constant difficulties and dissatisfaction. The Government, it is true, retains the right of purchase, and if it should ever exercise its option, unity of management would be ensured. Unless the period within which this option can be exercised comes under some restriction, the time will come when the temptation for the State to assume the railroad will be irresistible, since all it would have to pay would be ten per cent. on the cost, or thereabouts; for the Government will furnish all the means of construction in the shape of land and money. The road will almost certainly some day become profitable; but before that time comes, the cost may have been greatly enhanced by renewals. In view of the State becoming a possible purchaser, it will be desirable to determine in advance to what extent renewals are to be charged to capital. The option which the State reserves of a right to purchase will probably not seriously affect the financial arrangements which will be necessary to secure construction.

The event will be looked on as remote, or, if not remote, the contractors would get the road taken off their hands at a time when it will be unprofitable, and they would probably be only too happy to take the profits of their contract, and leave the responsibility of working the road to others. In the event of the Government declining to purchase, there would remain the resource of union among the owners of the several sections, by forming one amalgamated company out of the whole. If the division into sections be found convenient for construction, that convenience would be dearly paid for, when the necessity for unity of management came to be felt. To form one company out of the owners of the several sections, of varying local value, would be difficult; and yet without unity of management the road could never be worked to the best advantage.

The survey of the line so far is little more than an exploration. In the absence of measurements, of which there have been none, distances have been taken from different points astronomically determined, and an allowance made for the necessity of deviations from a direct line. Some estimate of this kind was possible before the exploration was made at all; for most of the points along any possible line had been astronomically determined by Mr. David Thomson, while in the service of the North-West Company, during the latter part of the last and the beginning of the present century. Mr. Mackenzie expresses a strong disinclination to commence the work till the survey is completed. This discretion is a very desirable quality in a Minister having charge of a work of such magnitude. It is impossible, with the information at present in possession of the Government, to state definitely the starting point of section one; whether it can be placed on Lake Nipissing or must go some distance to the south; all the Government is pledged to is, that the road shall pass to the south, and not on the north side. It will be remembered by those who followed the debates, that the late Government refused to pledge itself on this point; and there were persons who professed to know that the road could not possibly go elsewhere than to the north of Lake Nipissing. It is a relief to hear that there are no engineering difficulties between Lakes Nipissing and Nepigon, an estimated distance of 557 miles, and that in the next section no formidable engineering difficulties are met, though the cost of construction will be heavy. From this statement it follows that the section condemned to judicious postponement is not the heaviest, even on the eastern slope. But the lands to be found along that section will hardly be of average value, or such as to tempt contractors to take a contract without a much larger guarantee of interest than would suffice where the country traversed is prairie. The section which is first to be built on this side of the eastern slopes, from Nepigon to Red River, is the heaviest on this side of the Rocky Mountains. The general course the road will take is not everywhere determined, and cannot be till the information respecting the several routes is more complete; but it seems to be a settled point that from Fort Garry the road will strike the Saskatchewan below the Forks, where the Southern branch contributes its waters to the general stream. At what point the Rocky Mountains will be crossed does not seem to be definitely determined. West of the Mountains, the shortest route is along the Frazer river, terminating at Burned Island, but the engineering difficulties may not make it worth while to save a distance of fifty or sixty miles, which would have to be traversed if Bute Inlet were made the Pacific terminus. When the Rocky Mountains are crossed, the final summit level has not been attained; for the plateau near the ocean rises above the mountain passes.

When the Pacific is reached, what is called the treaty stipulation with British Columbia would be fulfilled. But it seems the original bargain, onerous as it was, was supplemented by new promises made by the late Government, which, if binding at all, bind the country to add two hundred and forty miles to the road agreed upon as a condition of British Columbia joining the union, and to make the terminus not on the Pacific, but at the further extremity of Vancouver Island. This addition would add immensely to the cost; and would necessitate about a mile and a half of bridging which would, of itself, be a more formidable undertaking than the construction of the Victoria Bridge at Montreal. The assumption of this additional undertaking seems wholly inexcusable. It does not appear upon what grounds the promise was made; and we certainly fail to see that British Columbia was to do any thing, or had it in its power to do any thing, in return for this great increase of the outlay originally agreed upon. Mr. Mackenzie does not appear to regard this proposal of the late Government as obligatory; but he is willing to carry it out on condition of the Province agreeing to relax the terms of the bargain in point of time; and Mr. Edgar, the agent of the Government sent on a special mission to British Columbia, was instructed to say to the Local Government that the Cabinet of Ottawa would be prepared, on that condition, to commence work at once on the island and prosecute the surveys on the main land; making, in the meantime, a passable road over the plateau, building a telegraph along the line; and, as soon as the work could be put under contract, spend a million and a half a year within the Province. At the time of speaking the Premier was unable to say whether these offers would be accepted or not. These terms are sufficiently liberal; and, though they do not exceed what had previously been determined upon, they are liable to the objection which lies against all schemes for purchasing the allegiance of any Province that may make a grievance out of an impossibility. We cannot forget that British Columbia agreed that the road should not be a Government work—that it should be built by a private company, aided by a subsidy in land and money; and, if the Ottawa Government were to stand upon its extreme rights, it might reply to the importunities of that Province, that it was ready to do its part—find the land and money whenever the company was forthcoming. It is not desirable to take this extreme ground; neither is it fair or reasonable in British Columbia to stand upon its extreme right, and take advantage of circumstances to extort costly advantages at the expense of the rest of the country.

The estimates of cost are loose and unsettled. Mr. Fleming's lump estimate of a hundred millions of dollars is by no means given as a definitive amount. We are told it might have to be doubled if the work were pushed rapidly on with a view to fulfil a time engagement. This is where British Columbia has the advantage; she will not fail to say that if the nation is to save a hundred millions by getting an extension of time, it will be only right that that extension should be handsomely paid for. Within the limits of British Columbia thirty-five millions will have to be spent. But for the whole work we cannot be said to have any reliable estimate. Mr. Mackenzie thinks forty thousand dollars a mile a minimum, which may be largely exceeded. The amount of the subsidy to be given is partly fixed and partly undetermined. The ten thousand dollars and twenty thousand acres of land per mile of road, are fixed and determinate amounts; but the amount of bonds or stock on which the Government is to guarantee four per cent. interest, is to be left to competition. Here, as in the case of all other Government contracts, bids will be liable to be put in below the amount at which the work can be done. When this happens, the acceptance of the lowest tender means failure, delay, and finally greater cost than the work could have been done for if let at first at a fair rate. And the rejection of the lowest tender means a condemnation of the Government. Between the two, it is not surprising if the choice is generally in favour of the lowest tender. Is there no middle course, no safe way out of the dilemma? If the estimates of the Government engineer be reliable, why let work at prices which those estimates show it cannot be done for? The question is surrounded with difficulties on every side, and we do not pretend to see the way clearly out of it.

But if no mistake be made about the cost of construction, how is the loss on running expenses during the first year to be estimated or covered? Maintenance and working expenses are estimated to cost the country six millions a year; but as the road is the property of the contractors, in what shape is this contribution to be made? In the proposed guarantee of four per cent.? It is reasonable not to prolong the term during which the guarantee is to run, over twenty-five years; for by that time the traffic should be large, and ought at least to pay working expenses. The road may sometime become a profitable undertaking; and in that event the Government can recoup itself by becoming purchaser, provided the original capital has not been greatly exceeded by renewals. The Illinois Central railroad was built by the aid of a grant of public lands, which served as a basis for the issue of bonds; but the lands were not a free gift, and the Company afterwards refunded an amount probably exceeding the original value of the lands.

Of two-thirds of the lands to be given to the contractors, the Government is to retain the control of the sales. Some advantages of settlement are expected from this arrangement, and it is possible the expectation may be realized. But there are difficulties in the way of carrying it out. Unless a fixed price at which these lands are to be sold be agreed upon, contractors will have no settled value as a basis of estimate; and if they be sold at a fixed price, the question is reduced to one of administration. All experience shows that Governments are not good administrators of public lands; that we know of nothing which should cause their management to be preferred to that of individuals. The objection of granting lands to Companies at all we can understand; but when they are once granted, it is difficult to see any adequate reason for refusing them complete control of more than one-third of lands of which they are to get the proceeds. Will this arrangement not rather tend to induce them to keep back from sale their portion of the lands over which their control is complete? Much has been said about the danger of American influence, and this precaution may originate a jealousy of this kind.

It is intended to give Parliament complete control over the contracts, by requiring at least a negative parliamentary sanction of every contract that may be entered into. The motive is a good one; but practically some evils may result from carrying it out. If the amount to be given for the work had been previously settled by Parliament, the only discretion left the Executive would have been in the choice of contractors and the preference of one firm before another; but when the amount on which four per cent. interest is to be guaranteed is to be determined by tender, it is for Parliament to say whether it will grant so large a sum or not. If there had been no such contingency, the submission of contracts to Parliament would merely have been a shifting of responsibility. If we may judge by the past, a scramble for a share in the contracts is likely to take place on the floor of Parliament. Against such unseemly contention there is but one means of guarding; and that is by bringing these contracts within purview of the acts for securing the independence of Parliament.

The criticism of the Railway Bill in the House of Commons took the shape of a comparison between the two measures of the two Governments. This was a waste of labour; for the plan of the late Government having definitely failed, any reference to it is valueless, except as proving the necessity for a change of policy. Nor does the policy now adopted involve the abandonment of the railway or any part of it. The necessity of taking more time than was originally agreed upon, is one that involves physical and pecuniary possibilities, and is not within the control of any Government. Any Government would have found itself under the necessity of taking more time, whether it had admitted the fact at the outset or not.

The House of Commons has resolved hereafter to secure an official record of its debates. The experiment is not altogether new, the debates on Confederation having been officially reported. The work was well and satisfactorily done, and the record can be consulted with full confidence in its accuracy. In point of quantity, the leading daily papers give reports which speak well for their enterprise; and we should be slow to believe that they are systematically falsified. But if what is given be correct, and its counterpoise be left out, the result is that a fair representation of a debate is wanting. A full report of what every member says is simply impossible; and the official report is not to aim at anything beyond a summary. A summary that will give general satisfaction will be exceedingly difficult to give. A verbatim report is a much simpler thing; for it leaves the reporter nothing to do but give the words of the speaker, except that when they require it—which is not seldom—he must translate them into passable English. Speakers are seldom willing to admit how much they are indebted to reporters, on whose shortcomings they are generally ready to dwell. A late Canadian statesman, whom the whole gallery would agree that he was most difficult of speakers to report, was among the most persistent censors of the reporting corps. The number of speakers whose speeches will bear exact reproduction is exceedingly small. In many legislative bodies there is not one. A professional reporter, whose whole time was devoted to his calling, stated some years ago, that he had found but two men—Lord Elgin and Frederick Douglas—whose speeches would bear to be reported without the alteration of a word. Practice in writing, rather than in speaking, gives the exactness required. But, taking members of Parliament as they are, it is possible to give the substance of what they say in readable English. A record divested of its partisan bias, it is the aim of the House to obtain; and it is a good sign to see members disdain to appropriate the supposed advantages of partisan reports. The defect of the forthcoming *Hansard* will be, that it must give a summary of speeches which deserve no publicity, and which, in the interests even of the speakers themselves, had better be suppressed. It will reduce every thing to a dead level of equal publicity; the thoughtful speech, and the speech full of flippant fallacies and airy nothings, will be measured by the same scale. Independent reports fairly given, and a just discrimination made between good and bad speeches, would be better than any official report; but there are two things that prevent Parliamentary reports of this desirable character being obtained—partisan discrimination carried into the reporting columns of the press, and the circumstance that the capital is not situated in a city where the leading daily journals are published. The official report will serve a useful purpose; but we should be very much mistaken if it gave general satisfaction even to members themselves. If the effect of its publication will be greatly to curtail the reports in the daily papers, the people at large will know much less of what is done in the House than they know at present. But it may be taken for granted that the newspaper press only reports the debates to supply a public demand, and that if that demand be not otherwise supplied—and it cannot be by an official report, which will reach the public much more tardily than that supplied by private enterprise, and despatched by telegraph—there will probably be the same motive for the newspapers to supply reports that there has hitherto been.

The question of an amnesty to cover the Red River troubles rests on the contingency of a promise having or not having been made that it should be granted. The evidence taken before a secret committee appointed to ascertain the fact, so far as it has leaked out, does not show that any promise was made; but as only portions of it have been surreptitiously published, the facts are not sufficiently known to justify the founding of a decided statement or opinion upon them.

Two measures which expectation has placed among the acts of the Session, are postponed. The Supreme Court must await authority for its organization till next Session, and the old bankrupt law must do duty for another year. In the absence of a clear understanding of what alterations it is desirable to make, postponement is the best policy.

New Brunswick is passing through the excitement of a general election. The House was dissolved on the 15th May, and the writs are returnable on the 30th June. The contest is embittered by the sectarian element imported into the School question—the only question on which there is the least chance of a hearing being obtained. This is the proper arena for the contestants to enter the lists for fighting out the battle. The Roman Catholics, who find no place in the Common School system for separate schools for themselves, carried an appeal against the law to the House of Commons, and invoked the interference of the Crown by the exercise of the veto power; but they were met by the reference of the legal question to the law officers of the Crown in England, by whom the opinion was pronounced that the measure complained of fell within the powers of the local legislature, and that the Parliament at Ottawa has no authority to interfere. There remained then to the separate school advocates the resource of an alteration of the constitution of New Brunswick in their favour, or an attempt to secure a victory at the polls. With the first of these objects in view, Mr. Costigan brought the subject before the House of Commons; but in the face of a general election in New Brunswick, the inexpediency of this procedure became evident, and he withdrew his resolutions about the time the dissolution was announced. In demanding the exercise of the veto in their favour, the Separatists were clearly in the wrong; and if the constitution is to be altered, it can be altered only by New Brunswick herself asking for the change. It would be intolerable that a minority in any Province should have it in its power, by appealing to the central authority at Ottawa, to bring about a change in the local constitution.

While Mr. Costigan was moving on the question at Ottawa, the supporters of the school law were engaged in a defensive movement at Fredericton. The first note of alarm was sounded in the Lieutenant-Governor's opening speech, and the address in reply pledged the House to "resist every attempt to violate the constitution as secured" by the British North American Act. The separate school party denied that the violation of the constitution came within the scope of their objects. The constitutional right of the local legislature to pass a separate school law does not admit of dispute; and the reference in the address to a possible violation of the constitution pointed to what might be done at Ottawa. Mr. Wedderburn afterwards moved a series of resolutions, with one of those unparliamentary preambles so much in vogue in the Maritime Provinces, in defence of the school law as it stands; asserting the exclusive authority of the local legislature over the question, and resolving that its jurisdiction and powers should not be impaired or curtailed without the express sanction of the people at the polls; and that without the consent of the legislature, the Imperial Parliament or the Parliament of Canada ought not to interfere. Here the Assembly was merely standing on its rights, and its position was impregnable. The assailants and defenders of the existing law carry on the contest with the bitterness characteristic of all sectarian squabbles. The Roman Catholics are less than two-fifths of the population, and their representation in the House is hardly equal to their relative numbers, for when these resolutions were put to the vote, they counted only nine against twenty-four.

The vehemence of the writers in defence of the existing law is calculated to give rise to the suspicion that the Government, under a great display of zeal for the safety of the law which a general election does not in the least endanger, has an eye to covering up whatever sins it may have to answer for, by the prominence given to one great overshadowing question, on which men are excited to a pitch that interferes with the calm operations of reason. The merits of the question are obscured by a want of agreement on the main facts. The Catholics claim to be allowed to apply the money they pay for primary education, to the support of Separate Catholic Schools, and allege that they do not desire to compel Protestants to assist them in any way in the maintenance of these schools. The champions of the existing law avoid a discussion on the abstract justice of this claim, and content themselves with denying the possibility of making such a division of the school funds. This they do rather by inference than by direct statement; they appeal to Ontario, where they profess to find in existence a system which, while it has a fair outside, is really unjust. They find the difficulty in the amount of public funds by which the Catholic contributions are supplemented. But if there were no compensation in the contributions of Catholics to this common fund—and it is probably not a complete compensation—does it follow that a complete separation of the funds is not possible in New Brunswick, that it is not possible to devise a plan by which the Catholics could have the exclusive benefit of their own contributions, and neither contribute to, nor receive any thing from, the common fund? Because, if this could be done, the defenders of the existing law would be driven from the position they have taken up. It is not done in Ontario, and we have seen no detailed plan by which it could be done in New Brunswick. Some of the fears of the supporters of the existing law, such as that the existence of Separate Catholic Schools would lead to the overthrow of the common school fabric, by creating a desire in other denominations to have separate schools of their own, are exaggerated. This result has not happened in Ontario.

The Separatists will be beaten by a large majority; and any modification of the school law which they may obtain, they will have to accept at the hands of a House opposed to their extreme claims. Mr. Marshall, a Protestant candidate, speaks hopefully of an amendment that will give satisfaction to all parties; but the general tone is to decry any thing like concession. The Separatists, on their part, have done their share towards influencing the public sentiment, by the injudicious part they have taken, especially in attempting to deprive the Province of franchises, on which it naturally places a high value. They attempted to obtain a party victory, not by constitutional means, but by using external pressure to violate the constitutional rights of New Brunswick. Now that the opportunity for gaining a victory by constitutional means has come, their previous appeal to Ottawa, against the decision of their own Province, will be found to have covered their policy with a degree of odium that makes defeat certain before the struggle has begun.

The Inflationists at Washington are not to be put down by a single exercise of the Presidential veto. They have returned to the charge, and carried a new currency bill through the Senate, with a prospect of being equally successful in the House of Representatives. The break up of the old Democratic party, with all its corruption and violence, has not proved an unmixed good. It made itself the propagandist of economic principles, applicable to currency and commerce, which were in the main sound. Probably it acted from interest on these questions, as it certainly did on the question of labour. If we look at the Democratic press throughout the country, we find it has lost the old faith, which always embraced a redeemable currency. The Inflationists have, in this new bill, gone the full length of repudiation. At present, United States notes profess to be payable in specie, a pretence which has long since ceased to be true, but which could not, nevertheless, be discarded without great danger to the national interests. It was something to have the obligation acknowledged; the hope was encouraged that the time was not distant when it would be redeemed, and every attempt to restore specie payment, while it seemed to bring the time nearer, strengthened the hope of ultimate resumption. The Inflationists take away the promise to pay the note in specie, and declare that five-sixths of the aggregate amount of notes which it will be possible to issue, shall henceforth cease to be even nominally redeemable in specie, and shall become exchangeable for United States bonds, which are not to be paid for fifteen years, and after that period only at the option of the Government. This is the old threat of repudiation, long since made by Butler and Morton, embodied in a bill which may receive the sanction of both branches of Congress. In that case nothing but the possible veto of the President will stand between the nation and repudiation. The bill provides that interest be paid on the bonds for which greenbacks are exchanged, but only at the rate of four and a half per cent. The exchange of United States notes for bonds would not be permitted to decrease the volume of currency, for the notes so received would be re-issued, or, if destroyed, they would be replaced by new notes. The amount of these notes would be increased till the aggregate reached $382,000,000, at which it would remain, unless there were a large increase in the bank-note circulation. For every million of notes issued to banking corporations, in excess of the highest outstanding circulation prior to such issue, it would be the duty of the Secretary of the Treasury to retire United States notes to twenty-five per cent. of that amount, till the circulation of such notes fell to $300,000,000. The $82,000,000 of United States' notes so retired would be paid off out of the proceeds of the sale of bonds; while the remaining $300,000,000 could not be paid for fifteen years, and even after that period only at the option of the Government. In other words, there would be a chance of one-sixth of the notes being paid, while five-sixths were repudiated for fifteen years, to be paid afterwards if the Government should find it more convenient to pay than to refuse.

It was formerly the boast of the United States that, however fierce their electoral combats, instant acquiescence in the result of the poll was a national and universal virtue which distinguished the Union, in a manner the most decisive, from the Republics of South America, where violent revolutions not unfrequently follow a popular election. It was a proud boast, and true; but, unhappily, it is true no longer. The election of Abraham Lincoln was the signal for civil war. The election of a Governor in Louisiana afterwards led to scenes of violence, followed by the arbitrary intervention of the central power. And later still, Arkansas has furnished an example of a contested election for the Governorship, leading to a resort to arms by two contending chieftains. On the election of Governor, there were two candidates before the Legislature—Baxter and Brooks—the former of whom received a majority of votes, and whose election was proclaimed by the President of the Senate. But Brooks obtained a decision by a county judge, declaring him duly elected, and the decision being sustained by the Supreme Court of the State, he proceeded to discharge the functions of Governor as if he had been legally elected. There had been a previous decision last October, by the same Court, to the effect that the right of determining the question whether a person claiming to be Governor of the State had been duly elected, was vested exclusively in the General Assembly, and that no Court had jurisdiction in such a question. This decision was given by three judges, who form what is called a full bench and a legal court; that in favour of Brooks was given by four judges. These conflicting judgments only tended to obscure the question. The feeling against the judges who had decided in favour of Brooks was very strong, and two of them, Bennet and Searle, soon found their lives in danger from the violence of the mob. Brooks took possession of the State House, and Baxter proceeded to raise a force for the purpose of dislodging him. The partisans both of Baxter and Brooks rushed to arms, and the United States' forces did not always succeed in keeping the peace. Both appealed to President Grant for support, but for some time in vain. Baxter was supported in this appeal by both Houses of the Legislature, and finally, on the fifteenth May, the President issued a proclamation, declaring Baxter duly elected by the general Assembly of the State, as provided by the constitution, and plainly hinting that if necessary he should use the force which the constitution placed at his disposal for the preservation of the peace. The Legislature, with whom the right of election rested, was in favour of Baxter from first to last, and the decision in his favour by the President has every appearance of being correct. The Legislature of the State has voted for an amnesty for all engaged in the late disturbances, except the officials who took part in favour of Brooks.

The women's anti-liquor crusade degenerates in its progress into a semi-physical contest rather than a moral movement, and although the instrumentality of prayer is still made use of, it is accompanied with a defiance such as is more commonly associated with a very unhallowed kind of language. Several of the women have, from time to time, been arrested for violation of the law, and we shall probably soon hear that they look upon themselves as martyrs. Some women's-rights advocates, gifted with rare penetration, have traced the whole movement to the absence of female suffrage. The men, they say, make the laws; and it seems to be thought quite right that women should break them at pleasure. Give women the suffrage, and we are told they will content themselves with altering the laws. The Legislature of Massachusetts has been asked to confer the elective franchise on women, but it has refused to do so. The Senate took a division on the question, and, though the vote was close, the majority of the senators are not convinced that the accession to the halls of legislation of qualities brought into bold relief in the women's anti-liquor crusade would be an improvement. With that conclusion we heartily agree.

There is no definite intelligence of the prospects of the success of the negotiations now going on at Washington for a new Reciprocity Treaty. Statements of the proposals which are said to form the basis of the negotiations have been published, the principal of which is the conversion of the money compensation which the United States would have to pay for participation in our shore fisheries, into a trading concession, which would take the form of admitting free of duty the raw products of farm, forest, mines, and water of each country, into the other. From the nature of the case, this may be assumed to be correct, or nearly so. To this proposition are added others, embracing the enlargement of our canals, and their navigation by American vessels, on the same terms as they are used by our own vessels; the navigation of Lake Michigan by Canadian vessels, and the use by the vessels of both nations of the St. Clair Flats Canal. Only two days before the close of the session, the Ministry at Ottawa had no information on the subject to give; the meaning of which may be taken to be that nothing was concluded. Canada has prospered without reciprocity; but both countries would be gainers by the proposed treaty.

Fears of a new war breaking out between France and Germany seem to be gaining ground. The danger, whatever it may be, is not imminent; though both nations are probably labouring under the conviction that war will come, and each would desire that the time chosen should be that which would be most convenient to itself. The Paris correspondent of the *Times* professes to give the world the most complete insight into the designs of Prince Bismarck; and Lord Russell, playing the alarmist, has asked for correspondence relating to the maintenance of the peace of Europe, with the governments of Austria, Russia, and the French Republic. He also asked to be verbally informed whether the Government thought they could reckon on a continuance of peace. Lord Stanley confessed that he thought there were in future—neither immediate nor far distant—grounds for misapprehension and anxiety. The story of the Paris correspondent of the *Times* is, that when Victor Emanuel visited Berlin last year, Bismarck tried to draw him into a scheme that would give Prussia a pretext for a new war with France. If the King of Italy would claim the retrocession of Nice and Savoy, Prussia would back the claim, on the plea that she was bound to stand by an old ally, and make it the cause of a new war. Victor Emanuel declined on various civil pretexts to be made use of in the way proposed. The reason given for Bismarck desiring a new war is, that he has begun to perceive that he did not punish France nearly enough; that the facility with which she paid the war indemnity shows how vastly greater her pecuniary resources are than he had conceived at the time, and that to prevent her recuperating rapidly he ought to have made the indemnity double what it was. If he had done this, and overrun the South Departments of France with an army, Prussia would have had nothing to fear from her for a long time. The Cologne *Gazette* denies the whole story; while some French writers have made no difficulty about vouching for its accuracy. Whether true or not, there is little doubt the French are nursing their revenge, and looking forward to the time when they may be able to recover Alsace and Lorraine. Bismarck knows this intention, and he also knows that France can hope to succeed only by taking time to recruit her exhausted strength before the mortal struggle comes on; while the policy of Prussia dictates that the blow should be struck while France is still feeble and unprepared for another great war. If it were not for the territorial question, France might in time give up the desire to avenge the late Prussian victories, as it gave up the desire to avenge Waterloo and St. Helena.

The new First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Ward Hunt, has done his best to frighten England into the belief that the navy on which she has been so much in the habit of priding herself, is little better than a sham

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and a make-believe. But after all he can do in the way of depreciation, he gives her this bit of comfort, that it is a better navy than any other country possesses. The number of useless vessels is apparently very great. Of 51 ironclads, 41 are sea-going ships—or will be when they are all in existence, for five of them are only now in course of construction—while 14 are intended for harbour and coast defence; nine are so far gone as not to be worth repairing; and of the remaining 27, only 14 are now in effective service condition, though the number is expected to be increased by four during the year. Making every allowance for a desire to exaggerate the neglected condition of the navy, for the purpose of reflecting on past management, the figures would seem to be too precise to admit of much latitude of assertion. If Mr. Hunt's object was to make out a case for a large expenditure on the navy, he will probably be held to have succeeded; though there has probably been no ttme during the last half-century when a First Lord, if disposed to make a sensation, could not have contrived to reduce the navy of England to the dimensions of a paper navy as effectually as Mr. Hunt has done.

The land reform of the Conservative Government is confined, as we anticipated, to the establishment of a general Registry Act. Some of the journals describe the measure as one that will have the effect of quieting titles, "making that title indefeasible and conclusive which was not so before." If this be not a misconception, the office of Registrar will be judicial, as it is in Spain: but this cannot be, for it is admitted that a defective title may be registered. The Irish Landed Estates Court was intended to meet exceptional circumstances; and a title which passes it must be indefeasible before it can be registered. A measure which will facilitate the transfer of real estate, will save trouble and expense; but it will leave untouched all the other questions raised by Mr. Bright and the Land Reformers.

The publicans threw their weight into the Conservative scale at the last election, and their devotion is to get its reward in the extension of the time of closing, from twelve to half-past. But, while beer conquers more time, and snatches an additional half-hour from sleep, the children of paupers receiving out-door relief are to get less education. The new standard adopted under Lord Sandon's Vice-Presidency of the Education Board "does not really imply," in the estimation of the *Spectator*, "any real education at all." But when beer gets its own, and women have a prospect of getting votes, it must be admitted that the world moves if it does not advance.

The political partnership between the Duc de Broglie and McMahon has been dissolved. If the premonitions in which the Legitimists indulged may be relied on, they have tried in vain to decide the policy of the Government on the question on which De Broglie was defeated. The Legitimists are opposed to the organization of the Septennat by the establishment of the constitutional laws, not wishing to be obliged to postpone their plans for so long a period. They see in the temporary rule of McMahon a personal power which they hope to make subservient to their own ends. De Broglie refused to meet their views, and postpone the discussion on the electoral law; and they being able to count on the support of the extreme Left, which was opposed to the bill on principle, took their revenge. The defeat of the Government was decisive, the majority being sixty-four. McMahon appears to have stood by De Broglie to the last; and it is uncertain whether, under any circumstances, he would be willing to curtail his seven years' term for the benefit of the Royalists. The Extreme Right seems to have been somewhat disquieted at the anticipated result of their own action; for they dealt the death-blow to the Ministry with expressions of general confidence in it on their lips; and they have gained nothing by the change, but probably lost much. They have increased the distance between themselves and the Moderate Right; the Conservative wing of the Left Centre will support the new Government, which may have a majority, independent of the Legitimists. The Goulard Ministry is pledged to carry the constitutional bills, and organize the Septennat—a course which Legitimists are bound to oppose. The issue has thus taken a very definite shape. Goulard's chances of obtaining steady support, sufficient to enable him to carry out his plans, must be very doubtful; but he may obtain it under a standing menace of dissolution. The Legitimists talk of joining the Left in demanding a dissolution; but the elections which have taken place from time to time must have convinced them that to do so would be to court annihilation. Gourlard only requires to form the resolution to appeal to the country if the Assembly refuses to pass the constitutional bills, and he can get his own way; only he must drop the proposed disfranchisement, and rely on the constituencies as they stand.

The changes in the Swiss constitution, recently accepted by a large majority through the medium of a plébiscite to which the Swiss have long been accustomed, among other things to increase the Federal army to a nominal strength of 200,000 men, of which, though the drill may be pretty good, the organization will probably prove deficient. In any great struggle, the Federation might be able to bring half that number of men into the field. The central Government is armed with authority to wield the whole ecclesiastical power of the State. It may prevent the establishment of bishoprics in the Catholic cantons, the founding of any new convent, or the re-establishment of one that has been suppressed. Primary education, uniform in character, is to be compulsory throughout the Republic; a central university for the training of youth, without regard to religion, is to be established. The new constitution is a reaction and a protest against the Syllabus; and some of the powers it confers will require to be exercised with caution, or the very dangers against which it is intended to guard will be found on the other side. They may be such as it is necessary for the civil power to be armed with, though they will require to be exercised in a spirit of tolerance and moderation.

By the fall of Bilbao, the strength of the Carlists is shattered, and the cause of the Pretender is irretrievably lost. He has now the choice of submission or engaging in a hopeless and wicked guerilla war, like a robber chieftain, in the mountain fastnesses of the north of Spain. What the change of Ministry portends, nothing has reached us from which an intelligent opinion can be formed. To some members of the new Ministry, monarchical tendencies are attributed, and Castelar is in opposition.

If it be true that Victor Emmanuel told Bismarck that Italy was staggering under a load of irredeemable paper money, which would prevent her from going to war, there is unhappily more truth than diplomatic *finesse* in the statement. Against the protests of a section of the Opposition, the Chamber recently authorized the issue of a milliard more. The Government has been defeated on its financial policy, but this worst and the most vicious feature of it, succeeded, it is so much easier to print additional promises than to raise the necessary amount in some legitimate way; and Italy may be destined to carry the fatal financial policy on which she has entered, to the natural goal of national bankruptcy. But, Minghetti, the Minister of Finance, did not rely on the paper issue alone; he proposed some new taxes—a tax on manufactures and a stamp duty on deeds, besides the extension of the tobacco monopoly to Sicily. He was not wedded to these; he frankly stated his willingness to accept substitutes for them, on the sole condition that they would produce the revenue required. The proposal to equalize the land tax was favourably received by the Chamber; and, if the amount had been made ten per cent. it would probably have saved the Ministry. The King refuses to accept the resignations; but there is no reason to suppose that Minghetti can count on a working majority, unless he yield something to the demands of the section of the Left that follows the lead of Rattazzi, whom he had been trying to lure to the support of the Government by vague promises. They demand that a stop be put to the issue of paper money, and that administrative reform should take the place of additional taxes. Minghetti asked their support without yielding any of their demands; but now, if he cannot do without them, he must be prepared to meet their wishes. It will be a fortunate thing for Italy if the result be to put an end to further issues of paper money.

SELECTIONS.

FIELD SPORTS AND VIVISECTION.

BY EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

(*From the Fortnightly Review.*)

I AM brought back to my old subject of Field Sports by a path which I certainly did not look for. There has been some controversy lately in more places than one about the right and wrong of the practice of what is called *vivisection*—that is, in English, the practice of cutting up animals alive for real or alleged purposes of scientific study or research. Of that practice I made the smallest possible mention in my former articles, because it seemed to have the smallest possible connexion with my immediate subject. Nothing had then happened to make me think specially about it, and it bore on the question of field sports only as one rather remote branch of the general question as to the infliction of death and suffering on the lower animals. I remember that I fully admitted the right of killing animals for real scientific purposes, though I marked it as a practice which was specially liable to abuse. Nothing had brought the question of vivisection home to me as bearing at all directly on my subject. I might have remembered what was said in the papers, now a good many years ago, about the experiments practised on living horses at Lyons, and I might have remembered that eminent veterinary surgeons declared them at the time to be altogether needless. But I suspect that, at the time when I began to write about field sports, vivisection was chiefly connected in my mind with a story which was often told in my youth, how a man given to cutting up animals alive was telling some of his most horrible exploits to the company on the top of a coach, and how the honest coachman, with a philosophy which went deep indeed into the final causes, answered, "And if the devil does not take you, what's the use of having a devil?"

Since then the question has been brought much more prominently before men's minds. It has, to say the least, been moved quite out of the reach of any such trenchant decision as that of the worthy coachman. The practice of vivisection has been vehemently attacked, and it has been vigorously defended. It has been attacked, if not always with perfect knowledge of the facts, yet in a spirit of honest indignation which springs from the most generous impulses of our nature. It has been defended with a warmth which is not wonderful in men who deem themselves unjustly attacked, though it is sometimes perhaps coupled with rather too much, both of learned scorn for those who stand without the pale of "science" in the narrower and more modern sense, and of forgetfulness that a defence which is to have any effect on the minds of people in general must be put forth in a tongue which people in general understand. The philosophical defenders of vivisection have undoubtedly shown that they have a case; I do not think that they have shown that there is no case against them. They have, I think, shown that there are cases in which vivisection may be justified; they have not, I think, at all shown that the general public is wrong in thinking that vivisection is often done when it cannot be justified. And, above all, scientific men must understand that their appeal must be made to unscientific men, and that it is by unscientific men that they must finally be judged. And I cannot help saying that men given to those particular pursuits in which vivisection is likely to be practised are apt to be touchy on this point,—more touchy, I think, than men of learning of other kinds. Of all kinds of knowledge, theirs is that which is just now held in most honour, that which—at least in my own University—gets most money voted for its purposes, that whose professors seem every one of them to be flourishing like so many green bay-trees. And yet they certainly seem to have a scorn for the public which so deeply admires them, which I do not think is shared by learned men of other pursuits. This may perhaps be because, so far as I can see, theirs is the only branch of real scientific study which is liable to have anything said against it on a purely moral ground. Every branch of study—pure mathematics, I suppose, alone excepted—seems liable to have something said against it on some ground of sectarian theology. But no other study that I know of is driven or tempted to any method of research which can, with the faintest shadow of reason, be charged with cruelty or immorality of any kind. The physiologists, on the other hand, have, in this matter of vivisection, a weak point, a point which may be capable of defence, but which is certainly fairly open to attack. There is a *primâ facie* case against them, a case which they may be able to answer, but which still needs an answer; they ought therefore to be neither surprised nor angry when the answer is demanded from them.

But what has specially led me to think just now more minutely about the matter is, that some defenders of vivisection have incidentally, and I should think hardly seriously, started the analogy between that form of animal suffering which is now under debate and that other form of it which was the subject of my own former articles. They have started the analogy between vivisection and field sports. The amount of suffering, we are told, which is inflicted on animals by the practice of vivisection is a trifle compared with the amount which is inflicted by the practice of field sports. Considering the relative numbers of the vivisectors and of the sportsmen, we can hardly doubt that this is true. We may believe that it is true, even though in each particular case the hunted, and even the baited, animal could be shown to suffer less than the animal that is dissected alive. But the argument is worthless from every point of view. It is of course worthless to those who think field sports wrong; and it is equally worthless to those who think field sports right. It is of a piece with the argument in favour of field sports that the aggregate amount of suffering inflicted by sportsmen is less than the aggregate amount inflicted by butchers, drovers, cabmen, and the like. The question is not as to the aggregate amount of suffering inflicted, but as to the moral character of the acts by which the suffering is inflicted. It is of a piece with another argument which I have seen used in answer to one of the secondary arguments brought against field sports to the argument drawn from their dangerous character, from the frequent deaths through accidents in the hunting-field, and so forth. It was said that fewer people are killed in the hunting-field than are killed in crossing the streets of London. Considering the relative numbers of the people who go hunting and of the people who cross the streets of London, it is nothing wonderful if it is so. But the employer of this argument forgot the difference implied in the fact that thousands of people cannot help crossing the streets of Lodon, while nobody need go out hunting if he does not choose. Arguments of this kind are just of that kind which ought never to be used. They can never prove anything one way or another; but they may very easily draw off men's minds from what is the real question at issue.

Still I am thankful to those who have, in whatever shape, suggested the analogy between vivisection and field sports. The two questions must be argued in exactly the same way, or rather the two questions are only branches of one larger question. Is vivisection cruel? Are field sports cruel? That is to say, can the suffering which is undoubtedly inflicted in both be justified or not? Questions of this kind as to cruelty will be greatly simplified if the disputants on each side can agree in a definition of cruelty. By cruelty then I understand, as I understood throughout, not all infliction of death or suffering on man or beast, but their wrongful or needless infliction. The question then in each particular case, of vivisection, of field sports, or of anything else, is whether the infliction of death or suffering in that particular case can be justified. On the one hand it is not enough to say that vivisection or field sport involves animal suffering and is therefore cruel. For the infliction of animal suffering may sometimes be justified, and, if it can be justified in these particular cases, they cannot be called cruel. But, on the other hand, if it can be shown that some cases of vivisection or of hunting may be justified, that is not enough to take off the suspicion of cruelty from vivisection or field sports in general. This was my general argument in the controversy on field sports, and I propose to argue the question of vivisection on much the same grounds. Perhaps I may have to go a little deeper into the argument than I did in the former case. For the line which I took on field sports was a very simple one. I argued that, as both law and received opinion forbid certain practices, certain amusements, as cruel, they ought in common consistency to forbid certain other amusements also. I argued that certain amusements which law and convention allow were, I do not say in all cases equally cruel, but certainly alike cruel, with those which law and convention forbid. I started from the ground that there was such a thing as cruelty to animals, that there was, somewhere or other, a limit to our right of dealing as we please with the inferior animals, and that there were cases in which the infliction of suffering on them was blameworthy. And all my opponents met me on this ground. No one dared to say that there was no such thing as cruelty to animals; no one dared to say that we might without blame inflict on a beast or a bird any kind of suffering which it came into our heads to inflict. The line which they took was to argue that, while the amusements of certain other people were cruel, their own amusements were not cruel. This was the line taken by the only adversary whom I thought worthy of an answer, Mr. Anthony Trollope. It was hardly worth while to answer one or two foolish people who allowed that the amusements which they defended were cruel, but said that the cruelty was justified by some great advantage which those amusements supplied. That is to say, they really meant the same thing as Mr. Trollope, only they did not know so well as he did how to say what they meant. What they meant to say was, that, though their amusements inflicted suffering, yet that the infliction of that suffering could be justified, and therefore that those amusements were not cruel. The only question, so far as I can see, between myself and anybody else is as to the cases in which the infliction of death or suffering is justifiable. My position was, that their infliction for purposes of mere sport was not justifiable, and I argued that in this both law and convention bore me out. For they forbid certain sports which I can see no reason for forbidding, except on grounds which lead irresistibly to the forbidding of certain other sports also. My argument, in short, was an argument from consistency. If any one had maintained that there was no such thing as cruelty to animals, that we might deal with beasts and birds exactly as we pleased, I should have had to argue against such an opponent on other grounds.

My positions then were two. First, the one which, so far as I know, is universally received, which I have never heard argued against, that there is such a thing as cruelty to animals, that certain cases of the infliction of death or suffering on brute creatures may be blameworthy.

The second was, that all infliction of death or suffering for the purpose of mere sport is one of those blameworthy cases. Now I assume that vivisection, at least as practised by physiologists of the higher class, would have to be argued about under the former head and not under the latter. I assume that men of real science do not cut up live animals for the sake of sport. I assume that they not only take no pleasure in the thought that they are inflicting suffering, but that they take no pleasure in the act by which the suffering is inflicted. I assume that whatever they do, they do as a matter of grave, most likely of painful, duty, believing that the advantages which science gains through the suffering which they inflict make it one of those cases where the infliction of suffering is justifiable. If they did otherwise, if any man took any pleasure in the actual process of vivisection, I should put him at the very bottom of my scale. If a man should cut up an animal alive for the pleasure of cutting it up alive, it would be cruelty of the very basest form, because it would be cruelty standing out in all its own nakedness, without any of the excuses and disguises which often blind men's eyes to the fact that the pleasures which they pursue are cruel. I should place such a man, not only below fox-hunters and deer-stalkers, not only below hare-hunters and pigeon-shooters, but below cock-fighters, bear-baiters, and the lovers of the Spanish bull-fight or the Roman gladiatorial show. Vivisection, in such a shape as this, ought surely at once to be put down as the worst form of cruelty to animals which has yet been devised.

But a physiologist would of course answer that vivisection, at least as he practises it, is not open to any such charge as this. He will say that whatever he does from a grave and adequate motive, that the suffering which he inflicts on the animal is not inflicted wantonly, and that it is not directly or indirectly the source of any pleasure to himself. He will probably say that he inflicts pain with the object of improving the means of relieving pain. So far his case is a better one than that of the sportsman. The sportsman very often tells you that his pleasure is not derived from the death or suffering which he inflicts; but he cannot deny that his pleasure is inseparably connected with death or suffering. If he does not directly delight in suffering, he is at least careless about it; he delights in the infliction of suffering, inasmuch as he delights in the act by which suffering is inflicted. The scientific vivisector, on the other hand, may say, probably with perfect truth, that the act by which suffering is inflicted is simply the means to an end a long way beyond, to the increase of scientific knowledge, and thereby to the actual lessening of pain and disease. This is much higher ground than any that the sportsman can take. Mere knowledge, even if it lead to nothing practical, is something higher than mere sport; and, if it can be shown, as physiologists say that it can, that experiments in vivisection have led to discoveries by which painful diseases can be cured or lessened, this, to my mind, is as much as to say that there are cases in which vivisection may be justified. But here comes the practical difficulty in the comparison of the two cases that, in the case of vivisection, so few people can practically know anything about the matter. In arguing about field sports, I was arguing with people whose doings were open to the world, and who at least defended their doings in plain English. The doings of the vivisector are unseen; we have to take his own word, not only for the reasons which he says justify his doings, but for the matter of fact what those doings are. Also, while Mr. Trollope, the defender of field sports, made his defence in a language of which I could understand every word, the defenders of vivisection are apt to make their defence in a technical dialect more than half of whose words give me no meaning whatever. In fact, unless one were to lay down a rule that, under no circumstances and for no ends, could it ever be lawful to dissect an animal alive, the vivisector has the discussion in his own hands. I must take from him both the statement of what he does and the arguments by which he defends what he does. When a fox-hunter tells me that a fox likes to be hunted, I know that he is talking nonsense, nonsense so transparent that I feel sure that he sees through it himself. When he tells me that a beast likes to be chased till he is wearied out and then to be torn in pieces, my common sense is enough to answer him. But when a philosopher tells me that, in certain cutting-up experiments which sound very horrid, the animal, under the influence of some medical process, only seems to be suffering, and may be cut up without inflicting any real pain, my common sense fails me. It is quite possible that it may be so ; but I cannot, as I can in the other case, judge for myself : I can only take the philosopher's word for it. I can only look on his statement as one which is by no means to be lightly cast aside, but which is still only the statement of an interested witness, who is sure, even if unwittingly, to colour his case in his own behalf. And I cannot admit the claim of scientific men, any more than of any other kind of men, to be judges in their own cause. It is, after all, the unlearned public that must judge. Its judgment may very likely be wrong ; but there is no appeal from it. Here lies the rub of the whole matter. There is no judge who is at once competent and impartial. Those who can judge impartially of the general principle have no means of knowing whether the general principle is rightly or wrongly applied to particular cases. Those who are technically informed as to particular cases are disqualified as judges through their personal interest in the matter.

To me the case seems to stand thus. I would not take upon myself to say that vivisection must in all cases be blameworthy. There may be a reasonable prospect that, by cutting up one animal alive, some scientific truth may be found out which is likely to relieve the diseases or otherwise lessen the sufferings of many animals or of many men. In such a case I should say, cut up your animal boldly. The case would be the same as one which I once put myself, that I should feel no scruple in riding a horse to death, if there were no other way of carrying medicine in time to save the life of a man. But, accepting this analogy, I or any other plain man can judge pretty well when we may and when we may not ride a horse to death ; but we cannot judge when it is, and when it is not, right for a cultivated physiologist to cut up a rabbit alive. We, the unlearned, can, in this matter of vivisection, for the most part only lay down general rules. In many cases we have no means of judging whether this or that vivisectional experiment was or was not undertaken in such a spirit as to remove it out of the class of wrongful inflictions of suffering. All that we can say is that, so far as we can judge, though we can conceive cases in which vivisection may be lawful, yet we should think that they cannot be very common. One is inclined to lay down the law that, when the salutary results of a painful experiment have once been reaped, the same experiment should not be repeated over and over again out of mere curiosity. Yet again, it is very hard for us to say what is mere curiosity. I can conceive that there may be cases in which one experiment may secure for all time all the knowledge which is needed, while there may be other cases in which it may be needful for each student or class of students to witness the experiment once in their lives. But we have very seldom the means of judging under which of these heads any particular experiment comes. But when it comes out incidentally that there are people among whom vivisection happens daily or nearly so, when we find the physiological laboratory of an University advertising for dogs and cats of any kind,* we begin to suspect the whole thing. We begin to think that there must be physiologists, who, if they have not reached that stage of cruelty which takes an actual pleasure in the sufferings which it inflicts, are at least not unlikely to inflict them without much thought, and in a way which those who are not physiologists may be strongly tempted to think wanton, and therefore cruel.

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* I quote from the *Pall Mall Gazette* of June 19, 1873 :—" It would certainly be untrue to assert that cultivated people are never cruel to animals. A contemporary has called attention to an advertisement which occurred recently in the *Scotsman*, and runs thus :—' Dogs and cats (few useless) wanted. Any kind of breed will suit. Apply at the Physiological Laboratory University, between 10 and 11 A.M.' We can only hope this does not mean that a horrible form of scientific barbarity is to be carried out by men whose profession is to alleviate pain and not to invent new tortures. The ways in which Englishmen exhibit a want of humanity and often great cruelty in their dealings with the animal world are unhappily sufficiently numerous. One form is that for which science is made the plea, and the advertisement referred to is an example ; in a minor form the pursuits of naturalists, bird and insect collectors, etc., are open to the same remark." With regard to the last sentence, I must in all cases draw a wide distinction between mere killing and torture.

When we read such things as the advertisement which I have just quoted, we are certainly not more inclined than before to grant the claim of scientific men to be judges in their own cause. Yet we feel that to some extent they must be so. That is, we feel that we cannot judge for them. And we feel that there are doubtless here and there scientific men, as there are men of other classes, whom we could trust to be judges in their own cause. Only we cannot extend this trust to all scientific men, any more than to all men of any other class ; and we suspect that, if there are men who would never practise vivisection without a good cause, there must be many more who shelter themselves under their example to do horrible cruelties, if not out of mere sport, yet as a kind of scientific amusement. And again, if we allow that, as there is a lawful form of war and a lawful form of hunting, so there may be also a lawful form of vivisection, it follows that, as in the other cases, as in almost all cases of moral questions, there is here also a certain borderland of virtue and vice within which it is hopeless to lay down rules beforehand, within which each action must be judged for itself, and, moreover, where there is room for a fair difference of opinion as to the merit or demerit of particular actions. But then, on most other subjects our common sense will help us, in some degree at least, in forming a judgment in particular cases. We are not wholly at the mercy of the person on whose conduct we are sitting in judgment. We have some means of forming an opinion besides his own representations. In the case of vivisection all these helps fail us. We may allow that there is such a thing as necessary vivisection, but we have no means of judging when vivisection is necessary and when it is not. Scientific men tell us that they must be judges of what is needful for their own researches, and they clearly think that the general public has nothing to do but believe what the scientific man tells it. But I suspect that the unlearned public will not be satisfied with this kind of answer. I at least, as one of them, must assert the rights of common sense. When a fox-hunter tells me that his treatment of his fox, when a costermonger tells me that his treatment of his donkey, is not cruel, I do not believe him, because these are points on which my common sense can judge, and my common sense tells me that the treatment of the fox or of the donkey is cruel. When a scientific man tells me that his treatment of his rabbit is not cruel, I cannot contradict him in the same offhand way as I can contradict the fox-hunter and the costermonger, because the scientific man has led me into a region in which my common sense fails me as a guide. But my experience of the fox-hunter and the costermonger teaches me that men are very likely, when their interests, their pleasures, or their tastes are concerned, to say, and even to believe, that things are not cruel which a disinterested judge knows to be cruel. I must look on scientific men as being, no less than fox-hunters or costermongers, simply men, men liable to human temptations and human infirmities, and subject, like other men, to the subtle power of self-delusion. I therefore think it possible that scientific men, no less than fox-hunters or costermongers, may say, and even may believe, that an act of cruelty, if it is done by themselves or by those with whom they sympathize, is not an act of cruelty. I therefore do not accept the scientific man, any more than I accept the fox-hunter or the costermonger, as judge in his own cause. His defence in each particular case may be a good one ; I cannot tell whether it is good or bad ; but I know that *à priori* it is at least as likely to be as bad as good. And I believe that the mass of mankind, who have no guide in the matter but their common sense, will on this point be found to think as I do. It is the mystery in which this matter of vivisection is wrapped up, and the grand tone which scientific men take up towards the rest of mankind, which make people who have no guides but common sense and common humanity look with suspicion on vivisection and all who practise it. The thing looks cruel on the face of it ; it looks so cruel that the burthen of proof certainly lies on those who say that it is not cruel. But then it cannot be proved whether it is cruel or not, save by arguments which we, the vulgar, who, after all, who have to judge of the matter, cannot understand. The counsel for the defence can say what he pleases, and neither the jury nor the counsel on the other side has any means of putting what he says to the test. He strongly protests the innocence of his clients, but he proves it by arguments in an unknown tongue.

The general public, then, ready perhaps—as I certainly am—to admit in the abstract that some cases of vivisection may be lawful, is unable to tell which cases are lawful and which are not, and it strongly suspects that the lawful cases are very rare and the unlawful cases very common. It is therefore not wonderful if some of us are led, in the absence of any means of making distinctions, to condemn the whole thing in a lump, and even to commit the heinous sin of "charging cultivated physiologists with barbaric cruelty." In so doing, I have no doubt that they do injustice to particular cases; but I believe that, on the whole, they do a rough and ready justice which is much oftener right than wrong.

The plea which one hears so often put forward, that scientific men are something altogether removed from, and set above, the rest of mankind, that the fact that they do a thing is enough, and makes it impertinent for anybody else to say any more, is not to be listened to for a moment. Just as little to the purpose is the appeal which some votaries of these practices make to their own excellences: "See what admirable people I and my friends are; yet we cut up animals alive." Now I am ready to give to a scientific man, as to a man of intellectual eminence of any other kind, all the respect due to his intellectual eminence. But I must decline to acknowledge in him, as a scientific man, any moral pre-eminence over the rest of mankind. I know that men of great intellectual eminence have often been guilty of very bad actions, both in the way of cruelty and in other ways. I therefore do not see on what ground scientific men can claim any privilege, as if the fact of their being scientific men placed them above ordinary moral judgment. It might be more true to say that those forms of science which use vivisection as one of their means of research lie specially open to temptations in the way of cruelty, and that therefore their professors need specially to be watched. Some experiments in vivisection may be necessary, and therefore not cruel; but the temptation to unnecessary experiments must be very great. With the probable intellectual difference I have nothing to do; morally I should put the votaries of those studies where vivisection is used on a level with those who practise any trade which is open to special temptations to cruelty. *A priori* I should be inclined to put the vivisector, in his best shape, on the same moral level as the butcher. As I am not a vegetarian, I must hold that the butcher follows a perfectly lawful craft, and that, provided he puts his beasts to death in the least painful way that he knows of, there is nothing to be said against him. Yet one would think that there was something not altogether attractive about a man who, if perfectly free to choose among all trades, should choose butchery as the one which he liked best in itself. One thinks the chances are that the tailor or the baker will be a more humane man than the butcher; and one thinks that the chances are that the astronomer or the geologist will be a more humane man than the experimenter in vivisection. This is of course *à priori*; but, by that subtle law of our nature of which I have so often spoken, I can perfectly well believe that a man may be cruel in the laboratory and humane in other places. If so, we have here another instance of that system of looking at things through a conventional or other artificial medium, of judging them by some other standard than that of eternal right and wrong, which makes men draw so many strange distinctions both on this question of cruelty and on others. To take an instance as far removed as possible from our present subject, there is no greater instance of the power of conventionality than the fact that women allow men freely to do things in ball-rooms which they would resent as unpardonable insults if they were done anywhere else. So on our present subject, public opinion seems to satisfy itself by the easy process of approving the cruelties of the rich and condemning the cruelties of the poor. The *Field* newspaper was a good deal troubled during the Tichborne trial, and the Judge and Jury seemed to be troubled also, when Dr. Kenealy charged it with being devoted to dog-fights. And the *Field* had a right to be troubled, for Dr. Kenealy was quite wrong in his fact. The *Field* is a "respectable" paper, and does not chronicle dog-fights. But if rich people took to dog-fighting, and poor people took to fox-hunting and pigeon-shooting, it would then be respectable to chronicle dog-fights, and not respectable to chronicle fox-hunts and pigeon matches. And, just as there are so many people with whom the question of cruelty is wholly a question of fashionable and unfashionable, so there may be others with whom it is wholly a question of scientific and unscientific. But then comes in that strange, but undoubted, moral law, that the conventional standard, though it cannot alter the moral character of acts in themselves, may very greatly alter their effect on the moral character of the man who does them. Very few people look right and wrong straight in the face. Men commonly judge things by some conventional standard; and, if conventionality draws an unreal distinction, most men will draw it also. To most men the opinion of the particular society in which they move, their law of honour as it is called, is to them instead of a moral law. If therefore they do acts which are condemned by true morality but which are not condemned by their own conventional law of honour, they are guilty of an offence against abstract morality, but they are not guilty of any offence against their own consciences. They are therefore free of that special moral taint which commonly follows when a man does what not only is wrong in itself, but which the society in which he lives looks upon as wrong. This doctrine was long ago powerfully set forth by Lord Macaulay.* The cock-fighter of Queen Anne's day, when Ministers of State went to cock-fights, was probably not a worse man than the fox-hunter of to-day, when Ministers of State go to fox-hunts. But there can be no doubt that the cock-fighter of to-day is a much worse man than the fox-hunter of to-day. I cannot help thinking that even a man's general character must be more or less the worse for indulgence in any form of cruelty or other vice of any kind. Still it is quite certain that the general character is much more affected for the worse by those forms of cruelty or other vice which sin not only against abstract morality, but against conventionality also. A vivisector then, in a society of vivisectors, even though he should practise vivisection when it was needless, and therefore cruel, might not have his general character affected by it for the worse in a greater degree than the general character of a fox-hunter in a society of fox-hunters is affected by the form of cruelty which he practises. In this way too, the vivisector, like the fox-hunter, might look with complacency on his own cruelties, and at the same time look with horror on the cruelties of somebody else. But all this, though it may prove a great deal as to the character of particular vivisectors or fox-hunters, can prove nothing as to the question whether vivisection or fox-hunting is a thing which is right in itself.

If I were to go back to the question of field sports generally, I could find several things to say; but I will not do so now, when my object is to follow out a parallel which has been started by others. The sum of the whole matter seems to be that, as there are times and places where hunting is lawful and praiseworthy, so there probably are cases in which vivisection is lawful and praiseworthy. But the matter is one about which it is so hard for any indifferent person to judge of particular cases, that scientific men must not be surprised if the general public looks on their doings in this way with a good deal of suspicion. It is possible that such an advertisement as that which I have quoted may lead to an unjust condemnation of some really humane man; but it is by such evidence as that of the advertisement the general public must judge. And the general public will perhaps not be wrong in believing that, among those who cut up animals alive, a greater number belong to the class represented by the advertisement than belong to the class who can honestly say that they never inflict suffering on a cat or a rabbit without a distinct purpose and a reasonable hope of thereby lessening the sufferings of a man.

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* I refer to the passage in the essay on Machiavelli:—" A vice sanctioned by the general opinion is merely a vice. The evil terminates in itself. A vice condemned by the general opinion produces a pernicious effect on the whole character. The former is a local malady, the latter a constitutional taint. When the reputation of the offender is lost, he too often flings the remainder of his virtue after it in despair. The Highland Gentleman who, a century ago, lived by taking black mail from his neighbours, committed the same crime for which Wild was accompanied to Tyburn by the huzzas of two hundred thousand people. But there can be no doubt that he was a much less depraved man than Wild. The deed for which Mrs. Brownrigg was hanged sinks into nothing when compared with the conduct of the Roman who treated the public to a hundred pair of gladiators. Yet we should greatly wrong such a Roman if we suppose his disposition was as cruel as that of Mrs. Brownrigg."

SCIENCE AND NATURE.

ONE by one the pioneers of Modern Science are departing from amongst us. Few, however, can boast that their loss was felt more widely and more keenly, than John Phillips, Professor of Geology in the University of Oxford, the kindliest, the most genial, and in many respects the most universally accomplished, of the old race of geologists. Truly, there were giants in those days. Born in the year 1800, Professor Phillips devoted the whole of a long, active, and vigorous life to the pursuit of Geology and kindred branches of science. He is best known to the world at large by his great work on the Geology of Yorkshire, his treatise on Vesuvius, and his admirable monograph on the Geology of the Thames Valley; but he was the author of numerous very important and valuable technical memoirs on Geological and Palæontological subjects. As a teacher, he was successively appointed Professor of Geology in King's College, London, Trinity College, Dublin, and the University of Oxford, his last chair being formerly filled by Dr. Buckland. His scientific honours were too numerous to mention, but he may be mentioned as having held the much coveted posts of President of the Geological Society of London, and President of the British Association. There is no part of the civilized world where the name of Phillips has not been more or less a household word; and his loss is the more to be deplored, as he has left us in the full vigour of a hearty old age, his death being due to accident, and not to disease.

The name of Phillips naturally suggests that of the veteran Sedgwick, whose death took place little more than a year ago. We are glad to see that tardy justice is at last being accorded to this illustrious observer, and that there is now a reasonable probability that the geological world will recognize that it is to Sedgwick, and not to Murchison, that the honour is due of having laid the foundations of Palæozoic Geology. We may also be glad that the chief agent in the execution of this act of retributive justice, by which Sedgwick is at last restored to his true rights, is one who is familiar to all students of Canadian science—Dr. T. Sterry Hunt. Whilst fully acquiescing in the entire justice of adopting Sedgwick's nomenclature of the older rocks, we cannot, however, but regret that, by a culpable weakness on the part of the leading European geologists, this was not done long ago, since the change will now inevitably lead to much confusion of mind on the part of readers of geological literature. Moreover, it is not creditable that one of whom it has been said that his life "has raised the character of the whole people of England, should have to wait till beyond the close of an unusually long life before publicly receiving from his contemporaries that justice which most of them did not hesitate to accord to him in private.

A monograph of the Pinkworts of Canada, as represented in the Valley of the St. Lawrence and Great Lakes, has just been published by Messrs. Gibson & Macorin, of Albert College, Belleville. The memoir is the first of an intended series of monographs upon the plants of Central and Eastern Canada; and it is the intention of the writers to make their successive papers component parts of a "Flora Canadensis." The present paper includes thirty-eight species belonging to twelve genera, all being fully described, and each having appended to it a valuable list of the localities in Canada where it is known to occur. Several species, also, are enumerated which have not hitherto been recognised in the Dominion. We very cordially welcome this excellent contribution to Canadian science, and we trust that Messrs. Gibson and Macorin will be enabled to carry to completion the great work of which this may be considered as a first instalment.

According to *Nature*, it is proposed by the United States Treasury Department, in view of the great economic value of the fur-seals of Alaska, and the importance of a thorough knowledge of their habits and movements, to send some one to the North Pacific Ocean for the purpose of studying the subject in an exhaustive manner. These seals, almost to the number of millions, visit the St. George and St. Paul Islands of the Pribylon group every summer season for the purpose of bringing forth their young, and it is when employed in this duty that they are allowed to be captured, to the number of one hundred thousand annually, by a company chartered by the United States. What becomes of these seals after they leave these islands is entirely unknown, in spite of the fact that they are congregated there in such numbers for several months. A few are captured in the spring and fall, as they pass along the coast of British Columbia and Washington Territory, but what is the relationship between these and the great army of seals, or whether there is any relationship, is unknown. The same species is found, to a limited extent, on the Asiatic side of the ocean, but no extensive captures are made. Should the commission in question be appointed, it is to be hoped that some of these problems may be solved, and that we may not remain longer in ignorance of the general natural history of an animal which, regarded from a merely utilitarian point of view, yields a revenue of about three hundred thousand dollars a year to the United States, and of more than five times this sum to the Company which has charge of the interest. We may add, that we hope the time is not very far distant when a similar commission will be issued to investigate the habits and life-history of the Newfoundland seals, and to regulate the wholesale and utterly reckless slaughter to which these valuable animals are at present subjected.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The *Contemporary Review* opens this month with a translation from the ninth book of the Iliad, by Mr. Gladstone. In the preliminary remarks the writer explains the position of the parties in the great quarrel which wrought so dire a mischief to the besieging camp, and, in the next place, exposes the weak points of Pope's celebrated paraphrase—for it can hardly be called a translation—of the great epic. Mr. Gladstone's lyric form is, perhaps, not the happiest, although at times it has an heroic tone about it which is attractive, and has, moreover, the additional merit of faithfully representing the original. There is a ring, for instance, about such lines as these, which gives a truer conception of the poet's fire than the tedious monotony of Pope's flowing pentameters :—

"For I hate with perfect hatred,
Hate him like the gates of hell,
Who, within him one thought harbours,
While his lips another tell."

Mr. W. R. Greg, in "Rocks Ahead," takes the *rôle* of Cassandra, and prophecies all sorts of evils for England, traceable to three causes :—1. The political supremacy of the lower classes. 2. The approaching industrial decline of England. 3. The divorce of the intelligence of the country from its religion. In the present paper Mr. Greg confines himself almost entirely to the first of these. He shows that the Reform Bill of 1867 has doubled the constituency, and put the country under the control of the most ignorant and least capable of the population. The picture he draws of the future results of this policy is not attractive, and the tone of the paper as a whole, is a prolonged wail of despair. A sentence or two from the close will give some idea of its spirit :—"Since the tendency of circumstances is decidedly set in this (a democratic) direction, in nearly every country both in Europe and America, we can see little in the future but progressive decadence in all the higher elements of national life. . . . I cannot see that the advances of democracy during the last fifty or seventy years in France, Spain, Switzerland, Belgium, the United States, and elsewhere, have offered results which invalidate the argument ; I cannot at present discern the quarter from which re-action or rescue is to come, or the *Deus ex machinâ* who is to intervene ; and there is more faith than philosophy in our vague trust that harvest will not follow seed-time, and that causes, which in all previous history have been relentlessly fertile, will hereafter become preternaturally barren." Mr. Greg appears, however, to forget that the enfranchisement of the proletariat is in itself a means of elevating and educating, and that the evils he apprehends can at the worst be only temporary in their duration.

The Rev. Baldwin Brown gives an appreciative account of Dr. Binney, the great Nonconformist minister of Weigh-House Chapel, whom he describes as "a broad Nonconformist."

Principal Tulloch, of St. Andrew's, again returns to the subject of Dogma and its relation to Christianity. There is nothing new in the paper, if we except an effort to clear his position from the misapprehensions of some of his critics. The writer, using the word dogma in its

Protestant sense, denies that it is "an authoritative or accepted statement of Divine truth, but the reasoned expression or formulated statement of this truth." In the words of Hooker, church dogma "is not written in black and white in the Bible ; it has to be collected from it." "This and that dogma are in Scripture nowhere to be found by express literal mention, only deduced as they are out of Scripture by collection."

Mr. Orr contributes a lengthy and exhaustive paper on "Mr. Browning's Place in Literature." The writer is an ardent admirer of the poet, although he admits that there are grounds enough in his works why, on the one hand, "he has been sincerely loved," and on the other, "cordially disliked." Why, "for many persons, both men and women, his works have possessed the support, the sympathy, and the suggestiveness of a secular Gospel ; whilst with others they have become a bye-word for ambiguousness of thought and eccentricity of expression." The estimate of Browning's genius, though perhaps partial, and at times enthusiastic, is, on the whole, sober and just.

An article by Mr. Hopgood unfolds a scheme for the gradual disestablishment of the English Church. The writer holds that the change should be gradual, but "such as ultimately to insure absolute religious equality to all," eschewing any attempt at "a compromise or enlarged toleration." "I also," he says, "abandon all idea of comprehension—the thing is hopeless." The scheme is, in brief, to respect as far as possible all private endowments, to confirm existing incumbents and others holding offices in the Church for their respective lives, to provide for the payment of patrons, and the gradual extinction of advowsons and next presentations, and finally to sell the parsonages and glebe lands as the incumbrances fall in. The Rev. Dr. Lee, a well-known High Church clergyman, advocates a corporate reunion with the Church of Rome. He is followed by Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, who replies to Archbishop Manning's strictures on his paper on "Cæsarism and Ultramontanism." Mr. Stephen again presses his objections to the validity of the evidences for revealed religion. In this we do not think he is particularly happy, although he has much the best of it in his remarks on Justinian's Institutes—a subject on which he is more at home than he appears to be with theological disputation.

The first paper in the *Fortnightly* for May is devoted to a description of Siberia, by Mr. Ashton W. Dilke. The writer traversed the country through Tomsk and Irkutsk to the Tartar frontiers. Mr. Dilke found that Siberia was not a country of perpetual ice and snow, but very agreeable for travelling, even in the month of January ; that so far from the country being thinly populated, the reverse is the case ; and that "villages succeed villages every few miles along the road ; and finally, that instead of the peasants being a handful of convicts and their descendants, they are a thriving, honest, and happy population, far superior in intelligence to the bulk of their brethren in European Russia.

Mrs. E. Garrett Anderson, M.D., gives a powerful reply to Dr. Maudsley's remarks on "Sex in Mind and Education." The writer, it will be remembered, was a member of the last London School Board. She certainly has the better of Dr. Maudsley. It is shown that the Dr. borrowed all his information from America without inquiring into its validity or bearing upon the experiments at Girton and other places in England. Mrs. Anderson offers her own knowledge and that of other English women, that Dr. Maudsley's physiological objection is founded upon an entire mistake regarding the functions concerned. At the same time, she thinks that collegiate education should begin later in the case of women, and extend over a longer period before graduation. Mr. Leslie Stephen's critical examination of the Rev. F. D Maurice's Theology is forcible, and in the main just ; but he belongs to the enthusiastic sceptical school now in vogue, and is scarcely able to render justice to his subject, although he evidently tries to do so. "Field Sports and Vivisection," by Mr. E. A. Freeman, will be found in another part of this number. "A Defence of Modern Spiritualism," by Mr. Alfred R. Wallace, the naturalist, is certainly the most remarkable article we have seen for some time. It is impossible to give any idea of the evidence Mr. Wallace accumulates, but it has evidently convinced one who has been accustomed to examine facts scientifically. Mr. Wallace admits the entire spiritualistic theory ; Mr. Serjeant Cox, in his book just published, admits certain facts as indisputable, but prefers to attribute them to some occult and mysterious natural power. Mr. J. B. Payton, in a very timely paper, answers the question, "What are the Folk Laws?" The text of the four laws is given, accompanied by a running commentary for the most part justificatory. They require a more careful review than we can give them here ; and we therefore refrain from remarking upon them. Mr. Frederic Harrison, like Mr. W. R. Greg, takes up the mantle of Cassandra ; the former prophesying trouble from abroad, the latter at home. Mr. Harrison's *bogie* is Russia, and he paints in his own vigourous style the danger which menaces England from the growing power of the Czar. Mr. Harrison may have taken too gloomy a view of things ; but his paper will be of service if it arouses Lord Derby to a sense of dignity in his diplomatic dealings with the great Powers.

BOOK REVIEWS.

PRINCIPLES OF MENTAL PHYSIOLOGY, WITH THEIR APPLICATIONS TO THE TRAINING AND DISCIPLINE OF THE MIND, AND THE STUDY OF ITS MORBID CONDITIONS. By W. B. Carpenter, M.D., F.R.S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1874.

The present work—the last of a long series—was originally intended to be an expansion of the Outline of Psychology, contained in the fourth and fifth editions of the well-known "Principles of Human Physiology," and was announced to appear in the "International Scientific Series." Its execution, however, proved more laborious than its author imagined, and its final dimensions so far exceeded the limits originally contemplated as to render it unsuitable for the series for which it had been designed. Hence its present appearance as an independent and very substantial treatise of over seven hundred pages.

Upon the whole, the author may fairly be congratulated upon the production of a work which will prove not only of great interest to the educated reader, but which must be of permanent value to the medical man, the naturalist, and the student of Psychology. Nor does Dr. Carpenter claim more for his work than it is reasonably entitled to. It does not pretend to be a "System of Psychology;" on the contrary, it is "simply designed to supplement existing Systems of Physiology and Metaphysics by dealing with a group of subjects which, occupying the border-ground between the two, have been almost entirely neglected by both."

It were hopeless, in the space at our disposal, to attempt any detailed analysis of the mass of facts, ideas, and suggestions brought forward by Dr. Carpenter in his most interesting work. The central feature in the treatise is the attempt to combine and reconcile two leading doctrines, which have usually been regarded as diametrically opposed to one another—namely, the materialistic and spiritualistic doctrines. These opposing doctrines, stated in extreme terms, at first sight appear rigorously exclusive. Thus, the materialistic philosophers not only hold the almost universally admitted fact that the brain is the instrument of the higher mental powers, but they insist that *all* the operations of the mind are but the manifestations or expressions of material changes in the substance of the brain—thus practically denying the existence of *mind* at all, as apart from the gray matter of the nervous system. On the other hand, the advocates of the spiritual nature of man maintain that the mind is a separate immaterial entity, connected, indeed, in some mysterious manner with the corporeal apparatus, but not dependent upon the bodily instrument for the conditions of its operation, or only to a limited extent so dependent. As we have just remarked, the distinguishing feature of Dr. Carpenter's work is the attempt to combine these irreconcilable doctrines, and to show that *both* are really true, at the same time that they are nothing more than opposite sides of the same truth, and therefore neither of them wholly true by itself. "It will," he says, "I doubt not, be considered by many that there is a palpable inconsistency between the two fundamental doctrines which are here upheld;—that of the dependence of the automatic activity of the mind upon conditions which bring it within the *nexus* of physical causation, and that of the existence of an independent power, controlling and directing that activity, which we call Will. I can only say that both are equally true to my own consciousness, as I believe they are to the common consciousness of mankind. I cannot regard myself, either intellectually or morally, as a mere puppet, pulled by suggesting strings, any more than I can *dis*regard that vast body of physiological evidence which proves the direct and immediate relation between mental and corporeal agency. The same difficulty (if it be a difficulty) is experienced by some of the greatest thinkers of the day. Thus, even John S. Mill, the most powerful advocate of automatism, found himself brought by his own mental experiences to what is virtually an acceptance of the independence of the Will. On the other hand, Archbishop Manning and Mr. Martineau, who may be considered as typical metaphysicians, and who hold the freedom of the Will as a fundamental article of their religious and ethical creeds, seem not less satisfied than myself that our succession of thoughts and feelings is in a great degree determined by antecedent conditions, which are intimately related to those of our physiological mechanism. That these two agencies must both be accepted as fundamental facts of man's composite nature, which can only be viewed aright in their mutual relation, is, I believe, a conclusion towards which there is now a general convergence amongst intelligent thinkers, whose minds are not trammelled by system, or obscured by the dust that has been so continuously raised in philosophical discussion."

There will naturally be much difference of opinion as to whether Dr. Carpenter has succeeded in his attempt at the fusion of two such diverse systems of philosophical speculation. For our own part, we think he has made out a very strong case for himself. Under any circumstances, his work is thoroughly readable and interesting, which cannot always be said of works treating of kindred subjects.

COMPARATIVE POLITICS: Six Lectures read before the Royal Institution, in January and February, 1873, on the Unity of History: the "Rede Lecture," read before the University of Cambridge, May 29th, 1872. By Edward A. Freeman, M.A., Hon. D.C.L., Late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. London: Macmillan & Co.

In "Comparative Politics" Mr. Freeman makes a bold and successful claim for political institutions of a right to "a scientific treatment of exactly the same kind as that which has been so successfully applied to language, to mythology and to the progress of culture." This book is far more valuable for what it suggests than for what it teaches, and yet its teaching is valuable and weighty. With the view of aiding thought and facilitating reference, a number of notes are added at the end of the volume, which place the reader at the fountain heads whence Mr. Freeman drew his own knowledge and on which his generalizations depend.

The first Lecture treats of the range of the comparative method, and it is shown how that applies to political institutions as well as to mythology and language, though of course in a different degree. The word "Politics" is used in the same sense which it bears in the name of the great work of Aristotle, and by "Comparative Politics" is meant the study of political institutions—of forms of Government. Analogies are pointed out between the political institutions of times and countries the most remote from one another, and the laws laid down by which we may be enabled to say one institution was borrowed from another or both were derived from a common stock. A political constitution is "a specimen to be studied, classified and labelled, as a building or an animal is studied, classified and labelled by those to whom buildings or animals are objects of study." Likenesses are to be noticed and specimens classified. There are three causes to which likeness may be owing. It may be the result of direct transmission, and this may take several forms—may for instance be the direct handing on from one state of things to another; or it may be imitation in one of the many shapes imitation may assume. The institutions of a ruling city or nation will reappear in its dependencies. English colonization furnishes many examples of this. Again, the Legislative Assemblies of Europe have followed the English model, and the difference between the French *Corps Legislatif* and the Parliament sitting in St. Stephen's, and the Parliament sitting in Ottawa and the great inquest of the English nation whence we have sprung, may be likened to the difference between the real kindred and artificial kindred, such as adoption. But institutions may be alike and yet no transmission and no imitation—for like causes produce like effects. Therefore we must have some confirmatory evidence in order to enable us to come to the conclusion that two institutions, bearing unmistakable marks of likeness, stand to each other in the relation of parent and child, or in that of blood relations owning a common ancestor. "It is only when we find the unmistakable witness of language, or some other historical connexion, that we have any right to infer that the common possession is due to the same cause." "At the time of the dispersion each band of settlers took with it a common tongue, a common mythology, a common store of the arts of social life. So it also took with it certain principles and traditions of political life, principles and traditions common to the whole family, but which grew up in the several new homes of the scattered nations into settled political constitutions, each of which has characteristic features of its own, but all of which keep enough of likeness to show that they are all off-shoots from one common stock." In the second lecture, these principles are applied to the Greek, the Italian, and the Teuton. As the Aryan family stood out from the other great families, so the Greek, the Roman and the Teuton, each in his turn, stood out above the other nations of the Aryan race. The institutions of each nation are examined, and by an elaborate and subtle analysis it is shown that all come from a common stock. This chapter is as instructive as any like number of pages in any book ever written, and is as interesting as a novel of Lord Lytton's. The process is continued in the third chapter, which deals specially with "the State." The fourth is devoted to "the King; the fifth to "the Assembly;" the sixth to "Miscellaneous Analogies;" the "Rede Lecture" on the Unity of History coming last. There are one hundred and fifty pages of notes, which consist not of Mr. Freeman's observations, but of extracts from the sources he has studied, notes which, we repeat, will be found most useful by the student. There is also an exhaustive index. "Comparative Politics" is a book written by a studious scholar for students, and to those who have not been led by Mr. E. B. Tylor on a similar path of thought, the volume will open up a new country, and to all it will be instructive to follow the firm scientific footsteps of Mr. Freeman in a field which he has measured and explored and made his own.

LITERARY NOTES.

THIS is a gossip-loving world; and though we are not much in love with biographies, or the manner in which they are compiled, the reader of the "Personal Reminiscences of Chorley, Planché, and Young," just published in Scribner's new "Bric-a-brac" Series, will find a delectable compilation for desultory summer reading. The design of the new series is to collect and condense the personal anecdote and miscellaneous *ana* appearing in current biography, and this *pot pourri* of the gossip of "music and the drama," we should say, is a happy inauguration of the series.

Mr. George Smith, the head of the Department of Oriental Antiquities in the British Museum, has returned from his second visit to the mounds of Assyria, and, it is said, brings with him as valuable and interesting a collection of inscribed tablets and miscellaneous antiquities as he formerly collected while on his mission for the London *Daily Telegraph*.

Messrs. Adam, Stevenson & Co. issue, in conjunction with the English publishers, Messrs. Macmillan & Co., London, a Canadian Edition of the £250 Prize Essay, by Prof. Murray, on "The Ballads and Songs of Scotland, in view of their influence on the Character of the People." Dr. Murray is Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in McGill College, Montreal, and late of Queen's College, Kingston; and our Scottish readers, at any rate, will be eager to possess the work. We shall take occasion to review it in our next issue.

The two first narratives to appear of the recent Ashantee War are those of the *Times'* Special, and the New York *Herald* Correspondents. The former, by Mr. Winwood Reade, is interesting in being written by the only correspondent, either civil or military, who was fortunate enough to see all three of the most important incidents in connection with the expedition to the Gold Coast, viz.: The storming of Amoaful by the Black Watch; the storming of Ordahsu by the Rifle Brigade; and the taking of Coomassie by Sir Archibald Alison and Colonel McLeod. The latter is Mr. H. M. Stanley's Narrative, and will be found to be written with that vivacity and dash which characterized the story, "How I found Livingstone," from the same pen. In Mr. Stanley's book will be found a spirited defence of Captain Glover, and a hearty tribute to the part played by that officer in the campaign. Mr. Stanley's narrative is entitled "Coomassie and Magdala," and Mr. Reade's, "The Story of the Ashantee Campaign."

A new and cheaper edition of the Rev. Mr. Nassau Molesworth's "History of England, from 1830 to the Resignation of the Gladstone Ministry," to be issued in three volumes, is just appearing. This work will be found a valuable addition to all libraries, as it deals with a period—from the date of the first Reform Bill—which every student of political history wants to have clearly before his mind.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall are issuing Mr. Anthony Trollope's recent and expensive work on "Australia and New Zealand," in four small volumes, at a popular price, with the idea of bringing the information they contain, in regard to these dependencies of Britain, within the reach of emigrants or those interested in the respective colonies. The plan of publication is this: Vol. 1, New Zealand; Vol. 2, Victoria and Tasmania; Vol. 3, New South Wales and Queensland; and Vol. 4, South Australia and Western Australia.

Messrs. Harper Brothers have just published, in conjunction with the English House of Messrs. Sampson Low, Son & Co., an edition, in two handsome volumes, of the great work of the German explorer, Dr. Schweinfurth, on "The Heart of Africa." Nothing has hitherto appeared, not even excepting the contributions of Dr. Livingstone, which lays bare the interior of the African Continent to the eye and mind of the reader so graphically and powerfully, as do these volumes on the unexplored regions of Central Africa.

The Messrs. Cassell, of London, have commenced the publication of a new National Serial, entitled, "The National Portrait Gallery," which is to comprise authentic memoirs, and accurate portraits, in colours, of the leading men of England among statesmen, divines, authors, artists, &c., in each weekly issue. The design of the work, recognizing that the history of a country is the history of its great men, is to supply the people with a reliable and artistic "Portrait Gallery" of those who are, in any eminent degree, associated with the nation's history.

George Eliot's new volume of poems, "The Legend of Jubal," has just appeared, in a Canadian dress, from the house of Messrs. Adam, Stevenson & Co. The collection embraces a number of lyrical and dramatic pieces, the most striking of which are Armgart, and the poem which gives its name to the volume. The production of these two poems alone will establish the author's claim to rank among the first of poets, as she has won the highest place in the ranks of writers of fiction.

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